



HISTORY
of
ESTHER MARIE YOUNG EREKSON

**Compiled and written
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**Typed and edited by
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THE GREAT—GRANDCHILDREN

ZELPH

Norman md Annie Paul

Norman Rock EREKSON (1953) md Joy Marie Wadley

Kent Eugene EREKSON (1955) md Janna Gittens

Annilee EREKSON

Paula EREKSON (1957)

Leann EREKSON (1958)

Denise EREKSON 91963)

Tatha Marie EREKSON (1966)

Alma md Mary Lou Anderson

Jody EREKSON (1956) md John Layne Sybrowsky

David Young EREKSON (1960)

Edward Alma (Ted) EREKSON (1962)

Jill EREKSON (1963)

Timothy Zelph EREKSON (1967)

Regina Jane BEGAY (1958 — Lamanite daughter

Klenner md ¹Doreen Loveall and ³Harriet Elaine Fuller

Angela Kathleen EREKSON (1955) md Ernest Elliott

Holly ELLIOTT

Klenner Scott EREKSON (1957) md Lorie Caplan

Irene LaRue EREKSON (1958)

Jeffrey Dow EREKSON (1962)

Allen md Mardon Jayne Elggren

Kristen EREKSON (1964)

Kari EREKSON (1966)

Amy EREKSON (1968)

Marielle EREKSON (1971)

Spencer Elggren EREKSON (1973)

Tom md ¹Afton Louise Greenwood and ²Nedra Dell Fuller

Clinton Rock EREKSON (1965) Anna Elaine EREKSON (1977)

Leslie Ann EREKSON (1967) Thomas Delbert (T.D.) EREKSON (1980)

Jason Ezra EREKSON (1970)

WILL

Shirley md Newell K Garff

Shauna Kay GARFF (1952) md Scott James Parry

Chandra Kay PARRY (1973)

Kim Newell GARFF (1954)

Lorna Mary GARFF (1956)

Ardis md Grant Macfarlane, Jr.

Kathryn Gayle MACFARLANE (1954) md Vernal Lee Della—Piana

Julie Elaine MACFARLANE (1955)

Carolyn Marie MACFARLANE (1958)

Michelle Ardis MACFARLANE (1960)

Michael Grant MACFARLANE (1964)

Jeffrey Scott MACFARLANE (1965)

Elaine md Wilford Bruce Woodruff

Andrea Elaine WOODRUFF (1964)

Douglas Wilford WOODRUFF (1965)

Marie Evelyn WOODRUFF (1967)

Elizabeth Jennie WOODRUFF (1972)

THE GREAT—
GRANDCHILDREN (cont'd)

IRMA

Eric md Marlene Elsa Glissmeyer
Kristy Lynn HOLT (1954) md David Powell
Steven Eric HOLT (1958)
David Troy HOLT (1961)
Jason Travis HOLT (1971)
Don md Karen Passer
Nanette HOLT (1957)
Jeffrey Don HOLT (1959)
Randall William HOLT (1961)
Ramon Lamont HOLT (1963)
Stephanie HOLT (1965)
Bryan Keith HOLT (1969)
Suzanne HOLT (1974)
George md Jerilyn Jones
Jennifer HOLT (1962) —d
Jill Marie HOLT (1963)
James William (Jamie) HOLT (1965)
Katherine (Katie) HOLT (1965)
Valerie HOLT 1968
Rebecca HOLT (1971)
Mark Erekson HOLT (1973)
Marlise md Charles John Housley
John Kelly Housley (1959) —d
Eric HOUSLEY (1965)
Dwight md Helen Marie Whooley
Trisha HOLT (1974)
Mark md ²Patricia Margaret Kinsey Belkus
Sharon Kinsey Belkus HOLT (1962)
Shona Belkus HOLT (abt 1964)
Connie Elizabeth Belkus HOLT (abt 1966)
Karma md Allen Femelius
Sally FERNELIUS (1976)
Yvonne md David Robbins Mortensen
Alicia Michelle MORTENSEN (1971)

ED

Barbara md Ralph Eugene Cromer
Scott Cameron CROMAR (1965)
Lynne CROMAR (1969)
Joseph Erekson CROMAR (1971)
Marlise CROMAR (1973)
Mary Lou md Dennis Cleverley Sahleen
Kimberly SAHLEEN (1965)
Todd Edward SAHLEEN (1966)
Stacy Lynn SAHLEEN (1967)
Tiffiny Marie SAHLEEN (1971)
Gretl SAHLEEN (1974)
Elizabeth Ann SAHLEEN (1976)
Edette md Kevin James McArthur
Shiloh Michelle McARTHUR (1976)

THE GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

(cont'd)

ALMA

Marie md Duane Ralph Day

Rochelle DAY (1958) md Mark Max Young

Matthew Mark YOUNG (1976)

Reagan Erekson DAY (1950)

Jeffrey Duane DAY (1963)

Tricia Marie DAY (1964)

John md Michelle Marie Grane

John Stephen EREKSON (1966)

James Alma (Jim) EREKSON (1968)

Jennifer Michelle EREKSON (1970)

Eric Nathan EREKSON (1973)

Penny md ¹Jay Douglas Thompson

Stephanie Kathryn THOMPSON (1963)

Susan Penelope THOMPSON (1965)

Shannon Elizabeth THOMPSON (1967)

md ²Royal Kent Walker

Carolyn Diane WALKER (1976)

Tim md ²Jill Christensen

Tammy EREKSON (1976)

HISTORY OF ESTHER MARIE YOUNG EREKSON

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul.
Not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.

--Robert Browning

Background Notes

Lorenzo Dow Young and his wife, Elinor, were among the early pioneers to come to the Great Salt Lake Valley. Lorenzo, brother to the Prophet Brigham Young, arrived with the first company of Saints in July 1847. Elinor (Ellen) Jones, a young Welsh sister, came with the Third Handcart Company, which arrived in Salt Lake City, October 2, 1856. Lorenzo took Ellen to wife--his fourth--on November 25, 1856; and to this union was born my mother's father, Edward Jones Young.

Edward Jones Young and Esther Dunster were married in Salt Lake City, November 27, 1879. They lived in a little house south of Grandpa Lorenzo's. It was in this little home that Edward Jones, Jr., and my mother, Marie, were born. In those days, Lorenzo and Ellen lived on the corner of Harvard Avenue and 11th East. This house still stands, but the surroundings have changed considerably. Also at that time, in the late 1800's, Grandpa Lorenzo owned what is called the "Gilmer Place," where the Garden Park Ward house is presently located (1150 Yale Avenue). Grandpa raised hay and did some farming on the land. During earlier years, Elinor lost several little babies prematurely, over which she grieved a great deal. These little infants were buried on this farm.

Lorenzo Dow Young was known for having introduced many trees into the valley. On his first trip across the plains, he brought trees which did not survive; but on his second trip, he returned with a load of trees which were planted and grew on this "Gilmer Place" property. Some of these remain to this day. The beautiful stream, Red Butte Canyon Creek, flowed through greatgrandpa's land as it does presently. And in winter months, deer were often known to appear near this choice location. Undoubtedly, great-grandfather experienced a special joy and satisfaction with this landholding. Later, he sold this ground to his brother, Brigham.

[It is interesting to note that William S. Erekson, my brother, who in 1972 bought a home just north of Yale Avenue on 13th East, found Lorenzo's name on the deed.]

The Beginning

The year was 1882. Chester A. Arthur had been President of the United States for over a year; John Taylor had become President and Prophet of the Church; the Territory of Utah was fourteen years from statehood; the Saints, in May, had been officially commissioned to begin living the United Order; and many families and communities were in the midst of political and legal hassles over the polygamy situation. It was in this setting, on December 23rd of that year that mother made her meager debut into mortality. Having come prematurely, the poor little thing only weighed between two and a half to three pounds. Someone said that she was so tiny she could have been contained in a cup. She was the second child in the family, and the first daughter born to her parents. Undoubtedly everyone was deeply worried about her for the first weeks and months of her life, but the Lord blessed her and she survived.

When mother was almost two years old, the family moved from Salt Lake to Pleasant Green, Utah - a settlement in the valley near where Magna now is. The Pleasant Green Ward records indicate that the family was received on the 16th of November 1884 from the Salt Lake First Ward. Seven months later, on June 11, 1885, Harriet Erma was born in the Pleasant Green Home. The name "Harriet" was chosen in deference to Grandpa Lorenzo's wish. In fact, many of great-grandfather's descendents - at his request bear this name, as it was the name of his second wife, Harriet Page Wheeler Decker, whom he dearly loved.

During the following year, in 1886, when Eddie was five; Marie, four; and Erma, almost two; the family moved to the Uintah Basin, where grandpa went into the sheep business. In those days moving was a gigantic undertaking, and to cover 200 miles by wagon with three young children was no small task. The family rode in an open wagon drawn by four horses, while their belongings were carried in a covered wagon pulled by six horses. It took them two weeks to make the journey. Mother, at the time, was a frail little thing. I remember her saying how sick she became, traveling for so long. She suffered headaches and fever and very nearly didn't last out the trip. Towards the end of the journey, the family stopped and rested for a few days at the Burton Ranch, at Brush Creek, some miles out of Vernal, where there was a Post Office. "Aunt Ann Burton" was very troubled about "little Marie." She tried to get her to eat some grated raw carrots, which she succeeded in doing. This saved mother's life! As it turned out, what she had been suffering from for so long was really "the worms;" and eating the carrots caused her to pass them. From then on she began to gain some health and strength.

Besides the Burtons, another family by the name of Chadwick lived out at Brush Creek. Their house was on the east side of the road. They raised Percheron horses (a breed of large, usually dapple-gray or black draft horse) and sold hay to the soldiers who were stationed at Fort Duchesne to protect the community from Indians. The Chadwicks and the Burtons became good friends with mother's family.

Vernal Days

The Youngs continued their trip, staying for awhile at a sheep camp before finally arriving at their destination, where the family settled in a two room, dirt-floor, adobe house, located on the west side of the road (about a half mile east and one and a half miles north of the center of Vernal). Later,

a large room was constructed in the front and to the side of the house; and even later, a dining room, kitchen, and two bedrooms were added. This place became known as the "Big House." It was in this home that--on May 18, 1888, a fourth child was born, Ellen Page Young (a name reflecting again Great-grandfather Young's influence).

The homesite included thirty acres of ground upon which Grandpa, Edward Jones, Sr., built sheds where he could care for sick sheep--often afflicted with sore mouths and tongues and sometimes endangered-by the badlands. He worked hard and was away from the home, tending sheep "up on the mountain" much of the time. This left grandmother alone with her little children a great deal, but she was courageous and a woman of deep faith. Two situations were the cause of particular alarm, to the children and their mother alike! First, there were the Indians. Frequently, Indian women came to the house, begging for food. Usually they would stand at the door and grunt, "Bisquit, bisquit," until Grandma Esther would give them bread. These experiences frightened the children, and mother never forgot them. She related that once a "brave" came, which was really terrifying. I suppose they were not certain what he wanted and were greatly relieved when he finally snorted, "Bisquit, bisquit!" and left peaceably with his hot bread.

The other problem was the outlaws. Butch Cassidy and the Dalton Gang were notorious characters at the time. Many nights these scalawags were known to pass by the Young house, screaming and yelling and carrying on enroute to their hideout at Brush Creek. They were usually drunk, and we can only imagine how nervous grandmother felt when these incidents occurred.

Pioneer women were called upon to endure many hardships. Not only were there the worries of safety, but housework required special stamina. Grandmother, for example, had to clean her wood floors with sand. Waiting until the late hours, after the children were in bed, she would spread over her floor the white sand carried from the nearby spring. Then, with great effort, she would scrub until the floor was white and clean. Such toil is beyond our imaginings today.

When Eddie was nine; mother, eight; Erma, five; and Ella, two, another baby joined the family, Mary Dunster Young. She was born in the "Big House" on October 1, 1890. And, according to family records, mother was baptized the following Spring, on May 5, 1889. (The Vernal Ward records, however, report a June 3, 1892 baptism.) In any case, the important event took place at Ashley Creek, the common site for baptisms in those days. Brother S. R. Bennion performed the baptism, and Brother B. F. Freestone confirmed her the same day.

When the Young children went to school they rode horseback - a one and a half mile trip one way. Ella and Eddie would ride on Ed's horse "Fred," while Marie and Erma doubled on the bay pony "Nell." For the most part, this arrangement worked well, except for one problem: It seems that Eddie had a special way with horses, and both "Fred" and "Nell" would do anything for him. However, when the girls were 'at the helm,' neither horse wanted to budge. Consequently, some mornings saw frustration ! Ed was full of fun and often couldn't wait to be off and away. On those days, "Fred" and riders were off at top speed, with coats and scarves flying behind them in the wind. But poor Marie and Erma! They were left to fuss and fret, trying to get obstinate "Nell" into motion. "Make Eddie wait for us! Make him wait!!" Erma would cry.

Uncle Ed also says that there was a time when the family had a two-wheeled cart which the children would drive to school. Mother usually drove (and later, Ella), while the girls rode along side. Ed continued to ride his horse. In the winter, heated rocks wrapped in an old quilt were placed under the girls' feet in the bottom of the cart. This did help them endure those cold mornings!

School itself was in the Vernal Elementary. There were three teachers at first; then, later, there were six. Children attended here through the eighth grade; then they went to the Uintah Academy for high school.

It was during these years, that, the family increased again - this time with the birth of two more children. Jasmine, the fifth daughter, was born on Elia's birthday, May 18th, 1896. Seymour Dow was born August 16, 1898, finally bringing another boy into the clan. One can guess Eddie's delight with the birth of a brother, even though there were seventeen years and five girls between them! Both were born in the "Big House," and the Young family then totaled nine.

At some point during this period of time, Grandmother Esther filed on a piece of land for homesteading, located seven miles from the original Vernal home. This property became known as the "old ranch," and was let out on shares for some years.

Meanwhile, Grandpa continued in the sheep business and was very successful. At the turn of the century, however, hard times came; and wool went down in price to almost nothing. Grandpa lost everything he owned including their home. The family then had to move into a rented house, which they called the "Palmer House." It was here that Esther, their dear mother, was stricken with the dreaded cancer, from which she was to bear much excruciating pain and suffering in the following years.

Mother, at this time, was eighteen years old and very much wanted to attend the Brigham Young Academy in Provo. In order to earn money for her schooling, she went to work at the drug store in Vernal and also waited tables at Miss Donaher's Eating House. The girls were increasingly needed to help in the home as grandmother's condition progressively worsened. In spite of her ill health and the growing cancer, however, grandmother gave birth to an eighth child, Maeser, who was born March 26, 1901. It was a terribly painful experience for her, as the birth canal was one of the afflicted areas of her body; and in fact, many consider Maeser's birth a true miracle! The new baby didn't have such an easy time of either. Since grandmother could not nurse him--and as baby bottles were unheard of in those times, Maeser was a pretty hungry, cross little fellow. Mother and the older girls were kept busy trying to find ways to pacify him. Once a day, Hulda Pack (Grandma Young's sister and a neighbor), who also had a new baby, would come over to the house and nurse Maeser; but the rest of the time, the girls had a hungry, crying little brother on their hands. Sometimes they fed him weak cocoa and tried to get him to sip milk. Also, Great-grandma Elinor, who had moved to Vernal after Grandpa Lorenzo's death, came sometimes to help; and she would feed Maeser little tastes of things from the table. This wasn't a common thing to do with little babies in those days, but in her wisdom, grandmother did it for his survival.

Not much time passed before another disaster struck the Youngs. The "Palmer House" caught fire! Uncle Ferre (grandpa's half-brother, Feramorz

Young) and others came to render assistance. Ferre helped poor sick Esther out of the house, but had to leave her literally hanging on the fence while he returned to salvage the furniture. A neighbor rushed to Grandmother's side and helped her into his house where she was put to bed and cared for. Shortly thereafter, the "Anderson House" became available to rent, and the family moved there.

College and Courtship

In the fall of 1902, mother went to Provo to attend the Academy. She spent a glorious year and a half there where she followed a general course of study. She boarded at the home of her cousin, Aretta Young, who was the first art teacher at the Academy. Mother recounted that "Retta" would take a cold shower every morning, as she was rather delicate and thought this good for her health. Mother was very amused by this. Retta, however, was exceptionally gifted. Not only was she an artist, but she was a poet and a great lady as well. Mother said that Sister Zina Young (Brigham Young's daughter and equivalent to the Dean of Women at the Academy) frequently drew upon Retta's talents to help at the school and on occasion asked her to substitute when she, Zina, was not able to be in charge. Indeed, Retta was very loved, and mother always felt honored that she was able to live with her during the months of her schooling.

Karl G. Maeser, principal of the Academy, was another person who impressed mother. I remember her often saying how everyone loved him so much and telling of the great influence he had on the lives of his students and the teachers who worked under him.

During this special winter in Provo, mother sometimes journeyed to Salt Lake on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. From there, she would go to Murray to stay with her Grandpa Dunster and his second wife, Sarah, who lived on Ninth East, just through the field from Isabella Erekson's place. It so happened, at this time, that Sister Erekson's younger son, William Benbow, had just returned from a mission in New Zealand, where--as coincidence would have it--mother's brother Ed was then serving. To make a long story short, Ed sent a message to Will through mother, undoubtedly under the pretense to get the two to meet. William was working for Zion's Saving Bank at South Temple and Main Street, so one day, mother and May Pope (a friend from Vernal who was attending L.D.S. Business College and who later married Uncle Ed) went to the bank to deliver Ed's message. Of course, when father and mother met, they were each impressed with the other; and a romance ensued. Father was tall and handsome, with beautiful black curly hair. Mother was medium small with beautiful dark eyes, lovely olive skin, and black hair.

I have never forgotten the special dance at the Academy which mother told me about. It was held in the Fall of 1903. Father caught the D & RG train to Provo and called for mother, and they went to the dance. In the meantime, another boyfriend, Parley Glover, had to go alone as mother had this date with Will Erekson.

It was a night for romance. The moon was shining brightly overhead, and the music wafted out to encircle them as they approached the dance hall. A group of friends awaited them. Oh, what an exciting, lovely time--but all too short ! Will had to catch the last train back to Salt Lake at 10:30 p.m.; and

beautiful, excited Marie, who was having a marvelous time, had to leave the dance, be taken home quickly, and then left to listen all alone to the music, which she could hear very well just through the block. The sound beckoned her to come back. It was a great temptation, but she sadly resisted, went to bed, and listened with tears in her eyes to the last waltz of an unfinished good time.

One humorous sidelight to the courtship might be interjected here. I remember our laughing together many times when mother would retell this incident, which at its occurrence was more embarrassing than funny. Apparently, one night mother and father and another couple had been out for an evening together. They returned from the activities somewhat late and were all at Grandpa Dunster's, where mother was staying. The four of them chatted and laughed in the living room for a time and were altogether enjoying themselves, when, out of the blue, like a phantom of the night, Grandpa Dunster (who was then about seventy-four years old) appeared on the staircase. Clad only in his old-time, front-tie garments. He descended the stairs and marched with austerity to the light. He straightway climbed on a chair and turned the switch, remarking, "Good night, everyone, good night!" Mother was mortified, and no one laughed then. Later, however, the event became quite a colorful addendum to the courtship and yet verifies that parents are parents regardless of age or generation. After all, there are fathers today - and fathers to come - who can and will identify with great-grandpa Dunster's predicament.

Well, obviously, the romance with father progressed; and before long, he proposed marriage. Mother accepted, and the date was set for January 27th, 1904. Mother went home to Vernal at the end of the semester to prepare for the wedding. Her family was still living at the "Anderson House" at the time.

The Wedding

When the occasion was near at hand, father left Salt Lake and rode on the mail truck to Gusher. Grandpa Young drove his white-top, two-seated buggy over to meet Will and to take him to the Young home in Vernal. The family had a big wedding supper and celebration that night with friends and relatives; but, of course, the wedding itself was to take place in the Salt Lake Temple. The following morning, grandpa drove father and mother to Price, where the three stayed at a hotel that night to await the morning train to Salt Lake. Mother said she couldn't sleep a wink she was so nervous, so by the next day she had a bad - bad headache. She and father rode the rest of the way on the train; and father's brother, John, with his horse and buggy, met them at the station and drove them to Murray, where they stayed at the Erikson home.

Early the morning of the 27th, Uncle John lent father his horse and buggy, and papa drove mother to Salt Lake where they went' through the Temple and were married. I don't know what mother wore for the trip, but I am sure they both must have been bundled up to keep warm on their wintery, seven-mile buggy-ride to the city. I do know mother wore her new black hat made of softly draped, thin silk with a wide brim in front and a fluffy black feather around it. I still have this hat in my possession. Mother carried her white wedding dress with her. It was handmade and stylishly designed with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, full skirt, lace and ribbon-trimmed shawl collar, and a lace neckband. She

also had a pair of soft, white kid slippers, which she had purchased at ZCMI. (These things I have and treasure also.)

The evening after the wedding, Will's mother, Grandma Isabella Erekson, cooked a special wedding supper. Mother's sister, Erma (who was attending the "Y") came from Provo to help with the celebration. And father's only brother, John, was there also.

Marriage and Early Home Life

Father and mother's first home was in Murray, south on State Street, in front and a little to the side of their business, "Erekson Bros.," a general store which they ran for a number of years. Aunt Mary came to Murray to help mother get situated in the new home and tells of how she and mother worked so hard to clean and fix things. They each had to take a piece of glass to scrape, scrape, scrape on the floors to get the plaster off. When the floors were clean and smooth, they covered them with heavy brown paper and then laid whatever covering they had for that particular floor. Mother had a homemade rag carpet to put in the bedroom.

Zelph was born in this house, with Dr. Gill Richards attending, June 20, 1905. Then, perhaps a year later, the folks moved to another house which was a little farther south on State Street, towards where the high school is located. Will Shirley was born in this second house, December 25, 1906 - a beautiful, curly-headed Christmas present!

Aunt Ella stayed with the family at this time for awhile and went to school. She worked very hard for "Aunt Al" (grandma's sister, Alice Dunster Ruff), receiving ten cents an hour. Later, "Aunt Al" and "Aunt Frank" (grandma's other sister, Frances Dunster Sherman) had a squabble, so Ella quit and went back to Vernal.

Three years after the folks were married, father was made Bishop of the South Cottonwood Ward. Zelph remembers seeing a bearded man call at the house. He thinks that the man was either John Henry Smith or Erastus Snow, who had come to ask father to be Bishop. The man said they had been waiting for father to get married and settled so he could be asked. Father served in this capacity for eleven years. The ward extended over a considerable territory, surrounding in every direction from the center of Murray on State Street. The ward house, which was remodeled some years ago, is still in use. It is located at the corner of 5600 South and Vine Street, catty-corner from the cemetery.

Mother was always a good cook, as were all her sisters, her mother, and her grandmother Elinor. When she was first married, she was continually worried about fixing things she thought father would especially like. But father never made a comment on the food. She would decide he didn't like this or that, and she'd try something else. In reality, father liked most everything. He had always enjoyed eating rice in any form, and he particularly loved rice puddings. Mother, however, had no way of knowing this. One night she prepared a custard rice pudding. Father ate a bowl-full without saying a word. Mother felt so discouraged that she cried. Father couldn't imagine what in the world was the matter.

"Will I'm at my wits end! I don't know what to cook any more. There are so many things you don't like. You don't even like the rice pudding I made!" Father was flabbergasted! "Rice is my very favorite thing! John and I cooked it almost every day when our mother went on a trip for two weeks." Amid her tears mother replied, "But you didn't say you liked it. How was I to know?"

Then he reminded her that his father had died when he was very young; and he explained that, with only his brother John and his mother around, he had not had the example of how a man should talk or compliment. He said that the boys just ate whatever their mother put before them. (There had been a little sister, Rosie, who died of diphtheria when she was four. This was before father was born, so he never knew her.) Anyway, after this experience with mother, father tried to be diligent about complimenting her on her cooking.

On one occasion, however, this new virtue backfired! It had been a very busy day; and though it was extremely unusual for her, mother resorted to buying a bakery cake. After supper, father enthusiastically and innocently remarked, "Well, I believe that was the best cake I've ever tasted! You really out-did yourself!" His intentions were valiant, but this was a mistake father never lived down.

In March 1907, when Will Shirley was a little over two months old and Zelph was not quite two years, mother's mother, Esther, who had been so ill and in great pain, grew critically worse. Taking Zelph and Will with her, mother went to Vernal. They traveled by train to Price, where her father met them with a horse and rig.

Happenings Back in Vernal

At this time, Grandpa Young had moved his family down to the ranch that Grandma had previously filed on as a homestead. Eddie, Marie, and Erma (just the year before) had all married, so five of the children were yet at home. Ella was nineteen; Mary, seventeen; Jasmine, eleven; Seymour, nine; and Maeser, six. To Ella and Mary, as they were the oldest, fell the main responsibility of caring for their mother. During the last weeks, Aunt Em Siddoway (another of grandmother's sisters) persuaded the family to bring Esther into town in Vernal to be cared for at Em's house. Ella went along to help. Em's family was large, and the commotion and being away from their own family were hard both on Grandma and Ella. The family was sorry ever after that they had made the decision to move grandmother, as the change from her surroundings only added to her discomforts. On the 18th day of March, 1907, shortly after mother had returned to Salt Lake, this dear, beautiful lady, mother, and grandmother passed away. She had suffered for over seven years with the plagued cancer; and for much of that time, she refused medication, placing herself in the Lord's hands. She was truly a woman of faith! Later, she did resort to taking pills for the pain; but she bore her affliction with dignity; and to all, she was an example of courage.

Naturally, Grandmother's passing posed varied hardships on the remaining members of the family. Ella married during the following year and settled in Vernal. Meanwhile, Mary stayed with Great-grandmother Elinor and got jobs as

she could. For a time she worked for Aunt Sarah and Uncle George (a halfbrother to Grandpa Young) who had just had a new baby. It was hard, hard work for a seventeen-year-old, cooking and washing on a washboard for an entire family. After a few weeks, great-grandmother told Mary that she should return home, before she wore herself completely out. Sometime later, Mary came to Murray to stay with father and mother and help them. At one point, she worked for a very nice lady, Mrs. Emma Pope Marks (May Pope's cousin) who lived in Salt Lake and was married to a wealthy sheep man. With time, this employment ended, and Mary returned to Vernal where she spent almost a year with her grandmother.

As for Jasmine, who was just eleven, it was decided that she would come to Murray to live with mother and father. She became part of our family. She went to school finishing the eighth grade; then, she attended the L.D.S. High School for a year. By this time, or a year or so after, Mary had become a registered nurse; and she sent Jasmine to L.D.S. Business College for a winter. Jasmine then was hired at Intermountain Electric Company where she worked for about three years. She met Albert Hibberd when she was seventeen. He went to Idaho to work for a time, and then he served in World War 1. When he returned, they dated off and on for a few years; and when they were both twenty-three, they were married, November 19, 1919.

A year after grandmother's death, in the Fall of 1908, grandpa married Maud Mary Hodgkinson, of Vernal. The two boys, Seymour and Maeser, lived with them; and the year following, a little daughter, Norma, was born to Grandfather and "Aunt Maud" as she was called. Before she was five years old, this little girl met an untimely death in an accidental gun shooting. This was a tragedy for the whole family. I remember the day the letter came. I was four years old--just Norma's age, and I was sitting by mother in my little rocking chair. Mother read the letter and cried. She read it again, and cried and cried!

The New House

About the time grandpa remarried, in 1908, father and mother bought a lot at 556 Vine Street in Murray and had a beautiful, big, cream-colored brick house built there. This house had an interesting upstairs which never did get finished, but we always dreamed about it as we were growing up. There was a large front room with an adjacent dining area, a good-sized pantry, a spacious kitchen with a black cook stove and an adjoining screened-in back porch. At the north side of the house were two large bedrooms with a bathroom in between.

I was born in this house, July 19, 1909. Dr. Richards asked Zelph and Will if they would trade the baby sister for a pony. Will said "no," but Zelph was dubious. It would be wonderful to own a pony! But he didn't trade, and I remained in the Erikson family.

Finishing off the house took some time; and mother, for a good while, still cleaned oil lamps every day for light at night. Finally the day came when father was going to buy an electric light bulb for the kitchen. Mother didn't clean the lamps that day, and she waited with anticipation for father to get home. But alack and alas ! Father, with his busy day, forgot to buy the globe! This was a great disappointment; and strangely enough, father didn't even get it for several days after this. I guess mother gave up! But what a day of rejoicing it was when father finally arrived home with the long-awaited bulb ! Probably the wiring had not been finished entirely through the house, so we

only had one globe at first - in the kitchen. Zelph remarked that it really wouldn't have mattered if the other rooms went without since we practically "lived in the kitchen in those days anyway!"

Family Life and Other Recollections at 556 Vine Street

We all felt our home was lovely; and eventually the property boasted an orchard, gardens, trees, and lawn. The "Big Ditch" ran past the barnyard where chickens, pigs, and the Jersey cow Grandpa Young had given us fed. This cow, I remember, gave such good milk and rich cream! The big barn had a hay loft, where we children, as we grew old enough, loved to play. We would jump on the hay until father would get after us and make us quit. We minded for a time, but then gradually we'd get back to jumping on the hay again. There was a rope attached around a 2x4 rafter in the top part of the barn. It was such fun to swing way out and around, hanging on to the rope, then to fall haphazardly in the hay. This was the cycle we lived through every year when the loft was filled.

At one time, I think before Ed and Alma Here born, father and mother ate some oyster stew for supper. This was a favorite of father's since his New Zealand days. (In fact, we always had oyster stew on Christmas Eve.) On this occasion, however, mother became seriously ill. As it turned out, she was actually at death's door with food poisoning. She couldn't see, and a very high fever overcame her. It took almost a year for her to recover from the effects of this critical illness. Why wasn't father ill? We just don't know!

On the 25th day of March, 1912, Edward Benbow was born. He Was a happy baby; and when the folks took him - as a toddler - to see Grandma Isabella Ereksen, she remarked, "Now, there's a boy that can smile!" He was a darling little fellow with cornsilk curls around his face. Mother couldn't bear to have them cut off, so the job was postponed until he was four years old. Father finally cut the treasured curls, and mother wrapped them carefully to save them. Ed was relieved. He had cried for months because he wanted to have hair like "John Ockey" (John Ottley), a little neighbor boy across the way who was almost bald he had so little hair. Ed certainly looked different without his ringlets, and his short hair took some getting used to. (Louise still has the curls.)

Alma Owen was born at the end of the following year, on November 25, 1913. It was discovered that he was allergic to milk, so he was a cross little boy until he was able to eat regular food from the table. This was hard on mother. But both he and Ed grew up to be fine, strong basketball players, Alma at high school and Ed at the University of Utah.

Life with six children, including Jasmine, was not carefree. Mother knew work, and all her life she kept busy. She wanted everything to be clean, clean! Food had to be preserved for winter, and mother put up lots of fruit and vegetables. She always had to fill her jars, which amounted to about 400 quarts. Then, there was the milk to be strained and taken care of; and butter, made. On Mondays, mother was always up at 4 or 5 o'clock to get her wash out, regardless of weather. In the summer, she washed on the back porch; and in winter, she washed in the kitchen. Washing and scrubbing on the famous old washboard was all she knew until the happy day of the washing machine.

Mother also liked to cook. Some of her specialties were pies, custards, blanc mange pudding, rice pudding, breads, hot rolls, roast beef; and her fried trout with sauteed pecans was something to remember. The new little potatoes she served with milk gravy and her thousand island dressing were delicious; and all her gravies were tasty. She even made cottage cheese for father, though she herself didn't eat it, until later years when she had diabetes and the doctor said it would be good for her. Mother's mashed potatoes were special, too. Once in awhile she would put the potatoes through a ricer, to make them more attractive. Next to liking to prepare delicious things to eat, mother loved to have company with whom to share it. It seems that we always had visitors and friends around, so life was interesting and busy.

At one time a great number of Maoris came from New Zealand hoping to start homes in Zion. Within a year or two, however, they were asked by the Church to return to their own country to preserve their culture in their homeland. The folks would entertain a group of these people fairly often. Many times, we went to Godfrey's grove (which encompassed the neighborhood-where Aunt Mary now lives at 5300 South between State and Vine Streets), and we all indulged in a good time with lots of fun and laughter! "Apacary," one of the Maori ladies, was particularly large; and I'll never forget the time she lay in the creek, literally damming it off. She laughed at herself, and then everyone joined in. Within minutes the whole group was in stitches. It was a jolly time!

When mother had the Maoris to dinner at our home for the first time, she carefully counted and arranged the seating. The table was wide and had lots of leaves to extend it. A loveseat was placed at one end for two places. When "Apacary" sat down there, great merriment broke forth, for she took up the whole seat ! We also remember "Hohepahaycary," or William Duncan, who was a wonderful man and leader of his people. Their visits with our family have made for truly fine memories !

We enjoyed happy times in the home the folks built at 556 Vine Street. Monday nights were not reserved then for family home evenings as they are now; but when father didn't have a meeting, he would gather us around to spend time together. Sometimes we would sing, and usually mother or father would instruct us in some principle of the Gospel.

During these years we also took several memorable trips to Yellowstone and Jackson Hole. These were fun, for father knew a lot about places and animals and the wilderness; and he always made the event interesting and enlightening with his storytelling. Mother was a good sport about these activities, as she really didn't care for camping and roughing it. She also had to contend with us children, as we invariably began quarreling over who was "touching" whom; and she would be the one to restore the peace. It was from these trips, I believe, that the family adopted the philosophy that nothing hurts worse than having a sibling 'touch' you !

Both mother and father were active in the Church. During most the years we lived at the brick house, father served as Bishop. Annually the Ward sponsored a "fair" which was a three-day event held in the Fall. Usually on the Thursday, everyone attended a big banquet, and a queen was chosen. A dance was held on Friday, and on Saturday evening there was a program. Unsold items from the booths were auctioned off on this last evening, with everyone enjoying

great fun and laughter along the way. Fred Davis always sang "I'm On The Water Wagon Now," and George Shaw usually sang "Redwing." Sometimes Ray Huffaker was the auctioneer; and everyone - young and old - enjoyed the proceedings immensely.

Mother, at the time, was Ward Primary President, so she either helped with a booth, selling things, or worked on the dinner, or often, both. People came from all around the vicinity; and this yearly event became very popular, even with the children.

Mother also became very involved in activities at Ward Reunion time. She felt the children should be included in the affair, too, so she always had a dinner and celebration especially for them. Sometimes they would have a matinee dance, and the children joined in the mingling and dancing. And there were always some 'Virginia Reels.' At intermission, the full ice cream freezers would be brought out; and everyone was treated to a big ice cream cone - or maybe two! About closing time, all would join in a "snake dance," with everyone winding in and out and around, having a good time - even the bashful ones. I never remember the boys even being roudy or rough inside the building, the sisters did so well entertaining them and making them happy. This made it nice for the adults, who, had come to enjoy the reunion with old neighbors and friends.

In mother's life, Monday - besides being the day for laundry - was always Primary day! Sometimes she drove the horse and buggy over to the church. If not, she walked fast, so she wouldn't be late. Usually she had a baby buggy to push. At first, mother served as a teacher; then later she was called to be a counselor to Sister Jeannette Reynolds, whom mother dearly loved. Then for a long time, mother herself was president.

In the years of the flu epidemic, 1918 and 1919, mother must have felt totally worn out. The first year, some of the children and father were stricken with it. The next year, the rest of the family and Jasmine and Maeser (who was visiting for a time) contracted it and were desperately ill. Mother, it seemed, had endless nursing duty, what with cooking for the "well" and waiting on the "sick," probably with little sleep at night. Her resistance weakened as the others were nearly better, and she took sick. It was a difficult period for her. Mysteriously enough, I never did get it. But I remember father buying fresh pineapple at this time, as he felt it was "good for the throat."

One happy note came, however, in the late part of 1918. Zelph was herding about two hundred ewes over in Godfrey's Grove at the time. He remembers being on the hillside and hearing the whistles blow and cars racing noisily up and down the street. It was November 11, 1918, and the war was over! I remember the noise and the excitement, too. Work stopped everywhere, and everyone was wild with joy! "The war is over! The war is over!" I also recall Jasmine coming in a truck with employees from Intermountain Electric to either change or get some coats; then away they went again.

I mustn't forget to write about an illness mother had when Ed, Alma, and I were just small. Suddenly, mother became very ill and was taken with great pain. Father consulted the doctor, and an ambulance was summoned. Father said that the ambulance ride (to the LDS hospital) was the longest one he had ever taken, as several times he was sure mother was gone. At the hospital, they discovered that mother had a tubular pregnancy. She was in very critical condition; and, of course, had to undergo surgery. Later, when I was older, mother talked to me about this experience. She said that, after the operation, she felt herself as though she were hovering between life and death. She explained that

her mother, Mr. Gaufin, and others who were deceased, appeared to her to escort her to the Spirit World. Mother prayed fervently with all her soul that she would be spared to raise her little children. Her desire was granted.

I remember father's white face yet, when he returned home that night from the hospital. Jasmine was with us and had cooked a good supper. All of us were sad; and we worried for several days before mother was out of danger. It was a happy time when father was able to bring her home from the hospital!

Four years before we moved from the brick house, father was released as Bishop of the Ward to become second counselor to President Uriah G. Miller, the Stake President. Later, when Brother June Lindsay passed away, father was made first counselor and Hyrum Bennion became second counselor. During this period, father had a fine garden and fruit trees, and he took particular pride in his strawberries. They were huge, luscious, sweet berries; and every year the folks would entertain at a "strawberry bust." They would invite the high council, the presidency, and their wives to a delicious dinner, which mother would cook. Then she would serve her homemade vanilla ice cream; and everyone would enjoy a bowlful, topped with father's beautiful berries. These were special occasions!

Yes, days at 556 Vine were great! There were good times--and the struggles. We always had lots of friends around, and relatives visited often. Mettie Davis, who lived next door, was a good friend. She and mother belonged to the same club; and whenever one of them entertained the group, that night she would have the other's family over to supper. So, we enjoyed good times with the Davises. (Tom Davis bought Grandmother Isabella Ereksen's house after she passed away in May of 1914.) These were the times when father sold Ford cars, and it was a time when all of us were very young and full of busy imagination. Life was good; the folks worked hard and were involved in the church; mother loved her home; and we knew the Lord had blessed us.

Life at the Fish Hatchery

In the summer of 1920, our family left the beloved brick house and moved to the fish hatchery down the street, at 661 Vine. Father and Uncle John had been partners in this business, which Uncle John had managed. As the two families grew, however, they realized that the hatchery would not feasibly support both, providing work for all seven boys (Zelph, Will, Ed, Alma, Reid, Arthur, and Arion). Thus, a decision had to be made about dissolving the partnership. It was at last concluded that father would set the price and that John would choose whether he wanted to buy or sell. John chose to sell, so our family moved down to the "old house," a portion of which had actually been built by Great-grandfather John Benbow, Isabella Ereksen's father. Part was adobe, and part was log. In short, this house was a far cry from the luxury of the brick house we had left. John moved his family up on the hill on Ninth East, bought cows, and started a dairy farm.

The move was very hard for mother. She hated to leave her roomy, brick house that they had built and loved, but she courageously left and made the best of the family decision. Besides being old and small, the "old house" at the hatchery lacked many of the conveniences to which we had already become accustomed. There was no indoor bathroom, and there was no refrigerator. Also, a bedroom had to be added so the four boys would have a place to sleep.

For a bathroom, we used the 'moonhouse' out in back of the coal shed; and on Saturday evenings, we bathed in a washtub in the dining room. Mother heated water on the stove and filled the tub. We took turns, and I always worried that someone would come to the house before we were all finished. Baths were hurried in those days !

To solve the bedroom problem, a room was added on the back end of the house on the north side, where Zelph and Will shared a double bed and Ed and Alma, another. I had the small room just off the pantry, next to mama and papa's room. Jasmine had married the year before, so I had the room to myself, except when company came. Then I would sleep on the couch in the dining room. (It seems I slept in the dining room a lot.)

For a refrigerator, we used the dairy house, where a natural spring was enclosed and kept things cool. Above this spring was a cupboard with shelves on which we stored pans of milk. Mother would skim the cream off the milk and make either butter, whipped cream, or ice cream. Sometimes, we also used one of the troughs out in the hatchery building where we could set covered containers in the cold running water. This kept our food and leftovers quite well, until the time came when we could buy a refrigerator for the house.

During our first year or so at the hatchery, the hired men (three or four, of them) would come into the house in the mornings to sit around the dining room stove before going out to work. Sometimes they would have to put on hip boots, so their shoes were left stacked up in the house all day. Then in the evening the hip boots would be lined up to dry. Mother did not appreciate this situation very much, but things improved for her - and the household, in general - after father built a shop, which had a stove in it and provided a place where the men could rest, warm, and leave their boots.

Regularly on Saturdays, mother made a six-quart freezer of ice cream and baked an angelfood cake to have ready for Sunday. We often had visitors, then, either authorities from the church or relatives from Vernal. Thus, life at the hatchery maintained its same busy pace. Father no longer sold cars and became fully occupied with caring for the fish and supervising the hired help. The boys had plenty of chores to do, and it seems we had droves of friends who came to play. Zelph was fifteen; Will - thirteen and a half; I was eleven; Ed, eight; and Alma, six and a half, so all of us were old enough to do odd jobs around the place. Mother, as always, cleaned house, cooked, and continued to entertain.

Fairly often we would invite Aunt May, Uncle John, and the three boys over, sometimes for dinner and sometimes for dessert or goodies. We all enjoyed these gatherings. We'd sing and talk, and father or Uncle John always had something interesting to tell - maybe about their youth, or hunting, or Uncle John's horse, "Dolsimar," which he had when he was younger. Then father would sing a Maori song or "Down in the Diving Bell," and Uncle John would recite "The Circus" and sing two or three songs. He had a nice voice.

Later, besides many other house guests, mother took in her brother Seymour's family. His wife Jennie had passed away and he was left with three young children, Gwen, Devaryl, and Lewis. They lived with us for nine months, and mother took care of them. Also, for a time, Ciela stayed at our house.

She was Uncle Eddie's step-daughter. She was a very nice girl, and we enjoyed having her. Then both Milas Colton (Aunt Erma's boy) and Lowell Young (Uncle Eddie's boy) lived at the house and worked for father. When Grandpa Young and Aunt Maud moved to Murray, in the winter of 1925, then many of the Vernal relatives stayed with them for visits and we all got quite well acquainted with our cousins.

One incident that took place soon after we moved to the hatchery needs telling. Alma was 'a little boy at the time; and on a certain day, he and Zelph fell to arguing and fussing at each other. Finally the dispute became so heated that Zelph began chasing Alma through the house, around and around. Alma held a small lead temporarily; but as Zelph got closer and closer, Alma knew he had to do something quick! Just then an idea struck him! Dropping at that moment to his knees, Alma began to say his prayers. This change in action speedily altered the attitude of the whole quarrel. The fight was over, and all of us laughed and laughed.

Another event comes to mind regarding Alma. I don't recall how old he was, but he was young and mother had noticed that three splotches had broken out on his skin. The doctor diagnosed the problem as small pox. Immediately, the household was put in quarantine; and Alma was placed in isolation in the front room, as it was called. Because Zelph was one in the family who had been vaccinated, he was chosen to stay with Alma in these quarters so he wouldn't be alone. The rest of the family resumed their normal lives, as far as possible. Those who hadn't been vaccinated, and mother took on the added job of boiling the dishes, keeping Zelph's, Alma's, and the others' separated. She also boiled the clothes and the beddings. Food was handed in to Zelph, who fed and cared for Alma. In addition to the living room, the two "independents" had run of the front yard, which was fenced in and was accessible to the front door. Thus, for two weeks or more, Zelph and Alma played and had a grand time for Alma, who didn't feel a bit sick, the confinement was a rather pleasant novelty; but for mother, it simply meant a lot of extra work! To this day, we are not positive that what Alma had was really small pox; but mother could take no chances. Also, of this incident, Zelph has remarked that there is probably no one in the family who knows Alma as well as he does!

The tragedy of the affair turned out to be a reaction father had to his vaccination. Apparently he received a portion of a bad batch of vaccine, and he became very ill. The toxic substances settled in his nerves, painfully inflaming them. The doctor called the condition "neuritis," but nothing father did seemed to assuage the pain. Finally, he went to a man in Ogden who called himself a "scientific manipulator." Zelph said that he was in reality only a cowboy who knew how to work on muscles and the like; but, surprisingly, father did get some relief through this treatment. However, after the vaccination, father was never the same.

During father's term in the Stake Presidency, mother was involved in preparing the dinner on Stake Conference Sunday. Conference was held every three months in the stake house located at 33rd South and State Street. For the first years, each wife of the three men in the presidency would take a turn cooking the dinner for the visiting authorities. Later, however, the sisters combined efforts and worked together, serving the meal at the stake house. Mother was placed in charge of this affair when President Miller's wife became ill and later passed away. This became a rather big undertaking, for there were always

three or four families to feed plus the visitors, some extras, and one or two other hungry people who were included Mother cheerfully planned, oversaw, and prepared these meals, with the help of the other sisters. There were some mighty good dinners served during the twelve years that father was in the presidency - 1916 to 1928.

Of course, when we moved to the "old place," mother was still in the ward primary presidency, I remember how we would get ready and hurry on our way over to the church. When we walked, we always cut through our property, near Jexes' place, to save time. One day, we discovered the bridge board missing when we came to the spawner pond. I can't recall now whether we finally jumped the pond, or whether we had to walk back to the road and take the long way around. Anyway, we were a little late for the meeting. That evening, mother informed father, with some emotion, that one of the hired men must have moved the board and that she needed it there so she could cross the pond! The next Monday, primary day came again; end we went rushing off to the meeting, only to find the bridge still missing. Mother's temper flared! Father really got the word for making her late again. In retaliation, father replied that he would take care of the problem "when he got good and ready!" The following Monday, however, the board was in place, and all was well.

Thinking of Mondays and the Jexes reminds me of a situation which has often amused us. Now, mother and Sister Jex were always very good friends, but right from the first they had this little competition going. It Was an unspoken contest, you might say, and it went on for a long time. The whole thing revolved around who could get her washing out on the line the earliest on Monday morning. Maybe it was their way of bringing excitement into the drudgery of scrubbing clothes; but just the same, it mattered. If they both got up at 5 o'clock, the race was touch-and-go; but very often one or the other would get up at four, so it became a question each week of which one would win. There were never any prizes or rewards, but the challenge was everpresent and has made for some fun reminiscings. Ed said that he remembers once when Mrs. Wright had her clothes out on the line first; mother just about had a "hissy," he said. There was no doubt about it, mother took great pride in getting her laundry out early!

Not long after our move, mother was released from the ward primary presidency and was called to be a counselor to Sister Ethalyn Lindsay in the stake pr1mary. Once a month the leadership meetirig was held at the stake house, where both Cottonwood and Granite Stakes met: I nearly always accompanied mother to these meetings. We'd work hard and fast in the morning to get the house in order and be ready to leave. Someone usually took us by car to Murray where we would catch the street car to ride to 33rd South. The presidents' and officers' meeting was at 2 o'clock, and the ward leaders and officers came from 2:30 to 4:00. After the meeting, mother and I would ride the big yellow street car again and go into Salt Lake to shop. This was a special time for both of us. We loved to admire the china and glassware at CALLOWAY, HOOK & FRANCIS' or we'd go to WALKERS' at Broadway and Main Streets. Then we enjoyed going to AUERBACH'S at the southwest corner of Broadway and State and later situated kitty-corner to where it is now located. If we shopped by the ZCMI, we ate at Keeley's on Main Street. If at AUERBACH'S, we would eat at Keeley's on State. (Maeser worked at Keeley's for a long time.) We often had an olive nut sandwich and a soda, which was super! We always had fun together on these outings. The stores were open until 9 o'clock in those days; and once in awhile, we'd stay to see a movie and get home a little later than usual.

It seemed that on Saturdays, mother always had to cook the big dinner at noon because father and the boys worked hard outside. Then on Saturday night, we always had bread and milk and opened two quarts of peaches. It was a nice custom, which we children have talked about many times since. We always ate in the dining room, which, I guess, we should really have called the 'family' room. As I mentioned earlier, we bathed there; and it was also a perfect place for taking naps--the couch in the corner was raised and curved at one end and made such a comfortable spot for having a little snooze. And, I wouldn't be stretching it too much if I said it was kind of a gymnasium, too. Alma and Ed both loved to play basketball; and all the boys, including the neighbors, liked to practice out by the barn. We were the only family we ever knew, however, who actually had a basket right in the house. The boys made a small, wire wicket to which they attached a net cut from the sleeve or leg of some old discarded undergarment. Mother let them fasten this makeshift hoop to the wall above the dining room doorway. We kept a small ball always on hand, and the boys seldom entered the room without shooting a basket or two. Oh, the comforts of home !

Like most rural households, our family was not without pets. For many years we had two big old dogs around, whom we called Steve and Max; but as they were outdoor dogs, mother did not concern herself very much with them. However, mother did have a cat she liked quite well. It stayed outside, too, but mother fed her and always worried about how she was--not that she wasn't all right, but it was just that she was what one might call a 'prolific feline' and mother worried about each new litter of kittens. In fact, the only name we ever knew for her was "The Old Mother Cat," and I am sure this was the most appropriate thing we could have called her.

Some time after our move to the hatchery, when I was in high school (which went from eighth to twelfth grades then), mother fell ill again. I remember that I had been doing some cleaning that day and was ironing pillowcases. Father and mother had a little conference together and decided that she was probably experiencing another tubal pregnancy, as her symptoms and pain were the same as they had been the time before. Mother was taken to the hospital and operated on. We were all grateful that she got along much better this second time and was soon able to return home. (I think this happened in about 1925.)

Also, in 1925, Zeph left for his mission in Australia; and Grandpa Young and Aunt Maud moved to Murray. During this year, father decided to venture into the fox business, and he took a trip to Prince Edward Island where he secured a "trio" of foxes (one male and two females) for \$2,600. Pens were built in the northeast pasture; and with the additional foxes he purchased from the Brintons, father was soon to become a busy fox farmer. Father was very particular about what the foxes ate. He had studied nutrition and knew what diet would produce fine, healthy animals and beautiful pelts. I make special mention of this because of one humorous incident that took place later on. Father and mother had taken a short trip somewhere, and we children were older and were left at home. One day, while the folks were gone, a cousin, Lew Dunster, who worked on the ranch, came to the house, with pail in hand. Lew had been studying health foods and nutrition himself, and I guess he had come across a text which so extolled the virtues of rice that Lew felt certain that the foxes would benefit from a little in their diet. So, in the folks' absence, he determined to try his idea. "Irma," he said to me at the door, "In your spare time today, could

you cook up a bucket of rice?" I took him seriously and was kidded about it ever after . . . "Hey, Irma, in your spare time will you cook up a bucket of rice !!" I don't believe I actually did it, but I think when father learned of it, he didn't know whether to laugh, worry, or just sigh with relief.

For many, many years our family had both a Ford car and a truck, used for the business. One year must have been a particularly good one, however, as father bought two cars. We children were growing and needed to be places, and I guess father got tired of always having to drive the work truck to his church meetings. In any event, this one year - around 1927-28 - he purchased a Dodge (which I often drove to attend classes at the University of Utah) and a Willys Knight. This Willys was a fantastic car, and father took great pride in it. It was long-g-g and beautiful, high-built, and of a wonderful gray-blue color.

It wasn't long after father got this "second" car that mother unexpectedly decided she wanted to learn to drive. On her own she arranged for lessons, and very early in the mornings for several weeks she would go driving with Bishop Amos Turner, from whom we had bought the Dodge. Mother did very well, and she felt great satisfaction at being able to take herself places without having to depend on someone else. From then on, mother always had a car at her disposal; and even after her heart attack, years later, when she couldn't possibly drive, she felt very sad when the boys sold her car.

While I'm on the subject of cars I should tell about the experience I had one day as I was driving the Dodge out the lane to go to the "U." Zelph had returned from his mission by this time; and on this particular afternoon, two young Australian friends, who had come to America, came to visit him. They were driving their little "putt-putt" and were just entering the lane as I was leaving. The two of them turned to look at me; and, unaware of the perils of hatchery landscape, they drove directly into one of the ponds. I continued on my way to school; and the two visitors, putt-putt, and all were soon rescued. Zelph had to hook up a couple of horses to pull them out of the pond. Never a dull moment at a fish hatchery!

In later years, mother met with a rather freak accident. In one corner of our family/dining room hung a huge, mounted elk head, a memento of one of father's successful hunting trips. One day, as mother was dusting this head, it fell on her with the antler striking her back. She hurt for quite a time; and we all felt later that her pancreas had been impaired in this accident, for it was only shortly afterwards that she began to drink copious amounts of water and generally did not feel too well. She went to her doctor, Gill Richards, for tests, and it was discovered that she had sugar diabetes. Everyone felt very sad about this, but mother accepted her condition without complaint. Her greatest hope was that she had not passed it on to her children and grandchildren. She was very brave; and from then on, for some thirty years or more, she gave herself the daily injections of insulin. Fortunately, she had never been one for sweets, so she was very faithful about her diet. (Father was the one Who had frequently needed a pick-up with a soda or a piece of candy.) Once in a great while, however, mother would taste a teaspoonful of her homemade ice cream or eat a dab of sponge cake; but in spite of her ailment, she continued to cook many delicious desserts as always for everyone else. When mother was older and had experienced a few insulin shocks, her diabetes became a great source of worry to her. She kept a very rigid eating schedule, and ultimately she felt she could not leave the house. When she did have to go out, she invariably carried some food with her, usually a piece of cold roast beef.

In retrospect, life at the hatchery was simple, yet rich and full. The business itself was good; and if there weren't things we were learning, there were chores we were doing, or games we were playing. The fish ponds in the winter provided fine skating; and though the well water in the ponds was too cold for summer swimming, we always managed to splash around in the stream at Godfrey's grove or in the "Big Ditch." In fact, the three older ones of us were baptized in the "Big Ditch," and father later baptized Ed and Alma in the spawner pond. Ranch life was seldom boring, and even the workmen were a source of interesting and fun moments. We fondly remember many of these good men: Clem Sanders, Will Baker, George James, John Strange, and others. Neighbor kids and relatives, alike, enjoyed coming over to Ereksons'; and many were the escapades of "cowboys and bad guys" enacted on the hatchery property. Will Shirley, I think, built our first radio there--a crystal set ; and Zelph was elected and served as student body president at Murray High School. Both Will and Zelph served their missions during the time our family lived at the hatchery; Zelph to Australia and Will to Germany.

In 1929, I dated Eill Holt. He would make the drive out to the place, which seemed almost like back country in those days; and he tells of how I'd send one of the boys to clean-up, out and around the house, before his arrival. He teasingly admits that the job didn't always get done very well and that, on occasion, he would stumble over some old horse head or hoof which Steve or Max managed to haul out front. This was a source of considerable embarrassment for me, but I think it amused Bill. After all, how many girls does one date in one's lifetime whose front porch exhibits such strange curiosities! Yes ! The joys of living at a fish hatchery! I guess mother had occasion to feel the same way I did, but the boys, of course, didn't have to worry--they could do their courting away from home.

In 1931, father sold the hatchery to Salt Lake City. John Bowman was the mayor, and the city needed the water our property so plentifully supplied. Father and mother moved soon after that; but Will and Jennie, who had married the year before, stayed in the old house and cared for the place.

The Spiritual Example in Our Home

All of our lives, we children felt the spirit of the gospel through our parents' example and teachings. Their very lives were full of faith and righteousness.

Father was an excellent speaker. He had great reasoning power and spoke with good "common sense," as he called it. He liked to hear Wendell Ashton speak about common sense, and father himself had a good head on his shoulders and was a successful businessman. Father also had the gift of storytelling, and people loved to listen to him. He was not fearful, but self-confident and forthright when he spoke. It bothered him to hear things repeated and repeated, as some speakers like to do; and when he edited the Ward Teacher Messages, he made a point of keeping this principle in mind. He was a kind man and often helped people, but did not want his right hand to know what his left hand was doing. Zelph describes father as wise, prudent, and enterprising. He was always honest and above board in his dealings.

Mother had a strong testimony, so much so that it became a motivating force in our lives. She expected us children to keep the commandments, to be faithful in our duties, and to be honest and keep our word or promises.

I was especially blessed because mother took me with her to many of her church meetings, as there was often no one to leave me with. I'm sure that my testimony developed at a very early age because of the spiritual experiences that came while being with her.

Primary General Conference meetings were held in those days in the old Barrett Hall, located behind the Hotel Utah and just south of where the Relief Society Building is now. Two different times I remember attending these meetings and hearing some speak in tongues.

In a sacrament meeting in the South Cottonwood Ward, I also remember mother bearing her testimony. I was very small at the time; and after she bore her testimony, she began to sing in tongues. Everything was as quiet as could be, and mother arose again and gave the interpretation. I can only recall that the song was a song of praise to the Lord. This was certainly a choice spiritual experience for all present, and it had a great effect on my life.

Later, when I was barely old enough to attend MIA (about twelve), I went with mother and Sister Reynolds to a testimony meeting for the girls. Irene, Zelph's wife now, was in attendance, too. She also remembers the testimonies and the spirit there. Sister Reynolds spoke in tongues at this meeting, and mother gave the interpretation. As she finished, some boys who were outside playing threw a rock against the upstairs window where we were meeting. It made a loud crash, and the spirit left the room immediately. You could actually feel it happen! The closing prayer was offered, and we were dismissed quietly. This was a lesson to all of us; the beautiful, loving spirit was with us until this disruptive loud noise came. Then the spirit had to leave. It cannot, or will not, stay where there is confusion and noise.

Mother had very great faith all her life, and she held dear the testimony she had of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the truthfulness of the restored gospel. All who knew her know that she was truly a woman of prayer.

Some of Mother's Personality Traits

Mother was a kind, loving person, who worked hard to keep everything clean and neat. She tended to her church responsibilities faithfully, supported father in his callings, and helped others continually. She was truly delighted if she or someone else was able to take a trip or vacation, and she believed that we had to live our lives each day as we went along, doing a few fun things and not always putting off a trip or something enjoyable until some unknown future time. She enjoyed hearing about the trips or excursions her children took, and she believed in exploring the world and meeting new people.

I think everyone considered mother a pleasant, happy person; but once in awhile she had a little fire inside which would erupt from time to time. When these occasions arose, father would tease her and say, "Now, Mother, don't get your Welsh up!" Usually father called her "Rhee" or "Marie," but at these times he always said "Mother." The reference was to Lorenzo Dow Young's fourth wife and mother's grandmother, Elinor Jones, the Welsh girl who crossed the plains to come to Utah at the age of 23. Whether Grandmother Elinor had a temper or not, I'm not certain; but there must *have* been something about being Welch that inspired father to make this inference on those occasions when mother lost her patience.

Some sidelights about Grandmother Elinor might be appropriate here.

In some ways, mother seemed to be somewhat like her. Grandmother was quick as a minute and was an excellent cook. She was the one to take care of Grandpa Lorenzo when he grew old and was really an invalid. It is said that Elinor would cook as many as a hundred pies at General Conference time because lots of visitors would flood into the valley from out of town and would need to be fed. The story is told that one family came to visit at the October Conference, and after the meetings were over, the man said, "Brother Young, we have nothing important to do this winter, so we'd like to stay until April Conference," and so they did. My mother always seemed to be hospitable in this same way. And like Grandma Young, mother had plenty of energy. Her inner supply of strength seemed boundless, and she seldom if ever took rest, a nap, or even sat down a minute during the day. Even at mealtimes, mother was always up and down, waiting on others. Her mush was usually cold at breakfast before she could get around to eating it.

Whether Elinor learned to cook as a young girl, I don't know, but at one period - soon after her marriage to Lorenzo - she lived out between Tooele and Salt Lake and cooked for the stage line passengers who stopped. Grandpa Lorenzo was Bishop of the Eighteenth Ward at the time, and he lived in the city.

Another little story about great-grandmother was that she'd kneel close to the kitchen door at blessing time. The blessings were quite long in those days, and she'd have to hop up a time or two to see how her biscuits were baking. She was a peppy, charming little grandmother; and I think mother was a lot like her.

Zelph also reminded me that mother was one to always take the part of the underdog. She was sympathetic and full of compassion. She loved to give things away, and she was very free-hearted, sincerely wanting to help other people. This is said to be a characteristic of the Youngs.

Aunt Mary has also brought to my attention several things mother did in her life before she lost her health. For example, when Sister Evelyn Labrum, who had six little children and a husband to care for, took ill and later passed away, mother for many years tried to do nice little things for them. She would often send a cake or a pudding, sometimes a big kettle of mashed potatoes and vegetables, sometimes a whole meal, or a roast, or a salad to add to their meal. She felt so sad for these little children, and they remembered and appreciated her kindnesses for years afterward.

Then there was a family in the ward who was poor. For a long time, when the children were young, mother sent a birthday cake to them for each of their birthdays. And, on occasion, she sent them a few groceries. At Christmas, there were always about three families that mother gave special attention, either by sending a present, groceries, or a fruitcake.

Mother was well-known for her homemade angel cakes. She sent many of these around at times of illness or death. Sister Larsen, who worked with mother in the primary, and who taught school at Arlington Elementary when we went there, said that mother often sent them pumpkin pies. Sister Larsen was over 80 years old when she related this, and she still remembered mother's kindnesses.

There was never any question about mother's liking to have people around. I don't think I could make a complete list of all the people who lived or stayed at our home, not to mention the many who came to visit. The Youngs have what they call "the spirit of gathering," and mother was never happier

than when

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she had relatives visiting or went herself to visit them. No matter where we went on a trip, mother always had to call on some relative. She seemed to have them everywhere - east and west; and she was always absolutely thrilled to be able to renew acquaintance with them, even after years of not meeting. In later years, when she was alone and no longer traveled, she maintained a very lengthy correspondence list; and at Christmastime, the cards seemed to pour in. Even with her cousins and friends in the valley, she made an effort to phone them regularly. Mother had a deep and sincere interest in everyone she knew.

In The City

After father sold the hatchery, the folks bought a lovely home in Salt Lake, on the corner of 6th South and 12th East. It was a nice brick house, and the move promised several advantages.

Father didn't particularly like living in the city, but life became a little easier for both of them in town. Mother was forty-nine at the time, and father, about fifty-two. It pleased mother to be in a nice home again, and she loved the ward. It was the 33rd Ward, and President Marion G. Romney was the bishop. Also, mother had Hetty to help her. Hedwig Strecker was a strong, cheerful little German girl whom the folks employed to help around the house. Hetty was a good housekeeper and a willing worker, so much so, she was almost an institution in and of herself. When mother would get scurrying around, Hetty would say to her, "Now, don't yu verk zo hardt - vee haf no time for a fun'ral !"

(It is interesting to note that even as late as the '30s, milk was being delivered in the city by a wagon drawn by two horses. Father said that every morning at five o'clock one could hear it go clip-clap-clop down the street.)

As in all her homes, mother continued to have many guests. Relatives came quite often to visit for a few days, so there was usually a houseful. In 1933, after Aunt Maud passed away, Grandpa Young came to live with mother and father. Edward Benbow was the only one of the children left at home. He attended the University of Utah, which wasn't too far away; and he played basketball and traveled some to other campuses for playoffs. In 1936, he left on a mission to Germany where he served for three years. In the meantime, father, mother, and grandpa were the only ones living regularly in the house.

Both of the folks continued their activity in the church, but they did not hold jobs after they left Murray. Father's health was questionable, and mother's pace had eased up considerably. She did continue to meet with her South Cottonwood friends - the SSS Club - who, for many years, got together regularly to sew, have lunch, and visit.

In 1937, the folks embarked on a glorious voyage to Hawaii. They traveled by boat and were gone a month. Father loved to lie in the sun; and for him, this was one of the prime objectives of the trip. Even at home, he often liked to drive out to Great Salt Lake to sunbathe at the beach. Mother, on the other hand, wasn't too fond of sunning. She preferred to shop. Fortunately, they met a nice couple in the islands while they were there - the Lanes. Father and Mr. Lane enjoyed the beach, and mother and Mrs. Lane happily frequented the shops. It was a restful time, and both returned in very good spirits. Needless to say, this was the vacation of their lifetime! Several of us drove to

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San Francisco, at the end of their trip, to meet them at the port. It was a glad reunion for everyone!

Grandchildren, by this time, were making a rather pronounced appearance on the Erektion scene. Zelf and Irene lived in Mantua where they ran a fish hatchery. Will and Jennie were at the old place, overseeing things. Bill and I were in the city, not too far from the folks; and Alma and Frances were on Vine Street in the house which father had built for his mother, Isabella Erektion. Thus, by about 1938, mother had, on account, at least a dozen thriving grandchildren.

Mother enjoyed having us all get together, especially for holidays, and we visited when we could. Zelf remembers one visit in particular. He had come down from Mantua on business, so he stayed at the folks' place. He was invited to share Grandpa Young's room. Zelf tells that he awakened during the "night" and looked over at grandfather, only to see the blanket pulled up over his head and his two feet hanging out. The funny part is that the feet were not only hanging out the blanket, but right out the window ! Zelf says that he supposed grandpa suffered from the "warm feet" syndrome.

In about 1940, mother and father sold the 12th East house. However, as their Butler home was not finished, they had to rent for a time. Their rental home was located near Ramona Avenue.

The Mink Ranch in Butler

After spending some nine or ten years in the city, father could no longer procrastinate returning to farm life. He had enjoyed raising mink and foxes at the hatchery location and was anxious to get back into the business. He came across a large piece of property, 115 acres, on the southeast bench of the valley, in a small community called Butlerville. Father purchased this land, and in 1941 both he and Alma had homes built there. The house plan for the folks' home was identical to the 12th East home, only in reverse. Zelf told me that he saw the contract which itemized the building cost as \$8,800. Father "watched its construction and, a few times, had words with the builder when he didn't approve of what was being done. Originally, father outlined four home lots: one for them, one for Zelf, one for Ed, and one for Alma. He and Alma built in '41; Ed, in '42; but Zelf never used his lot. Will and Jennie built a lovely home on the hill east and south of the shop in 1948.

Of course the family constructed another shop, for the workmen; and fox pens and mink yards were set up right away. Many of the workmen hired were the same ones father had employed at the old ranch. Barbara remembers getting up early in the morning to watch John Strange harness "Chub," the big old work horse, to the watering wagon (made of welded pipes). Sometimes John would let the children stand on the back platform with him while he drove down the road to the lower part of the property to water the foxes. For a child who was never to know "wagon days," this was a veritable delight ! And, undoubtedly, many remember George James. He was great about making little items for the grandchildren--little hand-carved wooden mice, fancy wood swords, or willow whistles out of the ditch-bank sticks. One wonders how he ever found time to eat his lunch.

I must mention that Grandpa Young was still with the folks at the Butler house. His health was poor, and he spent most of his remaining time in the

basement room just off the stairs. (This later became the business office.) In spite of his declining condition, grandfather liked to have visitors; and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren liked to visit grandfather! In the top drawer of the old chest was a little glass jar which he always kept full of colored candy sticks. The great-grandchildren who came to visit never left without a treat; and, in later years, this little kindness became a very fond memory for many of them. It was a total of about four years that grandpa was able to subsist at the Butler house. Mother, during this time, attended lovingly to his needs, always running up and down stairs to do this or that for him. On June 29, 1945, he passed away. The basement room, for a long while after, seemed very empty.

The year after grandfather died, father's health began to worsen. He had had a heart condition for many years, but by 1946, he was not very well at all. He did keep up his strawberry patch which he had planted when the house was built, and he enjoyed the fruit trees in his yard. However, as far as work was concerned, he was no longer able to do any. He did meet often with the boys in the downstairs office to discuss business. As time passed, though, we could see that his need to rest was becoming more and more frequent. The small oxygen tank the family arranged for did help him considerably that year. He continued to get up and around, and once in awhile he would drive the car. But activity was limited.

About father's strawberry patch, I should mention a special recollection that Penny and Barbara had. Both girls were about four years old at the time; and coincidentally, each had a doll with a broken head. One day the two spontaneously decided to pick some of father's lovely strawberries and fill the poor doll's heads. The more they picked, the fuller the heads became – and the louder the giggles. Now, picking "Grandpa Erikson's" strawberries was something the grandchildren had been warned not to do. So, you can imagine the girls' chagrin when father appeared on the spot! But rather than chastising the two little delinquents, father kindly and compassionately lamented over the two dollies that were in such sad shape. "Oh, the poor cocobolas!" he said, referring to the broken heads. This made Penny and Barbara laugh. When they showed father the strawberries stuffed inside, all three of them laughed. Father reminded them about not picking any more strawberries and left the two to nibble away at their "loot."

At the first of the year 1947, father's health had become truly worrisome even to him, so it was decided that he should be hospitalized. Soon after, it became evident that he was filling with water, and we knew the end was near. One night we gathered, all of us, at the hospital; and each was able to see him for a moment or two. Zelph stayed the night; but the rest of us were encouraged to return home. Father passed away peacefully that night, January 12th, five days before he was to turn sixty-eight.

The day he was buried was a cold, snowy, wintry day. It was his birthday, January 17th. Brother Skyler Call, father's good friend and a former employee at the Murray City Cemetery, recounted in 1972 - almost twenty-five years later - that he would never, in his whole life, forget that day! He had dug father's grave, and said that in all his years at the cemetery he had not dug a grave on such a cold, blizzardy day!

After the funeral, held at the Butler Ward chapel, and the interment, in Murray, family and friends met at mother's house, where the Relief Society and others provided lunch for us all.

Mother, especially, never got over missing him. If anyone took her anywhere, they always had to go in the house with her afterward, at least for a few minutes. She dreaded coming home to an empty house--her Will was not there any more. and often, even to the grandchildren, she would say, "Oh, how I wish my sweetheart were here !" She did go on, bravely, though; and she continued to pour out her love to her family and friends. Fortunately, finances were not a concern. The four boys managed the business and supported her as a fifth partner. They were very good to see that her needs were met.

For some time after father died, mother housed a cute little yellow canary in her kitchen. His name was "Dicky Bird," and he had a lovely little song. It was fun for the grandchildren to drop in to watch mother bathe and feed him in the morning. The day "Dicky Bird" died, some of the grandchildren were there. Mother laid the little body in a shoe box; and before burying him, she and the children conducted a short little funeral. The box and the bird were set to rest in a quiet spot out by the grape vines. Mother never did get another bird.

But as at the old place, mother managed to find a poor stray cat or two to care for. These were not allowed in the house, but mother carefully saved her table scraps for the "Old Mother Cat." More than once a day, one could hear, coming from mother's porch, the old familiar call, "Here-re-re-re Kitty, Kitty." Within seconds, the special calico cat--of which over a period of time numbered about three--came bouncing to her side. These cats were fortunate to have won mother's dedicated affection.

Things changed with each new year after father's death. Mother no longer decorated a large Christmas tree, for example, as she had done in earlier years. In its place she'd put up a small, table-sized artificial tree, which became the traditional decoration during her remaining years. However, mother, like her father, always kept plenty of candy on hand, usually in a bowl or jar on the kitchen table. This she did year round, and it became an ever-present incentive for the grandchildren to drop in frequently during the day. Obviously, the interruptions didn't bother her, as she seemed to invite them. However, if she felt she had to nap or wasn't well, she would pass the word along and would lock the back door until she was up and about again.

Sometimes, she even let the next-door grandchildren sleep at her house, usually in one of the two bedrooms downstairs. This was always great fun; and before getting in bed, everyone who was spending the night at her house was invited into her bedroom for evening prayer. One could never forget these occasions, for they were, for the most part, a unique experience in praying. Mother would say a line or two of the prayer, and then she would have her company repeat out loud after her. There was nothing like saying prayers with ".Grandma" !

It seems that during her years of widowhood mother prayed more than ever. She had always been a woman of great faith--the deep, abiding kind--and as she got older, her prayers grew longer and longer. She had so many in her family to worry about and pray for. When her hearing was almost completely gone and when she had become accustomed to speaking extra loud, the neighbors outside could hear her many daily prayers. She was a good example to all of us where prayer is concerned.

Routine was still important to mother, and she continued to select certain days to do certain things. Saturday, for example, was usually the day to grocery

shop. For some years, mother did her own driving. She had a nice white Chrysler car; and on Saturday morning, she would get her list together and drive down Butler Hill to the Cottonwood Food Store located on Highland Drive and about 60th South. (It was the nearest shopping center at the time, and the Blodgett family ran it.) More often than not, a handful of young grandchildren were seen accompanying her. She always passed out dimes so that the little ones could buy their own penny candy. It was an event each child awaited every week.

During the summer months, mother usually invited two or three grandchildren to stay at her house a couple of weeks. When summer was over, it usually turned out that she had had someone or another with her the entire vacation time. These were generally my children, and how they did love to go out to the ranch! Sometimes they worked for the boys; and sometimes - especially the younger ones - they simply went out to play. Mother was always grateful to have "the cousins" get to know each other, and the ranch became a kind of "unification" place.

The big days, however, were the 24th of July and Christmas. Mother liked to have the whole family get together on these occasions, and it hurt her feelings if someone couldn't make it. As usual, the food was plentiful and delicious!

The 24th of July, I remember, was inevitably an exciting time! There would be the family and the friends of the family and the long line of tables down mother's back yard. Ed's swimming pool provided refreshing activity for the younger ones, and the adults enjoyed just visiting. Then, of course, along with the watermelon and the homemade ice cream, came the cap guns and the firecrackers. One 24th, my Mark had a little experience with the firecrackers. Accidentally, a supposedly latent one blew an innocent-looking tin can right in his face. The bridge of his nose was painfully lacerated, and for some time after, he sported a couple of black eyes. Other years were equally rousing. The ropes on Ed's swings were unintentionally consumed by the flames of some child's sparkler, and once or twice, the whole field was set ablaze, not to be extinguished without the professional assistance of the local fire department. One can imagine the great stir this created! But perhaps the most memorable time of all was the year Johnny had his unfortunate fireworks mishap. Alma John and Will B frequently entertained the group later in the evening with their special fireworks. Everyone gathered on mother's patio, over the garage, to watch the display. The view from mother's place was so fine that we could even watch the activities at Derk's field downtown. One year, however, I think the Ereksons witnessed a show far more spectacular than any seen anywhere in the valley. Johnny had carefully saved his money and sent for \$7.50 worth of special cones, rockets, and roman candles. He commenced his demonstration by lighting one rocket. Having no special place to set it, he casually laid it on his fireworks box. Inadvertently, the sparks ignited the box; and within seconds the entire display had erupted. It was a fantastic sight, with flashes and explosions bursting everywhere. The excitement intensified when mother and the others began to yell, "Get the children! Get the children!" It was a wild time! Someone rushed for the jeep, hoping the water tank would save us if need had required it. The splendor and excitement survived a brief duration, but the memory of it seems almost eternal. John, of course, was one sad, disappointed boy!

Reflections on Christmastime brings back memories, too. Besides preparing a lovely meal, mother always remembered each of us with a gift. And, of course, everyone received a personalized stocking. Someone would carry: the big metal

washtub into the front room, and the little children's eyes would light up. The tub was always packed with packages, stockings, and the like. One Christmas, I recall, mother wrapped over fifty presents and stuffed the same number of socks! Many of the grandchildren will remember the unique little gifts she gave them: the china teacups, the handkerchiefs, the toenail scissors, the tiny individual boxes filled with hardtack, the dollar bills neatly tucked away in a card or envelope. These are special memories to us all!

During the early part of the fifties, mother's sisters--Erma, Ella, and Mary--began to spend more time at the house, helping with the cooking, cleaning, and so on. In 1953 mother took on caring for a baby. Louise, Ed's wife, had been hospitalized; and Marná, who was about six or seven months old, needed someone to take care of her. Mother volunteered, so highchair, bibs, bottles, diapers, and--Marná were soon forwarded to her. Little Marná stayed with mother for nearly six months. During this time, Aunt Erma came from Vernal to do the cooking and to help. Both Mary Lou and Barbara--though they didn't sleep there--were in and out for meals, as was Ed. It seemed there was never an end to mother's "mothering."

In february of 1961, Bill and I attended an Oil Jobbers' Convention in Las Vegas. On friday afternoon, we decided to drive on down to Laguna Beach, California, to stay a day or two. We enjoyed being there all day Saturday and part of Sunday; but about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Zelfh telephoned to inform us that mother had suffered a heart attack and was very ill. He said that she was in the LDS Hospital in a coma. We returned home immediately, arriving in Salt Lake Monday night. Mother was in very serious condition and was not expected to live. Will and Jennie were presiding over the Swiss Mission at the time. We wrote to them that the end was near.

Mother was not improving, even though she had been administered to when she first had the attack. She would regain consciousness very briefly once in awhile, and each time we would find her uttering a prayer that she might live until Will and Jennie returned. We had given her up, she was so desperately ill. Time passed, however; and mother began to regain consciousness a little more frequently--always with the same prayer on her lips, that her life be spared a little longer. We felt that with her faith she literally prayed herself better! It was not long after that she was well enough to return to her home.

By this time, Aunt Mary was seventy years old and decided to take her retirement and stay with mother. For years Mary had been a nurse at the LDS Hospital maternity ward. All of us were very grateful when she retired and moved in with mother.

The days after this heart attack were not easy for mother. She always kept her heart pills (nitroglycerin) close at hand, for she very often needed them for the pains which would overtake her almost daily. Sometimes they were so excruciating she would have to cry out. Also, mother later developed cataracts on her eyes. People with diabetes are prone to this trouble, and mother became so afflicted. One eye was worse than the other, however; and after visiting Dr. Robert Rees, mother set a date for eye surgery to remove the cataracts on the bad eye. She was hospitalized for about two weeks, as she had to lie flat and be perfectly still while recuperating. The operation was a success; and with the tinted, thick-lensed glasses, mother was able to see much better.

Subsequently, it was decided that the other eye should be corrected. Before she could undergo cataract surgery again, however, she was told she would have to have the tear duct repaired first. Her eye ran almost continually, and it was a miserable condition for her. The duct operation was performed; but, unfortunately, it was not successful. Her eye was some better than it had previously been, and mother was grateful that at least it didn't run as much. Poor dear! She wore a dark lense most of the time over the unoperated eye. She did not complain though, and was glad that she could read with her "good" eye.

By this time, mother's hearing was also quite limited. The situation got so bad that dear Mary had to shout when she talked. Sometimes the two would watch TV during the day, and it was always turned up full volume for mother to hear. Finally, the boys got her a hearing aid; but she found it to be very irritating so she didn't wear it very often. Even though, it was hard to hear, mother still loved to know how and what others were doing. Her interest in people never faltered; and if she hadn't heard what we were saying, she would let us know that we needed to repeat what we had said.

Will and Jennie came home from their mission in 1962, and mother was delighted to have them near again. Some time later the boys ordered an oxygen machine which was put by her bed; and this helped her immensely when she wasn't feeling well. Sometimes her diabetes gave her problems which made her really sick. Will, especially, kept talking to her about decreasing the amount of insulin she was taking. She continued to adhere strictly to her diet and to take her injections, but the reactions just got worse and worse. She said she felt like she had to pull her hair out and that she would "just go crazy" when these feelings came upon her. It was a bad time for awhile. Finally, however, Will again reviewed the insulin intake with her and was able to convince her to reduce the amount. As she had grown older and weaker and had become such a thin little soul, obviously she needed less insulin. After Will's efforts succeeded, mother had fewer problems with her diabetes.

For years mother had clung to life, always enjoying her family, her friends, and glad to be 'just living.' Twice, she felt certain her time to go had come once with the tubular pregnancy, and later with her major heart attack. In both instances, she had not felt ready to die and had prayed diligently to be spared. The desires of her heart were granted. Later, when she began to feel that she was ready to go she started worrying that - because her original deadline had been altered - she would have to ultimately wait for the Lord to re-schedule her. She dreamed of father now and then. She said he was always very busy. She would see him hurrying through the halls, always carrying a sheaf of papers. Or, she would catch a glimpse of him sitting at a desk, working on papers. She loved him dearly; and the older she got, the more ready she became to have the Lord take her. As long as one of her family was in the mission field, however, there was always some reluctance. It was an interesting thing when I think about it.

Anyway, about the last of August, 1967, mother did not feel at all well. She was finding it very difficult to eat her food. This seemed a warning, and we all became very concerned. Aunt Ella had come in from Vernal to stay a few days; and within forty-eight hours, mother just could not swallow a bite. Mary had intended to return to her house for a day, and someone had arranged to take her there. However, she felt so worried when she got home that she had to immediately go right back to be with mother. Ella and Mary tried sitting her up in a chair for a little while; but she was very weak, so they got her into bed. They tried food again, but it was no use. That night mother asked to talk with

Will Shirley - he always gave her strength and comfort and was close by. However, on this occasion, Will himself was in the hospital undergoing ear surgery. He hadn't told mother so that she wouldn't worry about him.

Aunt Mary sat by mother's bed all night long. Mother would whisper, "I'm all right; I'm all right." As soon as morning came, Zelph and Irene were summoned; and I, too, hurried out to see how she was. Zelph and Irene came immediately, and it was decided that the only thing to do was to take her to the hospital. Arrangements were made, and mother was admitted to the Cottonwood Hospital. This was September 11, 1967.

Mother soon lapsed into unconsciousness. She shared a room with three other patients, and Zelph tried to investigate securing more private accommodations. The nurse, however, said mother would receive better attention where she was, as in four-person rooms the nurses are, of necessity, in and out more. Thus, we left her where she was and were able to visit her sporadically. She did not regain consciousness, but slept peacefully.

A week later, on the morning- of September 17th, Zelph and Irene went into her room. Mother opened her eyes and talked a little to them. Irene fed her a taste of breakfast, and they returned home, feeling quite encouraged. Soon after, however, the nurse went in to give mother a bath. When she turned her to wash her back, mother gave a little sigh and was gone. Mother lived a full, rich life; and her eighty-four years abounded in good deeds. She bore five fine children and was the grandmother of thirty-three grandchildren, whom she dearly loved. As for great-grandchildren, they are yet coming; and if mother were here, she would want to hold and get to know each one. She served faithfully in the church and was true to her testimony of the gospel. Her devotion to father was inspiring, and she was a stalwart through her twenty years as a widow.

I cannot help feeling that she has been assigned, at least part time, to watch over her family here and to help us as much as she can from the other side where she is. I have felt her presence several times and truly believe that the Spirit World is much closer than we think--and that our forebears are more involved with us than we can realize. If such were not the case, I am certain that mother would be very disappointed--her ties to her family were so great! I am also certain that, were she yet with us, she would be wanting us to become righteously engaged in good works and to be prayerfully striving for Eternal Life! This ever was the overriding desire of her heart.

And may I add one final note. At the time mother passed away, not one of her children or grandchildren was in the mission field. Ironically, coincidentally, or whatever, it was as though--at last--she was totally and completely "free" to go. I would not be surprised to one day discover that she is yet devotedly awaiting each of us. We are blessed to be numbered with those of her posterity. Dear, sweet, patient mother!

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STUDENTS' PARTING SONG TO BROTHER MAESER

In the grave, beloved teacher,
 Sadly now we lay thee low;
But we cry to Him the Mighty,
 "Where he goeth let us go - -
He a meek and lowly teacher,
 Whom thou gavest for our day--
He the friend, the sage the father,
 Whom thou taketh now away."

In the school-home where we knew thee,
 We must see thy vacant chair,
But thy spirit shall be with us,
 We shall feel thy presence there;
And thy words, so fondly treasured,
 Like a halo to each life,
Shall with us be lamps of wisdom,
 In the darkening days of strife.

Thou hast pointed us to heaven,
 When our faltering feet have stayed,
Through life's storm oft come to guide us,
 When our faith through blindness strayed,
Thou has poured the balm of healing,
 Into hearts that bled and broke;
At thy touch of inspiration,
 Slumb'ring souls to life awoke.

Though our drums now beat the death-march,
 Though the gift of tears we bring,
Thy low bed now strewn with flowers,
 Yet this parting hath no sting.
No, the grave shall not prove victor,
 Though to-day we mourn thee gone,
Thou a Prince of Love Eternal,
 In our hearts hath found a throne.

ARETTA YOUNG
Brigham Young Academy
February 17, 1901

(This tribute was either read or sung at Brother Karl G. Maeser's funeral)