

WE OF THE HILLS AND THE PRARIES

By

Sara Lucy (Bronson) Boden

Compiled From his Mother's Notes  
And Writings by Ellis Lee Boden

To my husband, Morgan Ellis Boden

And

To our children,

Clyde Morgan Boden

Ellis Lee Boden

Barbara Helen (Boden) Hedges

David Wendell Boden

## LOOKING BACK

Who is it that said, "Don't look back,"  
That there are only todays and tomorrows?  
Deliberating souls take issue—yielding instead,  
That such a philosophy, for us, is a falling short,  
A willful disregard of precious things.  
Let's thus take note of yesterday,  
And see to our hearts and to the past  
To our birth and to our years of maturing.  
Oh, my friends, it needs to be.  
For in looking back  
We oft find there exactly who we are  
And sound reason for our being.

THE FARM, VIEW COMMUNITY. BURLEY, IDAHO

5:00 P.M., January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1960

Come. Look out of my south window with me.  
 A winter's whiteness in the growing dusk.  
 The mountains, usually visible –  
 Now hidden by a soft flaky mist of winter.  
 Huge trunked, tall and bare limbed,  
 The poplar trees, and shorter maple, near this house,  
 Powdered snow piled high at their base  
 A brisk wind moving twigs and shrubs.  
 Sharply ridging snowdrifts  
 That reach out in various shapes and directions.  
 Limbs of the pine tree, which proudly, yesterday,  
 Sheltered holiday lights,  
 Limbs now heavy laden with snow  
 Are humbly bent downward,  
 Perhaps, also, in commemoration  
 Of the week ago's birthday of our Saviour.  
 Beyond the barbed wire fence, a mile and a half's distance,  
 And a little west of south, stands a lonely tree.  
 Farther to the right, a squatty farm house and buildings  
 Are blackening with the coming of night.  
 The sage -- the green sage –  
 Now lifting its half length from the snowy depth  
 Is now a steel gray color.  
 Why did I choose to spend two weeks  
 Here alone by my fireplace,  
 When I could have gone with those I love  
 To the big city?  
 I stay to write.  
 The peaceful quietude  
 Of the open farm country in Southern Idaho  
 Has become a part of me.  
 This home must not be sold.  
 It shelters twenty-seven years of family history.  
 With my husband and children –Ellis Jr., Barbara, and David,  
 I came here. Moved here with my loved ones.

And with our hands and hearts we made a loving family haven.  
Our grandchildren, too, are deeply here attached.

These past twenty-seven years  
My children do full well recall,

As well as other years since 1929.  
But there were seasons then and back beyond

That I should like for descendents, for other kinsmen dear,  
For friends, and for strangers (if there are any strangers)  
To share with me.

And it is of that period, past, but not forgot,

That I do, here, at intervals,  
Write the humble story of my early life.

----Sara Lucy (Bronson) Boden

## ONE

The Dan Ranch, later the Bronson Ranch, was located about seven miles west of Yost, Utah, in Box Elder County. There were high cedar hills nearby on the east of it and mountains circling near to the south and west. A five mile stretch of sagebrush desert lay to the north, through which one traveled by buggy, by wagon and team, or by horseback, past the Beus ranch to Almo, Idaho<sup>1</sup>, a small village some fifteen miles north which nestled at the foot of lofty Mount Independence.

A creek of clear water ran northward through the fields of our ranch; its source, at what we called "the head of the spring," was southeast of our two room house in the foothills a mile away. The red birch and willows, some of which were large and elegant, formed a shady retreat along the grassy banks of the stream.

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<sup>1</sup> In early Idaho history a calamitous happening hit with unexpected force upon a sizeable band of emigrants camped on Almo Creek. The entire company (except five people) was massacred there by the Indians. One that escaped was a woman who crept through sagebrush for miles on her hands and knees with her baby strapped to her breast. This woman lived to tell the tale. It was said by Reuben Jones of Almo that my grandfather, Elijah Clinton Reid, on horseback, was the first man to come upon the scene of death after the massacre.

An acreage of alfalfa lay to the south of the log dwelling with a stretch of wild meadow grass to the west. My father and mother held squatters claim to this land. They had moved here from the Clint Bronson place at Reid Springs<sup>2</sup> on Raft River near Almo.

The days of the spring, summer, and autumn on the Dan Ranch were busy, colorful and eventful. But the winters (yet eventful) were bleak and cold. The chill winds and blizzards often piled snowdrifts high, even against our front door and shanty, making it necessary to dig paths, with a shovel, west to the frozen stream of water, and east to the corral, stable, and shed, where the milk cows hovered together, and the hens, many with frozen feet, refused to lay eggs.

It was just such a time –4:00 A.M., December 24<sup>th</sup>, 1893, Christmas Eve Morning (five below zero and snow outside) – when I was born. My Uncle Orson Reid, Mother’s youngest brother, and my oldest brother, George, were sitting in the eight by twelve lean-to room, which Father had built with pine boards to the west side of our big log room, and which at that time, was serving as sleeping quarters for the boys. My uncle and my brother were cracking and eating nuts when they heard my first cry. My father came in the room and told them to “come see what had been fetched.” And they came and saw me, a ten pound baby girl.

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<sup>2</sup> The Reid Springs were named after my mother’s father, Elijah Clinton Reid, son of Jesse Porter and Mary Rush Reid. My mother’s mother, Sarah Marinda Bates, was the daughter of Ormus Ephriam and Marilla Spink Bates, was the daughter of Ormus Ephriam and Marilla Spink Bates, his second wife.

My father’s father, Clinton Doneral Bronson, son Lemman Bronson and Lucy Brass, was a soldier in the Mormon Battalion in 1846 and 1847. My father’s mother, pretty Lovisa Andrews, daughter of Charles Amos Betts Andrews and Keturah Eliza Button, was born in New York State. Some say that Lovisa’s mother Eliza Button was a quarter Iroquois Indian.

They were all sturdy pioneers who had crossed the plains with the Mormons to settle the West where they could worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

(Delpha, my sister, two and half years older than I, was asleep in her wooden crib.)

No anesthetic was administered in those days for child bearing. My mother suffered the pains of the ordeal, which was usually many hours in labor. She bore eleven children and was given chloroform only with her last three, my youngest brothers – Wesley Reid, Orson Clyde, and Jesse LaMar. With her first nine children she was attended only by a mid-wife. The woman attending her at my birth had the luxury of three given names – Mrs. Mary Ann Susanna (Ran) Jensen, wife of J. P. Jensen, a Danishman from Brigham City, Utah, owner and builder of the, then aristocratic, two story, rock store in Almo; and seller of general merchandise.<sup>3</sup>

On the morning of my birth Mrs. Sarah Howell and her three oldest daughters, Mattie, Sarah, and Libbie, who lived in Raft River Canyon three miles southwest from our home, came at breakfast time with sleigh and team of horses. (The women of the early settlers could capably drive a team of horses.) As they were leaving to go home, the pretty young Sarah asked “What will you name the baby?”

“Why,” said my father, “we will name her Sarah.” They had already selected the name of my grandmother Sarah M. Reid, should I happen to be a girl. So “Sarah” it was. Sarah Lucy. The name Lucy was after my Aunt Lucy, Mother’s sister. When I was in high school at Oakley, Idaho, years later, there were five Sarahs in my class, so I omitted

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<sup>3</sup> With a lush supply of buckets, tubs, boilers, and tin ware in the room above, Mr. Jensen would motion to his customers (my Aunt Lucy rehearsed the wide sweep of his arm toward the heavy, board stairway) and say, “Youst come upstairs, and I vill show you all ife got.” Three walls of the old rock building are still standing. (February 1959.)

the “h” from my name, spelling and writing it “Sara” which still stands.

## TWO

In early September or late August my parents would make their annual trip to Brigham City or Willard, Utah, with team and wagon, to bring back a load of fruit – boxes of peaches, pears, prunes, apples, grapes, melons, and tomatoes – some to dry and some to cook and store in fruit jars to add to the family food supply for the following eight months (at least). In summer we would go berry hunting in the nearby hills, gathering choke cherries, service berries and elder berries and wild currants to make jellies and jams and preserves.

On one of these trips to Brigham City in 1895, we make camp for the night at a place then called “The Sinks of Curlew,” somewhere between Kelton and Snowville, Utah. The beds were made on the ground with blankets and the using of hay for mattresses. I remember hearing the horses chewing hay until midnight, it seemed. The mosquitoes, humming softly in anticipation of a drilling banquet, found us. I scratched, and finally slept; then awoke suddenly, hearing a terrific noise. Something big and black and long was coming toward us. It was dotted with lights. I sat up, petrified from the blasting whistle. It was a train. I had never seen one before. My parents comforted me and explained; then I was not afraid. Years later I told my mother of the incident. She said, “I can hardly believe it. You remember that? Why, you were only two years old!”

Our house consisted of one big, log room and lean-to room which I have previously mentioned. Our modest abode was covered with a dirt roof where weeds and grass grew in summer. Excess rain or melting snow in

springtime would cause water to seep through on to the clean whitewashed beams of the ceiling. Occasionally we would have to move the beds and set milk pans in various places to catch the brown water leaking through. Those were dreary days until the sun shone and the rainbow came, and we could tidy up the house again.

The big room was furnished with an old fashioned cook stove, which required that we haul and chop stove wood in November to get ready for the cold winter days. The iron cooking utensils hung on the wall on pegs. There was a movable dish cupboard, table, and chairs, a home made wash bench with small wall mirror above, and beds (two poster type) with slats and straw ticks. We filled the straw mattresses with clean straw two or three times each year, saving feathers of ducks, chickens, grouse, and prairie chickens. With these feathers, Mother made pillows. Eventually she was able to save enough feathers to make a feather bed for hers and father's beds.

There was an old fashioned bureau with drawers for clothes and linen. Most of our dresses hung on nails driven into the wall. The home made clothes closet was covered by a calico curtain. The pine board floors had no covering. We scrubbed them on our hands and knees using home made soap and lye water and scrubbing brush two or three times each week.

It was a happy day for us children when Father and Mother brought home the light oakwood Estey organ with mirror and places to put fancy vases and ornaments. I learned to play quickly. As a family, we were musically inclined and were all good singers. My father and my brother George both played the fiddle and guitar. With my help on the organ, at ten years old and more, we made music for the country dances at Yost.

Folks danced the quadrilles, Scotch reels, and French four. We all loved to dance, and were good entertainers as a family. So it was a joy to gather around the organ at home and sing the hymns together, such ones as Delpha and I could play well enough. Those are days one never forgets.

When I was eleven years old, Delpha and I rode double on horseback on George's bay pony (given to him by Uncle Ormus Reid) to the home of Bishop Henry Blackburn Jr. and his wife, Eliza Richins Blackburn, on George Creek, Utah, to take our music lesson. Delpha took the lesson from Mrs. Blackburn while I stood near to observe. I could play as well as Delpha, and later much better; while she became an excellent seamstress. It was eight miles to the home of the Blackburns in George Creek Canyon above Yost. We made the sixteen mile round trip once each week, taking nine or ten lessons in all. That was summer, 1905 – May, June, and July.

### THREE

During the summer of 1904 in July, August, and September, there was a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever in Almo. Nearly every home was stricken with the dread disease. Often two or three members of the same family would die with a week or so. Many times two bodies would be taken silently to the cemetery in one day. Aunt San Bronson died leaving a large family. Three of her children were bedfast and very ill and could not attend her funeral. The coffin maker of Almo, Henry R. Cahoon, was hard pressed to keep enough wooden coffins made to bury the dead.

It was the latter part of July of that year that I was gathering alfalfa to feed the pigs in the pen, when suddenly my legs and feet gave way. I could hardly stand up. My head was hot and I was so tired that I

Had difficulty making it to the house. My mother knew the symptoms and put me to bed. For three weeks I lay delirious, almost without food, and with a burning fever. Many friends offered help. Uncle Jim Bronson came to sit with me all night to give me sips of cold water and to keep cool cloths on my hands and forehead while Mother, Father, and Delpha got some rest. At 5:00 A.M. when Mother came to the bedside, I was asleep. Uncle Jim was asleep also, in the chair. He had drunk all of the rubbing alcohol (which was not poisonous in those days). The poor dear!

The next day I had a craving for an orange. My brother George rode his horse thirty-five miles to Albion. There were no oranges at Almo, Elba, or Albion; so he rode all night, fifty miles to Kelton, Utah, where he caught the train coming through. There he was able to get four or five little oranges at about four o'clock in the morning. From there he rode almost due west to the ranch which was more than thirty miles. He had had no food and no sleep. His horse was jaded. I couldn't eat even one of those oranges.

My mother and sister stood by the bed weeping softly. My eyes were closed. They thought I was asleep. I looked as they said, "Like skin and bones." I knew they thought I was going to die, but somehow I knew inside of me that I would live. Bishop Blackburn came. He and my father laid hands on my head and prayed for me. My father was then the Bishop's second counselor in the Yost Ward. My mother was a counselor in the YLMIA. The Bishop told me that he would fast for me three days and nights. I had faith in the Lord. I know that He healed me.

## FOUR

By September I was well enough to go to school at Yost. Delpha and I rode the horse the whole seven miles to school and seven miles home after school closed each day. This was during the month of September. In October my folks rented a house near by the school house. We lived there until April 1<sup>st</sup>, then moved back to the ranch. We seldom had more than six or seven months schooling each year. Some winters we moved to Almo to attend school; then we could associate each day with our cousins there, Uncle Jim and Aunt San's children.

The rock meeting house and grounds at Yost<sup>4</sup> afforded most of our social gatherings, also our spiritual growth. Attending Sunday School, Primary, and Religion Class we learned many of the beautiful, inspiring stories from the Bible and Book of Mormon. We learned the Vision of the boy Joseph Smith and of the restoration of the true gospel of Jesus Christ. That story has always been dear to my heart. I think I have always known that it was true.

I remember when we three little girls – Delpha, Myrtle, and I – with our hair in curls and wearing fluffy, yellow dresses which Mother had made for us on the old Singer sewing machine attended children's dances and picnics in the afternoon of holiday celebrations. One or both of our parents were usually with us. We had such wonderful parties. Our neighbors and friends were mostly all Latter Day Saints.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> of July it was such fun to attend the program and picnic in the Bowery, where overhead our shady, outdoor stadium was covered with willows and

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<sup>4</sup> The rock mason was Mr. Beus, father of Daniel, David, and Willis and Nettie Beus Montgomery.

the leafy cut limbs of many quaking aspens and shade trees. My mother and other Relief Society sisters would make large five and ten gallon freezers of ice cream to sell, served in small dishes at five or ten cents per dish. We often walked high into the mountains to bring back snow in buckets to freeze the ice cream; and we would take turns turning the handle of the ice cream freezer. I recall that my father was captain of the baseball team in those days.

## FIVE

My father worked as foreman for Mr. John Blythe, a kind hearted old Scotchman with side whiskers and a deep Scottish brogue, who had many herds of sheep. Mr. Blythe owned a ranch home at Yost where large, multicolored diamond shaped squares were painted under the pointed gable of his roof. To be foreman for John Blythe was an honor to any good workman. But the job took my father away from home for weeks at a time. My older brother George at age sixteen was hired out to work for Lucian Bronson, my father's cousin, who also owned sheep and was a dear friend to our family. Money was hard to get, and we were a large family. A small brother, Donrald, and a baby sister, Laura Pearl, had died earlier. These losses brought sorry into our home. Then my third brother Artie Lee was born, which made my father proud after the birth of four girls in a row. Born two and a half years later at Almo was my fourth sister Viola. We were now a family of eight after losing two of the children.

So Mother, Delpha and I and Myrtle (my younger sister, also born at the Dan Ranch), had to run the ranch. Sometimes when Mother was expecting a baby she would have to irrigate the fields of alfalfa and grain. With our help, nine cows were milked night and morning. We had to herd the cows in the meadows, raise a vegetable garden,

Feed the pigs, chickens and lambs, help Father mow, rake, shock, and stack the hay and grain in the fall, fix the fences, and raise “leppy” lambs. (I don’t know where the word “leppy” came from. I can’t find it in the dictionary; but that is what we called them.) These were young lambs which were too weak to follow the herd. We made nipples from shoe leather, sewing them into shape and fitting them over the neck of pop bottles filled with warm milk. The lambs would suckle the milk from the bottle three times a day when young; sometimes we would carry the lambs into shelter to try to revive them and keep them warm. It was a constant care and worry. Many would die. We often made the trip to the herd in the mountains by wagon or buggy and team to bring many of these lambs home. I can almost hear the bleat of thousands of new born lambs and their mothers searching for their young, about dusk at bedding time.

Always hungry when outdoors, we girls remember the smell of cooked beans, mutton, and sour dough bread as we approached the camp wagon, which usually would be standing on a meadow high on the mountain by a quaking asp grove. The friendly shepherd dog. The happy, welcoming voice of my brother George or Uncle Bud or my father, of whoever might be the one at the camp. After supper in the camp wagon, the moon would come up and we children would sleep in the wagon bed. We could hear the tinkle of sheep bells far into the night. At 4:00 A.M. the herder would call to the dog. The sheep were already leaving the bedding ground to graze on the slopes, then to lie in a shady grove in the heat of day.

One year we raised seventy-five lambs at the ranch. We had to watch them closely when they were older to keep them from eating our vegetable garden and our gooseberry and the English currantbushes. My father kept one-hundred ewes at the ranch

besides these lambs. In summer my sister Myrtle and I kept watch over these sheep in daytime on the nearby meadows and foothills. We were ever watchful of the sly coyote who crept into the herd to make a kill.

Sometimes my sisters and I played house, built miniature castles and towns, and put imaginary people into them. We hunted and found many birds' nest and learned to love nature and the call and song of many different birds, also the chatter of the chipmunk and the hopping of a baby rabbit. We would never hurt nor kill anything, not even a water snake. We were taught to be innocent, clean minded children who loved all things. We were taught to pray every day and to be respectful and obedient to our parents and our elders.

## SIX

In September it was pine nut time. The surrounding country near Almo and the City of Rocks was always said to be the greatest pine nut region in the world. Indians would travel to the pine nut hills in pony caravans. Many Colorado and pinto horses with riders, some of the squaws with papooses and children walking with packs and sacks, following one behind another, would form a slow, moving line, one half to one quarter mile long. These tribal Lamanites would pass along the trail at the north end of our field. Later we would see many smoke fires on the hill tops. The Indians would gather, shell, and roast the pine nuts, then sell them to the settlers and to the stores. Also they carried many sacks of the nuts home for winter food.

Old Frank Injun (we called him) was black and dirty. He came often to our place. Mother always gave him food. Also Susie Squaw. She would ask for bread and dried apples. We gave her most anything she asked for. We were always glad when the two of them were gone. Susie carried a knife, but she seemed to be harmless enough. She said, "Me Paiute!"

## SEVEN

My father was a good fisherman. Once each year we would camp overnight in Raft River Canyon above the Louis Howell ranches. I have seen my father make a good catch of trout in thirty minutes, using a willow for a pole, twine string for a line, rock for a sinker, and grasshoppers for bait. My mother would fry the fish in some of her fresh, home made butter, on an open camp fire. What a delicious meal with her hot buttermilk bread and currant jelly!

The milk for butter making at the ranch cellar was poured into many milk pans stacked two or three deep by using two slats or small boards on top of the pans to set others upon them. After setting for two days in the cool dirt milk cellar, the pans were removed one by one from the screen cupboard or table upon which they had been placed. The thick cream which had risen to the top of the milk was then skimmed off with a saucer or spoon, into a large bowl. The bowl was set where there was room temperature for twenty-four hours in summer (longer in winter) or until the cream turned slightly sour. The wooden churn was scalded, then rinsed with cold water. The cream was put in and churned until butter separated from the buttermilk which was drained off and put into jars in a cool place to drink. The butter was worked and patted with a wooden paddle

Until it was free from buttermilk. Just the right amount of salt was then added. The butter was worked again, and all milk or liquid drained from it. Then a fancy block butter mold was scalded and cooled; and, with a cool butter paddle, we worked the butter into the mold until we had pressed together a pound of butter. Sometimes we had several pound-molds of butter.

All bread, cakes, cookies, and pastries were made and baked at home. We had no bakeries or butchershops. We ate mutton or salt pork. Chicken was a luxury. We kept the chickens to lay eggs. In November my father would kill a venison. This meat would be cut into small pieces, smoked for days in a tiny smoke house, and hung on lines to dry, then stored in sugar sacks and brown paper for winter use. Sometimes we would eat a small piece raw. We called it “jerky.”<sup>5</sup>

When pigs were butchered, the skin of the pig was washed clean, cut into small strips and roasted brown and crisp in the oven. Salt was added; and we would eat small portions in the evening, often serving it to our company like popcorn. Head cheese was made from the hog’s head and set in pans in cold places where it was cut in slices for mealtimes.

We depended a great deal on milk for our living. If the cows failed to come home from the hills at night to be milked in the spring, summer, or autumn time, George or I would go on the bay pony to hunt them. If they could not be found, the family would often go hungry. I recall going into the cedar groves nearby with Mother to dig the roots of sego lilies for food. With her dull shovel or spade she would dig into the hard earth

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<sup>5</sup> Note that the cutting of beef into small strips is from the French word “charqui”. Jerked beef is a colloquial form.

ten or twelve inches deep before we could reach the small white round bulb. Each bulb was about the size of a small marble. It took a quart or more of them with milk gravy to make a serving for as many people as were in our family. The sego lily was not very plentiful where we lived.

Mother frequently made clothes for me from coats and dresses given to her by the more prosperous neighbors. Many of our undies were made from clean, white flour sacks. In the summer time we oft times went bare footed except on Sundays.

In the fall Father would haul a load of wheat to the grist mill at Conant near the town of Elba, Idaho, on Cassia Creek. The miller would grind the wheat into flour, making wheat cereal from the hulls. The sacks Father brought back would be our supply of winter's flour.

A well was finally dug for purer drinking water. We drew water with a rope, pulley, and bucket. We also used the well for refrigeration, putting food into the bucket and hanging it near the water in the well.

I have often wondered if many people today know the taste of corn meal mush and "lumpy dieck." These dishes were common to our family at supper. Corn meal mush was simply a hot porridge made from adding corn meal to boiling water with a pinch of salt, stirring in just enough of the meal to obtain a pudding-like thickness. The mush was served hot with sugar and milk. "Lumpy dick" was made by breaking two whole eggs into three level cups of sifted, salted flour, with the prime rule being impressed upon us – to wash our hands and clean our nails. The next step was to work the eggs into the flour with hands until the substance formed tiny lumps of dough. The one doing the cooking stirred the compound slowly into about three pints of scalded

whole milk. The mixture was brought to a boil (with care being taken not to burn it). It was then removed from the stove and served in cereal dishes with cream or milk and sugar with a dash of nutmeg. Very filling! And, as a steady fare, distressingly so.

## EIGHT

The house faced north toward Almo and the long desert valley. The one eight paned window was near the door. The garden gate with a small flower garden on each side was directly in front of the house. There grew the blue bachelor buttons, the pinks and the tall hollyhocks. Then there was a sweet odorous clump of green leaves called "Sweet Mary."

We were allowed a leaf each day, if we desired, for "smelling" purposes. I carried the leaf in my apron pocket.

My father was a good gardener, and his trees always grew. He planted a row of Lombardy poplars in front of the house by the garden fence, then two spreading trees nearer the house. He called them "bamigillards." There was a long row of gooseberry bushes and current bushes, two plum trees, and one sour cherry tree which the robins claimed in cherry time. I liked to pull the pie plant (rhubarb) for Mother to make the pies.

## NINE

When Myrtle was a walking baby about seventeen months old, my mother took George, Delpha, Myrtle, and me to a Primary program, social and children's dance at Yost. We rode in a lumber wagon which had a front seat and a back seat. George, my brother, drove the team of horses, Old Jim and Old Larry. Mother was sitting in the front seat holding Myrtle on her lap.

We were nearing Wild Canyon Creek north of the Fred Rohwer Ranch when of a sudden Old Jim slipped and fell down in the muddy alkali road pulling Old Larry down with him. This jerked the lines and pulled George forward over the front end gate where he hit his head against the horses and fell to the ground. The horses gathered up their feet and lunged forward running away, with George striding out swiftly beside one of them, hanging on to the bridle checks.

Mother fell forward onto the wagon tongue with Myrtle in her arms. She dropped the baby under the wagon tongue in the center of the road so the wagon would pass over her without the wheels touching her. Quickly Mother released her hold on the wagon tongue and let herself fall to the ground, the wagon passing over her also. Then running like fury, Mother caught up with the vehicle and sprang into the back of the wagon then over both seats in a split second and back onto the tongue of the wagon, this time on her feet. She caught hold of the bridle bits and stopped the snorting, frightened horses after they had made a complete circle in the green rabbit brush and mud, with 'Delpha and I bouncing up and down in the back seat of the wagon. George ran back to get Myrtle who was standing up in the middle of the road staring frightened with her big blue eyes and saying, "Oh, my! Oh my!" With everything under control, we drove on to the Primary Social.

## TEN

Early of a Sunday morning we arose. It was one of Mother's happy days of anticipation. A seemly and proper Christian, she would say with eyes shining, "Artie, bring in wood to heat water for baths. Myrtle, feed the chickens and wipe dishes for your

sister. Sarah, draw water and bring in the tub. Viola, watch your baby brother. Delpha, strain the milk and put it in the cellar when George brings it – I must lay out your father's clothes. He is harnessing the team now, putting clean straw in the wagon bed. We will have a white topped buggy next month like the Montgomerys!”

An hour later, all having bathed in the tin wash tub, with girls' pretty long hair in ringlets and dressed in fluffy dresses and button shoes, George in knee pants and Artie wearing home made pants and white blouse, we climbed aboard the lumber wagon. George, Delpha, and Artie were perched in the hid seat, with Myrtle and I sitting in the back end of the wagon bed with our feet hanging over.

Mother in pert flowered dress with high neck ruffles and a ribbon bow on her hat, held baby Wesley on her lap. Viola sat between Mother and Father who tapped the horses' hips with the lines: “Gid up, Larry; come on Jack,” urging the animals to trot over the seven miles of dirt road to Yost and the rock meeting house to Sunday School. The dust rose in a cloud behind us.

The Montgomery girls would be there in their pretty dresses and bustles. Bessie would play the organ, and there would be Belle and Pearl who sang so sweetly, and maybe Heber – Heber, my first love, nine years old. I looked east toward George Creek Mountain. Perhaps they were already leaving home; maybe Heber was letting down the bars by the fence so they could drive out onto the road. I thought of the children's dance on Primary day only two weeks before. Heber in his gray knee pants and long, white,

Sailor-type shirt had danced with me three times, doing the two step with me. His older brother had teased him – said he “had a little girl.” So he wouldn’t dance any more with anyone.

The rock meeting house was only one big room. The Sunday School teachers drew curtains through the room on wires to create separate class rooms. Our lesson in my class would be “The Burning of the Prophet Abinadi” from the Book of Alma in the Book of Mormon. I loved to read about the Prophet Abinadi. While class was going on, we could hear voices from each class, the teachers all giving lessons.

## ELEVEN

“George,” said my mother to my father, “when you go to Minidoka next week to get Lucy, you can take Delpha and Sarah with you. Aunt Lucy with her two children had been to Boise to visit her husband, my Uncle Eph Whitaker. She would be coming as far as the Minidoka railroad station on the train, a distance of about fifty-five miles and two days drive from our ranch.

The first leg of our journey was to the home of Jane Cook and husband, friends at Albion, Idaho. The second day out, we approached the Ferry on the great Snake River. The ferry boat was in the river on our side and ready. Delpha and I sat on the high front seat as Father drove the team and wagon on to the big flat boat. As the boat pulled out from the shore, we suddenly became aware that the attendant had not yet locked the hind wheels of our wagon nor had he closed the ferry boat’s gate. The horses became frightened, reared up, and began backing the wagon – the open river was behind. With

Super human strength my father lunged and caught one hind wheel in his arms and held it from rolling backward until the attendant could lock the wheels and close the gate. Our lives were saved, and we were ever thankful to our father for his alertness and great strength.

Father was a capable man, the kind of pioneer who met all situations without fear of weakness if he knew he was right. His voice was calm but earnest. All who knew him said of him that he was never known to pick a quarrel, yet no one had ever whipped him in a fist fight. Once when he was tending his own sheep herd, he made camp on some range that the cattle men had held for themselves for years with no legal rights, always managing to drive the sheep men away. Jim Worthington, a big man who was known for his fighting prowess sent a rider to warn my father to move camp immediately. My father refused to move. The next day, about noon, he saw at a distance from his camp wagon door, a big dust and two horsemen coming toward him. He knew that one of them was Jim Worthington.

When they rode up to the camp, Father stood outside to meet them. Jim Worthington, pulling up his saddle horse, announced, "George, you've got to move camp."

"I'm not moving" said Father.

Worthington began to swear and again told Father to move his outfit.

"Get off from your horse, Jim," said Father, deadly calm.

Worthington looked at him and hesitated. "I didn't come to fight, George," he said.

"Get off!" Father said.

Jim Worthington sat for a few seconds, then he and his man turned and rode away. They never came back. Worthington's hired man verified the story.

## TWELVE

George, my eldest brother, was called on a mission to the Central States in August of 1906. He was only nineteen years old. It would be a sacrifice to be without his help and also to furnish money to keep him there, but the Lord had called him. There were people waiting out in the world to hear the true gospel of Jesus Christ, so he must go.

George was a good young man. When he was tending the sheep, I remember finding him camped up in the pines in the south hills from our ranch. He would be reading The Bible. He had read the four Standard Works of the Church by the time he was nineteen.

People in the Yost Ward gathered at our home to give him a farewell party. So many good friends – the Frank and Mary Jane Mecham family, the Tracys, the Blackburns, the Montgomerys, the Yates, Chadwicks, Lynns, Andersons, Beuses, Omans, and many more. They gave money to help the cause.

Father and Mother took Myrtle and their baby boy Wesley to Salt Lake City to see George off on the train. Delpha and I kept Artie and Viola at home. George's Mission Headquarters was Independence, Missouri, from where the Saints had been driven in 1843. His mission president was President Samuel O. Bennion.

George's calves and a few sheep he had accumulated had to be sold to help defray Expenses for his two year mission. He was made District President, the youngest in the Central States Mission. While still at age nineteen, he once had a debate with a Josephite preacher and won the debate. He knew that the Lord helped him.

In June of that same year my Uncle Orson Reid, Mother's youngest brother, had married a lovely L.D.S. girl, Alice Tracy, in the Logan Temple, and moved to Basin east of Oakley. He and his father-in-law, Joseph Franklin Tracy, went on a mission to the Southern States the following January 1907. George Orson Reid labored in Tennessee. He had been a wrestler, also a bronco rider – He and his older brother, my Uncle Elijah Clinton (Bud) Reid “broke” horses to ride. (It was their business.)

One day in Tennessee, Elder Orson Reid had asked a Baptist minister if he and his companions could preach in their chapel the following Sunday. The minister refused. The three of them were standing near a crowd of people who were having a celebration and, at the moment, were watching different fellows getting through from the back of a bucking mule.

A fellow standing near said to the minister, “Tell that Mormon that if he can ride this mule he can preach in the church next Sunday.”

So the minister made him the offer, thinking to ridicule the missionaries. The crowd laughed.

For answer, Uncle Orson gave his derby hat to his companion, and, dressed in a Prince Albert coat, white shirt and black tie, he climbed astride the mule's back and rode the bucking animal until it was tired and stopped bucking.

The crowd was chagrined. The Elders preached in the church on the following Sunday.

This chapter of the narrative would not be complete without paying added tribute to my mother's brother Elijah (Bud) Reid. Uncle Bud often rode bucking horses at our ranch. He was a good rider and hardly ever was thrown. We watched him riding in our field.

He was a lover of fine horses, and he always rode a beautiful horse with fancy saddle and bridle. Numerous times he called by our place with a fifty pound sack of peanuts or oranges for us children. He loved my mother and many times gave her money to help with our large family.

Another of my mother's brothers, my Uncle Ormus Reid, had been married to my dear Aunt Georgie Smith since 1899. They, with their family, lived in St. Anthony, Idaho.

### THIRTEEN

In those early days certain Ward Conferences were impressed on my memory. One of these was at Yost, Utah, in October 1906. Our Stake Headquarters was at Oakley, Idaho. William T. Jack was Stake President. At this particular Ward Conference President Jack, Professor A.M. Merrill, principal of the Cassia Stake Academy, and Brother Saul Worthington were our Stake visitors.

Among their purposes for coming was to encourage young people to attend the Cassia Stake Academy. Father had been away for four weeks with Uncle Jim Bronson and their sheep. Money had to be sent to George for his mission. Father was tending to that, but we were in distress for food and clothing for the coming winter. Mother talked to the Stake visitors; they thought a move to Oakley to school and where we could all find work was a good thing, providing all the family were willing.

Father did not come home the next week end, so Mother and we girls loaded our furniture into the wagon. The cook stove was so heavy that we could hardly get it loaded. We prayed and then found a way to load it. We harnessed the team of horses

and hooked them to the wagon early one morning. With Mother driving most of the way, we began our thirty-five mile journey over the mountains, through canyons, and on dusty, dry, desert roads to Oakley, Idaho. Aunt Vennie Bates lived there --- she was friendly and sweet – also the Critchfields. They were such nice folks. These people were close kin to my maternal grandmother, Sarah Marinda Bates Reid.

We moved into a small two room house where there was an orchard in back of the big two story rock home of Brother William and Sister Dorcas Whittle Lee. My first job was to run the apple peeler for Sister Lee, also to peel winter pears. This we did and were paid with fruit which Mother bottled for the winter. I would soon be thirteen.

We started going to the Academy; but with my having only finished the sixth grade, I was two years behind the other students. However, the teachers were all very helpful, kind, and patient with us. Delpha was an exceptionally pretty girl, full of fun and friendly. The boys all wanted to talk to her, so it made it hard for her to settle down to her studying. Then, too, she was always very close to Mother, sharing all of her worries, this also causing Delpha's studies to suffer. When one of the children became sick, Delpha would stay out of school to help Mother. Also, she worked out – in different homes –to get money to help. Father sent some money, but we were a large family. He came to Oakley, and at first was unhappy because we had moved, but finally he realized the advantage for all of us as we could now work and earn money to keep ourselves in clothes.

I was only thirteen years old when I went in to Bishop Hector C. and Sister Clara Tuttle Haight's fine, brick home to work for her after school each day and on Saturday. For this I received my board and a little extra pay on Saturdays. I loved the Haight family. Bishop Haight was then State Senator of Idaho. He was also our First Ward's Bishop.

It was said many times that I had much musical talent, so my mother washed and ironed Professor George H. Durham's shirts each week, and he gave me weekly piano lessons to pay for the work. I had to practice on the piano of a close neighbor, Mrs. Cook – sometimes on Mrs. Lee's piano. After taking about twelve lessons, I studied the instruction book myself because Mother was not well enough to wash and iron the teacher's shirts any more.

I never realized there was so much to learn in school. At first I had missed my teachers and friends at Yost. But under the able guidance of Professor Merrill, history instructor: George Laney, math and religion: Mr. Larson, English and civil government; Miss Ida Loveland, domestic art and physiology; Miss Adams, elocution and dramatics; and Professor Durham, music, I was becoming crammed full of subjects, some of which I had never heard of before. Then, too, we were active in our ward in church work. Delpha and I both belonged to the ward choir our first year in Oakley. Also I was a Primary organist. We took part in parties and plays and contests for M.I.A. activities. I sang alto, Delpha soprano. We often had music at home. All the members of our family were good singers.

Spring of 1907. I worked in the home of Bishop and Mrs. David P. Thomas, who

owned a furniture store. He was Bishop of the Oakley Fourth Ward, and she was Stake President of the YLMIA. Their daughter, Maud M. Clark, was very talented. She taught me much about dramatics and public speaking. The Thomases were fond of me I think.

That September we attended school at the new Cassia Stake Academy, with Professor Mills as the Principal. At the new school Mrs. Logy, J. Lyman Smith, and Henry W. Tucker were added to the teaching staff. During one school activity I had my ankle sprained in the big round Roller Skating Rink at Oakley. The building burned down some time later. My ankle was never strong again.

The town of Milner was growing since the Milner Dam had been finished. The town of Burley also was taking shape. Hence our school had an excursion to Milner and Burley. I recall the board sidewalks in Burley and the terrific dirt storm that took place while we were there. The old Heyburn Bridge was then new. It was a point of observation for the visiting students from Oakley.

That year I stayed with the Frank Brim and Sam and Irene Cook families after school. I took care of the children and did the ironings. Then I would study and attend my M.I.A. and choir practice. Ella Jack, the talented daughter of President and Sister Jack, was my chum. We walked to and from school together. The Jacks lived across Main Street near the Brim home.

#### FOURTEEN

My father sold the ranch at Yost in 1907 to Mr. John Blythe (the Scotchman and trusted friend of our family) for the small sum of \$800. Our Old Home. I missed the old home. But it had to be sold. In spring I thought of the creek, the wild roses and meadow

flowers, old tip – our dog, and the bay pony, the meadows and the mountains.

Father had Delpha take up a desert claim on a piece of sage brush land southeast of Oakley town. On this land he built a three roomed house. Our place adjoined James (Jim) and Cynthia Beecher Millard. They were excellent neighbors. Myrtle worked regularly at taking care of Cynthia's children; and Delpha worked in the homes of Annie Nelson, Willam T. Jack, Dr. A.F.O. Neilson, Priscilla Worthington and others. My father still kept sheep. He had to be away much of the time.

My brother George came home from his mission in September 1908. He had been a devout missionary and was a fine speaker. We were all proud of him. He attended school also at Cassia Stake Academy that same year and found work in Oakley, and with father.

On October 19, 1908, Mother gave birth to a baby boy, Orson Clyde. Dr. A.F.O. Nielson attended her. Delpha, my sister, and Florence Eames of Almo – both young girls – waited on Mother and took care of the baby. Father and George had to grub sage in order to plant grain on the desert claim. Father was a hard working man.

Uncle Orson was home from his mission, and he and Aunt Alice were living in George Creek Canyon, a part of Yost, Utah. Uncle Orson had a saw mill there. I was happily surprised when they wrote asking me to come and spend a few months with them. I wanted to go back to Yost, so my parents said yes; and I truly enjoyed my days after arriving there. It was so good to be home again. That was the summer of 1909. Having worked for Mrs. Priscilla Worthington and for Mrs. Maud Halverson who owned a ladies' dress shop in Oakley, I was finally able to own some pretty clothes.

While I was away visiting with Uncle Orson and Aunt Alice, Uncle Jim Bronson came to get the folks in Oakley and took the whole family to the circus in Twin Falls, Idaho. (We all loved Uncle Jim). I had never seen a circus; neither had my brothers and sisters; so I lamented the fact that I was not there to go with them.

One evening, after visiting with friends at Yost settlement, my friends brought me back to my Uncle Orson's home in George Creek Canyon; and Uncle Orson met me at the door. "Sarah," he said, "the room at the back burned down this afternoon, and all of your clothes and belongings are burned up." He explained that he was at the saw mill when it happened. Aunt Alice had run for help, but they were too late to save the small wooden building and my clothes.

Well, that was that. I went back to Oakley to work again for Priscilla Worthington and her daughter, Maud Halverson, for \$5.00 per week --- long hours and hard work in those days. They kept boarders and roomers. I cooked, did the wash and ironing, churned butter, baked bread, cleaned and dusted the ten room, two story home which had large porches, besides going in the evening to attend my church activities and once a week to visit my mother two miles away. (I had to walk there and back again after 7:00 P.M.). One morning at 5:00 A.M. I was dressing to prepare breakfast for five adults and two children. All at once I blacked out – fainted. When I came to, Dr. Oldham had been there, and Mrs. Halverson was near my bed – watching over me. Thus I had to leave the Worthington home in Oakley as the work was too heavy for a fifteen year old girl.

At the home of a good L.D.S. couple, Mr. And Mrs. John N. Price, I found time to study for school and to attend and take part in Sunday (PAGE MISSING)

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...such a hard working man, and he always was kind to me. Delpha gave up school to work for Dr. and Mrs. A.F.O. Nielson in order to help sustain the home. I was younger than she, but I helped some. Artie turned twelve and was ordained a deacon.

It was after we moved to the desert claim southeast of town that the disease of diptheria struck our family. At the time, our only near neighbors were Jim and Cynthia Beecher Millard. They were compassionate, helpful, religious people. It was summer, about 1910. I was again staying with my Uncle Orson Reid and his wife, Aunt Alice, in George Creek Canyon, Yost Ward, Yost, Utah, consequently I was not at home during this siege. Baby Clyde had just just recovered from blood poisoning in his leg caused by a bee sting. Viola, my youngest sister and Myrtle, just younger than I, were convalescing from the disease, when Artie and Wesley, two younger brothers both became so very ill.

Dr. Nielson, our family doctor, had talked to Mother preparing her for the death of Wesley. The news was circulated that he really had died. But my mother would not give him up yet. She called in the Elders of the Church to anoint and bless him. The family fasted and prayed, and the child was revived, and lived.

Near the same time, Artie had developed Bright's disease, a kidney complication. He had spasms, and grew thin, weak, and pale. Mother was also told that his condition was practically hopeless. One night he stiffened out on the bed. His eyes were set, his face ghastly; and by all appearances, he was dying. Mother began to call mightily upon the Lord for the life of her son. Myrtle grasped her brother by the shoulders, sat him up in bed, and shook him, crying, "Artie, don't you die!" He opened his eyes and lived. His restoration to health took many months, in fact, two or three years. Both Artie and

Wesley raised fine families, who were leading citizens in their communities and good church workers.

#### FIFTEEN

With my father's being away from home most of the time with his sheep, much of the responsibility for the family's support fell upon my brother George who worked long hours on the side, even while attending the Oakley Academy. Endowed with the spirit of the Lord after having fulfilled a rich and honorable mission for the Church, George's presence, his counsel to the family, and his sermons in church were most inspiring. Years later, in the September 1959 issue of The Instructor, there was an article written by Harry T. Eames, entitled "Gospel Teachings I Remember Best." It was a wonderful tribute to George and the faithful life he always lived. As of January 1960, at age 71, George was still active in church work – a resident of Salt Lake City at 664 Ramona Avenue, a man supported by his good wife and an honorable family.

#### SIXTEEN

In the summer of 1911, about July, my mother with her two month old baby, LeMar, Clyde 3, Wesley 5, Viola 8, and I boarded the train at Oakley. Changing trains at Minidoka, we went to Parker, Idaho, near St. Anthony to spend one month with Mother's brother and wife, My Uncle Ormus and Aunt Georgie Smith Reid, who lived on a farm there. Uncle Ormus met the train in St. Anthony; and I shall never forget the six mile ride to Parker in his light wagon drawn by a team of horses. The place was infested with the largest mosquitoes I had ever seen. The insects swarmed about us biting our legs, arms, faces, and necks until welts were raised on my person, and the itching was so

intense that I used dry salt for a massage, and my stiff hair brush to scratch with when we arrived at the home.

We were made very welcome by those dear hospitable relatives. We enjoyed our visit; and we were impressed with the bounteous crops in that area. Parker was a part of the land of Eagan Bench where the soil was so fertile that Eagan Bench was known at that time as “The Cream of Idaho.” My sister Delpha came later; and she and I worked with Uncle Ormus on the farm of Mr. Alec McFarland, a neighbor, where we earned money to buy some clothes and train tickets with which to return home.

#### SEVENTEEN

Stake Conference was a great event in my life at Oakley. To sit up in the choir seats in the Tabernacle on the hill, and look down over the audience, seats packed both below and in the balcony with fine people. The sight of these many good friends and acquaintances seated together was really heart warming. How I loved to sing the hymns and especially the anthems. Then listen to the sermons by those great men, George Albert Smith, Melvin J. Ballard, Hyrum M. and Joseph Fielding Smith, Heber J. Grant, David O. McKay, Oscar A. Kirkum, and many others. My testimony grew. I loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I especially remember an address given to the youth by the ten young Apostle David O. McKay one Sunday evening. It was a forceful, inspiring talk. He told us to always stand up for the right – even though our friends might choose the wrong path and scoff at us for keeping the Word of Wisdom, being honest, obedient, truthful and morally clean – to not be afraid to stand, even alone, against the crowd – that we would be grateful and blessed and respected all of our lives for choosing the right.

The man was inspired. That sermon helped me all through my life. I never forgot it for long at a time. Even though I made some mistakes, I soon rectified them and “fought,” as my brother once told me, “like a tiger,” for what I thought was right.

## EIGHTEEN

I had always had a great desire to visit my cousins, Ben and George Goe, who lived with their father in Jackson, Wyoming, also called Jackson Hole because it was said that many fugitives from the law hid out in that vast wooded area of towering mountains surrounding the dividing fork of the Snake River and the picturesque valley. The mother of these two cousins, Mary Reid Goe, oldest sister of my mother, had died many years ago when the two boys were very young.

Upon receiving a letter from George, the younger brother of the two, we learned that Ben, the eldest brother, would make a trip to St. Anthony by team and wagon one week hence to carry back provisions sufficient to last the family all winter, as mountain roads would be impassable by early October because of snow. George and Ben promised to care for me as their own sister if I could come for a visit with them. Ben, age twenty-six, who had a wife and four small children, had been assigned as the one in his family to drive a double team and wagon into Idaho to procure the winter’s supplies. Happily I was able to persuade Mother to consent to my going to Jackson, and I purchased a train ticket back to St. Anthony.

On the promised date, Ben came to the door of Uncle Ormus’s and Aunt Georgie’s place. A very pleasing and likeable person he was indeed. We felt at home with him immediately. Next day, early, he made for me a comfortable seat on top of the

Loaded wagon which contained mostly cases of vegetables, fruits, and dried mackerel and other fish as well as canned meats. There also was a supply of medicine, warm blankets, and winter clothing. Ben sat in the driver's seat in the front of the wagon. Four horses were required to pull the load.

The first night was spent at Victor, Idaho, at the base of the great Teton Pass where Ben bought me a comfortable room near his at a hotel built of logs. He felt he should be close by as there were many freighters on the road that time of the year. As I sat opposite him at one big table in the dining room of the log hotel, eating supper, with about ten or twelve others, he quietly told me that I was eating bear meat, hominy, huckleberry jam, and butter milk biscuits. I must say that bear meat, hominy, and huckleberry jam were the first three edibles that I had never tasted before, but, being hungry, I managed to eat most of the food on my plate.

“Bring this girl hot milk,” said Ben, “She don't drink coffee.”

The next morning we began the long climb up the mountain pass. All day long the horses pulled the load through the tall pines. Sometimes the wheels rolled through mud and water. At ten A.M. we saw the sun, but later there came a wet, cold rain accompanied by sleet. In my seat in the back of the wagon, I had shelter from a canvas wagon cover drawn tightly over three wooden bows. Ben was like a real brother to me, kind and thoughtful. He was sociable and had a sense of humor.

We ate dinner at a road house in the pines. Wherever we stopped people knew and liked him. He insisted on paying all of my expenses. The road seemed endless that day. We traveled a winding course up and around and back and up again, always in the

pinetrees. The scattered buildings that we saw along the way were all of pinewood. At about dusk Ben said that we were near the top of the pass.<sup>6</sup>

We stopped in front of another roadhouse, and a man came out. "Who's the girl, Ben?" he said.

"My sister," replied Ben.

"Didn't know you had a sister," said the man.

"There's a lot you don't know, Curley," said Ben.

"She'll have to sleep with Ma," rejoined the man.

"I got blankets," said Ben. "She can sleep on the sofa."

The fire in the black, wood-heating stove was still ablaze when I fell asleep.

About midnight I awoke. The fire was out. I heard laughter and men's voices in the next room which was the dining room.

"I'll frog," said one.

"I'll solo," said another.

"I'll heart solo." That was Ben's voice.

I sat up in bed. "What was going on?" I asked myself. Then I realized that I was a long way from home – here in these pines in the mountains of Wyoming.

I'll frog! That was a strange thing to say. I crept to the door and peeked through the key hole. I saw a man's hand with playing cards spread out in it – "That's it! A card game!" I knew little about playing cards. My brother had brought some playing cards to the house one day. "Let me see them," said Mother. Quickly she lifted a lid on the cook

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<sup>6</sup> There is now a fine highway over the Teton Pass.

stove, and into the blaze of fire went the cards. Again someone brought a deck of old cards there. The smoke of them went up the chimney in the same manner.

Brigham Young said, "No playing cards." He didn't approve of them. Neither did my mother. I went back to bed. The game continued, it seemed, for hours. I had lots of time to think about home, and I wondered if I was homesick already. Finally I went back to sleep. At 5:00 o'clock the next morning there was ice in the water bucket, also ice in the wash basin in the kitchen.

That same morning, on top of the Teton Pass, I looked down into the most beautiful valley I had ever seen. Looking in any direction an artist could have painted a lovely picture. In the center of the valley, where the Snake River divided into two rivers (The North Fork and the South Fork) there were pole fences enclosing over a hundred scattered, small haystacks all over the valley. The stacks were ten to twelve feet high. Ben explained that the fences were built to save the hay for the cattle, horses, and sheep, because when the snow piled high in winter, thousands of elk and deer came out of the Yellowstone Park, which was a hundred miles to the north; and the elk and deer would eat the hay almost overnight. He told me it was pathetic to note the great number of these animals that died from starvation each spring, in and near Jackson (now an elk refuge).

The sun was sinking. If I had been homesick the day before, I was happy and excited on this day. The beauty of nature always filled my soul with joy, inspiration, awe, and thanksgiving. I know that only God could create this surprisingly, unpredictable, beautiful earth.

Our descent down the winding mountain grade was broken only by the

squeaky wheel brakes, which held the wagon from running onto the horses. At the bottom of the hills we crossed the river and the valley to the east foothills, where a squatty, five room, log building housed the Goe family.

I met Ben's wife Jenny. We became friends at first sight; and, in the days that were to follow, I would spend much time with her, helping in the house, playing with and tending the children, picking raspberries, and even going into the fields to watch the men put hay in stacks with buck rakes.

Uncle Hank (David Henry Goe) was a small, thin man with a long mustache and a sharp eye (especially for money.) He was well-to-do. He had a jolly laugh which made one feel very welcome. George, the younger of the cousins was at his own homestead. They said that he might be back that night.

The evening we arrived at the Goe place, it was 8:30 o'clock and moonlight. Jennie and I stood by the corral fence while the supplies were being unloaded from the wagon. By the light of the moon I could see grain fields stretched miles to the east. Far away there was the sound of a harmonica. Jennie said it was George coming home on his horse.

"Take the dog and go to meet him," she said. "He knows you are here. He always talks of his mother, and wishes he had a sister near." Then she went to the house.

I waited for a few minutes to get acquainted with the dog, then I walked two hundred yards or more in the direction of the harmonica sounds. Soon George rode up and reined his horse to a halt. He said, "Hello, Sara.. heart was in his voice and in his smile. He was clean cut, loveable, and like his mother – ever inch a Reid. We were "buddies" at once. He led the horse, and we walked to the house together. In the

distance I could hear the call of timber wolves.

## NINETEEN

I spent three weeks with the Goe family, attending last the annual rodeo in the board-sidewalked town of Jackson. The wild horse riding, the chariot races, bulldogging, roping and bucking contests organized into one big show were all new to me. There was a dance at night. I had been accustomed to our church dances at home, and was not prepared for the dance halls of the valley here in Wyoming. The Goe family were all there, even the children which Jennie had put to sleep on a bench near the stage.

At the dance, George assigned himself to look after me. He introduced me to three young men during the evening; all three of whom asked me to dance. Later in the evening George excused himself from his girlfriend and danced some dances with me himself. When George went back to his girlfriend, a curly headed fellow wearing chaps approached my corner. Immediately coming back to where I was, George took the man by the arm and pushed him to the door. They had words. I heard them quarreling. A few minutes later one man rode a horse through the door and into the dance hall. Nearly all of the men inside the dance hall had six shooters buckled on them. The sheriff was kept busy throughout the evening. We rode the four miles home after the dance in a white top buggy. It was September out, and snowing.

A letter from my mother said, "Come home, Sara, right away." I left the next morning. George stood bare headed near the stage coach in the village of Jackson. He was sad at my leaving. I had come to love him as a brother.

"I'll never see you again," he said.

The snow was falling fast as the stage pulled out. Two miles out, the stage driver forded the North Fork of the Snake River. I had to stand upon my trunk in the back of the vehicle to keep my feet from getting wet as the water flooded the bed of the stage floor. At Wilson, he left the coach and we went by bob sleigh. There was snow all the way to St. Anthony. The stage driver was a convert to the Mormon Church. He and his family had been converted in the mission field by Fred Critchfield of Oakley, a cousin of my mother's. The driver told me that I was leaving Jackson just in time. The transportation over the pass in winter would be only by men on skis.

## TWENTY

The news that greeted me at home was that the desert claim which was cleared of sage brush had not payed off well. The claim had been filed in Delpha's name because Father and Mother and George had used their rights prior to this time. So the land was sold, and Father and Delpha used the money for sustenance of the family and for the paying off of bills.

That same fall our family moved to Almo and into the Mary Durfee home, which was then owned by Henry Brackenbury and his wife Lottie of Albion. We were among old friends in Almo, and just fifteen miles south of the Dan Ranch where I had been born. We attended church and social gatherings regularly, and I was organist for the M.I.A., also a Sunday School teacher.

On the twelfth of January 1912, Delpha was married in Albion to Joseph Lorenzo Cahoon of Almo, a childhood school friend of hers. Soon after the marriage, my brother George conceived the idea of traveling to nearby towns with members of our family and

Putting on a concert in the different Ward Houses and community halls. We were all naturally talented with music and dramatic ability.

Our conveyance was a covered wagon drawn by a team of horses. The concert dates had been prearranged by George in the different wards and communities. Tickets for the program were fifty and twenty-five cents. Our first performance was at Almo. The Ward House was filled, and people liked the show. We were called back for many encores. Money was scarce and jobs were hard to get, and the Almo people wanted to keep us in the Ward. After the first concert in Almo we traveled to Elba, Albion, Malta, and Strevell in Idaho; then to Snowville, Park Valley, and Rosette, Utah, and to Montello, Nevada. We were then asked to give a second performance in Almo.

We paid our tithing and expenses out of the proceeds and took the remainder home to Mother who was not well at the time. After bearing eleven children, it was now Mother's menopause years. The elders were called in often to administer to her and to bless her. Her faith kept her going and doing her daily work each day.

When we traveled with our concert, Delpha and her husband Joe accompanied us on all trips. Delpha sang "When it's Apply Blossom Time in Normandy:" also she, Myrtle and I sang a ladies trio "Annie Laurie." Joe was agreeably helpful in stage settings and at pulling curtain for the comedy acts. He also made himself useful as our ticket taker at the door. Myrtle sang two comedy numbers that usually brought the house down with applause. George's skits and comedy songs in Scotch kilts and other costumes were always terrific. I accompanied all numbers on the piano; also played one piano solo. But, I think, the two stars of the show were Artie and Viola. They were a handsome child duo. Trained to the letter with their exceptionally good voices, their

talking songs, and cute acting – they really stole the show and received many, many curtain calls. Artie became bored because of his popularity. His chief concern was to take the money home “to help Mamma.”

When Father saw our show, he was proud of us; and we were happy to see him and to have him at last with us. He also could sing and play a guitar, and he always won the prize in the “step dance” contents. He had taught us to sing when we were small, and he had always accompanied us on the guitar.<sup>7</sup>

I considered Brother Thomas O. King to be a trusted friend of mine. He was the Bishop of our Ward in Almo. His was a great influence on my life as I assisted in church and community affairs. One lovely girl, Julia Horne from Almo, told me that I was always her ideal. What a fine compliment! I felt unworthy, somewhat.

## TWENTY-ONE

When I was eighteen years old, my mother accompanied my younger sister Myrtle and me to Brigham City, Utah. We drove a one horse buggy all the way. At Brigham City we found work packing apples and picking berries. My sister shared a room with me for a time; but shortly she returned to Almo to get married.

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<sup>7</sup> If the readers of my account could have attended the annual family reunion of my father, George Marsh Bronson, in 1960 they would have been impressed with between fifty to a hundred of his progeny (children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, engaged in joyous entertainment and sweet music together.

Eventually I found work in the home of Mrs. Francis Pitt, a nice lady who owned a women's hat shop. Later I worked as a nurse's helper at the Brigham City Hospital for Dr. David W. Henderson, one of the finest men I have ever known. Miss Barbara Hopkins was the head nurse.

Dr. Henderson encouraged me to study music; and, with financial assistance from Bishop Thomas O. King and his fine son Edgar (Ted) King, I began taking two piano lessons each week at the Utah Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Cecil Reagan, an accomplished musician who had studied in Germany, was my teacher. I loved her, and, in six months, I was playing well. I practiced from two to four hours each day. I rented a room on Second West at the home of Sister Emma Gidney. I played frequently in church—mostly accompaniments.

Two more of my friends were Dr. Merrill, age twenty-six, and Ray Mitchell, a returned missionary from Clinton, Utah, both of whom I had dates with occasionally. My best girl friends were Erma, Marjorie, and Florence Knudson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Knudson. Those three lovely girls were also studying piano from Mrs. Reagan.

I continued to work at the hospital a part of each day. One morning a salesman called on me, a Mr. Bryan. He had met my parents in Almo and knew of my struggle to learn music. I needed a piano. The first music store of Glen Brother-Roberts Piano Company was opening in Ogden that morning at 9:00 o'clock. We could drive there in an hour. He would make me a good offer. I was excited and interested, but I hesitated; I had never ridden so far (sixty miles) in an automobile with a strange man. So I went into a room and offered a prayer for success and safety.

I will never forget when Mr. Bryan opened the door of the store in Ogden, and I saw those two long lines of beautiful new pianos. I selected one of medium size and price. The wood was golden oak, he said. Price \$400. He would sell it to me for \$300. Terms ten dollars down and ten dollars per month. I took the offer. I was happy. The Lord had blessed me. L.D.S. parents, fine friends, and a piano.

## TWENTY-TWO

World War I was on – Fighting in France. In the summer of 1918 my folks had moved to Burley, Idaho. I went home for a vacation, later finding work in Hazelton, Idaho, Twin Falls County. It was at Hazelton where I met my husband Ellis Boden.

My husband was from a respected family from Hazelton. James Boden and his wife and children, originally from Brigham City, had homesteaded the land at Hazelton on which they lived. The Boden place was a flourishing farm with a house, barn, garden, orchard, and fields which grew a variety of crops.

It is at this point that I must digress from my own regular continuity of this story to include a concise autobiography of my husband Morgan Ellis Boden. This account, among many of our prized memoirs, was written by his own hand and dedicated to his children. His story is most appropriate here and also essentially relevant to the events which occur in the narrative in the later pages of this book.

## MORGAN ELLIS BODEN

I was born in Brigham City, Utah, October 2, 1897. My father, James Boden, was born and baptized in Wales with his parents and other members of his family. They came to the States; and my father, at the age of eight, walked all the way from Illinois to Salt Lake City with his people, who

were with a company of Mormon Pioneers. My mother was the daughter of Bishop Alvin Nichols and Virginia Charlotte Wright, his wife, of Brigham City, Utah.

The first school which I attended was located near our home in Brigham; and on my first day, when they dismissed for noon, I went home. The second year, I attended the old Central School on Main Street. It burned down many years later, and they built a new one where it once stood.

When I became eight years old I was baptized on my birthday, October 2<sup>nd</sup>, in what we called the North Pond. It was a real cold day and the wind was blowing. My uncle Heber Boden took me down to the pond in his one horse buggy and baptized me. That evening Bishop Thomas Blackburn confirmed me a member of the L.D.S. Church at his home. He was assisted by Uncle Heber. I attended Sunday School and religion class at the Second Ward Chapel, which was just one block from our home.

My father and mother were the parents of ten children, seven boys and three girls, all born in the same house and all delivered by a midwife except Venna, the youngest, who was delivered by Dr. Richard Armstrong Pearse, a young doctor who later married Mother's sister, Aunt Venna Nichols.

My father supported his family by working on the railroad as a section hand for \$1.50 per day, at Willard, which was six or seven miles south of Brigham. He would leave home long before daylight in the morning and walk to Willard, work all day, and then walk home at night. He was seldom ever home in the daylight. I hardly ever saw him as we were almost always in bed when he got home; and he was never late for work in his life and was always dependable and kept his word.

My mother made most of our clothes from hand-me-downs that were given to her. She never had much of a variety of food in the years when she was bearing children; and to satisfy her craving, she told me of scraping the adobe from the corner of the house and eating it.

In the spring of 1906, when I was nine years old, Father, Clifford, and I left Brigham City in a covered wagon loaded with what furniture and provisions we could haul with a team of horses, and started for Idaho to try farming. This was a big change from town life. My oldest brother, Clyde, had filed on forty acres of land five miles north of Milner, Idaho, and across the Snake River. Hazelton was not a town at that time. So we moved onto my brother Clyde's forty acres and cleared the sage brush by hand.

On our way to Idaho we went over what we called the Colinston Divide to Dayton, Idaho, and stayed over night at Aunt Sarah Phillip's home. She was my father's sister. My father traded a horse to Bill Phillips for a bay mare that was balky. When we started on our way the next morning, the mare we traded for, reared up and got her leg over the wagon tongue and frightened Clifford and me, as we were not used to that

kind of horse. However, the mare turned out to be a good animal, and raised us a good many colts later on.

The next day we camped at Downey just as it was getting dark. We had our bedding with us, and slept by a haystack that night. We cooked our supper over a bonfire. The next morning we discovered that there was a mean buck sheep with big horns there, and he ran us out of the stack yard. With my clothes partly on I climbed over the fence so the sheep couldn't get at me, and I was just getting my shoes laced up as my father finished rolling up the bed and threw it over the fence. It struck me on the head and nearly broke my neck. My father kissed me and told me how sorry he was.

On the third day of our journey, about noon, we came to a sheep camp; and the herder had a nice meal ready, including mutton stew, canned vegetables, and sour dough bread. I didn't feel that I could eat the herder's cooking, so I told my father I was not hungry. The camp wagon was nice and clean, and later I regretted having not eating with the others. But after we drove on, my father stopped the team, and, getting into the grub box, found something for me to eat.

Two days later, when we arrived in Milner, our money was about gone. My father had an extra bridle in the covered wagon and gave it to the toll bridge tender at Milner so that he would allow us to cross the Snake River.

During the next three years we saw some pretty hard times, grubbing sage brush, clearing the brush off, and preparing the ground to plant crops. We had to melt snow for drinking water, cooking, and cleaning, and for stock water. After two years we built cisterns to store water in. We were without a cow for three years. Then Father and Mother went back to Brigham City, sold the old home, and bought some cows, pigs and chickens when they returned. From that time on we had plenty to eat, and things looked much better. My mother was a good cook and a good wife and mother.

Having left a comfortable home in Brigham, my mother found it hard at first to accept the shack. When Father first brought her from Milner to the farm, she looked at the building and, thinking it was a barn or tool shed, she said, "Where is the house?" And when Father told her "that was it," she shed tears, but soon adjusted herself to pioneer life. When it would rain or snow we did not have enough pans to catch the water that leaked through the roof of our two roomed house.

So we all worked hard from daylight until dark trying to get ahead and make ends meet. Cliff at twelve and myself at ten, worked like men. At the age of fifteen years I pitched hay in the fields for three hay slips working right along with the men.

I am glad that the age for overworking children of necessity has past, although I am proud that we gave such assistance to our parents who were true pioneers of the West.

After a few years, we were able to build a nice big ranch home. Many pleasant memories we recall of those years.

In those days we stacked the grain and sometimes had to wait for three or four months before the steam thresher came to thresh it. I have pitched heavy wheat bundles onto a stack twenty feet high from seven A.M. until six P.M. at the age of fifteen. At quitting time I would be trembling from over exhaustion. We used to say that a dollar looked as big as a wagon wheel as was as hard to get hold of.

In the spring of one particular year, I remember that we planted six acres of potatoes. That fall, Father, Glen, and Ernest dug them with a digging fork; and Cliff and I picked them up after school. What a difference now in farming with our modern machinery!

One year we planted six acres of beans with a grain drill by plugging every other hole of the drill which would give room later on to cultivate the beans. At harvest we pulled the vines by hand and threshed them by putting a few forks full of pods on a canvas at a time and beating them with forks while the wind carried the chaff away. Bean threshers were not known at that time. That six acres were the first beans that were grown on a large scale on the North Side (as the territory north of Milner was called). We did not grow a crop of beans again until the bean thresher came into operation. We had to walk behind a hand plow when breaking up the soil to plant crops; and the cultivating was done with a one horse cultivator. That was before the riding plow and the two horse cultivator came into use.

When Sara and I were first married we lived with my father and mother for the first few months; then I went to work for my brother Roscoe on his farm just at the edge of Hazelton, a town that had grown up since we first came from Brigham City, Utah. Hazelton was only five miles from my father's ranch. Our first baby, Clyde Morgan, was born there. My brother Roscoe, went to a sale and came home carrying a calf under one arm and a baby basket under the other. The basket was for us. We were deeply saddened by the passing of our first baby who died only a few days following his birth.

After the crop was harvested that fall, we moved to a ranch on Lateral A, bordered by the snake river gorge. My father had bought this farm and offered to sell it to us if we would make the payments each year. He would charge us no interest. We were glad to agree to such a deal. So Father sold us the fifty acre far, where our other three children were born. Our place was located over near the edge of the Snake River by our good neighbor, Santiago Alastra and his family.

After the first harvest on our own place, my father bought us a nice span of black mares. My – How happy Sara and I were when Father said, "Go out to the barn and look at your black team of horses." Then came the depression of 1920; and, I am telling you, we had a struggle trying to

make a living and making payments on the farm. I well remember the first crop we took off the place. Being used to good food at home, I wanted to furnish the same food for my wife and children; and it took all of our crop money to pay our grocery bill at Harry Applebaum's store at Murtaugh.

That same fall, August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1920, our son Ellis Lee was born. When he was about two weeks old, I had a ruptured appendix and was operated on at the Fremstead Hospital in Burley, Idaho, by Dr. Pearse from Brigham City; and I almost died. I was in the hospital for about eight weeks. Sara stayed at My Uncle Eph's and Aunt Ella Nichol's house just next to the hospital. I know it was hard on Sara with a little baby, staying with, what you might call, strangers to her; however, we did appreciate all they did for us, as we were so in need of help.

My father and mother came to the rescue and payed the hospital and doctor bills and also for a special nurse. My brother and brother-in-law Sylvester Southworth harvested our crop of potatoes. It started to rain and snow the 25<sup>th</sup> of September and never let up until winter set in. A good many of the potatoes got frozen; and my brother and brother-in-law never did get the third crop of hay stacked. We sold the pasture and hay in the shock, to Alastra and had to wait for the money until he sold his wool the next spring for eight cents a pound. Everybody was hard up, and you could hardly get hold of a dollar. I still have adhesions in my side caused by my operation' and they give me quite a bit of trouble at times to this day.

We raised potatoes, beans, grain, and hay; and milked quite a few cows. We made more money on our potatoes than any other crop. In those days we boarded the potato pickers and haulers. Sara would have twelve or fourteen men to cook for and sometimes, when it would rain, we fed them for two or three weeks before we got the potatoes harvested. The men always praised Sara's cooking, especially her pies, as she was an expert at pie making. When our potato harvest was over, I would go out and do custom digging for other farmers, and make good money. Some days I would make \$40.00 with four head of horses on the digger and two shaker sorters with one horse on each sorter.

One day when I was doing custom digging, a man came along selling Maytag washing machines which were run with gas motors. I told him to take a machine over and do m wife's washing and if he could get the clothes clean without having to rum them on the wash board, that he could leave the machine with her. So he got the job done and left the washer; and Sara was very happy and surprised, as she had no idea that I was going to buy a washing machine. We had a little baby girl then, Barbara Helen, born March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1922; and Sara had been doing the washings by hand and with the tub and wash board up to the time that I bought the new washer.

Another time I surprised her with a sewing machine. She was up to Glen's and Aretta's (my brother and wife's) house up on the hill by Alastra's place. While she was up there visiting Aretta, I traded some potatoes for the sewing machine; and you should have seen the happy look on her face when she saw the machine!

Glen and Alastra and I took turns when our children were old enough to go to school, hauling them back and forth to Greenwood about four files from the ranch. Sometimes there would be a blizzard with snow and wind, and other times it would be raining. We had a Model T Ford by then, and surely we were proud of it, as we had been riding to town and to Church in a black top, one horse buggy.

In order for us to earn money to buy our first car, the Model T Ford, we arose from sleep in the winter at 4:00 A.M., and, while Sara was preparing breakfast, I would take the lantern and go to the old, make-shift barn, milk six cows by hand, feed four head of horses and harness them and fill a barrel with water so they could drink at noon, and I would feed the pigs. Sara would put up my lunch, and, with breakfast over with, I would go to work loading gravel at a gravel pit on my brother Glen's dry farm about a mile west of our farm. It was zero weather, and you could hear the wheels creak in the snow for miles away. I would leave at 6:00 o'clock in the morning so as to be loading at seven. It was dark when I left for work and dark when I came home.

But the Model T Ford proved to be a blessing to us, for we could go to church now and drive the nine miles in short time compared to driving with the one horse buggy, winter and summer. In winter we would heat a big rock to keep our feet warm, then put a lighted lantern under the quilt that we used for a lap robe to keep our two babies warm. Sometimes we would be facing a blizzard coming home to a cold house, but we did not seem to mind the cold as we were happy with our church activities and with our little family. The Ford had side curtains but no starter, so I had to crank it; and sometimes, on a cold morning, we could not get the engine started. So I would harness up one of the horses and hitch it on front of the car; and Sara would lead the horse, with me at the driver's wheel, until we could get the engine to start.

We butchered our own beef and pork, and smoked and cured the hams and bacon. One time two of our good neighbors, Mr. Sprague and Hop Woods helped me butcher a big black pig that weighed about 400 pounds. It had been raining the day before, so the pen was wet inside. In trying to catch and hold on to such a big animal, Mr. Sprague grabbed hold of the wet tail of the pig, but his hands slipped off the tail, and he sat down in the muck. Then Hop Woods grabbed the pig by one hind leg, and the hog jerked him down in the manure. Later when we went to the house to get the hot water to scald the pig, Sara was there; and Hop, like all men wanting to look good in the presence of a lady, smoothed and patted his

hair down with wet hands from the pig pen. We had a good laugh about that.

My father, James (Jim) Boden, died July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1928, just five months before our son David was born; and we buried him in Brigham City, Utah, beside my oldest brother Clyde and my oldest sister Lavene.

On November 17, 1928, our youngest son David was born on our ranch on Lateral A. Dr. E. L. Berry was the doctor. We named him David Wendell. The name Wendell was given him because he was born on my brother Wendell's birthday.

My mother passed away February 12, 1940 and was buried in Brigham City beside my father. They both died at Hazelton, Idaho. My father died on his ranch. My mother died at my sister Venna's home in the town of Hazelton.

### TWENTY-THREE

I recall the early days of our marriage. Our first home was a modest little frame house in Hazelton where Ellis ran his brother Roscoe's farm. Our first baby, a boy, Clyde Morgan Boden, was born there. He died at four days of age from effects of Spanish influenza which I had contracted before he was born. That same year Ellis had had a serious bout with pneumonia.

After the harvest, and during the following winter, we lived at my husband's parents' home in Greenwood near Hazleton. The area which included Greenwood, Jerome, Hazelton, Murtaugh, Twin Falls, and all the surrounding communities for miles around constituted what was known as Magic Valley where grew the famous Idaho gem potatoes, sugar beets, great northern and pinto beans, and alfalfa hay and many varieties of grain. Here I became acquainted with the rigors of life on a productive eighty acre irrigated farm.

My father-in-law's farm was a typical one, where the men got up at all hours of the night to change and set the water on the crops when the water turn came around.

Ellis and his father were good farmers, not mediocre ones. We had cows to milk and pigs and chickens to feed. My own father had taught me to garden; and, thank goodness, I had been raised in a family where we had to work! The Bodens were impressive workers. I had married into a family who also had known the meaning of the word hardship. And they had one answer for success – industrious day to day labor.

The wash boards, the wood stoves and flat irons and scrubbing brushes were not new to me. We carried water from the canal to do the washings. First we rubbed the clothes on a wash board, then we cranked the washing machine about fifteen minutes with each batch. We put respective loads of the white clothing in a clothes boiler with water, home made soap, and a little lye; and we boiled the white clothes five minutes per load. We wrung them out by hand from two rinse waters, using blueing on the second rinse. All of our laundry was hung out on the clothes line to dry, summers and winters. And there was other work. I sewed and cooked and helped my husband's mother bottle the fruit and vegetables.

In the spring we moved on to the forty (50) acre farm, on Lateral A,<sup>8</sup> which we Bought from Ellis' father. I was expecting another baby. The house was six rooms, but we only lived in three of them at first. Our meager furniture was hardly sufficient to furnish three of the rooms. We turned in a Liberty Bond and bought a coal range. The major portion of the used furniture was given to us by Ellis's parents. A table, bedding and drapes were from my mother. Of course, I had my piano which was only half paid for. And there were a few wooden boxes conveniently placed here and there in the

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<sup>8</sup> Laterals were small canals coming from a larger body of water – in this case, from the larger Jerome Canal.

in the house. But we were happy.

Sixteen months after the death of our first baby, our second boy was born, Ellis Lee Boden. He was a joy in our home, healthy, intelligent, and loveable. In nineteen months from his birth, our baby girl, Barbara Helen Boden, was born, a little golden haired doll to us. She was so very sweet. She would cling to me on all occasions. Yet she was very enterprising and endowed with a natural child-like wisdom. She could be very entertaining. Her venturesome curiosity will herein be noted later.

We drove the nine miles to church on Sunday morning in a one horse, black top buggy, taking our two babies with us. In winter a lighted lantern at our feet and a blanket on our laps helped warm us on the journey. My husband was a counselor in the Sunday School. I was the organist. At first it was the Hazelton Branch. Later our branch became a ward. In the Hazelton Ward we participated in many thing – church, reunions, Conferences, road shows, choirs, choruses, funerals, etc. My husband became a member of the Bishoprick, and I was a Sunday School teacher. I also played the piano for the congregation's singing and as an accompanist for other music functions.

Ellis and I both worked industriously to make payments on our farm and to make a living. I taught piano to a few students every year,<sup>9</sup> which helped out in many ways. In addition to caring for my babies and doing my house work, I managed to work in the fields some too, often sitting on a mowing machine, driving a team of horses, and mowing acres of hay. I rather enjoyed doing that.

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<sup>9</sup> I taught piano students for some twenty years.

Ellis worked hard, and he worked long hours. His land was fertile, but there were some rocks in the ground; and each year for many years he had to take these rocks out of the soil, pile them up, and haul them off. He was a successful farmer, especially in raising the famous Idaho (Netted Gem) potatoes. Twice his potatoes took first prize at the County fair, and once they took (second—crossed out) first prize at the State Fair at Blackfoot. Those were the only times he entered his potatoes. He had horses, cows and pigs to care for after each day's work.

We bought a Ford car in 1923. That was a thrill. In 1928, November 17<sup>th</sup>, another blessing came into our home – a baby boy, David Wendell Boden – He was handsome, bright, and adorable. We all loved him. All three of our children grew to bless us and make us very proud of them. Ellis Jr. and Barbara attended school at Greenwood, where my husband was on the school board for some time. David was to receive his schooling in Burley. He would also go on a mission to Mexico after two years of college.

#### TWENTY-FOUR

Cooking for the “spud” pickers, sorter men, and often the haulers, was a real job in those days. Out in the field, Ellis plowed the potatoes out with four horses hitched to a potato digger. About eight or ten men followed, moving along bent over, picking the potatoes, rapidly grasping and scooping them into wire baskets, then pouring them into a moving piece of machinery called a sorter. There would be one horse pulling a sorter (usually two sorters were used) with a man standing at the rear of each sorter as its operator. He would sort the potatoes into sacks on the back of the apparatus, separating

the potatoes into three grades – number one's, number two's, and culls. The first and second grades would go on to the market. The culls were usually fed to the sheep, hogs, and cattle. The potatoes would be hauled by horse drawn wagons (later by truck) as fast as they were sorted and sacked. They were taken to the big cellars of potato buyers in Hazelton, or to the train in Milner, wherever the buyer would order them sent.

The farmer's wife had to cook three meals a day for the men. With our having only ten to fifteen acres of "spuds", I seldom had more than twelve or thirteen men. My sister Viola came a couple of years to help me. No one could ask for more efficient help than she was. Naturally cheerful and optimistic, she loved to work. We did all of the baking, butter making and canning of fruits, vegetables, pickles, jellies, and jams. As a part of the preparing of these large meals for the potato crews it was essential to pick fresh vegetables from our huge gardens and to gather in the eggs as well as feed the chickens. It should be added that we frequently had the job of killing chickens and preparing them for the men to eat. All the time there were other chores such as tending to the garden – watering and weeding it.

## TWENTY-FIVE

I concluded that it was because of our remote location in the days of prohibition that we had to deal with some of Ellis's former acquaintances – men who were not members of the Church. There were a few of these men from Hazelton and thereabouts who knew my husband prior to our marriage before he became actively engaged in church work. Of course, everyone who had ever known my husband wanted to keep

his friendship because he was a sociable, tolerant man. However, it was till difficult for some to accept the fact that Ellis's religious beliefs were now first and foremost in his way of life.

At first I put up with "the old gang," as I referred to them, inviting them to eat with us occasionally, even when they were slightly tipsy from drink, hoping they would respect our way of life and leave for good. But upon discovering that they planned to pursue their purpose of trying to get Ellis back in with them, even after my husband had told them kindly that their errand was hopeless, I frankly told them that their presence was obnoxious to me and would they please go and live their lives and allow us to live ours. They left, but, for years, came back after long intervals, I guess to see if the air was still the same around there. They would even work a while without pay.

Once when some of these old "former buddies" were helping to put up the horses for the night, I discovered three bottles of liquor near an old potato digger in the weeds by the canal near the barn. I smashed the bottles one by one on the iron of the digger, leaving the glass and the stench there, and went to the house to set the supper on the table. (I had told them not to bring liquor on to the place). The incident was never mentioned to me.

These men seemed to continue in their way s without any change in them at all. It was about a year later when they again became interested in our farm. On this occasion I took a half case of their beer from its stash in an irrigation ditch, carried it to the rim rock of Snake River Canyon and tumbled it fifty feet over the cliff. I could hear the smash even above the roar of the river. Again no on mentioned their loss. Mrs. Needham, an English nurse at the hospital where I worked before my marriage, once repeated a

statement that my brother had made to me, “Sara, you are sweet as a lily, but when angry, you can also be a tiger.” I thought of that now; I was angry, and I was on the fight, and I intended to win – the Lord helping me.

It was two years before “our friends” came back. The leader (I called him “White Top” because his hair was a platinum blond) brought a new friend along this time. They talked to a neighbor, then went out and unloaded something near the adjoining fence dividing the neighbor’s land from ours. Then they left. When my brother-in-law came by, I heard him say to Ellis, “Them fellows think they can make moonshine in that contraption down there by the Snake River under the Rim Rock. I don’t want ‘um on my place!”

“I don’t want them on mine either,” said Ellis. “Where are they now?”

“They said they were going after grain to start souring their mash. Be back tomorrow or next day. I know Santie won’t let ‘um on his place. In using the name “Santie” my brother-in-law Glen Boden was referring to Santiago Alastra.

The next morning early, Ellis had to go to Hazelton, eight miles away, with the team and wagon. After he left, I went out and examined the supposed “still.” I could hardly move it. The thing must have weighed 150 pound. But, to me, it was a deadly enemy.

I looked all around, but could see no one. Mr. Wilcox, the neighbor over the fence, an old man and a bachelor, must have gone to town, too. At least he was not in his field. There was a patch of willows on his place about twenty-five from the fence, and a ditch by the fence. The land around the willows was soft. It had been plowed and harrowed.

The baby was asleep. It was 10:00 A.M. I found three short planks and made a bridge over the ditch. By propping up the barbed wire and using a rope I was able to roll the tank-like thing over, and under the fence onto the boards. By using other boards to roll it onto, and by pushing with all my might on each turn, I finally got it into the clump of willows. I found an irrigating shovel. It was not too hard for me to dig a large hole in the loamy volcanic ash soil. When the machine was all covered with dirt and tumble weeds and leaves, I smoothed out my tracks in the plowed ground with a garden rake, replacing the plank and the rope, after which I went about my daily work.

Ellis was late that night getting home with his load. The next morning he came in laughing and said, "Those fellows came back with their mash, and somebody got there before they did and stole their still in the night. Serves them right. They probably stole it from someone else, anyway. I don't believe it was a still, really."

I enjoyed the situation with Ellis, but let it go at that. Those fellows never did come back again. About five years later, Mr. Wilcox dug up the willow patch; and his plow point hit the big iron contraption. He had to dig it out. Only then did I tell my husband how I had put it there. The matter went no farther.

## TWENTY-SIX

Two weeks after Ellis Jr. was born, my husband had worked long hours each day all the summer, irrigating at night, milking cows and doing other chores night and morning, then working hard in the field all day. Suddenly he took ill with severe pains in his stomach. Glen brought his mother over. She thought the pains were just like the ones Uncle Chance (Chancey Nichols) had had, and we must put hot packs on his abdomen.

I did as Mother Boden said. I put hot towels and hot water bottles on him for hours. The pain continued, until, all at once, he felt something give inside him – a sizzling noise, as he described it. Ellis’s brother Clifford drove to Milner and summoned a doctor from Burley. The doctor came and pronounced the pains acute appendicitis. He said the operation could not wait. But Ellis wanted his uncle, Dr. R. A. Pearse of Brigham City, Utah, to perform the operation. Dr. Pearse was called, but Ellis was taken immediately to the Fremstead Hospital in Burley. The baby and I went along.

My husband was on the operating table for two hours. His appendix had broken. He was full of gangrene. Once during the operation, the doctors thought he was dead, but he revived. Two of the doctors had said “Just sew him up; no use taking out anything. He can’t live.” But Dr. Pearse, true to his promise to Ellis’s mother and to me, took out the appendix and cleaned out his insides the very best he could.

When he became conscious, my husband was not aware that the doctors had thought him dead at one point while they operated. What Ellis told men, and has told to very few people since, was an experience of a most sacred nature to him. He has held the experience dear to his heart ever since. He said that, while he was under the ether, he saw “The Other Side;” people going in order everywhere and heavenly sounds of voices singing. It was a grand place. He wished to go there, but had to come back. It was so easy for me to understand why Ellis has always had such a strong testimony of the Gospel.

After the operation, I met Dr. Pearse in the hall. He tried to avoid talking, but I was persistent.

“I know he has gangrene,” I said to him, “I can smell it. What chance does he have?”

“About one in seventy five,” said the doctor. ‘I cleaned him out. He has six drain tubes in his side. You better get some rest.” Ellis owed his life to Doctor Pearse and to the Lord above.

Uncle Eph and Aunt Ella Nichols lived next door to the hospital. The family were all invited there for dinner. I called Cliff into the bedroom. He was in uniform. Severely wounded in France at Chateau Thierry, he had been in a cast for six months in New Jersey, home, and back again for treatment of his injured leg. He loved Ellis dearly and thought a lot of me, too. I told him what the doctor had told me. “We’ve got to pray, Cliff. The Lord can heal him,” I said.

“Where will we go to pray?” he asked.

I led him into the clothes closet where we knelt down together.

“You pray,” he suggested.

So I prayed aloud. The Elders later administered to Ellis. He asked me to carry the baby up to see him, which I did. I was weak from recent illness, but getting stronger. My cousins Gus and Sue Paulson were so good to me. So also were Uncle Eph and Aunt Ella Nichols. She cared for our baby as Ellis insisted on my being at his side at 10:00 A.M. each morning.

Ellis’s father came to our rescue with money to pay the hospital bills. We were grateful to him, as our potatoes had frozen in the ground that year. I guess we were being tried. We had so much to be thankful for. Dad Boden was such a good, kind hearted man.

It was a long pull. Six weeks Ellis was in the hospital. He was convalescent all winter. But the Lord had blessed us. We had a fine boy and we were together again, and we knew that His divine power had been manifest in the healing of my husband.

## TWENTY-SEVEN

Milner was across the Snake River on the south side in Twin Falls County. Our farm was on the north side against Snake River which was a deep ravine looking down from the rim rock to the roaring river fifty feet or more below. 1921 had been a rugged year. It was work per usual – milking cows, tending to chickens, pigs and horses. As always, the plowing, harvesting, cultivating, and planting of crops were all done with horse draw machinery. Our vegetable garden had been productive – more than ample for our needs. We even had a surplus to give to relatives, neighbors and friends. That year I put into fruit jars between 350 to 400 quarts of fruits and vegetables, doing all the cooking of such, as well as baking and cooking meals on a coal range in the heat of the summer just as was so in the winter. I cooked for hay men, threshers, and potato pickers.

Mr. And Mrs. Santiago Alastra and Santi's brother John, all born in Spain, were very kind, appreciative and accommodating neighbors. My husband's brother Glen and wife Aretta and their three daughters, Vesta, Ruth, and Margaret, were also the best of neighbors. My husband's dear old parents lived on their farm about three and a half miles north of us. Ellis's brothers – Roscoe, Ernest, Clifford, and Wendell, and two sisters, Estelle and Venna and their families, lived much of the time in and near Hazelton. They were all very nice people. We loved them all.

The friendship of the Sprague family nearby meant a great deal to us. One daughter, Marjorie Helen became the faithful wife of my brother Artie. Blyth, Marjorie's sister, as attendant nurse at the birth of our second son, Ellis Jr. Artie and Marjorie lived near; and we were always close in helping one another through sickness and other trials. We enjoyed each other's company at holiday dinners, dances, and church parties.

The Seeleys, Ross and Dice, I believe, were our closest friends. Anyway the feeling of close friendship with them has lasted all through these forty years.

Before Barbara's birth on March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1922, my mother's dear mother came to stay, thinking to be with me while my husband drove to Milner for the doctor (six miles away). We had no telephone service in those days on the new canal projects where our farm was located. The snow was deep, the weather cold that year. It was February.

Mother Boden slept with me, as the sofa was not a good bed for her. My husband had been sleeping there during the latter part of my pregnancy. Mother Boden's snoring was so continuous and so full of unpredictable variations that, when my husband returned from Milner, he found me in the kitchen by the cook stove at 4:00 A.M. crocheting baby booties. I finished my baby clothes in three nights. Mother Boden laughed when my husband later told her about it. I always missed her when she went home. She was so optimistic and jolly. Anyway, it turned out that my little baby girl was a month late in arriving. My mother-in-law could not have endured the strain if she had stayed. She was not well herself.

## TWENTY-EIGHT

At the age of three and four, Barbara, being a typical little girl, was blessed with

Considerable curiosity to the extent that she explored in sewing machine and dresser drawers, under bed, and behind furniture. And scissors to clip things with was an obsession with her. She could quite neatly scallop a piece of sheet music or my oil cloth table cover in a matter of minutes – that is if she could find the scissors. She was a typical busy little girl.

One day she found that her father's dresser drawer was not closed tightly, so, pulling it out, she spied, in a small box, some little, round, white pellets. She tasted them. They were sweet, so she ate a number of them (no one ever knew how many), then invited her older brother Ellis Jr., age five, to come and eat some of the candy. Ellis Jr. being a bit suspicious of these particular candies, decided to find out what she was eating, so he took a sample to show his father who was working close by in the field. When his father saw the sample, he let out a yell to his hired man, dropped the lines of the horses he was driving, ran like mad, and practically threw the two children into the seat of our Ford car. He then tore for Hazelton and the doctor. She had been eating "Allro Heart Tablets."

The message about Barbara was brought by friends to me two miles down the Snake River where I was waiting on Marjorie, my brother's wife, who had a new baby. Ellis had been talking care of our children. Artie drove me to Hazelton immediately, and, when I arrived at the doctor's office, Barbara was lying pale and sick on the table. She had been given medicine to cause vomiting, which had emptied her little stomach. Besides that, a stomach pump had been applied. She recovered in a few days.

## TWENTY-NINE

The children did well in school at Greenwood. It was such a joy to attend their school programs and socials. At a special fall social (Halloween or Thanksgiving, I have forgotten which), Barbara was helping to serve pie and punch. Her daddy was sitting by his cousin, Will Phillips. Barbara came with two plates. On one plate was a dark, small piece of pumpkin pie. On the other, a large, health looking piece. When she stood in front of her dad and Mr. Phillips, she quickly crossed her hands in order that her daddy would get the choice piece of pie. He never forgot that.

Ellis Jr. was a natural cartoonist. When our son was six and seven years old, George McMannus' drawings of Andy Gump and Min were little more vivid than the chalk and blackboard funnies under the hand of our boy's imagination. Occasionally a hired man or neighbor would call to discuss tomorrow's farming plans. Without being noticed, Ellis Jr., in his corner, would soon have a striking resemblance of the man on paper with pencil.

Mr. Sprague was a thin man with a pleasing personality, a prominent nose, and a sense of humor. He dropped in one evening for a chat. At 8:00 o'clock Ellis was sent to bed, but too late. When Mr. Sprague arose to go, a sheet of paper fell from the window sill to his feet. He picked it up. Then he laughed heartily. Without flattering him, it was almost an exact likeness – posture, nose, and all. He asked to keep the drawing. He adored "Buster." That was his nick name for Ellis Jr.

## THIRTY

The night of David's birth is often in my memory. Our youngest son David was born November 17, 1928. My dear husband had gone for Dr. E. L. Berry in Hazelton at 6:00 A.M., but my pains had ceased altogether upon the doctor's arrival, so Ellis drove back to Hazelton. My brother Artie had been with us all day in order to do chores and help my dear mother who came to be with us when my husband would go again for the doctor at the moment I should need him. Barbara was ill with an infected, gathered ear and the flu. She was six years old.

I sat at my sewing machine all afternoon and hemmed curtains for the living room windows. Mother and my husband hung them for me. At 5:00 P.M. Artie left in our car for an hour to do his own chores. He had no more than driven out of the gateway when a pain hit me. I was in labor.

Ellis fairly flew for his team and buggy. He had no time to pursue Artie. He traveled the nine miles of dirt and graveled road in twenty-five minutes. Doctor Berry came by car. Poor, dear Mother had her hands full. I was in hard labor. I had the flu. And I was running a temperature.

The doctor gave me an anesthetic. The baby came, and, as I became conscious, I heard the doctor swear, "Damn that chloroform!" My mother held my hand. Her face was white as chalk. I knew I shouldn't have let her come. Such things would shorten her life. Never again, I thought. She must be cared for, herself. When the doctor stepped out, after Mother had brought my handsome baby to show to me, she told me that I had turned black under the anesthetic, and they had thought I was dying.

The next night, being relieved of the fever, I was lying quietly on my back as the

Doctor had ordered. My husband, who had been under a terrible strain, was now in bed himself in another room with a fever and the flu. All of a sudden he gave a blood curdling yell. I heard Mother running to the other bedroom where he was. He had rolled off the bed and was in a convulsion. Artie pried Ellis's mouth open to press his tongue in place so that he would not swallow it. Then he lifted him from the floor. Barbara was crying. I got out of my bed and carefully made my way through the living room. When I saw Ellis, I walked to the back porch telling my eight year old son Ellis Jr., who was standing pale and frightened, to run and tell Mr. Alastra to go for the doctor. The little fellow was a fast runner, and made the half mile and back in a very short time. When he got back to the house, Artie put his arm around him and told him that his dad would be all right.

Artie had laid Ellis back on the bed and was trying to revive him with warm water and hot water bottles and with massaging and other methods. Mother was praying. When Artie saw me, he said later that he thought Ellis was dead. Such close calls and so many of them sometimes seemed to be more than we could bear.

Mr. Alastra's brother, a kindly large Basque man called Ana, came to sit with Ellis. By the time the doctor arrived, my husband had revived and appeared to be O.K. Dr. Berry said that others were having convulsions with the flu. My condition, he said, was serious, as I was hemoraging. Also the doctor thought he would have to lance Barbara's ear; but Mother persuaded him to wait until the following day; and, with her careful nursing and the prayers of many, we were all made well again in a few days. Blessed be the name of my mother to me. She received very little pay for her services –

sometimes nothing at all. And may my brother Artie be rewarded for his loving assistance to us.

### THIRTY-ONE

Our troubles with serious illnesses were far from over. It was April 19929. David, five months old, lay sick in his crib with pneumonia. Dr. Hopper of Hazelton had done his best. He said David couldn't live. The baby lay white and stiff with head bent backward. Dr. Nielson of Burley was summoned. "Your baby has pneumococcus meningitis," he said. Aretta, my sister-in-law heard him. She raised the bedroom window, crawled out, and walked to her house as quickly as possible. A man visiting us, who was a friend of a neighbor, backed to the kitchen door and left, wishing us well. Meningitis was a dreaded disease.

"I'll have Mr. Boden take you home," I said to Madeline Mickleson, our hired girl. It was 11:00 P.M., and Dr. Nielson would soon tap the baby's spine.

"No," said Madeline, "I've already been exposed. You try to rest a few hours. I'll go home in the morning. Aretta has her children to think of. She had to go home."

"Prepare the baby," said the doctor to me. "Then come and assist."

I said I couldn't do it, but I knew I would somehow. So I held my baby solid on the table while the doctor inserted the huge long needle and drew fluid from his little spine. The sweat stood out on my face. The baby screamed, but later was relieved. The doctor from Hazelton would come tomorrow evening.

“Dr. Hopper said the baby can’t live, Honey,” said my husband sadly.

“Don’t ever say that again, my dear,” I replied. “The Lord can make him live.”

So we prayed together with Madeline. And we slept two or three hours. The doctor came again. My husband and I alone took turns watching by our baby David’s crib until he was out of danger. We knew again that our Father in Heaven was surely The Great Physician.

### THIRTY-TWO

In May, Baby David was recovering still from the meningitis and pneumonia under the care of Dr. Smerschel, a baby specialist from Wendell, Idaho. Ellis Jr. walked the three miles home from Greenwood School one afternoon. He was nine years old. When he got home he complained that his knees and his heels hurt. Getting out the thermometer, I took his temperature. It was 102 degrees.

After his lying in bed for three days, and all attempts to break the fever had failed, as it continued fluctuating from 100 to 103 degrees, we took him to Dr. Alexander, a leading M.D. at Twin Falls, Idaho. The doctor put him in the hospital, and, contrary to hospital rules, ordered a cot to be put in Ellis Jr.’s room for me to sleep on, as he was aware that our boy was very ill. Dr. Alexander, who the nurses said was very strict and cranky, was actually a compassionate man. He took a liking to Ellis Jr., who always tried to be a cooperative young patient, as sick as he was. (As our son gradually lost weight, week after week, Dr. Alexander could always get a smile out of him by calling him “Skinny Skookums.”)

Dr. Alexander knew that I had been a practical nurse, and he decided that my

being at the boy's side was necessary. With my background, he also knew that I would obey orders. After several consultations the doctors pronounced the ailment typhoid fever. On top of all this, Ellis Jr. was having attacks of appendicitis.

For three long weeks I sat by him night and day, catching sleep only at times when the fever would subside and when he slept. I bathed his face and little, hot hands many, many times during the night, giving him ice water and fruit juices with a spoon when he was too weak even to drink through a glass tube. His father came often after work, sometimes bringing Barbara, then seven years old, who stayed with her Aunt Estelle Southworth (Ellis's sister).

We had taken our baby David to the Wendell Hospital where Dr. Smerschel could check him every day, and where two nuns, Sister Helen and Sister Felicita could tend to him and compete for his affection. One day when his father and I made our regular semi-weekly call, he wanted to stay with Sister Helen instead of coming with us. He was only six months old. Feeling a little jealous, I could hardly wait to get him home again.

We hurried back to the Twin Falls Hospital. Ellis Jr. was so very thin, pale, and listless. The doctors in consultation had decided that an appendicitis operation at this time would be a very poor risk. Again we felt that only the Lord could heal him. When our son was awake and conscious, I talked to him about faith in the Lord. He had always been a good boy, prayerful, truthful, and obedient. He was exceptionally bright in school. He said he wished the Elders to administer to him. He said that he knew that the Lord could make him well. So we called in the Elders. We also fasted and prayed for him. In the course of a few days the pains in his side left him; his temperature dropped;

and he became hungry for milk toast. Although most of his hair dried up and fell out, and his legs would not hold him up, we took him home, and he started to recover. The hair on his head began to grow back, and, after a week or so, he successfully stood up. Then a week later he took a few steps. Slowly but surely he became well. The Lord had again heard the prayers of those who trust in Him. Our son lived.

#### THIRTY-FOUR

In July our little Barbara was taken down with the same fever. We rushed her to Dr. Alexander and to the hospital in Twin Falls. She was cared for and watched over and prayed for as Ellis Jr. was. And she was loved by all of the nurses and all others who knew her. When the fever left her in two weeks, she could enjoy much of the attention she received while ill. The doctors were puzzled, because neither she nor Ellis had tested out as typhoid patients. It did not show in their blood. So we had the water at home analyzed for malaria, undulant fever, Malta fever, and typhoid fever. None showed up. At that time the doctors did not seem to understand much about rheumatic fever. Years later, Dr. Pearse was certain that both Ellis Jr. and Barbara had had rheumatic fever at that time.

It is needless to mention that the hospital and doctor bills left us without money. In fact, when the crops were harvested, we were in debt. But we were happy. We had our family together again, and they were all well. We had good neighbors. And our farm had yielded potatoes, beans, grain, beef, pork, and chickens in addition to huge gatherings

of vegetables from our garden, much of which we preserved for winter's use. And we had fruits in jars in our dirt cellar and milk, butter and cream from our cows – And a prayer of thanksgiving in our hearts.

### THIRTY-FIVE

The Stock Market crashed. Wall Street panicked in New York City. But we were far away in Idaho – safe from it all. President Hoover called a special meeting of the Nation's wealthiest men to talk about the nation's problems. He had the matter well in hand. This was still "The Twenties" – our country's "happy years." It was still 1929.

Banks closed their doors. The "Thirties" loomed, but who could ever have given a thought to the "Thirties" even while staring point blank in their direction? A "Great Depression?" What ever could that be? This was 1929.

Many people would lose all the material things they possessed, including their farms. Ellis and I would lose our farm. And, with the clothes on our backs and our furniture and our horses and our machinery, we would move away – to Beetville, Idaho, to live in a one roomed shack with our children – all of us sleeping in a potato cellar. And the wire worm would come and would destroy the potatoes on the only piece of ground we could rent. But who would have believed that in '29?

The year that would follow the one at Beetville – Our move to the city of Burley. No farm. No work. Some would say that they learned that they could actually live without hope. Experiences we never thought of in 1929.

Another move – A farm to rent at Unity south of Burley where faith would pay off. Two years there.

Life would be good. Friends, close neighbors – the Church, and Bishop Gee, whom we had not yet met in '29.

The good, hard years at Unity. To win, then only to lose all over again. Moving to Declo, Idaho in 1935, and “losing out” there almost before we could ever get started. Actually we sometimes got numb to where we kind-of ceased to think. When we did think, we sometimes would wonder if we'd not begun to think differently from the way we thought in 1929.

Then the blessing would come. And, this, we could have believed in 1929. The blessing of all blessings would be in 1936. A beautifully layed-out farm in the Community of View, Idaho, south of Burley. This place, to rent and later (with perseverance) to own. We would have to admit that our owning of it would actually be God's loaning it to us. For, like all land, it really was always His.

In 1929, we didn't know there would be a second World War (World War II) and that Ellis Jr. would go overseas and come back. And we didn't know about the Korean War with David's going into the Army and going overseas and coming back – And our daughters-in-law and our son-in-law. Then the birth and the growing up of our grandchildren. Oh, I guess in 1929 we guessed that much of this would happen.

But what about (of all the surprises to come) Ellis's and my Mission for the Church to the Southern States Mission. We never dreamed in '29 that the high points of our lives would happen in Milledgeville, Georgia, in the 1950's as missionaries for the Church.

All in all, 1929 wasn't such a bad year. Our testimonies of the Gospel were strong, and we counted our blessings then, as we always have done. . . . .

Come. Look out of my south window with me.  
     A winter's whiteness in the growing dusk.  
 The mountains, usually visible –  
     Now hidden by a soft flaky mist of winter.  
 Huge trunked, tall and bare limbed,  
     The poplar trees, and shorter maple, near this house,  
 Powdered snow piled high at their base  
     A brisk wind moving twigs and shrubs.  
 Sharply ridging snowdrifts  
     That reach out in various shapes and directions.  
 Limbs of the pine tree, which proudly, yesterday,  
     Sheltered holiday lights,  
 Limbs now heavy laden with snow  
     Are humbly bent downward,  
 Perhaps, also, in commemoration  
     Of the week ago's birthday of our Saviour.  
 Beyond the barbed wire fence, a mile and a half's distance,  
     And a little west of south, stands a lonely tree.  
 Farther to the right, a squatty farm house and buildings  
     Are blackening with the coming of night.  
 The sage -- the green sage –  
     Now lifting its half length from the snowy depth  
 Is now a steel gray color.  
     Why did I choose to spend two weeks  
 Here alone by my fireplace,  
     When I could have gone with those I love  
 To the big city?  
     I stay to write.  
 The peaceful quietude  
     Of the open farm country in Southern Idaho  
 Has become a part of me.  
     This home must not be sold.  
 It shelters twenty-seven years of family history.  
     With my husband and children –Ellis Jr., Barbara, and David,  
 I came here. Moved here with my loved ones.  
 And with our hands and hearts we made a loving family haven.  
 Our grandchildren, too, are deeply here attached.  
     These past twenty-seven years  
 My children do full well recall,  
     As well as other years since 1929.  
 But there were seasons then and back beyond.....  
 .....  
 And it was a period past, but not forgot.....

POEM

“OLD HOUSE”

### OLD HOUSE

(Composed by the authoress while she and her husband,  
M. Ellis Boden, were on their Mission for The Church of  
Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Southern States  
Mission at Milledgeville, George)

There was Christensen and Riggs  
And also Tanner, I am tolld,  
    Courtied favor as the hostess  
In this blessed room of gold.  
    Think of Shuler and of Williams  
And of Meeks and of Magree  
    There were Sorenson, Benfield, Olson –  
Many others, too – ah , me.  
    If I could name them all tonight,  
Nostalgia with its ease  
    Would make the house’s soul well up  
Tears falling from its eves.  
    White columns glowing up at beams  
And shingles, just might say,  
    “I’ve a notion here to drop you down  
For even just a spray  
    Of that mossy, brown oak’s foliage  
Standing sentry night and day.”  
    Two mission presidents lived here.  
Gracious people breathed your air.  
    The Yarns, the Parkers, Guyons,  
Derricks, and their ladies fair.  
    These folks dined at your table,  
Breaking bread and finding rest –  
    Folks too numerous to mention  
Blessed Saints. They were the best.  
    If in callings up the memories,  
Dear old house, it makes you sigh,  
    Then what about our two touched souls –  
My husband, dear, and I?  
    You were a cherished home to us,  
Old house, both night and day.  
    We lived and learned, baptized, and taught,  
And knelt to seek and pray.  
    We loved, we laughed, and counsel gave  
To save each soul we prayed and foun.  
    Did I say, old house, I love you?  
I, engrossed, almost forgot!

---By Sara Lucy (Bronson) Boden, June 1956

## THE DREAM

## THE DREAM

It was a dream, but vivid. My husband and I were in our new 1958 silver-blue Chevrolet Belaire. We were by the Pacific Ocean, close to the water's edge. Strangely enough there was snow on the ground. Ellis cramped the front wheels of the car to the right. We were by a ship's landing. A large rowboat was in front of us, partly on land, partly on water. There was very little room in which to turn the car.

A man standing in the boat was directing Ellis, telling him how to make the turn. My husband resented the man's stern suggestions. We didn't make the turn. I saw a small gadget in the man's right hand. It was about two by three inches, a light red, six sided article like one of a set of dice, only oblong in shape with a board attached to it that reached out over the ocean toward the setting sun.

The man pressed on the gadget which he kept in his hand. He was friendly. We stood by the boat. I heard beautiful music coming across the water like a strong orchestra. I was fascinated and thrilled with the melody, the violins, and the steel guitars. I felt lifted up. Tears came to my eyes. Then I saw an island floating toward us on the ocean. There were flowers, shrubs, palm trees, and grass huts. The music continued. The island came within fifty feet of us. There was water between us and the island.

I saw many friendly, smiling people, some with bright flowers in their hands. I knew they wanted me to come to the island. The music continued louder now, the same melody over and over – about eight measures. I wanted to go there. I wanted Ellis to go with me. Something said, "Hawaii is calling you." I knew I had recently had a severe heart attack. I had wanted long ago to go to Hawaii.

I thought of my children now. I wanted to be near them. The thought came to me. "This is probably all you will ever see of the Hawaiian Islands. Keep the memory always." Then I awoke. I had a good feeling. I kept hearing the strains of the music and thinking of my dream. About 10:00 A.M. I sat at my piano and played the melody. I shall never forget this blessed experience. And I shall remember the impressive lilt of the music forever.