

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
SARAH ELISE THATCHER JENSEN SHAW

PROLOG:

This is an autobiography, except for the prolog, epilog, items in parentheses and footnotes. It is taken from tape recorded conversations recorded beginning in 1959 and continuing, off and on, until about 1981. The autobiographical portion of the text was organized by Weilding Thatcher Shaw and approved by Elise the last time about 1981. Although the remembrances and stories are not fully accurate nor descriptive of her whole life, they, like letters, often reveal much of the inner person.

ANCESTRY

The only thing that I can remember about my Father's Father, John Bethewel Thatcher, Sr., was that he was a broad, rather short man not nearly as tall as my Father. He might have been five feet eight inches tall but he was broad. He looked almost as broad as he was tall but he wasn't fat. He had grey hair and kind of a spade beard, grey. He came up to visit us in Teton Basin when I was anywhere from 7 to 11 years old. He was the only Grandparent of mine that I ever saw. It was at that time that they had a picture taken of Grandpa, Dad, Wallace and John, four generations. I think that was the last picture that was ever made of Grandpa Thatcher. Not long after that he fell and broke his hip. He had gangrene set in his hip and died from that.

I remember, when I was very small, hearing Dad tell the following story about Grandpa Thatcher. I could have got the names and things mixed up so I'm not telling it as an authentic story but as I recall this is the way it went. They had a corral with one of these gates with a high pole across it and the gate swung between them. I guess they put it up high like that so loads of hay could go through and not get knocked off, but still hold the gate poles solid. Anyway, they heard a commotion in the corral from the animals that were loose in there. My Great Grandpa told Grandpa and some of the boys to go out and see what it was. Some took guns to go out and maybe he had a gun too, but as he went through the gate a mountain lion jumped on Grandpa from the top pole above the gate and clawed his back. I remember them saying that he still had those claw marks on his back when he came up there to visit us.

Grandma Thatcher, Rachel Hannah Davis, was killed when Dad was on his mission. They lived in a log house and the main log, as I understand it, broke loose. The house spread and let this log down and Grandma looked up, she saw it was coming, and she grabbed a broom and held it and shewed the children out, made them run out, but she couldn't get out. When they found her, her head was lying on a log and the other one had hit it. I don't think anybody knew all the circumstances but evidently that was what she had tried to do from what some of the kiddies said. One of Grandpa's brothers wrote to Dad, an Uncle George, I think it was. Eva Thatcher had the letter. They didn't send for Dad, it explains that in the letter, they figured that he had better finish his mission and he

did.

I don't remember Sarah Maria Davis, Grandpa's other wife, but I know that she was the mother of Kingsly. The only time that I ever saw Uncle Kingsly was when I was about 9 or 10 years old and Estelle was about 12. Mama had gone down to Hayden to do some shopping, and left us there to scrub the kitchen floor. As we were scrubbing the kitchen floor we looked up, the door was open and we had finished it all but right by the door, and this nice looking young man and companion stood there. He had his sleeves rolled up and was carrying his coat slung over his shoulder, and his companion was dressed the same way. Of course Mother had scared us to death about strangers coming around. We weren't to talk to them or anything like that. He said, "Hello there. Do you have room for a couple of tramps?" And Estelle and I, we just stood there and looked at him with our mouths open, so scared. He said, "Well, don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. Where's your Mother and Father?" We told him, "They are coming home right away. They will be here any time now!" And they had just left a little while before! We climbed up in the hay loft of the barn to look and see if Mother and Dad were coming. I don't know how many times we did this, and we were afraid to come out the door of the barn because they were sitting in the shade of the side of the barn getting a big kick out of it. When they came home, did we feel sheepish when they told us that he was our Uncle Kingsly! It was sure funny how frightened we got when he spoke out and said they were a couple of tramps.

My Grandparents Muir died before I was born. Grandma Muir, Mary Ann Berry, died when Mom was 11. Grandpa, William Smith Muir, died after that.

PARENTS

My Mother was born and raised in Woods Cross, Utah. My Father was born in Payson, Utah. I have no idea how they met. Mother said that they had only met three or four times and Dad went on his mission, and they corresponded all the while he was on his mission. I think he went to the Eastern States Mission but I'm not sure. Then he came home, I don't know how long after that but they were married in the old Endowment House.

Mother had hair about like my sister May's, kinda brown. Her eyes were brownish blue. She was 5 foot 2 inches tall and at one time she weighed 225 pounds. One time in Teton Basin she raced in a sack race together with Melissa Ann Atwood Shaw, who was about the same size. There was also Mrs. Breckinridge, who was bigger than both and one or two others that were pretty good size and they all got in sacks and had a race!

Dad was about 5 foot 11 inches tall. His eyes were almost brown at times. When he was young they were light brown, then later, they turned blue. He had a red mustache and his hair was reddish brown. When I was a little girl, about eight, I will never forget it, I would sit on his lap while he was reading and take ribbons and comb his mustache and braid it and put ribbons on it. He was ambidextrous to an extent. He ate with his left hand and was basically left-handed but when he was a kid they made him change and write right-handed. So he wrote right-handed, ate left-handed, chopped wood right-handed, but shoveled left-handed.

Later, when Dad went to Church to the University Ward in Salt Lake City, after Mother died, and I think they called on him to dismiss Sunday School, and he asked them to excuse him. It was such an unusual thing for Dad to do anything like that, to be excused, that I asked him why afterwards. He said that he was scared, and of course he had a bad heart, and the fear aggravated it to such an extent that he thought that he would faint, so he asked to be excused. At that time he told me that he had never in all his life got up before a crowd to speak, to preach or to get up in front of the public in any way without having to overcome fear or endure it all the while he was speaking. Mother said he used to stand with his feet crossed and put his big finger on the corner of a table and lean on it while he spoke until she was afraid he would fall.

Mother was just the opposite from Dad. She had no inhibitions or fear about getting before the public or anything like that. She could perform and speak and she could sway crowds with her speaking very easily. That old Stake House in Driggs, which could hold about 1,000 people, was jam packed, so crowded that they were standing up in the aisles and in the doorways and in the hallways and they called on her to recite as part of the program. She recited a poem and she had them weeping, the people were furtively and openly wiping their eyes because it was so good, it was such a wonderful performance that she put on. Of course the applause was great and she came back and this time she recited a comedy, I think it was Jarias Green and his Flying Machine, anyway it was a comedy, and they were laughing just as wildly as they were weeping just a few minutes before. Of course the poems had something to do with it but her performance or way of putting them over was that way too. She was very good and she would get up and speak in Church and Relief Society, and one thing about it, if she knew anything at all about the subject she could speak without preparation. But poor Dad, he would study and work and then he would have fear all the while he was speaking. Most of us kids take after him except maybe Preston and Rachel.

Mother told me that when Mother and Dad lived up in Teton Basin they went to a meeting out at Rexburg with people from all over that country. Mother got in the wrong building, she was supposed to go to one building because she was in Relief Society and she got mixed up and went into another building. While she was there one of the speakers got up and asked if there was anybody that understood this lady that had got up and talked. Mother said she sat there like a dumbbell because she thought everybody had understood her. She thought that was what he was asking, if everybody had understood, and she did, so she just sat there. But come to find out nobody else understood what the woman said. After the meeting was over they began to talk about it and then she knew that the woman had spoken in tongues and that she understood it and she could have got up and repeated it but she didn't know that was what they were asking for. She was in the wrong meeting anyway and a little bit timid because of it, I suppose.

Dad had been a school teacher before his marriage and at one time worked in the Logan bank as an accountant. At one time Dad worked in the roundhouse at Pocatello. Mother told me about the heavy winds then that would move hay loads, rack and all, from one field to another. They also lived in Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls).

IDAHO FALLS

When in Idaho Falls, Dad worked on the telegraph lines west of Idaho Falls, as I recall him saying. When they put in the telegraph poles they would have to dig down three and four feet in the lava rock. He said it was just pure misery and they couldn't go very far nor very fast because they were digging most of the time through straight lava rock.

Indians lived there too. Mom said that this old buck Indian came to the house and wanted a drink. Mother had just churned so she asked if he wanted buttermilk and he would grunt instead of saying yes. So she gave him a quart container full of buttermilk. When he got through she asked him if he liked it. He just grunted again so she gave him some more. When he got through with that he said, "Heap no good!" That was the funny part of it, after he drank two quarts it was "Heap no good! The Indians scared Frank and Wallace when they were little, Mother said. They had this fence with a little tiny hole in it or a picket off of it or something, just the bottom part of the picket leaving a little hole in the bottom of the fence. Frank and Wallace were on the outside when an Indian came up there. Frank got so frightened he tried to crawl through this tiny hole and he couldn't get his hips through, he was so chubby. He was just a wiggling and worming and screaming to get through there and Wallace picked up a great big rock as big as his head and he held that up ready to throw it at the Indian. Soon as Frank got through the hole Wallace scooted through too. Mother said that she got a big kick out of it afterwards because the Indian was standing there and he was just laughing fit to kill watching those boys get through the fence. For a long time so many of the hobos would come there to Mother's door and she'd feed them. She got to talking to some of the other women about it and they said, "Why you're marked." And she said, "Marked? What do you mean?" And they said, "Well, those hobos have put a mark somewhere on your fence or on your gate or on a post indicating that you are an easy mark for food and any coming through will see it and come to you to get food." She said, "Well, what's a person supposed to do about it?" And they said, "Make him chop some wood or do some other kind of work for his food and it won't be long and they'll put up a sign to stop." So the next one that came along she had him go out and chop some wood while she fixed dinner and it took her about a half hour and he was chopping wood all that time. She fixed him a nice dinner but after that the hobos began to dwindle away, they never came back much after that because the had to work for their dinner and they didn't like that.

WYOMING

Then they moved to Bedford, Wyoming, and that's where all the rest of the kids were born after the first three boys. Dad was sent there by the Church to organize the Church in the Valley. Dad was Bishop up there for nearly 10 years. Rachel was the first white child born in the Valley. Dad had a farm in Bedford and he also had a dry goods store together with Uncle Nate Thatcher. He lived up there, too, and Uncle Howard Thatcher. Uncle Frank Thirkill was up there too at that time, but I don't think he was in on the store. They all worked together. I believe the store was in Thayne.

One time there was supposedly an Indian uprising, they were on the warpath. People from all over the Valley, there in Bedford, Freemont County, came to Dad's place. Mother would put the babies in the bedroom,

they laid them side by side in two rows down the bed and the bigger kids were rolled under the bed. She had two rooms just literally covered with babies, packed like sardines. Dad said that they had a wheat field that was just getting ripe and one man came there and was so excited that he took off his saddle and put his horse in the timber and took his saddle and bridle out in the middle of that wheat field and hid them. Dad said, "Just as if that wouldn't be one of the first things that they would do, to fire the wheat field!" It turned out that it was just a big scare and no Indians showed up. Mother said that she had a lot of company and visited a lot.

Mother said when Frank was a little boy they had some visitors from Salt Lake, Church officials, and Dad was the Bishop so they stayed at our place. One of them was bald headed. Frank was still in dresses but he was just learning to talk good. He kept walking around until he'd get in front of that man and look up at him and Dad would push him back. The third time he got around front there was a lull in the conversation and he looked up at the man and said, "You'ms face is on top of you'ms head ain't it?" Mother said she was so embarrassed because he was a high official in the Church. The crazy things that kids can think to say.

Mother had given birth to Preston and Dad was away working and when he came home, it might have been 24 hours after the birth or longer, anyway, the afterbirth was not delivered and it is quite a serious thing. The afterbirth should be delivered because the mother can bleed through it. Dad administered to her as soon as he had come in the house and found out what was wrong. She said that before he had even removed his hands or even finished the blessing the afterbirth had been delivered and she had no difficulty whatever, it came away just as clean, and no trouble at all after it had waited all that time. Then another time Dad had been away working and he came home and Preston had had a boil of some kind on his jaw. They had been awake with him for nights with it. Mother had kept putting hot packs on it and she couldn't bring it to a head and he was in so much pain and misery over it. Rachel will tell you this, she was just a kid but she said she saw Dad get up and go into Preston's room. He went in there and administered to him and Preston went immediately to sleep and slept all the rest of the night and the next morning when they got up, why his sore had broke and had run so that they didn't have any more difficulty with it.

Mother had a covered sleigh with a stove and the canvas drawn tight so that just a peephole was in front. She would go about Star Valley giving painting lessons in all weather. The horses mainly knew where to go but she would peek out with one eye to check. This eye got cold and had an infection from that. That bothered that eye the rest of her life.

The winter Estelle was born Dad represented Star Valley on the Wyoming Legislature. There was a woman representative named Estelle Real (or Reel) and when she heard of Estelle's birth she asked Dad if she could name the baby. He said yes and the woman gave him a silver cup with "Estelle Real" engraved on it.

MY EARLY CHILDHOOD

The first thing I can remember about my childhood, was Mother laying down, we were living in the old log house in Bedford, I went in and laid down by her. There was a bunch of people talking to her. I guess that

is my first recollection of my childhood. Then I remember the kids and playing around. I remember also we had our picture taken. There was Mother and Dad and Estelle and myself and I think Preston and May were in it too. I remember I had a neck about as long as a giraffe. It looked like it in that picture, anyway. I know if I had been swallowing an apple you could have seen it! It just looked awful. When I was about 4 years old I went for a walk in the woods alone with Dad. It had been raining and there were puddles and he told me to take hold of his big finger and I held it with both hands and he would lift me over the puddles and logs as we walked along.

The next thing I remember was Dad building the big house. We left the farm and went into this big house and went into the big general merchandise store with Uncle Nate. Dad had built a great big nine room house, the first plastered house in that area. I remember the hall, the stairway wood was all done in cherry wood and Mother had a big pineapple tree that reached from the floor to the top landing. If you reached out and pinched that plant it would smell just like pineapple and would scent the whole house. It was a great big tall thing and it was in a great big bucket.

It was in this big house where I got my knee burned. Mother was baking pies, and the oven was about 450 degrees more or less. The stove had nickel strips on each side of the oven and when the oven would come down they would only fall so far and then go into slots at the bottom of the oven and hold the oven door steady. But it was a touchy handle, the least little thing that touched it would let it drop. May, and I think Lula Mae "Molly" Thirkill, that was Lula's girl, were playing and they had rolled up blankets for dolls. They felt their dolls were cold and I had to hold their dolls while they did the dishes. I remember that much of it. They pushed me up close by this oven holding these dolls, one in each arm. My knees were bare, evidently I had been outside and had taken my shoes and stockings off and rolled my underwear up to get warm. But, anyway, there were my bare knees and moving the doll around the blanket hit the handle of the oven and it dropped. Mother grabbed the oven door and pulled it back up and there was that white spot of flesh stuck on the oven door. It was the right knee. I can see that now just as plain as if it was yesterday. Now this was Mother and they that told me the story, but that one thing stayed in my mind particularly, more so than the pain or the hurt.

When we lived in the big house I remember we had quite a way to go, but it could be we walked, to Church. Aunt Lula's boy Howard, I believe, anyway he was about my age, she was Dad's sister, Lula Thatcher Thirkill, we got tired and slipped out of the church and walked home and went across a big canal. We got us something to eat and fooled around home a little bit, and started back and when we got back to the canal there was half the community out hunting us! They were sure we had fallen in that crazy canal and they were hunting all over for us. One winter when I was about 4 or 5 years old Mother rented a house in Paris, Idaho, so that the older children could go to the Academy there. She took in boarders and measles started among the children and spread clear through the boarders too. Mother would make an oat tea for the kidneys by boiling oats and draining off the liquid and adding a little sugar. It was the nastiest stuff I ever drank.

At this house in Paris, Idaho, Mother had May and Rachel scrubbing

floors until they were white. She made them do it on hands and knees and wouldn't allow any overlap between scrubbing spots, the whole floor had to be the same color. At the same time Mother was making soap in a kettle on a tripod over a fire in the yard. She would put in the grease and bring it to a boil and add lye and water and taste the mixture until it passed her approval. Then she would pour it into a tub and let it set. Later the tub would be turned upside down over a board and the soap cut up into bars for storage. She made the lightest and whitest soap that way. On this day while May and Rachel were scrubbing the floor, Estelle and I were to cut up the soap. It was still pretty soft so you could push your fingers into it and Estelle cut with a butcher knife. The soap kept slipping so I pushed my fingers into it to hold it in place. Estelle cut and hit something and I said, "You ran into a rock" and pulled my hands out and she kept on cutting. Then I looked down and my finger was bleeding, just dripping blood, but I couldn't feel anything because of the deadening of the lye. I ran into Mother to show her, dripping blood all the way, right across the floor they had just scrubbed. Boy did Rachel tell me "what for" for getting the floor bloody!

On the way back home from the winter in Paris, Idaho, we stopped on the top of a steep hill and stayed over night at a small log cabin. I know the hill was steep because we had to lock the wheels going down. That was on the 15th of May and the next morning was the 16th and my birthday. That morning I was stooping over an ant hill or something, watching the bugs, when the kids came out and told me Dad wanted me, that he was going to give me a real whipping. I went inside reluctantly and Dad gave me a big bag of jelly beans!

We had an old mare called fly, and we hooked that single horse to a buggy, and going down the hill we kids would have to pile out and hold the buggy back. If the buggy rushed up on her heels going down hill she would kick and bang things around. And going up the hill we would have to get out and push. She was sure balky! I expect it was more for fun than actuality, though, as she had such a steady pace, the same going down hill as she would up hill, never trot or lope, she just had that same steady pull all the time, and she would kick if anything got around her heels.

Dad started a Creamery in Bedford, Wyoming. It was the first one that was put up there, in fact it was the only one there and the one that is running there today is an offshoot of the one that Dad started years and years ago. Frank Thirkill was running it in partnership and Uncle Nate was in partnership in the dry goods store.

When I was about 6 years old the store burned down. Uncle Howard Thatcher, I believe, was overcome with smoke. It melted the candy in the candy counter until it was one big messy glob. Mother was the first one to notice anything about it because we kids went in there and wanted something. It was the 4th of July and we went in to get some candy and, of course, we asked Mother and she was busy and she said, "Wait a minute." I remember that distinctly. She was waiting on another woman and she had to go towards the front of the store. On the right as you go in she had olive oil, vanilla, vinegar and all the liquid stuff up there. And while I was standing there a cork blew out of one of the olive oil bottles. Mother turned around and she said, "That's funny," and I remember her reaching up and touching it. She told us kids, "Now you go

on up to where they're having a program at the meeting house." She wanted to get us out of the way, she knew immediately what would happen. She went and told Dad. Somehow or another somebody had started the fire days before by putting something lighted in a knothole. The building was double and filled with sawdust for insulation. That sawdust, you see, had been burning and burning and that liquid stuff in those bottles had got so hot that it would pop the cork. Mother had noticed it was hot in there, you know, but she didn't pay much attention to it as she thought it was because they were busy. Preston and Estelle and May and I got part way up to the church house and then beat it back when we saw the flames. There was a pair of sugar scales up on the counter and ordinarily Mother couldn't lift one corner of them. When that fire started she lifted those things right off that counter, she was so excited, and carried them outside and sat them down. Frank picked up a phonograph, one that took a cylinder record and had a huge horn on it. I'll never forget that either because I was standing right there. He didn't shut it off, it was playing all the time and it was playing that old record, "Whoa Bill, whoa Bill, where ya gonna go Bill", all the while he was carrying it out from the back to the front of the store. Other people, they were picking dry goods up and shoes and throwing them out the back door, and the flames were going in that direction, they would throw stuff out and it would just lick them up and char them, the shoes would just shrivel in the flames. They were so excited that they didn't know what they were doing. They were throwing the silks and things out to the flames and carrying cottons out the front door. The things that were less expensive they were saving and the expensive things they were giving to the flames. Everybody was excited, I know that, and the thievery going on! Some people would come up in their wagons and as things were brought out they would just load their wagons and go off with it. Dad and Uncle Nate and Uncle Howard were so busy they didn't see what was happening. Oh, it was terrible confusion! All they had was a bucket brigade, there wasn't a thing they could do, you see it was all inside the walls and just burst out all at once, all over. The insurance had just run out a few days before. Dad had sent it back, I recall him saying, but they had sent it back because of some flaw in it. He got it July 3rd and he had fixed it up to send it back but hadn't mailed it yet. If it had been even in the Post Office, they could have collected the insurance. All they gleaned from it was two or three hundred dollars from the stuff that they had saved. There was seventeen years life savings in that.

TETON BASIN

After the store burned down we moved to Teton Basin within a year or so. Frank had married Martha Heap and he stayed and lived there in Bedford. Dad went on ahead and took all the household goods. But I remember Mother and Estelle and I in the "White Top" going and it was cold. Mother was quite a big woman and she had me on one side and Estelle on the other and she made us take off our shoes and stick our feet under her thighs so we could get them warm because we were so cold. We'd sit on the seat with our feet up like that pushed under her so we wouldn't freeze them.

The next thing I remember is we lived up there by Jack Henrie's

place above Lofthouse's place right up against the foothills in Teton Basin. We lived there the first winter. We had to come clear down to that road that went out to Uncle Bert's farm to a log school house at Leigh just across from Fullmer's place. Fullmers lived on one side and this log school house with a dirt roof on it was on the other. I was too young to go to school but they took me to school one day anyway. During class I started to whistle. I was just learning how to whistle. The teacher turned around and looked at me and, boy! May and Preston rushed me out of that school house and scolded me for whistling in school!

The next place we moved to was across the creek south of the Shaw homestead. Dad and Wallace built a creamery on the east end of it near the road and just south of the bridge across from the Shaw homestead. Grandpa Shaw helped build it also. Don't ask me how Dad got the money, that was something that kids never knew anything about and didn't pay any attention to the wherewithal of things. The farm was west of that creamery with the two room log house about in the middle of it. It had a barn, granary and cellar too. Later on Edsel Eggbert bought the farm. Wallace married Electa Francis Hatch and took over the running of the creamery. John and Francis were born there. They lost one there. They named him Kenneth.

About this time Dad and somebody, I can't remember who it was, had a sawmill up on South Leigh Creek. Dad went to grease part of the machinery, I don't know what part it was, but anyway there was a big flywheel and right opposite the flywheel was an 8 by 8 post and he reached through to get to oil the machinery. He wore a canvas coat, sheep skin lined, and his coat caught in the belt or flywheel or whatever it was and he was pulled in there and the weight of his body going in there slowed the machinery until the man that was running the machinery shut it off. Dad said afterwards that had he not shut it off it would have pulled him right on through into the saws and cut him right up. They brought Dad home in blankets in a sleigh on the 19th of December and I can remember now just seeing him--they lifted him in blankets, three on each side took ahold of the blankets and carried him in. He was bruised from his shoulders down to his toes, he was just bruised terribly. The weight of something had hit him in the chest, he had a big watch, and the pressure on that watch broke two ribs. It dented the watch casing but the watch kept it from really crushing his chest. It never even stopped the works of the watch. The point of his hip was either broken or dislocated, I've forgotten which now, but anyway it made him limp always afterward. And his spine was pulled out more than it should have been so that he was partially paralyzed. Of course our Church didn't believe in drinking beer or anything like that but this Doctor Keith came down there and Dad had so much trouble with digestion, he couldn't seem to digest anything, it just lay dormant in his stomach and caused fermentation and difficulties, so Dr. Keith ordered Dad to drink beer, nothing but beer, and it wasn't long until his digestion started perking up and he could digest foods. And then we had another fellow come in there, I don't remember whether it was one of the Gustavosen's or not that did that kind of work, but I believe it was. He worked on the spine, a thumb and finger Doctor, anyway he came in there and worked on Dad, manipulated his spine and his nerves. But Dad didn't get out and walk until the latter part of May. Most of that time Dad lay on a plank for a bed. It is a wonder the injuries didn't kill him.

That spring after Dad got hurt in the sawmill, that spring he wasn't up in time to get the crops in. And we were pretty poor, too. He was sick on his back, and we only had a few eggs and milk cows to keep us, of course people always had flour and mush stuff that they put up in the fall of the year. So one day, all unbeknownst to us, the Bishopric and members of the Church of the Clawson Ward, and, well, from all over the Valley, I guess, brought their teams and their plows, harrows, drills, and disks and came down there. I was too little to remember whether it was 2 days or 3, but anyway they got Dad's crop in. They left their own crop and all pitched in to put Dad's in. The women brought food, and when they left, they left flour, ham, wheat and side of bacon and stuffed it down in the cellar and never said a word. Just fixed it up real nice. And the women cooked the meals for the workers too so Mother never had a thing to do.

I remember one Christmas when we were up there. Estelle and I were just small and she was just 2 years older than I. I don't remember about Preston and May, they kind of clanned together and Estelle and I kind of clanned together. But I do remember that Mother and Dad kept telling us that Santa Claus would never come to us that year, he was poor and he couldn't afford to come to us. But when we got up the next morning why we each had a rag doll that Mother had made for us, Estelle and I. Dad had made a table and a cupboard. And they put an orange, an apple, a parsnip and a piece of coal in our stocking. This was all for Estelle and me. We played together an awful lot so that's what our Christmas consisted of.

When Dad got hurt, that Christmas, we figured we wouldn't have much Christmas either. But a cousin, Joe Hurst, got us each a tiny doll about six inches tall, Estelle and I. And if we didn't love those dolls! We sewed for them and, oh, we had more fun with those little tiny dolls, I guess, than all the other kids did with all their big things.

Then one Christmas we were very disappointed! They had a big community Christmas tree at Cache. We had gone over to that big community Christmas tree. Of course, they called the kids' names and they went up and Santa Claus gave them their gifts. The wealthier children got big nice rocking chairs and great big dolls and doll buggies. Just marvelous gifts almost like the ones they're giving nowadays. And when Estelle and I got up there, I can't remember what Estelle got but I know it wasn't any bigger than what I got, but mine was just a little parcel with a little set of knives and forks and spoons. Of course, we were very disappointed, however it didn't do us any particular harm. The other girls weren't any happier than we were after we got over our disappointment.

It was while we were living at this place that I was baptized. Earl Shaw was baptized the same day and we both were baptized by my Father. And if you don't think that spring water is cold in those creeks on the 16th of May, you want to try it!

From the time I started school there in Cache, Emery Adams was the teacher. He lived across the river and always rode to school horse back. He would put on a pair of overalls over his suit pants so that he wouldn't get them dirty while he was riding. All the eighth graders got smart one day and they took those overalls and put them up on the flag pole and tied them so he couldn't get them down.

I didn't understand him once, I can't remember what it was now,

anyway I didn't hear what he said so I didn't respond to it and he just marched down there and took me by the ear and marched me up to the blackboard. I made up my mind then that if I ever saw anyone grabbing one of my kids by the ears I'd just about floor them, because it hurt my ear so badly!

The school was in Cache about 3 miles south of Tetonia. We had to walk to school there about 2 miles and we had to cross creeks. One creek particularly, named South Leigh, was a pretty good sized creek too. We used to pick strawberries, wild strawberries, and mmmmm were they delicious! We use to pick gallons of them. They don't grow wild there any more but they used to.

When we lived down there, there were two ways you could cross that South Leigh Creek. One was to go up by the old creamery Dad built and take the road south and ford the creek and then go west again into Cache. The other way was to cut right through our field to a ford, but in high water it was impassible. They couldn't go through it in wagons. There had been a bridge there with big stringers across the creek. One day Mother took Rachel and went to Cache and they went up by the road and over. It got late and we all waited for them. I don't remember where Dad was, but there was Preston, May, Estelle and I at home. Well, Preston took the leadership and he was the soldier. He would go out and look and we'd listen and we couldn't hear them coming. So Preston decided that we would go through the field to the creek as far as the stringers and see if we could see them coming from that direction. When we got there we couldn't hear them at all, so finally Preston decided that we would cross the stringers. The water was within six inches of those stringers and it was just boiling! It was the high water in the spring of the year and, oh, it was just a-boiling down through there. If we had fallen in we could never have got out. So we were to cross the stringers, but we had to take hold of hands. If one of us fell in the whole string of us would! But we littler kids couldn't stand up so we crawled across on our hands and knees. Preston and May helped us get across. We were walking toward Cache and we'd go just so far and Preston would say "Halt!" and we'd stop and listen, then go a ways and he would say "Halt!" again. Well, in the meantime, Mom and Rachel had come home and found us gone. They got worried, so they got the whole neighborhood out, Grandpa Shaw, Eggberts, and I just don't know how many. They went horseback over to Cache, and there notified Wallace and he had cut through. Wallace kept calling us and finally we heard him and we answered. So we walked back and they made us cross those stringers again! Then when we got right in the middle, somebody made us turn right around and go back, because it was too hazardous! I think Preston and May got across but Estelle and I had to go back and they took us home on horse-back. I remember that Mother was so mad that she never said one word. She was scared too, you know, but they never corrected us, they just got us home and put us to bed, without scolding, because they were so frightened.

I think we then moved across the River and bought Ashmead's place. That was across Teton River on the west side in the opposite caty-corner of the Valley. We lived there until I was fourteen.

When I was about 10 we were talking about hanging people and one of us kids said he would sure like to see a hanging. Dad said you sure wouldn't like to see it, "Because I saw one when I was young." He said

this criminal was being hunted, I don't know what he had done. They hunted all over for him and he crawled up in a loft of hay and when they got there they said, "Well, he couldn't be up in here" and some of the enthusiastic, pretending, picked up the pitch forks and jabbed them down in the hay. Only they really ran one tine through his hip, but he never let on, he just stayed covered up in that hay. After they had gone away, he sneaked out. But he was finally caught and hung. Dad watched the hanging. He said that he was small enough that he had to crawl through the legs of the men, as they stood spraddle-legged, until he got up there. He said he just took one look and turned and beat-it back through there. He said he'd never want to see another hanging, that it was something no one would want to see.

We went up to Pratt in Teton Basin to visit Aunt Harriet Hurst, a cousin of Dad's. Her oldest son had a boy. I was about eleven and I took this little boy and started climbing trees. I'd climb a branch and then I'd reach down and get this little kid and pull him up. As I was climbing this way my head hit a black hornet's nest and I was stung three times in my eye before I could get him down. I did manage, I think, to get him down with only one sting but I was stung in several places and three times in one eye. So my left eye was swollen up as big as an egg from bee stings and Mother had got an abscess in her right eye a day or so later. I remember riding in the buggy and there she would be on one side and me on the other and our outer eyes would be all swollen up! Then one night when she was asleep and Dad in his sleep turned and his elbow hit that eye and broke the abscess. It was excruciating pain. I never will forget the scream she gave. It scared us all, we were all just so scared! But her eye healed up after that. So did mine evidently. Later when I was fitted with eye glasses the Doctor asked me if I had ever had any injury to that eye. I said none that I knew except being stung three times with a hornet, and he said he didn't think that would cause this trouble.

On the way "out below" to Teton or St. Anthony we had to go through Canyon Creek. It was the most thrilling thing in the world to go down that steep canyon. There wasn't any bridge then, except the low one you had to go clear down in the canyon before you crossed. We stayed over there at that place quite a lot, at night, you know, half way between home and where we were going. Oh, that was real romantic and thrilling and an adventurous trip to stay down there over night, in those days.

CHALLIS

I was 14 when we went out of Teton Basin and went out to Challis, Idaho. We drove 30 to 40 head of cattle with our household goods piled up on the hayrack and other stuff on wagons. Frank, Rachel's husband, and Rachel went along. May was a baby at that time, and they had Thelma. Thelma was Frank's girl and May was Rachel's girl by previous marriages, then Ed was born the following Dec. 8. I think Wallace had moved and gone somewhere else. Out to Rigby or somewhere.

I saw my 14th birthday on that trip. We went out into the desert and came upon a hollow and on the north side of it was a bunch of snow. They sent me on a wild goose chase to find a sheep herder and get some salt. And when I got back they had a big freezer of ice cream made. The Indians used to come to the house in Challis and Mother would give them

some bread and butter and different things, but Estelle and I were thrilled about the papooses. They brought their babies with them wrapped in these little cradles that they carried them in on their backs. We would bathe the babies. And, oh, if we wouldn't have fun, Estelle and I. We thought that we would sure have some white babies if we ever got the dirt off of them, but they were just as dark when we got through as when we started. The Indians would laugh and chatter to themselves in Indian dialect, we couldn't understand what they were saying but they were sure getting a big kick out of it. I was about 14 and Estelle 16. It was lots better than dolls, they were the cutest little fat things. But the mothers never objected to us bathing the babies at all.

One day the neighbor Adams girls, and the Adams boys, there were two, John and George, and we went up into the canyons hunting and fishing. The boys took the guns, 22's. It was way up in the hills, I can't remember the name of the stream anymore, I was about 14. The boys went up the creek two on one side and two on the other, hunting. They left us girls just to do as we pleased, so the four of us went up the creek too. One of the girls saw a rattlesnake, heard it first and then saw it. We didn't have a gun or anything so she killed it with a rock. Then we yelled to the boys and told them we had to have one of the guns because we wanted to look around too. So they gave us one gun, a 22. We walked on maybe a mile or 3/4ths or something like that and there was another rattlesnake. I can't remember if we all took turns shooting at that rattlesnake or not but we never did hit it. It finally went away crawling off into the rocks. Mary and Estelle walked back down on the road but Lucille and I walked down the middle of the creek, wading all the way back down. When we got back down there we were soaking wet, so we built us a nice big fire, wrapped up in blankets and got dried out and warmed up. We had our dinner, fried fish and chicken, a big dinner, and went back home.

One time Mother had gone to town and had forgotten her purse and there was only one horse there. It was kind of a wild one. No woman had been on it before. Estelle is the one that got on the horse and it shied then and threw her, but she got right back up on it. I handed her the purse and it shied again but I finally got the purse up to her. She took off and followed Mother and rode that horse. I never would have. I was never one for riding broncos.

We had a horse called Cap. He was old, lazy and slow. Two neighbor girls, Mary and Lucille Adams, and us, four girls, wanted to go to the springs swimming. They were hot springs and they were across the Salmon River. It was about 10 miles by road and about 3 miles right through the field. So we were going to go by horseback through the field and go on up and get another girl. We had to leave the horses on the side where we lived and go across a swinging bridge to get there. It was kind of rainy and muddy and Cap slipped and went down. He came up quick but I didn't come up as quick as he did and he hit my nose. Oh! I had a bad nose for a long time. It bled and bled and bled. I still went swimming. Never did tell Mother and Dad anything about it. But that and falling off the sugar sacks when I was tiny just about made my nose like an eagle's beak, if it wasn't originally!

I was riding a horse up to Lucille's one day as we were going for a ride. There was a man up there named Chris Nielson who lived on a farm, a bachelor, and he loaned me a horse to ride, a frisky one. He had a

barn with a Dutch door, split door. Lucille and I rode all over and the horse I rode got tired and wanted to go home. I nearly broke my arms off getting him to go where I wanted. Finally he got the bit in his teeth and he took off for home. He was faster running than Lucille's horse and she couldn't catch up to get ahold of his bridle and I couldn't control him as he had the bit. Nothing I could do but to ride it out. He made a beeline for that Dutch door and the bottom half was open but the top half was shut and I thought this is where I get killed. Chris came out of the barn and grabbed the bridle just in time or he would have raked me right off as he ran under that top door! One day Estelle and I and the Adams girls wanted to go swimming. There was a place about a half mile away with two houses on it and at that time one was abandoned. The swimming hole was over by it. There was a lane that curved so you didn't have to open a lot of gates and things, you could just drive down there, The Shivers had some horses in a field on one side and our field was on the other side. We walked down this lane and we each had on light clothes and it scared those horses so badly that they ran through a wire fence. We knew they had hit wire but we didn't know how badly they were cut until the next day. One of them ran into this barbed wire and cut it's throat just as pretty as if you had had a knife at it.

One morning when we got up and were eating breakfast just before we kids went to school, we had to walk four miles to school, and Mother said, "I had the craziest dream last night. I dreamed that Reed died." Now Reed was B's boy and Rachel had a boy, Edgar, at the same age, practically, one was born in December and one in September. She said she leaned over the grave and they opened the casket and he reached up his arms for her and she picked him up and took him out of the casket and took him back into the house and he lived. That night when we came home from school we brought a letter from my sister, Rachel, and she wrote that her little boy Edgar wasn't expected to live with pneumonia. Mother wrote a letter and turned to us and said, "I want you to be sure to mail this in the morning, I want it to go right off to Rachel." We asked her why she was so anxious to get it off on the early mail, and she said, "Because I want Rachel to know that her baby is going to live. I know that my dream, although it was Reed in the dream, I know it was about Edgar and that he is going to live and I want Rachel to know it." And he did live, he is a fine man.

I never touched a piano until I was 15 years old and then Mother and Dad bought me a piano and I took 18 to 25 lessons, somewhere along in there, not very many. I got so I played the hymns in church and played quite a number of pieces but I've forgotten it all and I can't see the notes now (1978). This was when we lived in Challis. I was organist in Sunday School in Challis.

Dad started the Sunday School while we were there and got the missionaries out there. When we moved there, there were no Mormons there. The kids heard that Dad was a Mormon and they had heard about polygamy and they wanted to know where all of Dad's wives were and how many children there were. They also wanted to know where our horns were. When we got acquainted everything was alright. Before we left there was quite a little Sunday School there.

When I was 16 I worked in a hotel as a waitress. One time the missionaries came in to eat and one of the other waitresses waited on them. They called me over. There was a fly in their soup. It

embarrassed me so terribly!

One time Dad and I alone went to gather the cattle up across the river. We had to cross Salmon River, it was a dangerous river, the same one that a man was found dead in. Going across the river you couldn't get out with a rider on. So Dad and I both would get off and take ahold of our horse's tail and the horse would pull us up. We went up in the mountains and gathered our cattle and saw that they were all right. That day before we left the horse was kind of skittish and I hit my ankle against a gate post, just a small hit that didn't hurt very badly. Before I got back my foot was swollen up almost as big as my head from that hurt and inactivity on the horse. But we got the cattle counted and all right.

Another time I helped Dad take cattle over into Persimeri across the Salmon River in a different valley to the east. We crossed a bridge down the road toward Salmon and then went around a point of the mountain and came back up into the Persimeri Valley. It was in the spring of the year and a storm came up, wind and rain and kind of a sleet, and cold. Dad was all hunched up on the buckboard and drove along ahead and said the cattle would follow him but when the storm came up the cattle forgot all about him. And he was lost in his thoughts and kept on going and here I had to struggle with these cattle and they all wanted to turn tail against the storm because it was hitting our faces from the Southwest. I beat that horse nearly to death to keep those cattle going where they should go and nearly rode myself out. I used a rope on the horse and on the cattle and the rope had a knot in the end of it. Once I swung it and the thing went clear around me and hit me on the elbow! I thought I lost my whole arm for a little while for it had hit my crazy bone. I was so exasperated with Dad to think that he would keep right on going and never pay any attention and come back or help or anything. That night when we got to Howe there was a heavy set woman, I can't remember her name, and she was so lonesome for companionship and a female to talk to so that, even though I was a young girl, she liked to talk to me. I slept with her and honest to goodness that bed was ten feet deep, I think, in feathers so that when you got down into it you just sank down into it forever more! And I was comfortable and she would talk to me and I finally answered all the questions I could until I finally would say, "Yes---No---Uh huh." And the next morning she said, "Do you know, you went to sleep while I was talking to you!" I had a notion to say, "Do you know, if you'd had any sense you'd let me sleep long before that. I was worn out with those cattle!" That sure was funny!

They used to have House Warmings although they didn't have to have a new house or anything like that. They had dances at different homes and used to call them House Warmings. We danced all night long. They served nice things. We would never, ever think of stopping dancing, we just danced all night long. We had more fun! Then we would go home in the wee, small hours of the morning and milk the cows and go to school and sleep on the desk. The teacher would say, "Well, I guess they're exceptionally tired. Don't wake them up now."

When we were out in Challis we had dates enough alright, I and my sister Estelle. But we had to milk cows before we went out on our dates. So they said that they would come and help us milk. We had one cow that wouldn't let any man milk her, the girls could milk her but no man could come around her because she would just kick them over. These boys wanted

to know the easy cows and we pointed them out and she was one of them. So one boy made a beeline for that one "easy cow." She kicked the bucket of milk right over and kicked him into a pile of manure. Oh boy!, was he mad. They immediately got up and went home. We never did have a date with them.

We had the cows in stanchions with their heads to the outer walls. Estelle was milking one cow that was a little touchy and the one behind her was a brute. She was like a bronco. They had to tie her up and stretch her out to milk her. Dad turned a calf in to suck one of the cows and that calf came down there and scared the cows. It scared the one Estelle was milking and threw her back against the one that was wild. She kicked her back against the other one and the other one kicked her back until they finally kicked her out into the gutter and the aisle. They had her arms and shoulders and legs all scratched up from where the cows had kicked her. If they hadn't finally kicked her out into the aisle they would have finally killed her! They were sure playing football with her!

We milked ten cows apiece, Preston, Estelle and I. Aunt May didn't milk as she usually helped Mother in the house. As I remember, it wasn't long after that that May went to Salt Lake and took her training as a nurse. She was in training most of the time we were in Challis. At first May went to Ricks Academy, while we were still in Teton Basin, and lived with and worked for Jean Johanason, daughter of Aunt Eliza Muir Orem, Mother's oldest sister who married Gideon Orem. Then she worked for Aunt Eliza in Blackfoot to get money for uniforms and after that she went to Salt Lake for training at the L.D.S. Hospital. That left a lot of the milking and calf feeding up to we three younger ones. That is where I went out and did an awful lot of outside work. I would mow, rake, drill and crop hay.

There was a time when Preston and Estelle were gone. Dad had told them they could go off on a trip, I don't know where. Dad and I were taking care of the cattle. But this particular night we had got the cows up and I had milked one and Dad had milked one. Some men came down from Challis and said they wanted Dad to go and help them get a dead man off a sand bar in the river. The river ran right by the edge of our place and they wanted a team to go and help get him out. They brought along a big box to put him in. Dad said, "You go ahead and milk and I'll be back before you get very many of them milked." So I milked and I milked and I milked! I milked 29 cows! I carried all the milk to the house, separated it all and fed all of the 20 to 25 calves! Dad had bought honey and cut off the top of the cans when empty and put bales in them, these were square 5 gallon cans. And I would have to carry two of those, ten gallons at a whack full of skim milk to the calves. The calf corral was some little distance. You would have to get a club and pound them away. Four calves would drink 5 gallons and you would have to let one drink what you thought was right and so on. At the time that was really some job. I was all through and cleaning up when Dad got back. They had so much trouble getting the man out, he had been in the water so long that the flesh was decayed and they had an awful time picking him up and putting him in the box. He had jumped in way up at Clayton several months before and his body had washed up on the sand bar by our place.

When I was about 17 and Lucille Adams was about the same age she was always egging me on to do things and we would do them together. She was

a dare-devil in some ways. I don't think I would have thought of the things alone. One time there were two city boys, one real dark with brown eyes and dark curly hair and one with brown hair and blue eyes and he was the taller, longer legs. They wore cowboy pants down below the hip bone and we girls figured their pants would be falling down some day when they least expected it. They were walking out of town in the same direction as we lived and may have been going to get pickles as a man lived out there that put pickles up in barrels and sold them to the kids. I was driving and something scared the team and the horses were stretched out running and these boys could see we were scared. When we passed the boys Lucille yelled, "Help! Help!" I asked Lucille, "What'll we do? What'll we do?" And she said, "I don't know! We can't go there and we can't go here." And soon we came to Brother Lovelan's plowed field and I turned them in there and that worked them hard and the horses stopped after a quarter mile of it. The funny part of it is that we kept looking back because those boys were "lickety cutting" it down after us. The dark boy was a huffing and puffing and the other just legging it out after us. We kept looking to see if their pants were going to fall down! They finally caught up and we talked some and then took them back to town in the buggy and then went on home. We lived about four miles from town.

IDAHO FALLS

After Challis we moved to 80 acres west of Idaho Falls in New Sweden, I believe. The house was in Idaho Falls out north of the Temple in that section. About then B. and Dad had gone in together on a dry farm east of Idaho Falls up through Ammon and Lincoln, up in that direction, up into the mountains on the west slopes. That fall they had to plow and prepare the ground for fall grain, and I drove eight head of horses on a three bottom plow all day long. And then I'd come in and have to take care of my horses, curry them down, hang the harness up, water them and see that they were fed. Then I'd go to the house and have to help with supper and help wash supper dishes afterwards before I'd get a chance to go to bed. I did that all that late summer and fall.

It was during the first world war and Preston had just joined up. It left them short handed and they couldn't get help very much, so I helped. We all pitched in. They thought I couldn't do some of the heavy work, and I guess I couldn't. I couldn't sew as fast as Dad or B. so we would take turns. I would sew for a little while until I had too many sacks and then they would take over and I'd drive the horses, 13 head of horses on the combine, 5 in the wheelers, then 4, then 3, then 1, all strung out in front. Then a friend came up and she used to help. While she was helping B. with the combine, I'd help Dad haul grain. They had little old wooden granaries and each had the lid in the roof, some way or other, a hole, and they'd take off the boards. To work in the grain was too hard of work, so Dad would get inside and work in the grain and I'd lift those sacks up nearly above my head from the wagon box, and pull the string and empty them in there. Dad would shovel the loose grain around as it was loose in the grainery. I did that all that summer. There is a picture of me there on that place, up at the cliffs, I was a little past 17 years old.

Then, on that farm, I had a real attack of croup. I got so that I sounded like I had pneumonia when I was breathing. Clara, who was in bed

with a pregnancy, got up and gave me some epicac to make me vomit, but that didn't do any good. It went on for about three days with real difficulty breathing, croupy and I couldn't talk. It almost sounded like diphtheria. It finally cleared up and disappeared, and I never did have croup afterwards to speak of.

In Idaho Falls during the flu epidemic of 1918 I worked for a fairly well-to-do family. She had a little girl and a boy and then 14 years later she had another little boy and she needed some help with this baby, so I went in to work for her. I made toast for them one time and was so rushed doing one thing and another that I burned it. I didn't want to throw it away so I scraped the burn off. It brought her out of bed in a hurry! She couldn't imagine what I was doing, she could hear the scrape, scrape, scrape of the toast! She was sick and her kids were all sick with the flu and while they were getting over it I got it and ran a temperature of 104 degrees. But I was doing the washing and I went out and hung out clothes, and I was sick and chilling. The Doctor came to see her and finally told me that I should go to bed, so they sent me home.

When I was little my hair was blond, and when I was around 14 it was dark brown. When I got married it turned darker yet. I started going white haired over the temples at 20 until it was almost all white when I was 40. My height was 5 foot 3 inches.

FIRST MARRIAGE

After working on the dry farm I was working in Idaho Falls. It was then that I met Christopher Evold Jensen. We were married 20 Nov. 1920. Not long after he died on a trip back east. Estelle was born 7 Aug. 1921.

ESTELLE

Mother and Dad moved to an apartment on Washington St., somewhere, in Ogden. Dad worked in the State Industrial School. He was taking care of the dairy herds there for years. They were living there when my daughter Estelle was born. I trained as a nurse while they lived there. Then Dad quit there and worked as a State Milk Tester and traveled a lot testing cows for their quality of milk and cream. That left Mother mostly alone, but she kept Estelle for me.

When we lived in Ogden Estelle had a big swelling behind her ear when she was about a year old. The Doctor said it was an external mastoid. If it had been internal it would have been quite serious, but the Doctor lanced it to drain the pus.

Before Estelle walked she scooted along with her left foot out front and her right foot under her. She would pull herself with her left heel and scoot along on her bottom when most kids would be crawling on their hands and knees. They didn't have rompers in those days so Mother devised an idea of using these big sugar sacks. She dyed them a pretty brown and fixed them and put these on over her dresses to protect her clothes because she was scooting on the sidewalk. One day I had the afternoon off, or the weekend off or something, and we missed her. Mother and I had been talking and I missed her and I started out to find her and she had gone a block and a half away from the house and here came

a man carrying her in his arms. I guess my eyes got as big as saucers because he said, "Well I can tell she's your girl but don't be frightened. I was just trying to bring her back. She scooted clear down here and I didn't think you wanted her to be going down onto main street."

Estelle was full of mischief, she would just sparkle in her eyes. Even when she was tiny she would play hide and seek with you by covering her head up with a blanket or a hood or a handkerchief, anything she could get she would put it up in front of her and then she'd drop it right quick. And her eyes would just glisten, just sparkle, you could just see the mischief in her eyes and her mouth would be as sober as it could be!

Estelle used to have more compliments about her disposition. She did have a good disposition. Sometimes when I had a weekend off I would take her back to the Hospital with me. The girls made me promise before I left to bring her back up with me. Each one of them as they had time off during the day would pass her along to the next one. I guess she had the time of her life and I know the girls all did throughout the whole Hospital. They got more fun out of taking care of her during that time. Of course she gloried in all that attention.

I guess I started in Nurses Training when Estelle was about 6 months old. I went into the Dee Hospital in Ogden and trained for 26 months and then quit. I can't remember now why I quit, I know I was always sick while I was in there. They were always giving me iron. I never did want to take training but Mother and Dad insisted that I take it. I went to work for a Dr. Hammond in Salt Lake where Mother and Dad had moved.

When Estelle was about two years old or so she was out playing, when we lived in Salt Lake, and one of the neighbors little girls came along, about 8 or 9 years old, and thought Estelle was quite a cute little thing. She wanted to pick Estelle up and carry her and she stumbled and fell and threw Estelle and a stick hit Estelle in the chin. I phoned and asked Dr. Hammond if he'd be home and then I carried her up there. I put her in my arms and carried her up there and put her on their kitchen table while he put two stitches in her chin. He said that just a half an inch and it would have gone right into her throat. As it was it kind of caught on the bone there and deflected it from going any further.

When Estelle was about 2 years old I dressed her in pink leggings, pink sweater and pink hat with white boots ready to go outside. She was standing on the table and Mother came in and I said, "Isn't she a doll Mother?" Mother said, "She sure is!" The next time I dressed her in a pretty dress Estelle said, "Aren't I a doll, Mama?" So cute! That's when I told her, "Pretty is as pretty does. If you always do pretty you will be pretty."

WYOMING

After that I got a job in Hannah, Wyoming. I nursed in a coal mining company hospital for about 18 months. They had 9 different nationalities in that company. There was Irish, Swedish, Danish, English, Chinese, Finlanders, French, Italians and Greek. They used to call them "bo-hunks", I don't know where the name came from. There was only one Doctor most of the time and sometimes two nurses and only 12 beds. It was an emergency hospital mostly. I gave anesthetics and

nursed the patients, and acted as office nurse in turn-about with the other nurse. I'd take nights and she'd take days and turn-about and I'd take days and she'd take nights. There were only the two of us. There was all kinds of work there. Appendectomies, maternities, and all kinds of accidents.

That is where a little 12 year old boy got his leg cut off. Part of the town lived on one side of the railroad and part on the other. He was crossing the railroad and he jumped up between two cars. Just as he jumped the cars came together with a jerk. That threw him and his leg went under the wheel, cut his leg off. I was standing on the porch of the Hospital and I could see what had happened. Another man there, he saw it too, so he ran to the boy. The boy got up and took a step before his leg gave out from under him. You could see the blood was just spurting. Before this man brought him in he put on a tourniquet tightened with a knife. His leg was cut below the knee, I believe, so close to the knee they had to amputate at the knee joint. It was held on by a 2 and 1/2 inch piece of skin. I remember taking a pair of scissors and cutting that flesh and I'll never forget how it felt! Never as long as I live. It was only 1/4 of an inch thick. The bones and everything were cut.

It was there that a baby died from circumcision. He never stopped crying from the circumcision until he died. It all seemed normal, but he died of sheer exhaustion, the only one I ever heard tell of. I got to know a number of school teachers there. There were a lot of Catholics and Protestants but no Mormons. I got to know the Catholic Priest. They had an accident in the mines and we had several accident cases. One was a man named White and he was a Finlander. He didn't speak English very well. He had a broken leg. Every day about two o'clock when I was on day duty, his wife and daughter came down. His wife could understand English but she never spoke it. They would bring coffee cakes down there for me, every day, it never failed as long as he was in there.

After Wyoming I came back and got a job in Logan in a private hospital with a Dr. Jones. I worked there for about two years. While I was working both places Mother took care of Estelle.

SALT LAKE CITY

Dad and Preston bought the place in Salt Lake City at 1234 Alameda Ave. before Preston was married. It was between 12th and 13th East and South Temple and First South. Preston lived there with them, before and after he was married, all the while he was going to the University Law School. Margaret was born there, I took care of Eva when Margaret was born. This house was a duplex. Dad rented the east half out from time to time, also Preston and Eva lived there and then Earl and I. The people on Alameda Avenue were fairly poor and the ones facing the street all around the block were quite well to do and had their own ways of entertaining, etc. Mother had given painting lessons in Wyoming to the woman that lived just back of us, I think her name was Velate Blaney. The fence back of us was on their property. Dad had a garage in the back yard on the west side next to the fence which opened to the south in which Dad kept his Model A car all the time. To get in you drove in a lane on the east side of Adams' place, who lived next door on the east, and around the back of their yard into ours. The yard was big enough for

Dad to back his car out and turn around and go out. On the east side of that garage were located two coal bins which together ran the full length of the garage, and were made of wood with a partition to make the two bins. Dad would put lump coal in one and slack coal in the other. There was a clothes line between the house and the garage with a little grass underneath it but anywhere else the yard was just bare. Dad built a roofed rear porch with cement floor clear across the house and cement steps from each side at the middle to a landing and from the landing were steps outside and also leading downstairs to the basement. Dad had fixed up two bedrooms down in the basement and a big storage area also.

While we were there on Alameda Avenue, when Estelle was about 4 years old, I think, a wealthy family lived on the corner named Woodruff. They had maids and cooks and chauffeurs and so on, and they had one chauffeur, he was a Japanese, and he was interested in photography and he had a small camera. He went around and took pictures of children in the city and, I guess, other places. He said he had taken over a thousand pictures of little children. When he took Estelle's he brought me a 2 feet square picture of her. He had won a thousand dollar camera and five hundred dollars cash on her picture alone. She had a little pink and white sleeveless and kind of a low neck dress and a grey wool petticoat under it and it showed above the neckline of her dress. Her stockings were wrinkled and her hair was blowing every which way, it was outside and she was kind of squinting and had a little smile on her mouth. But she was standing there with her fingers touching held up in front of her with her arms kind of twisted together close in front, with one knee bent and her head ducked down a little bit. She looked so bashful and so cute in that pose.

When Estelle was about six I took her and went up to help my sister Estelle in Challis for some reason. Preston and Eva took me as far as Mackay on their way to Buell to see Eva's mother. I got on the sleigh to go over the divide from Mackay to Challis. You had to go part of the way by sleigh because of the snow in Mackay, but when we got down into the valley we transferred to a car because it was bare ground going into Challis. Estelle was awfully sick on the trip and for about 24 hours. When I got her up to my sister's I gave her hot drinks and put her to bed with hot water bottles around her and by morning she was broken out with measles. We managed to keep the other kids away from her and they didn't get it.

They used fresh milk, cooled and the cream, thick cream, skimmed off. She gave Estelle a glass and she only took a sip and set the glass down. My sister said, "Don't you like our milk, Estelle?" She shook her head and said, "No." "But that is the best cow's milk there is," said my sister. Estelle replied, "But I don't like cow's milk. I like bottled milk." Everybody laughed. We had always used homogenized milk at home!

When Estelle was little she would jump off of things and I would catch her. As she grew older she would jump off of higher things, trees and fences, and I would always catch her. While we were up visiting my sister Estelle the kids were running over the top of sheds and small buildings. I came out to get them down. My sister's twins were afraid to jump and were looking for a way to climb down when I spoke. But Estelle was so trusting she just jumped from about 8 feet up before I even had my arms up. I managed to catch her but she slid right on through my arms to the ground. But Estelle was always trusting like

that. I think she trusted everybody.

SECOND MARRIAGE

I married Earl Weilding Shaw on 10 Sept. 1927. Then we went up to Teton Basin and lived on his Father's ranch for about one year. After that we went out to Portland, Oregon, where Earl worked on the docks unloading ships of sugar, nuts, bananas, etc. for about one year. Mother took care of Estelle all that time. Then we came back and lived in Salt Lake City in the other half of Dad's home. My son, Weilding Thatcher Shaw, was born there on 29 Dec. 1929. Earl worked in an auto body shop in Salt Lake City. Earl left for Idaho before Thatcher was born and came back about a week before he was born, I guess, somewhere around in there. He went to Idaho now and again to get work as jobs were scarce. He took Thatcher with him when he was about 3 years old for 6 weeks or so one spring. I can't remember now what the definite cause of our separation was, things came up, I can't remember now what it was all about. It dims so when years go down that you can't remember why you did certain things or why you got angry or why you became hurt, the only thing you can remember is the results of it.

When Thatcher was born Estelle was about 8 ½ hears old, and a few days later she fell down a flight of about 20 steps at the home of her friend, Delphia Pruhs. They had a steep flight of carpeted stairs and she fell down from the top. She was all shaken up over it and I took her into bed with me for comfort. During the night her temperature rose to about 105 degrees. The Doctor came the next day to see me and also looked at Estelle. He gave aspirin for her and said, "Let's wait a day more and see how it goes." The next day her temperature went up to 106 degrees and I thought, "I'm going to lose my girl!" But during that night the fever broke and she began to feel better. The Doctor came back the next day to see me, but really he came to see Estelle. When he found her better he said, "That's good. I came prepared to take her to the hospital for meningitis. I thought she had injured the meninges in her fall and was developing meningitis." I guess she had, a little bit.

MOTHER'S DEATH

Mother contracted diabetes sometime around when I was about 12 years old and we lived in Teton Basin. When we left Challis she went to Salt Lake and my sister Estelle went with her to see the Doctors there. They told her then that she had diabetes but that her age was in her favor. She used to eat gluten bread and do without sugar and starches, just vegetables and meat. She developed a heart condition a few years before she died. We had her in the LDS Hospital and they put her on Insulin at that time. She took Insulin those last few years and weighed out her food. Then she developed Nephritis or Brights Disease, a kidney inflammation. I guess the combination of the three killed her, because she was only 67 when she died. She died on 24 March, 1930, three months after Thatcher was born. Diabetes seemed to run in the Muir family because I know Uncle Fred and Uncle Abe had it and Aunt Maggie had it and Eliza had it and had to have a leg amputated with gangrene before she died.

Mother used to sit up in a chair a lot as she couldn't lie down

easily and couldn't sleep well. The family had gone in and bought her a chair the Christmas before she died that was comfortable for her to sit up in. This day I bathed her and noticed what looked like a small burn about the size of a pea on her right heel. It looked like a burn that had developed not a clear substance in it but kind of a mattery stuff in it. She said she felt like she would like to go to bed after I bathed her, so I put her in bed and she immediately went to sleep, or unconscious, because she never opened her eyes after that. She was that way for 48 hours and in that length of time that little spot on her heel had gone way up past her knee. It was what they call Galloping Gangrene, it went fast and it was watery. Black Gangrene is dry and the flesh goes black like it had been charcoaled, but this was watery or mattery. She died 48 hours after she went to bed and never regained consciousness. She was buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery in Salt Lake City. Dad had bought some lots there and that is where both are buried.

SALT LAKE CITY, WORKING

After Earl and I were separated I did housework for 25 cents an hour. I would make about \$2.00 a day. I worked for wealthy people, I never worked for poor people. I would work for one family a day, a different place each day, and then do my own work at night. This one lady had a beautiful house. It had black and white marble floors in their dining room and hall and a winding stairway that went up from their hall. The stairway had spars or stays in it made of wood and they were painted white. They were grooved or carved so that some places they would be square and other places they would be circular. The grooves were not over a quarter inch deep but they would go to a point like a "V" and the dust and dirt settled in there. Every week as regular as clockwork, I'd take a toothbrush, since any other brush would be too harsh, and scrub and scrub and get all that out of those grooves. She had small panes in the doors and windows in the hall and I'd scrub them in the corners with a toothbrush to get them clean. She bought toothbrushes by the cartons. I still use a toothbrush to scrub things like that to get them nice and clean. She had a side-board of black walnut and it was the most carved thing I ever saw in my life. I don't believe there was an inch on it that was plain. It was just carved all over! It was a big thing and I would have to dust it and get every little curve. You can't imagine how particular some women are! That is where I learned to eat Artichokes. She asked me if I'd like an Artichoke for lunch and I said, "I don't even know what an Artichoke is!" So she told her 5 year old boy, "You show this lady how to eat an Artichoke." So he did. He took those leaves and pulled them off and there was about a nibble on each leaf and they'd dip it in butter, bite it off and throw the rest away and then take another leaf. When Thatcher was about 3 months old I put him in a crib out in front of the house one day. A little girl that lived on Alameda Ave., whose Mother had cancer of the throat, and the girl had Whooping Cough and was supposed to be quarantined and kept in, but her Mother let her out. This girl came down and the first thing I knew she was just a kissing Thatcher and loving his hands and in three weeks he came down with Whooping Cough. But she also had lifted him out of his crib or buggy and dropped him right smack bang on the pavement, and his nose bled, oh it bled! Always afterwards he would just have to rub his eyes a

little bit or press on his nose a little bit and his nose would start bleeding. I took him to Dr. Wilcox with his nose and the Whooping Cough. He was the family physician and seemed pretty good. Some months later I had Thatcher in a crib. He would stand up in it and take hold of it and rattle it back and forth and make a big racket and yell. One day all of a sudden, when he was doing this, he just flopped right out of that thing and hit the floor. It knocked him senseless. He was just unconscious and I thought he had broken his neck. I asked Estelle to run and ask Mrs. Adams or one of the neighbors to phone for a Doctor and she got over there and couldn't get them to understand. She came back to ask me again and he started to howl! I said, "Never mind. He's alright." I'll tell you it scared me. When Thatcher was very tiny he cried quite a bit. To keep him still I'd put him in the highchair and put syrup or honey on his fingers and then give him a feather. He'd sit there and pick it from one finger and it would stick to that one and he'd pick it with the other and it would stick to that. And he'd just play and play with that feather and it would keep him still. When he got tired of the feather I'd give him red and other colored strings and they would stick and he would just play and play and be still for the longest time. I kept the loose threads from sewing in a ball about as big as a baseball, all different colors of discarded ends. Did Thatcher love that ball! He couldn't throw it as it was too light, nor could he roll it, but with just a little honey on his hands he would play with that thing forevermore! Once in a while he would pick a thread loose.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams lived next door to the east and Mr. Adams had thick white curly hair and loved kids. He had a chipmunk and he would put nuts in his hair and this chipmunk would hunt the nuts out of his hair and my kids were just enthralled with it. First it was Estelle and he would always call her the "Youngen" and lift her over their picket fence. Later when Thatcher got big enough he would say, "High there 'Aleck'," and lift him over too. He also had a couple of banty hens and they would get up and pick grain out of his hair and tickle the kids to death. They would hop up on his shoulder and hunt for the grain and the kids would peek through the cracks in the picket fence and he would get up and walk over and put his forefingers out and they would take hold of them and he would lift each one up over holding onto his fingers. Mr. Adams, he sure loved children, and they had 13 miscarriages and not one live child! So they took her nephew, a boy named Henry, and they raised him. Mrs. Adams used to have a bell, something like a dinner bell, and when she wanted to call Henry she would go out and ring this bell, and when Henry would hear it he would run home just a kitin.

I used to love to go shopping and Estelle went along with me. She never complained. She never said I want to do this or I want to do that. Estelle was never like that, she was always willing and ready to go where I wanted to go. Estelle and I used to walk downtown and take Thatcher with us when he was able to walk. After we got down so far there was a Farris ice cream parlor on the south side of South Temple. We never missed stopping there and getting some ice cream and we always wanted peppermint stick ice cream. It was sprinkled with pink peppermint. Really good! Dad, whenever he'd go down that's what he wanted, to get ice cream, and he always got peppermint. He dearly loved peppermint.

When Thatcher was about 2 years old the city was laying a line for the natural gas down First South. They had laid out about six big pipes

between 12th and 13th East. I had Thatcher in a harness because he kept running away and I was afraid he would get out in the traffic and get killed. He got the harness off of him even though I thought I had it on solid and came up missing. Estelle and I hunted and hunted and hunted and walked all over that place. I don't know how many blocks we walked but 5 or 6 blocks south on 12th East and when we were coming back I told Estelle, "We'll go back and call the police that there is a little boy lost and get some help." She was on 13th and I was on 12th and she yelled, "There he is Mama!" and I looked and couldn't see him anywhere. No kid anywhere! I said, "Where is he?" and she said, "He's in that pipe!" The pipes were big enough so that he could run through standing up. He would run through one and come back through the other. While he was in the pipe we couldn't see him, but she happened to see him just as he came out of one and was running into the other. Always getting into mischief!

One of Dad's and Mother's friends had given them a tan linen table runner and it had a 6 to 8 inch crocheted edge on each end with tassels. The tassels were about 2 to 3 inches long and it was really beautiful. Hard work! That crazy kid Thatcher took the scissors and cut them all off! It was all there but the tassels were gone!

THATCHER'S BROKEN ARM

When Thatcher was two years old I was doing a washing on the back porch, which was not screened in, and I put him in one of the coal bins beside the garage. It was empty at the time and with the lids hooked up so they wouldn't fall it was nice and cool in there and light and I gave him a little bucket and shovel and he was so thrilled. They were about 2 ½ to 3 feet deep and his hair just showed above them so I didn't have any idea he could get out. I was hanging out clothes when I heard him scream. I don't know how he got out but I rushed up on the step and he had taken hold of the top roller on the washing machine ringer to help him crawl up on a box and it kept on ringing his fingers through. Instead of his hand going through straight it rolled it over the top roller and back through the two rollers again. It was up past the elbow and it was nearly up to the shoulder when I got there. I yanked the cord and my screaming brought Dad out and he was the one that hit the release for the rollers and the release went about 15 feet through the air, it was so tight. I picked him up in my arms and I put the elbow of his broken arm in my hand and held it up close to him. I had on an old dress that was too wide for me and I had tied my clothespin bag around my waist. My stockings were twisted around my knees. I rushed out to the street never stopping for a telephone or anything I was so scared. Three nurses were coming down the street and I knew they had stopped and spoken to me but I didn't hear a word they said. Mrs. Adams came out her back porch and spoke to me and I didn't hear her. I went around the house as it was quicker and I rushed down the street toward the Holy Cross Hospital which was about three blocks from the house. The nurses or someone had told the bread man and he stopped and picked me up and took me on down to the Hospital. They looked at Thatcher and gave him a sedative and put a brace on his arm and told me to take him to Doctor Alexander who was working at the County Hospital at that time. And I took him down there. He was bleeding but not badly except for the places

where it had skinned his arm. He had what they call a green willow break, or splinter break, of the two bones of the forearm, ulna and the radius, I think, and he had a compound fracture of the upper arm. The Doctor wasn't worried about the bone breaking, it was the stripping of the muscles and nerves that worried him. They put a cast on him setting his arm under a fluoroscope. The cast was a body cast over his shoulder and around his body under the other arm and down the arm that was broken, the right arm, to his hand.

The County Hospital is at 21st South and State. I had to take him down there on the streetcar once a week. They cut a hole in the elbow of the cast so that they could dress the arm. They had to dress that twice a week at first and later once a week. The Doctor would pull yards and yards of Idoform gauze out of there and Thatcher would say "Burny, burny Mama. Burny, Burny!" They would stuff clean gauze up in the cast because the arm was draining. After the cast was removed the forearm from the elbow to the wrist was in a bow, it was bent, so they had to break it over again. They gave him an anesthetic and broke it and put it in light splints to hold it. It came out just fine because he was young and his bones weren't so brittle.

After Thatcher's arm was hurt I had a dream repeatedly, time and time again! A pig would be after him and I could hear the pig just crunching his arm, just chewing it! I'd wake up screaming. It used to nearly scare me to death! I don't know why it was always a pig going after him. It sure did take me a long time to get over that.

When Thatcher was about three he had black sandal shoes and red stockings and was so proud of them. He sure did love those shoes and stockings! I wasn't given to walking much, but he and Dad walked and walked. Thatcher just took hold of Dad's big middle finger just like I used to when I was little and then he would lead Dad and Dad followed where ever he wanted to go. He took him up all over that campus, the University of Utah, and that was a long way for a little kid to go. I don't know how many miles it was but they came back and were sure dragging! Dad said, "He can sure out walk me!"

When Thatcher was about 3 years old he and I went up and stayed with Earl for a while in Teton Basin. One day Earl was milking the cows and he had an old cow that was blind in one eye. Thatcher was sitting down and Earl thought he was alright but that old cow got scared at something and she made a jump and she couldn't see him but jumped over him and hit him in the head with both hind feet as she jumped over. Earl brought him up to the house and he was just limp and white as a sheet. It was quite a while before he got over that.

Thatcher and another little boy insisted on making fires in the back yard in Salt Lake. One neighbor threatened to beat him good if he didn't quit it and was going to have me arrested if I didn't beat him. I don't think he tried it more than twice. He also loved to dig holes in the backyard. Dad was always getting mad at him because he was digging holes!

ESTELLE

Estelle was easy to talk to. Little thing, you could scold and she would always understand. She'd never do anything that would hurt me if she could help it. Oh, I suppose she did a few things. One storekeeper

used to give all the children wormy candy, old dirty candy that was getting dusty and filthy. The mothers were getting angry because it was filthy. Oh, she wanted candy so badly. I told her, "You burn it. Throw it in the stove and burn it. You can't eat that filthy stuff. I'll give you a nickel now and again but I never had much to give her. So she went in and put part of it in the stove and part of it she hid under the mattress. Every once in a while she would come out and she'd have candy in her mouth. I could tell from looking at her what she was doing. I asked her, "Didn't you burn it?" and pretty soon she started to bawl. She cried and cried and finally got the candy and burned it all.

In Salt Lake, when Estelle was between eleven and fourteen somewhere, the Insurance Co. wanted to teach children dancing, tap dancing, free. She took tap dancing from them. Then she wanted advanced lessons and I couldn't afford to give them to her on my \$2.00 per day for eight hours of hard work. Then she talked about piano lessons but I couldn't pay for the teacher as they charged about \$1.50 a lesson, which was nearly a whole day's labor for me. So she had to go without dancing and piano lessons. She never said anything, although she probably regretted it.

When Estelle was about 13 years old we went back to Salt Lake from Idaho and they wanted to put her back one grade, they wanted her to take the eighth grade over. They didn't have Junior High School in Idaho. I went to her teacher and they said they thought it would be best. She felt so badly about it because the girls she chummed with would all be ahead of her. She didn't say much, she would just sit and cry. Finally I went to the Superintendent of Schools. I gathered up all of her report cards from the time she started school in Kindergarten and took her down to the Superintendent. I said, "This little girl took the eighth grade in Idaho and passed it and she doesn't want to take it again because she will be way behind the rest of the kids and she is perfectly capable of going on because she has had the work that you are having here in Junior High School." He nodded his head and looked at her report cards. Finally he looked at her and he said, "Is that what you want to do?" And big fat tears rolling down her cheeks, she couldn't even smile, she couldn't even nod her head hardly, she just kind of ducked it a little bit and these big tears were rolling down her cheeks. He said, "Well there is only one thing wrong that I can see." Then Estelle started to cry in earnest. I said, "What's that?" And he said, "Her teachers didn't know anything but the letter 'A'." She had straight 'A's on all of her report cards! So he let her go on. I had several Mother's there in Salt Lake come to me and ask, "What High School are you going to send Estelle to?" And I said, "She'd have to go to the only school close enough to walk to." That happened to be East High, I think it was, anyway it was out on 13th East toward the south. And I said, "Why?" and they said, "Because we want Alice (or Adell or the other girls) to go with her." She had such a big influence on them that they wanted their daughters to go to the same High School Estelle went to.

On about 17th South and 10 or 11th East there was an old candy factory. The building had been condemned and they had left the old candy around and it had become wormy and Thatcher and some other small kids went out there. Some older kids used them as a tool to get in through a window to get things and the younger kids were the ones that were caught. The owner and the police came up to the house afterwards and the owner

was pretty mad and began berating me for not taking care of my kid. I lit into him and told him, "Don't you talk to me about not taking care of my kids, or anybody else's kids. The man that has a building that is condemned and leaves a lot of wormy candy around for children to get into! You know that place would be just like a magnet for youngsters! What you ought to be is reported for leaving a thing like that unguarded!" And he just looked at me and turned around and walked off and the police did too and never said another word. I never heard anything more about it.

Thatcher used to have his pockets full of frogs and things. I made up my mind that, if I ever lost anything, all I'd have to do was just take him by the heels and shake him and I'd find it. He carried everything in his pockets! Strings and funny little old things that nobody else had any use for. But, they were interesting to him.

When Estelle had appendicitis she was thirteen. Around Thanksgiving time she got a pain in her side, quite a severe pain. I called in the Doctor and he examined her and he said that there wasn't anything to be done but to just watch her and if she had it again to call him again. So, along about Christmas time she started with the bellyache again and it was really quite severe this time. So, I called the same Doctor and he said, "You bring her down to the Hospital and we'll see what can be done." I took her down and he examined her and said, "We'll book her right in for surgery." She had a very severe case of appendicitis. They wouldn't let me in the operating room or anything so I just sat out in the hall. I was crying all the time, but I didn't know I was crying, I thought I was taking it very courageously and not making any fuss or anything and pretty soon one of the nurses came by and gave me a handkerchief! She said, "She's going to be alright." The Doctor showed me her appendix after he had operated and it was about the size of a small ball or a small egg or about the half of a good egg. It looked just like a jelly bag that Mother used when she would make jelly. She would put it in a muslin bag and squeeze the juice out, and the juice would come out in droplets and drop off little by little. As it ceased to drain she would squeeze it again and more of these drops would come out all over this bag. And that was just the way Estelle's appendix was. He said that the pus was oozing through the walls of the appendix and dripping all over and that in another 12 hours she would have had a ruptured appendix. But she got along just fine and didn't have any real difficulty. I guess that was the only real sickness she had as a girl. She got car sick all the time, even after she was married. They claim that has something to do with the inner ear.

When Mr. Adams died Mrs. Adams asked me if I'd mind coming over and sleeping there the night after he died. I told her I would. They slept in separate beds in the same room because he liked a hard bed and she liked a soft bed. So he had a 3/4th bed and she had a full bed and I slept in his bed. Honestly, I never slept on such a hard bed in my life! Even my scalp had gone to sleep on the hard pillow! I'd wake up and my scalp would be asleep and I'd rub it and my hips would ache and my back would ache and my arms would ache all night long. I just tossed and turned trying to find a place so I could rest. It was just like sleeping on stone! My sister, Estelle, and her husband Bill Chivers had been down there visiting and when I got back home the next morning, Bill was quite a joshier in a way, he said, "Well, how did you sleep last night?" I

said, "Boy, I'm sure paralyzed! No wonder Mr. Adams died, sleeping on a bed as hard as that!" But what should Thatcher do but go right over and tell Mrs. Adams! He repeated it word for word! She came to me, she felt so bad to think I'd say anything like that. I didn't mean it like it sounded or like he repeated it!

One time Estelle was teasing Thatcher. She was washing the dishes and he was wiping them. Thatcher started teasing back by putting back dishes to be washed, even some that were not dirty, and she got mad. They bickered back and forth until I became upset and tired of it. I walked in there and I had the broom, I had been cleaning the front rooms. We had a square box that a man by the name of Mallory had made for my Mother to keep flour and germade and stuff in, and it had been painted yellow and we used it for this and also to sit on. I picked up this broom and I came down kerwhack on that box. I didn't want to hit the kids but I did want to impress on them that I didn't want any more bickering from them. I was the most surprised person in the world because the broom part came right off the handle, it broke the handle right in two! I think I was more surprised than the kids were, but they were so scared to think that I had broken a broom that they never did bicker again doing dishes.

We had a wooden tub electric washer. It had a short in it but I didn't know it had a short and I was wringing out the clothes and getting my hands in the water taking them out and everything. We had an old coal stove and it was hot and it dawned on me that I needed to see how the stove was coming. I reached over and took hold of the lifter to raise the lid but I also had my wet hand on this wooden tub and because of the short there I stood and my hand was a shaking and a rattling that old lid but I couldn't get free. I couldn't let loose of the washer and I couldn't let loose of the stove lifter! Earl came in and gave my arm a quick hit that sent the stove lifter flying but it broke the connection. Talk about having the bull by the tail!

One day Preston and Eva came in to Salt Lake and wanted me to go out and stay with them in Bountiful for a weekend. It was in the wintertime and I laid a fire in the stove the first night which I banked so it would carry over to the next day and Tex and Mae Mugluston, who were staying at his folks place, were to come over and make a fire to keep it warm for the next night. For some reason they didn't and also when I came home the third night I just made a fire in the heating stove and didn't make it in the kitchen range at all until the next morning. Thatcher and Estelle were both in bed and I got up and made the fire in the kitchen stove and put the tea kettle on. I had just turned to go into the bedroom to get Thatcher up and bring him out and put him in the high chair when "Blooey!", the whole thing went up! The cross piece in the coal range hit right across the tray in the high chair and one lid cut the leg of the high chair right off! One lid disappeared and we never did find it. The hot water heater was in a little closet in back of the toilet and was heated by coils in the stove, which had frozen. It threw the closet door back against the wall so hard that it knocked the door knob right through the lath and plaster and caught and held it there. One lid went through that closet door and one lid wedged in the wall. If I hadn't been where I was any one of those pieces of metal might have hit me, but I was just out of range of it going into the other room when it blew. The nearest danger was when the door slammed back right behind me.

I called Preston up and he came in and we got another stove and had to get another water heater because it blew the pipes. It just so happened that it blew the pipes below where it was frozen so that we didn't have a lot of water all over. Soot! The walls and ceilings were painted kind of a yellow and it took me a week to wash them clean! They didn't have the things for cleaning purposes that they do now, we just had to use just good old soap, water and elbow grease. It was terrible, just an awful mess! Everything turned out all right though. It took me quite a little while to pay for the stove and repairs. Dad was up in Logan working for the cattle association as a tester. Mother was dead.

DAD'S DEATH

When Thatcher was about 7 years old I went to Idaho to live with Earl. We were up in Teton Basin and they telephoned up about Dad's death. I learned later that there had been a fire some where up in that area where Dad lived in Salt Lake and Dad had gone out likely to follow the fire engine and find out where the fire was. He came back and he sat down in an arm chair and raised his right hand up and felt of his middle finger. He said, "It feels like I got a sliver there." He asked Aunt Ida to look and see if there was a sliver there and she said, "No, there's no sliver there." And he put his hands down on the arms of the chair and was gone just like that. Just that quick, and he was conscious up to the last minute. He had what they call Angina Pectoris heart condition. It's contraction of the heart muscle and is painful. He had had several heart attacks before. I had him in bed nearly three months one time, two or three years before that. He knew he had a bad heart but the excitement of the fire engine, and one thing or another.

In Teton Basin Estelle was elected Queen of the Green and Gold Ball put on by the Church. She was chosen from the Tetonia Ward to represent Tetonia. All the Wards were represented by someone and she was chosen Queen over all the others. Her costume was a pale blue satin sheath with a blue net over it and we took cellophane and cut out big and little butterflies and colored them and placed one in her hair and one on her shoulder and some scattered on her skirts.

Estelle had a ganglia on her instep and I took her to Salt Lake to have surgery. She wanted to go in training as a nurse and the Doctor said that her feet wouldn't be able to stand up under it unless the surgery were done. It took them four hours to remove the ganglia from her instep. Preston and Eva were down there to the Veteran's Hospital in Brigham City to have surgery on little Preston's eye. Estelle was walking on crutches. Little Preston had his head all done up and she had her foot all done up and I rode back to Idaho with them. Estelle went up to stay with Eva and Preston while still on crutches. Then my sister Estelle went down and got her and she worked there as my sister had surgery. She worked there for the season.

When Thatcher had the measles a boyfriend of Estelle's from out below had a car and came in and took him out to the cabin just as nice as could be. The seat laid out into a bed. He was an awfully nice boy. Estelle had been to College a year before she got married at about nineteen. She finished one year at Ricks.

TRAVELING

We lost the farm, the Shaw home farm, in 1940 I guess, the same year Thatcher had measles. We just had to find some place to move until we could sell our machinery and live stock so we stayed up in the foothills one summer on a place Dave Lofthouse had rented east of Beards. We fixed the fences so the cattle wouldn't bother everybody and took up about 50 to 75 head of hogs and made a pen for them. When we left, hogs were so cheap we couldn't give them away so we just let them go. We rented about a dozen milk cows to the Hilliards for the winter and went to Truckee, California. My brother Wallace worked at this motel in Truckee and that is why we went there. Earl was supposed to recuperate from having his toenails pulled, ingrown toenails, which was done just before we left the Basin. He got infection in them and was supposed to sit around but he put gas in the cars and they had me cooking. I cooked and we both helped with the cabins and one thing or another while we were there.

In October we took the train down to San Francisco to the World's Fair. We stayed in a hotel owned by the same woman that ran the motel in Truckee. Then we came back on the train and worked some more. Then, before Christmas, we drove down and stayed at Will Shaw's in San Leandro. Then we went on down the coast and stopped at Monterey. It was dark and we didn't know where we were going and we asked a guy where we could park and he said, "Anywhere you want to. It's all sand and it's all yours." We pulled out there on the sand and didn't know where we were and finally decided we were far enough out and away from the road, and we were! When we woke up we were almost in the ocean. If we had gone much farther we would have been. The fleas were terrible. The first thing we saw when we woke up were these seals, hundreds of them, all in a line leaping together. We didn't stay there long but went into Monterey, where they can sardines. Thatcher and I sat out in the car and had an ice cream cone and Earl went in the building. The smell was so thick we couldn't even eat our ice cream cones even with the windows shut up! It was such a stinky, awful, nasty smell! All the waste was washed out in the bay and that is why it stank so and why the seals hung around there.

We went right on down the coast to San Louis Obispo where they were building an Army Camp. Earl got a job in the Army Camp and we stayed in Moro Bay in a motel. We spent Christmas on the beach at Moro Bay. There was a service station in front of the motel and every time the men came in from work out front they would stop and feed Penny, our dog, candy and stuff just to get her to walk on her hind legs. She would dance around in circles on her hind feet and speak for it and those people would feed that dog for ever more just to see her dance. We got her at Will's place and took her all through the museum in San Francisco. We weren't supposed to but I had a wide sleeved summer coat and I just laid her up on my arm and held her close and she slept through it all. They weren't supposed to have dogs in there at all. She got poisoned, I suppose on Castor Beans, or else somebody gave her clams, I don't remember which. When the Castor Bean plant dropped its beans, why she ate them. But anyway she got poisoned and we had an awful time finding her. She had crawled under the neighbor's porch. But we doctored her and she got over it. She was a sick little old pup.

Thatcher had nosebleeds all the time and then he had a pain in his

side and we thought he had appendicitis once. We took him down to the Doctor for the nosebleeds and he packed his nose once, and then he gave us some medicine for him to build up his blood. That medicine tasted like oranges, peelings and all. It sure straightened him up in no time at all and after that he could out eat a whole family.

Earl worked laying sewer tile at the Army Camp. Wallace came later and worked there as a carpenter. It rained a lot and they would come home so covered with mud they would hose each other off or I would take the hose to the both of them.

We left there and went back up to the Teton Basin to sell our cattle and other stuff that we left up there. This was the late summer of 1941, I guess. Roy Hill, superintendent of the construction at San Louis Obispo Army Camp, wanted Earl to go to the Hawaiian Islands with him to work. He agreed to take the men's families. So we went to sell our stuff. On the way we went through the Sequoia Park and saw the Sherman and other big trees and through the south end of Death Valley and through Las Vegas and on up. It took about 30 days to go up and dispose of the things. On the way back down from Idaho we took the Mackenzie Highway into Eugene and then over to Florence and then down 101. We stopped at the Army Camp and found that the contract for Hawaii blew up. We went on down 101 to Los Angeles. Then we visited with Wallace's oldest girl there in Los Angeles, Francis Young, she married Joseph Young. We also saw John and "Pink" Thatcher, Wallace's oldest boy and his wife. When we left L.A. we went back up to San Leandro and visited with Will. We stayed in a trailer court until we could get some money. We had our money in a bank in Idaho and had to send for it. It took 3 days.

Then we went up 99, the inland road, into Oregon, west of Klammath, and on up to Portland. We stopped at Clarence and Mable Lucas's for 2 or 3 weeks looking for a place. Then we went over into Washington and made a deal for a place at that time. Then we went up to Idaho and Earl loaded up the things and Thatcher and I stayed there because it was time for Estelle to be confined with Jerrie Lynn. I worked in the Hospital in Driggs and Thatcher and I stayed in an empty room in the basement floor. Estelle was confined Dec. 5 and was in the Hospital when the news came of Pearl Harbor. I went to Oregon arriving a day or two before Christmas. Earl gave up the place in Washington and went to work at the Aluminum Plant in Troutdale and rented a place on Bluff Road in Sandy, Oregon.

OREGON

Then Earl started to work in the shipyards in Portland. He would take the 10:00 P.M. bus and get to Portland by midnight and work all night in the wind and rain and get back home about an hour after Thatcher went to school. Earl was a chipper, one who chips slag off the welds. I also went to the shipyards and trained to be a welder but my eyes were blocking me, I couldn't see close up and I didn't have glasses at that time. I guess if I had got glasses I could have gone along with the welding all right enough, but I couldn't see what I was doing. So I went on as a helper, welder's helper. Earl got his back broken about a week after I started to work in the shipyards. They dropped a bunch of planks 50 feet from a crane on top of him. The superintendent of the company came and got me where I was working on another boat and took me over to

the hospital. Earl was in the hospital for 33 days and then a cast for 6 months and then a brace for 6 months. They gave us disability until we had used up all of our savings, it was so low. Then Earl went back to work in the shipyard as a burner. They put in solid walls of metal, thick, and then they mark out doors and port holes and the burners came along and burned them out with a torch.

After we lived on Bluff Road for 3 years, the place was sold and we moved in the fall of 1945 to a little place below Dunn's Corner farther north on Bluff Road and lived there one year. Then we moved to Maupin, Oregon, and ran a dairy a mile down the river from the town. The town and the dairy were perched on benches part way down in the canyon of the Deschutes River. While in Maupin, Thatcher was always bringing in bugs and things. One day Don Sutton came over and stayed. Our living room floor was painted gray and it was bare, it had no rug on it or linoleum. Thatcher had a long steel tape and Don had a long steel tape, and they would bring scorpions up there and turn them loose. They'd make a corral of these tape measures. Then they would bring those scorpions up there and turn them loose on my living room floor. I'd have to step over them if I wanted to go from place to place and I'd take a chance of something crawling on me.

After about a year we moved to a farm in Tygh Valley, a few miles north. In Tygh Valley we had a bull that was really mean. One day the inspector came to inspect the milkhouse and the bull fought that man's car. I thought he was going to wreck it! I'd go down in the fields to bring the cows in on foot. And believe me I never turned my back on that bull! I used to get kinks in my neck because he used to stay way back behind the cows. He'd never get up close as long as I was on foot. I don't know why it was, but if you were on a horse, he'd just take the horse out from under you. But on foot he'd stay way back. Believe me I never turned my head away from him. I use to stumble over things and almost fall down, and wouldn't watch where the cows were going but I sure did watch that bull! A neighbor named Burlingame came down one day. I told him to tie his horse in the yard and I didn't think the bull would bother him. But he got through some way and I looked out the window and there the horse was tied up and couldn't get out of his way. The old bull came up and got his head under and between the horse's hind legs and there he was just tossing that horse's rear end up in the air, up and down and up and down and up and down. The horse couldn't get away from him. That bull threw that horse over the gate and that gate was high, as high as he was.

While we were on that place, one year it was so cold and the snow and the ice in the creek blocked up and backed up into our yard. We had 3 horses, 2 work and 1 saddle, and they were out on a knoll in the water to begin with. They didn't want to go through the water. Then came this cold spell and they were still there and we couldn't get them off. They just stayed there and were finally frozen in there. We couldn't get them out. One man came in on a good horse but she wouldn't go in there. She'd go so far and then wouldn't go any farther, afraid of the ice and the water. It was as cold as blue blazes! So they finally got a boat in there and they had to chop a path in front of them all the way out to those horses and cut around them. Then they drove them back through the path that the boat had made, to get them back. And even then there was a

scum of ice that was frozen over from the time that they chopped it and got out there. I don't know how long it took them, but hour after hour they were out there. Earl froze both feet. Three cows dropped their calves and I had calves in the wash tubs and in the house but they all died. Oh, that was a hectic night! The coldest time of the year.

We stayed in Tygh Valley 5 or 6 years. Meanwhile Thatcher went 2 years to College and on a mission. Then we moved, as they sold the farm we were renting, and moved on a place up Chenowith Creek near The Dalles, Oregon. One summer while there I was helping Earl on the combine and got my right hand caught between the chain and a cog wheel. When Earl heard the motor labor he turned it off. It cut me up clear from the wrist up across the hand to my thumb. It cut off the end of the thumb between the first joint and the end and cut a large vein in the thumb and pretty well chewed it up. The end of the thumb was hanging by just a little bit of skin. The Doctor wanted to cut the thumb off at the second joint because of the cuts. He said there would be no circulation to that part of the thumb. Earl called Brother Montgomery and Brother Sessions and they administered to me. While they were praying I was praying the Lord to give the wisdom and knowledge and help to the Doctor so that he could do a good job. Earl told the Doctor to put the thumb back together and it would be all right. So he did and later said it was the finest piece of patch work he'd ever done. The Doctor said that he would probably have to have me come back and crack the joint but I never had to. I have full use of the joints although it cut some of the nerve tissue. The end of the thumb doesn't hurt except when you touch it, it feels like electricity shocks going through it. Cotton or flannel or anything with fuzz on it bothers. Oh, if I fold up a dozen diapers I could just go crazy! It just gets that tingling so hard and so fast that it's pain. Other than that I don't notice it much. I can handle a knitting needle, but I can't pick up pins.

The people from the Church came up and helped me wonderfully when I hurt my thumb. I didn't like taking too much help. They came up and offered to take my ironing and washing and I had fruit to put up and I couldn't peel it and they wanted to come up and put up my fruit and I told them, "No, I'll manage." So I put it up with the peelings on, I didn't peel it at all. I just put it up and it was good too. But anyway they were very nice.

EARL'S DEATH

In 1957 Earl had a heart attack. Then he began to develop aneurisms a few years later. We sold most of our things and got a trailer. We traveled to California or Arizona most winters and spent the summers in Oregon. Earl died the summer of 1962 in our trailer on the banks of the river at Maupin. Earl was fishing right up to the last.

I went to work in the Southside Hospital in Mesa, Arizona, in January 1963. I finally went up to interview them and they called me up the next day in Pediatrics and I worked there about 6 ½ years. They put me on Geriatrics one day, with old people. They gave me one old, old woman, she must have been 96-97, pretty close to the 100 mark. Her daughter was nearly 70. I couldn't feed her, she wouldn't eat, she didn't know what I wanted, she didn't talk, she was bedridden all the

time. It was just old age that brought her in. Then her daughter came in and I told her I hadn't been able to get her to eat and asked what she liked to eat. I told her she just simply wouldn't accept a spoon or take anything. She said, "Oh, my poor Mama! Mama, did I forget your bottle? I'll go home right now and get your bottle." She almost cried as she said it and went right home and got the bottle and brought it back. We put baby food in it and she sucked it out of the bottle through a nipple. That woman treated her mother just like she was the baby, just like her mother had treated her when she was a baby! One of the nurses came out and said, "That is the most satisfying work in the world." I said, "Not me! Do you realize that in a few years I might be just exactly like that? I don't want any of it. I'll go with the children where there is life. I don't want to work with the dead, I want to work with live people." So I was never taken off of Pediatrics. And I always seemed to get the specializing on infectious cases.

I took care of several retarded children, but they were such loving little things I don't see how anybody could turn their back on a retarded child, I don't care what they looked like. I took care of a little black girl, she was the cutest little thing, about two years old and very tiny with delicate bones. She had trench mouth, I don't know what else was wrong with her, with such an awfully sore mouth making it hard to eat. Her mother and father and seven brothers and sisters would come to the window and I'd pick her up and hold her over to the window so they could see her. I was specializing with her, she was the only patient I had and I was with her all day long, to amuse her, read to her, talk to her and wash her hair and comb it. I'd heard that the black people had an odd odor but I discounted it, I thought that it was just somebody's imagination. But when I washed her hair it smelled like wool. I thought I just hadn't got it clean so I washed it the second time but it still smelled like wool until it was dry and then the odor would leave.

This little colored girl's baby brother, about 7 or 8 months old, and he died of the same thing she had about a week or so after she got well. So the health people got investigating and it was something to do with the water where they were living. They were nice people, well dressed, well educated and polite.

I took care of a little burn case, I was specializing with her. She had fallen in the bathroom with her cheek against an electric heater and burned her face quite badly. She was about 18 months old. She couldn't stay down, she was too young to know what it was all about and it was too painful. That was when they were using silver nitrate on burns. It was beautiful the way they would come out without any scars, she had no scar at all on her face. Her mother and grandmother came to see her and they gave me a gift when they took the baby home. The other nurses got a little bit put out about it.

Then I specialized with a little girl that had Yellow Jaundice. She was very, very sick, she was delirious. I kept her laundry up and made a cot for the mother and put clean linen on it every day. Of course, anything that came into the room had to stay there, such as I.V. bottles and medicine bottles, because of the danger of infection spreading through the hospital. They gave me a gift too, a bottle of cologne. I had one or two others too that gave me gifts, I believe I was the only nurse there that ever got a gift given to them.

But I loved those kids, they were the sweetest little things. I had this one retarded boy about four years old, he had diarrhea, a very severe case of it. He got so lonesome, and you couldn't talk to him to explain or anything like that. So I'd sit and rock him and sing to him and take care of him. He was a lovely little boy. But he finally died.

These little colored children had skin like velvet, the smoothest skin you ever touched in your life. They had a padding of fat under it or something. And it was solid, it wasn't flabby like most white people's flesh. And I said, "That is the most beautiful skin I've ever touched." And the nurses thought I was odd. Lots of men walked down the hall and the nurses all paid attention to them, you know, how good looking they were, these white boys, and to me they were just ordinary people. But this 18 year old colored boy went in there, and I'm telling you I never saw such a figure on a man. He was just perfect. Built like Apollo, well shaped head, wide shoulders, and tapering down to narrow hips, he was just well built. I said, "That is one of the best looking figures I've seen in a coon's age, a beautiful male figure." Boy, they were shocked to think that I would say anything like that! I don't know if it was because they didn't think I'd notice a boy's figure or because it was a colored boy.

We had a colored nurse there that worked in the operating room all the time, but she had an operatic voice. And sometimes in doing her work she would sing and you could hear her clear from the second floor down. A beautiful voice.

I only found one obnoxious child all the time I was there. And I never wanted to upend a child and spank her so hard in all my life as I did that kid. She disobeyed her mother and crossed main street and got hit with a car and broke both legs, through the thighs. So in the hospital she had both legs up, but it didn't stop her. She would get right nasty about doing what I asked when she could do it. And then she would get up and open the window, and it was cold with the wind blowing in there. Anybody sick like that is susceptible to pneumonia anyway. She did this even with her legs in a sling and weights on them. She would say, "I'm going to tell my mother!" and I would reply, "You'd better, because I'm going to beat you to it!" So I went right down to the headquarters and told them I would like to be relieved from taking care of this child. I said she was awfully disobedient with me and short of pounding her I can't handle her. It is a good thing I did too because the mother came in there after the girl told her story and asked to have me relieved!

One little girl kept calling me "Grandma Shaw" so that you could hear it all over the hospital and the supervisor said, "Who's 'Grandma Shaw'?" I said, "Well, I am." She said, "But you're a nurse." And I said, "Of course I am. But that little girl is blind, and she has to lay right there." She asked how she got to calling me 'Grandma Shaw', and I told her I was bathing her one day and she wanted to know what I looked like, so I asked her if she had a Grandmother. She said she had a Grandmother and that she had white hair, and wore glasses. I told her that was just exactly the way I looked, and that I liked little girls. Then she asked me what my name was and I told her it was Mrs. Shaw. So ever afterwards I was Grandma Shaw. She had been hit in one eye and they were afraid it would affect the other one so they kept both bandaged.

She eventually lost the sight in the one eye.

BROKEN BACK

Since working in the Southside Hospital I have lived with Estelle, in Rexburg, Idaho, or Thatcher, in Mesa, Arizona, most of the time, but with my sisters in St. George and Mesa sometimes.

While with Estelle they had a flood in Rexburg, when the dam burst. Afterward we had boxes of things belonging to Lane piled up in the house so we had to reach over them to water the plants. This one plant looked awfully dry and I took the watering can and leaned over there and I came just within a fraction of an inch of being able to get the water in the plant. I thought that instead of getting down and moving around I'd just give it an extra little push and get it over there. And I did and I felt a snap in my back alright enough, but it just stung a little bit. I thought I'd twisted a muscle or something. So I walked and I'd been riding my bicycle in a great big empty building out back, so I went out and rode the bicycle every day, but it kept getting worse and worse every day. Estelle kept telling me she thought I could have broken my back but I'd never had a broken back and thought the pain would have been excruciating when it broke. But the pain comes afterwards, not during the break. Then finally, one day after a month it just knocked me to my knees, and I couldn't get my breath. Estelle and Rueland came in and Estelle called the ambulance right away.

I went to a Doctor years before in The Dalles one time and he took x-rays and he pointed to that spot and he said, "I don't know what it is, but don't ever lift anything more than 25 pounds and don't ride horseback." So I never rode horseback and I never lifted very much, but here I had to stretch a little bit to water a flower and broke my back! They took me to the hospital in the ambulance and when taking x-rays the technician took ahold of my hips, not my shoulders and my hips but just my hips, to turn me over and boy, believe me, I yelled! I yelled loud! Later on Estelle said, "You sure don't mind letting them know when it hurts." All my life I would not say anything no matter how it hurt, I'd keep my mouth shut and kind of reconcile myself to it, one way or another. But I'm not doing that any more. When I feel hurt I'm going to let people know I'm hurt. The technician finally said, "I have to get you on your side." I said, "If you will put somebody around here so I can hold on to them, and you take ahold of my hips and my shoulders at the same time and push, I'll turn myself over," which I proceeded to do. I learned these things in training, but they don't seem to know them now. They were very careful with me when they took me to x-ray after that. The Doctor said that I had two vertebrae partially crushed.

EPILOG:

On 26 Nov. 1979, Mom flew from Idaho to Mesa, Arizona. In January, 1980, when the whole family in Mesa went to the White Mountains for a week in the winter snow, she sleighed down a hill with the kids and seemed to enjoy the winter weather even though nearly 80 years old. On 17 Jan. 1980 she had an eye exam and the Doctor told her she had "macular degeneration". This was explained as a loss of central retinal vision.

It made it hard to see details and to read or do close work. This became one of the major drawbacks to her old age, that and the loss of hearing. On the 25th of March, 1980, she had one ear drum re-built surgically. This promised to give better hearing. However, the latter part of April she became quite sick. We took her to the Hospital and they found she had blood poisoning and urinary tract infection and she was low on blood electrolytes. It was quite severe and they had to use harsh antibiotics and the IV's were heavy in salts. She got so thirsty. The antibiotics attacked her nerves and she lost more sight and hearing from it.

One day we went to visit her and before we could speak she told us that Aunt Rachel had come to visit her last night. We then told her we had got news the day before that Aunt Rachel had died. She wanted to go too, then, as her life was pretty miserable.

She stayed in Mesa that summer and on 22 Sept. had to have a tube put in one ear to drain because of an ear infection. On 3 Oct. she saw the Doctor about abdominal pains. She found she had diverticulitis of the colon, little pouches formed on the colon that could be an infection source.

In April, 1981, she got two hearing aids, which helped a lot. We also had the Ward get an ear phone that could fit the jack at Church so she could hear the speakers instead of all the kids and rustle that the hearing aids brought out. That spring she went to Rexburg to stay with Estelle. She never felt well enough afterward to return to Mesa. Once she was examined in the Hospital in Salt Lake City and found, in addition to the hiatal hernia she knew about, she had hundreds of ulcers of the esophagus and stomach.

The summer of 1982 we took her for a trip around Yellowstone Park in an old Motor Home. She was feeble but alert. Her condition worsened and she became a heavy burden for Estelle to handle.

Finally, during the winter of 1984-85, Estelle had to place her in a rest home in Idaho Falls. She died there on 24 Feb. 1985 at nearly 86 years of age. She was buried in the Cache-Clawson Cemetery, next to Earl and overlooking the old Shaw homestead and the valley of her youth.

