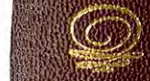
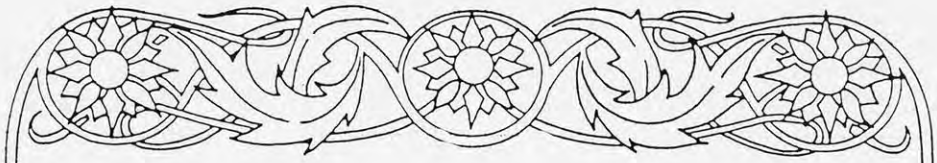
NANCY
JANE
HUNT
JONES

1877
1906



Heritage
Press

Nancy



NANCY

NANCY JANE HUNT JONES
1877 - 1906

DEDICATED WITH LOVE TO OUR DEVOTED PARENTS:
ISABELLE LEAVITT JONES and WILLIAM VAUGHN JONES

Compiled by: *Nancy LaVerne Jones Hirschi*

Private Publication - *Heritage Press 1986*

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book
The children are the leaves
The parents are the covers
That protecting beauty gives

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and pruely fair
But time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

(sent to LaVerne by Richard and Gloria
from Boise, Idaho, in 1963)

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604 Sharral Jones History by Betty B. Jones
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606 4- Anna Marie Jones Hendrickson (James Franklin Henderickson)
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INTRODUCTION

The story of "Nancy" is based on facts, but I have used my imagination to tie the events into story form. I have prayed often while working on the book and feel strongly that I did receive inspiration. In fact, I believe that Grandma Nancy wanted me to compile the book. Ever since I was a child and my Mother told me about this grandmother who was the mother of my beloved Father, I have felt a special interest in her. I thought then and still do that she is my guardian angel and will be the one to meet me when my life here on earth is over.

Some twenty years ago, I began to ask those who may have known her to tell me everything they could remember about her. A written record was kept. I began reading journals and histories of people who had lived in the era in which she had lived. Each small detail became a treasure. Gentle promptings kept me thinking and working on the project. An unknown writer describes my feelings in the following poem:

> SOMETHING is very gently, invisibly,
> silently, pulling at me -- a thread
> or net of threads finer than a cobweb
> and as elastic. I haven't tried the
> strength of it. No barbed hook pierced
> and tore at me. Was it not long ago
> this thread began to draw me? Or way
> back? Was I born with its knot about
> my neck, a bridle? Not fear but a
> stirring of wonder makes me catch my
> breath when I feel the tug of it when
> I thought it had loosened itself and
> gone.

In describing Grandma Nancy, the word 'refined' was used many times. Most who remembered her commented on her vivid coloring, her neatness, her pleasant personality, and her musical talent. Those of us who remember her mother, Elizabeth Vaughan Hunt, may be able to envision a slender, trim lady with very proper posture and manners.

Please be generous as you read what I have written and overlook errors, poor construction, etc. I have been told that grandma Nancy always looked on the bright side of life, and I hope you will follow her example as you read her story. Remember, this history is just a beginning -- something to build on -- and to improve. Please correct errors and add information. Several blank pages will be found at the end of each section to enter new events.

I deeply appreciate each one of you who have written your histories and helped with the pictures. A special "thank you" to Heber Jones for bringing so many unusual historical stories and also for writing his Father's history. Through Uncle Clarence I became better acquainted with Grandma Nancy and it was with his help her picture was done. Uncle Alvin was very young when his mother died, but it was he who gave me much of the spiritual information in her story. Daddy seldom spoke about his mother, but when he did it was with a wistful look as if he were speaking about something sacred. I noticed this same trait in Uncle Clarence.

For a number of years before Daddy's death, he and my Mother gave each of their children a $100.00 check for Christmas. After his death, my Mother continued this practice. Each year the check was deposited in a savings account to eventually help pay for the publication

of this book. I feel that it is appropriate to dedicate the book to them.

I will never forget the thrill of receiving Vera Jones Seitz's history. It came within a week after I had requested the histories and was so complete. She suggested that part of it be deleted, but I couldn't bear to leave a word out. In fact, I couldn't stop until I had read every bit of it. Vera and I have a unique relationship; she is my first cousin on my father's side and her husband, Emerald Seitz, is my first cousin on my mother's side. Emerald, along with many others in the Jones family is employed in the field of generating electrical power.

You will find that the histories were written over a period of years but hopefully the dates will help to clarify them. A short "update" of marriages, births, missions, etc., will be found at the end of each section. There are several stories that should have been included such as "The Black Cat Story", and at least an introduction to Acil's imaginary friends 'Diddle and Daddle'.

Authorities usually do not single out anyone as having done a better job than others, but in the case of Vernon Jones, it was publicly announced that he had the most perfect set of records seen in the church. Perhaps he inherited some of his ability from our grandfather, William Ellis Jones, whose records are a credit to the church and to all of us who have used them. I would love to read Vernon's journals and hope that someday they will be published. I was especially impressed with the dream he had prior to his father's accident.

It is amusing to notice that Maurine and Alice tell the same cat-tail story, except that they each report that they were the only one to receive the spanking. It is interesting to me to see the difference in which we each saw (or remember) some things. Alice told her children that she walked 4 miles to school, Maurine states the same distance as being 5 miles, and Lorin (who never walked from the plant to Gunlock for school) says the distance was 2 miles.

I regret not having the book finished before Uncle Clarence's death. He seemed excited about having his mother's story told and was a great help in filling in details of her life. I am grateful to his daughter, Sylvia, who furnished his and Aunt Madge's history as well as her own, and the beautiful tribute she wrote to Acil.

I deeply appreciate and love each one of you, and through your stories I feel that I know you better. We have a great heritage, and I am proud to be a descendant of our pioneer ancestors.

LaVerne

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS:

Susan Burgess Leavitt
Clarence & Madge Empey Jones
Alvin & Thelma Burgess Jones
Isabelle Leavitt Jones
Henry Bowler
Blanch Holt Bowler
George A. Chadburn
Fred Chadburn
Verda Chadburn Gardner
Almira Snow Lang
Nora Snow Bentley
Elizabeth Snow Beckstrom
Linna Snow Paxman
LeRoy Holt
Frank Burgess
Annie Holt Bowler
Francis J. Bowler
Lillian Jones Pulsipher
Heber Holt
Fae Chadburn Whipple
Britta Chadburn Reber
Arvilla Wood Hafen
Clair S. Terry
Vernon Leavitt
Beatrice Hunt Leavitt
Martha Hunt Chadburn Thomas
Albert Bunker
James F. Cottam
Caroline B. Cottam
William Morioni Jones
Grant Z. Keyes
Janet B. Keyes
Arthur Barlocker
Rosell Truman Barlocker
Mrs. Jacobson
Joseph Maudsley
Nellie Holt Moyle
Wilford Holt
Blanche Leavitt Holt
Eugene Leavitt
Malin Cox
Andrew Baker

PHONE INTERVIEW: Edwin Ruthren Westover

LETTERS RECEIVED: Clara Holt Chadburn, Hazel Bracken Fransworth, Zetta Chadburn Rushton

Merthyr Tydfil, Home Publishing, Printed in England
Bartholomew Gazetter of Britian, Vol. 1,2,3, by Smith & Gardner
The life and Times of our English Ancestors, by Frank Smith
I Decide to Keep My Pa by LaVerne H. Hyatt
Life and Times of Dudley Leavitt by Juanita Brooks
Uncle Will Tells His Story by Juanita Brooks
On The Morman Frontier by Juanita Brooks
Thomas D. Brown Diary by Juanita Brooks
Hunt Heritage Builders, Jane & John Hunt, by Hunt Family Ass'n.
Hunt Heritage Builders, Jane & John Hunt, by Hunt Family Organization
Our Pioneer Heritage, by Kate B. Carter
Memories of the Past by Carrie Laub Hunt
100 years on the Muddy by Arabell Lee Hafner
Pioneer Annals by Lamond Huntsman
Memories by LeNora Huntsman Lamereaux
State Historical Society
Diary of Hosea Stout, edited by Juanita Brooks
Ghost towns of Utah
Under a Dixie Sun by the DUP
Pioneer Stories by Preston Nibley
LDS Biographical Encylopedia by Andrew Jensen
My Life Review by Benj. F. Johnson

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

JOURNALS:

William Ellis Jones
Sarah Studevant Leavitt
James G. Bleak
Anson Winsor
Jeremiah Leavitt (by Platt)
Myron Abbot
Ella Jarvis (Seegmiller) unpublished 1892
James Samuel Page Bowler
John Pulsipher
Orson W. Huntsman
Zera Terry
Jeremiah Leavitt (by J. P. Leavitt)

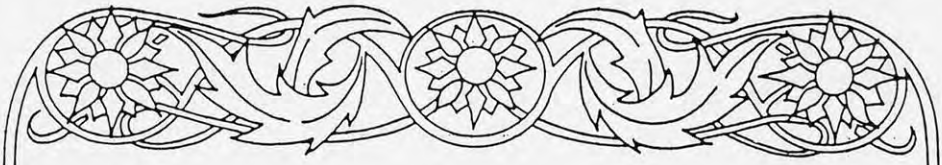
Two small handwritten notebooks by Elizabeth Vaughan Hunt and James Wilson Hunt in the possession of Fae Chadburn Whipple.

Copy of Marriage Banns: William Vaughan and Dinah Davies
Copy of Marriage Banns: Samuel Davies and Dinah Simon
Birth Certificates: Martha Vaughan 1, Martha Vaughan 2, Dinah Vaughan, William Samuel Vaughan, Elizabeth Vaughan.
Death Certificates: Martha Vaughan, William Samuel Vaughan (General Register, London, England).

MICRI FILMS READ:

Gunlock Ward Records
Pinto Ward Records
Thurber Ward Records
St. George Stake Records
Pine Valley Cemetery Records
St. Louis Census Records
1850 Census, Jackson County, Ill.
Hebron Ward Records
Pine Valley Ward Records
Santa Clara Ward Records
Bunkerville Ward Records
St. Louis Cemetery Records
Washington County Tax Assessments

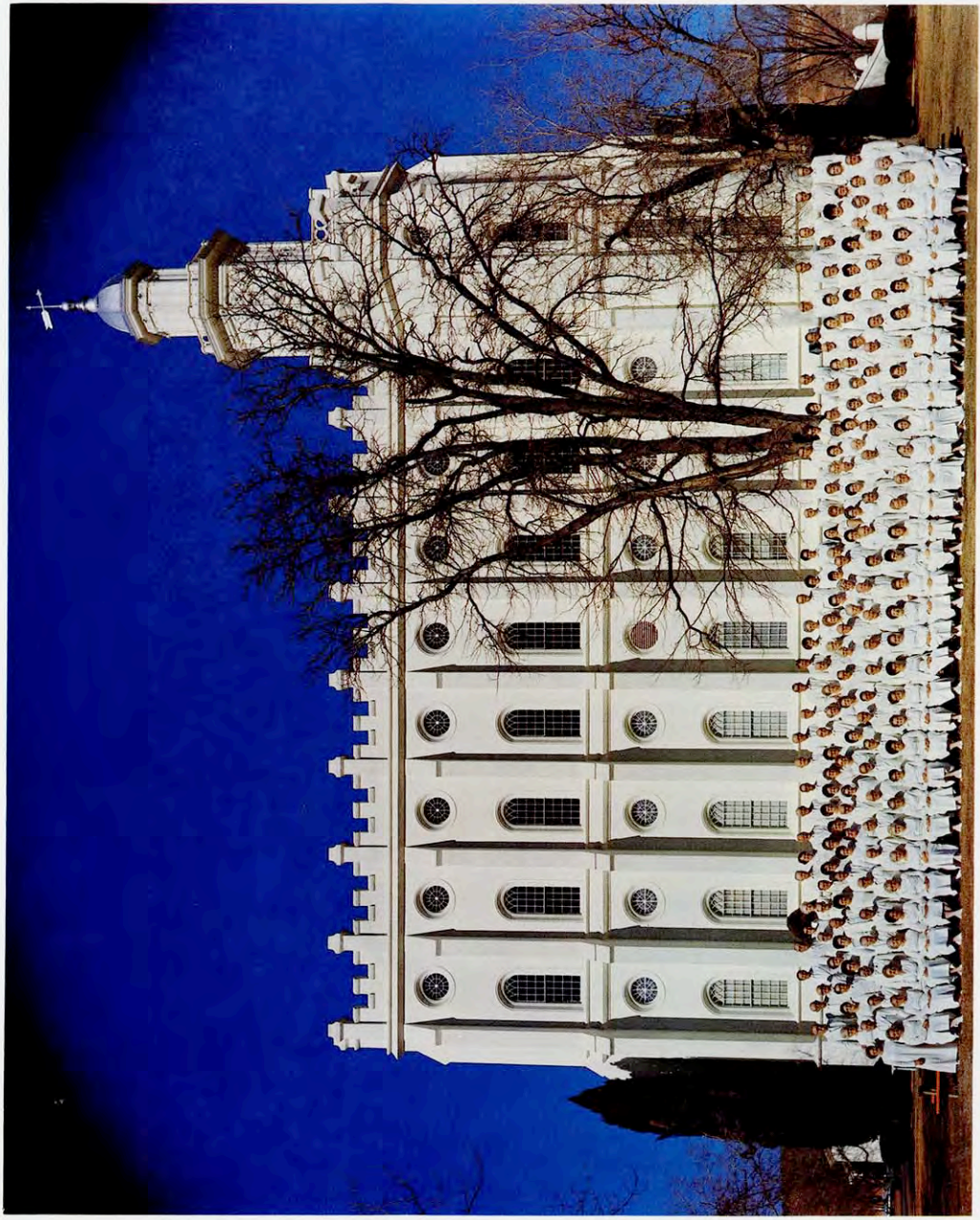
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Nancy

1877-1906

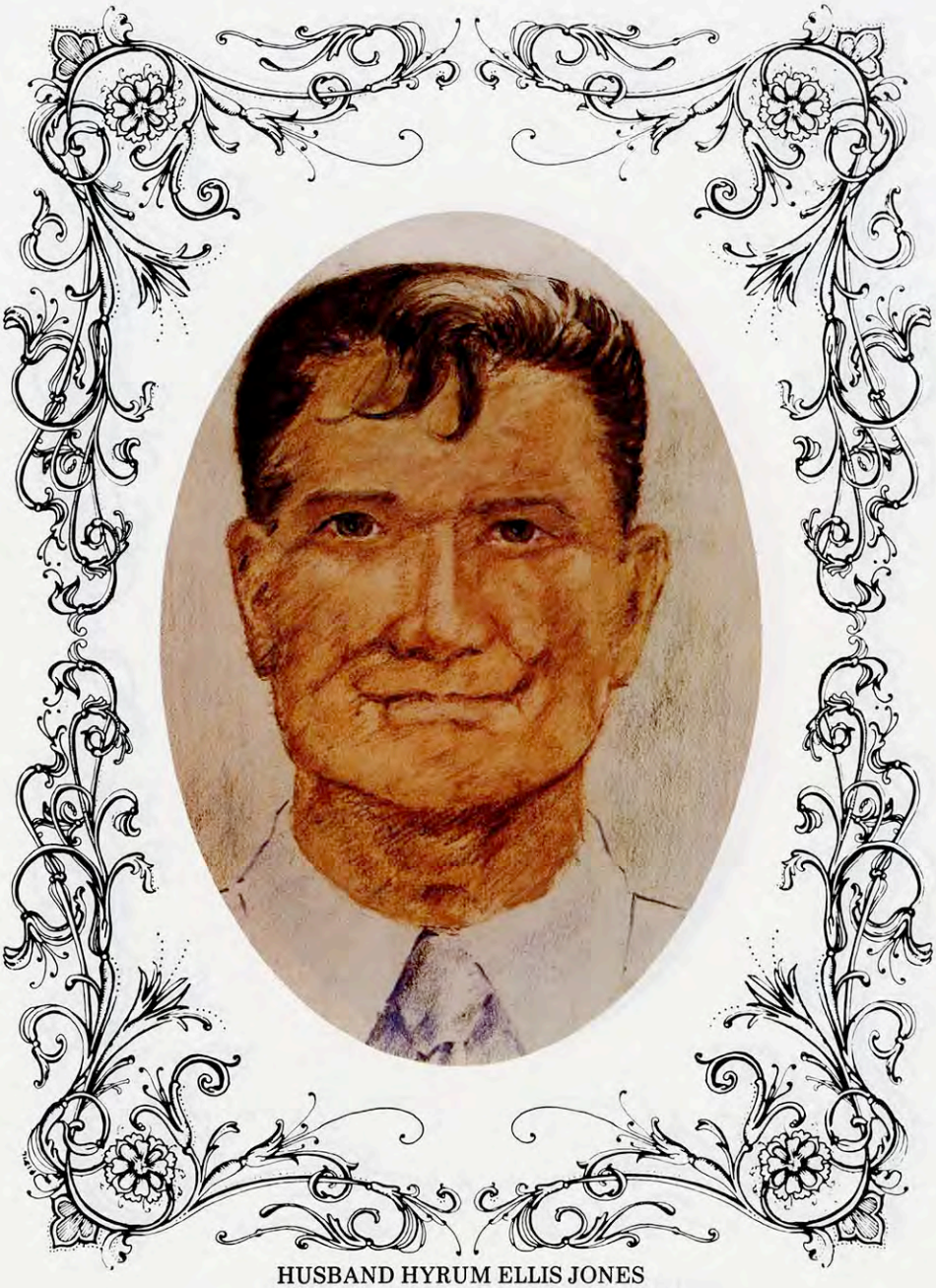
Section I



ROW 3: Eighth and ninth person, Alvin Jones and Thelma Jones St. George Temple, St. George, Utah St. George Temple, Nancy Jane Hunt and Hyrum Ellis Jones, married for time and eternity, Novermber 29, 1893



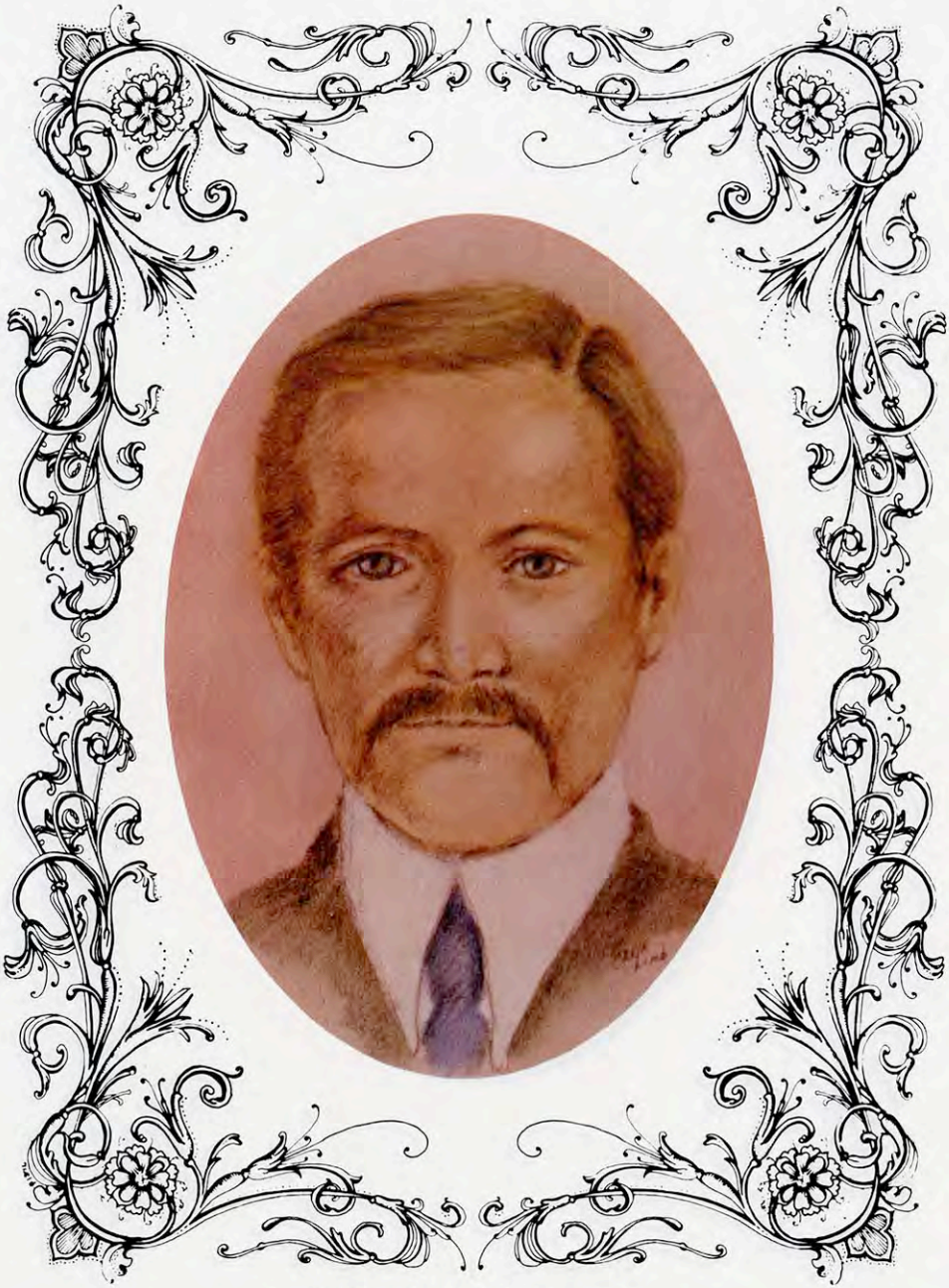
NANCY JANE HUNT JONES May 26, 1877 — June 12, 1906 (age 29 years)



HUSBAND HYRUM ELLIS JONES
October 11, 1867 - November 2, 1959
(Age 92 years)



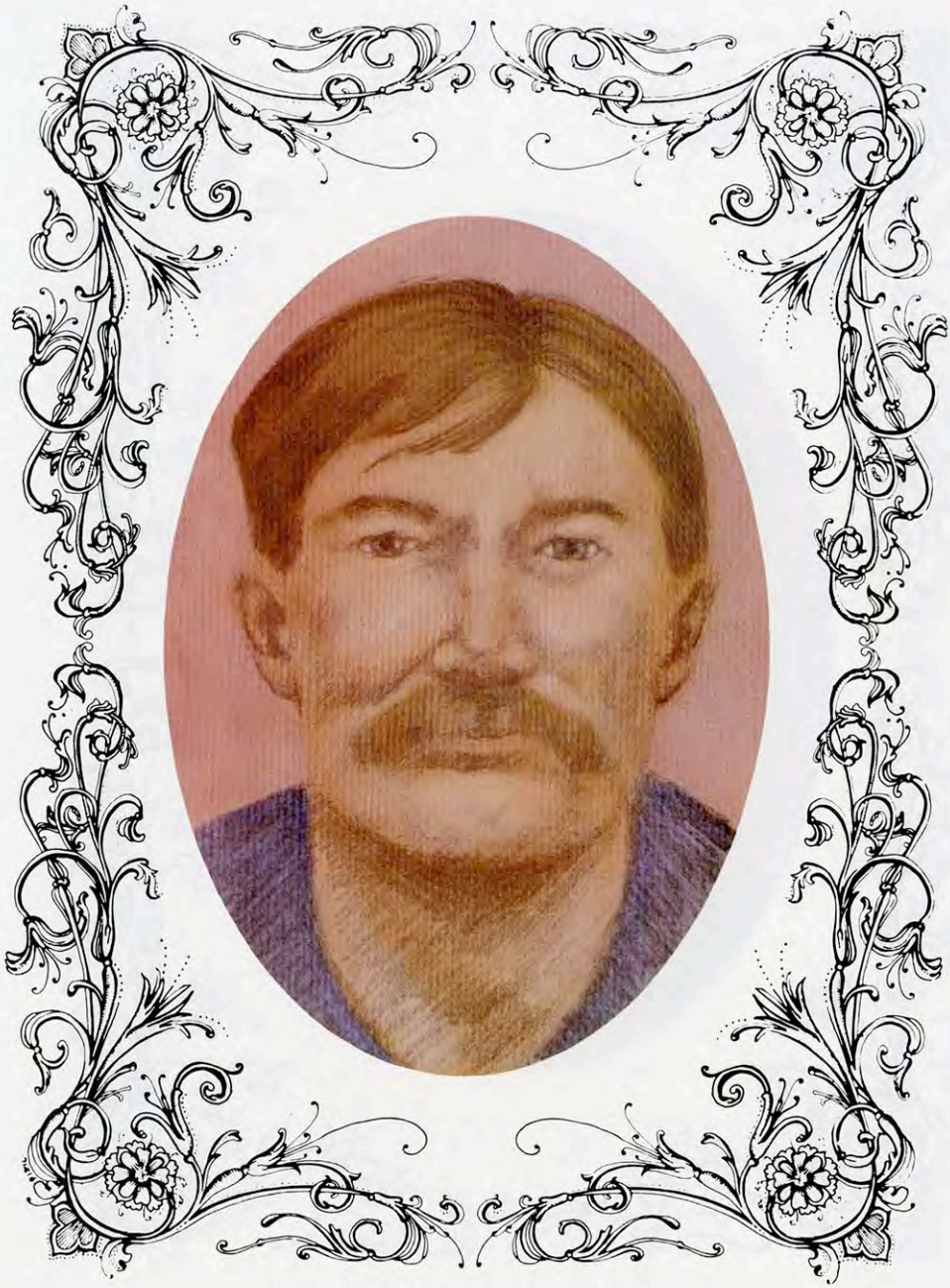
MOTHER ELIZABETH VAUGHAN HUNT
November 14, 1849 - November 15, 1941 (age 92 years)



FATHER JAMES WILSON HUNT
July 27, 1843 - August 11, 1885 (age 42 years)



SISTER ALICE HUNT HOLT
October 16, 1870 - October 2, 1937
(Age 67 years)



BROTHER JAMES ALFRED HUNT
February 15, 1868 - March 1927 (age 59 years)



SISTER DINAH HUNT CHADBURN
January 9, 1880 - May 7, 1965 (age 85 years)



SISTER MARTHA HUNT CHADBURN
November 9, 1882 - April 3, 1904 (age 21 1/2 years)



SON ELLIS WILSON JONES
August 29, 1894 - August 27, 1971 (age 77 years)



SON CLARENCE AMOS JONES
April 16, 1897 - October 14, 1983 (age 86 years)

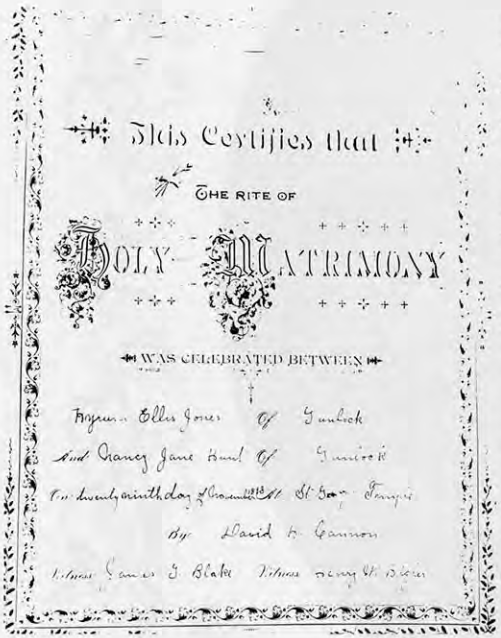


SON WILLIAM VAUGHN JONES
January 7, 1900 - November 13, 1970 (age 70 years)



SON ALVIN ALFRED JONES
November 19, 1902

SON JOSEPH ALLAN JONES
Born and died March 11, 1906
Buried in Pine Valley Cemetery



This Certifies that

THE RITE OF

HOLY MATRIMONY

WAS CELEBRATED BETWEEN

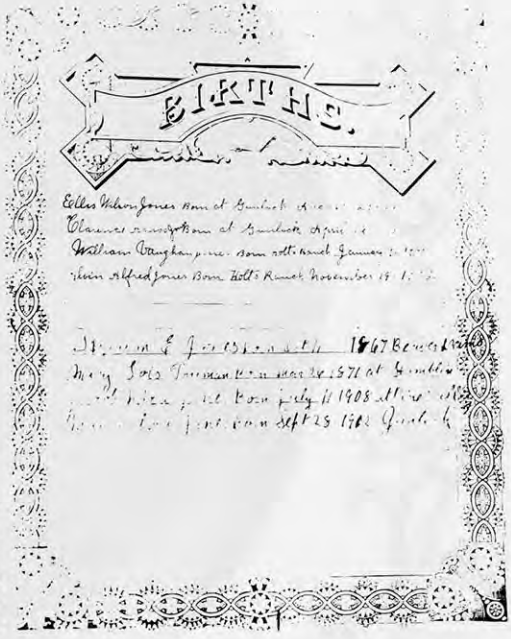
Hyrum Ellis Jones Of Gunlock

And Nancy Jane Hunt Of Gunlock

On twenty ninth day of March 1887 At St. George Temple

By David H. Cannon

Witness James J. Blake Witness Mary M. Blake



BIRTHS.

Ellis Wilson Jones born at Gunlock April 6

Clarence Arnold born at Gunlock April 6

William Vaughan Jones born at Gunlock January 5 1900

Alvin Alfred Jones Born Hall's Ranch November 19 1902

Hyrum Ellis Jones born 1867 Gunlock

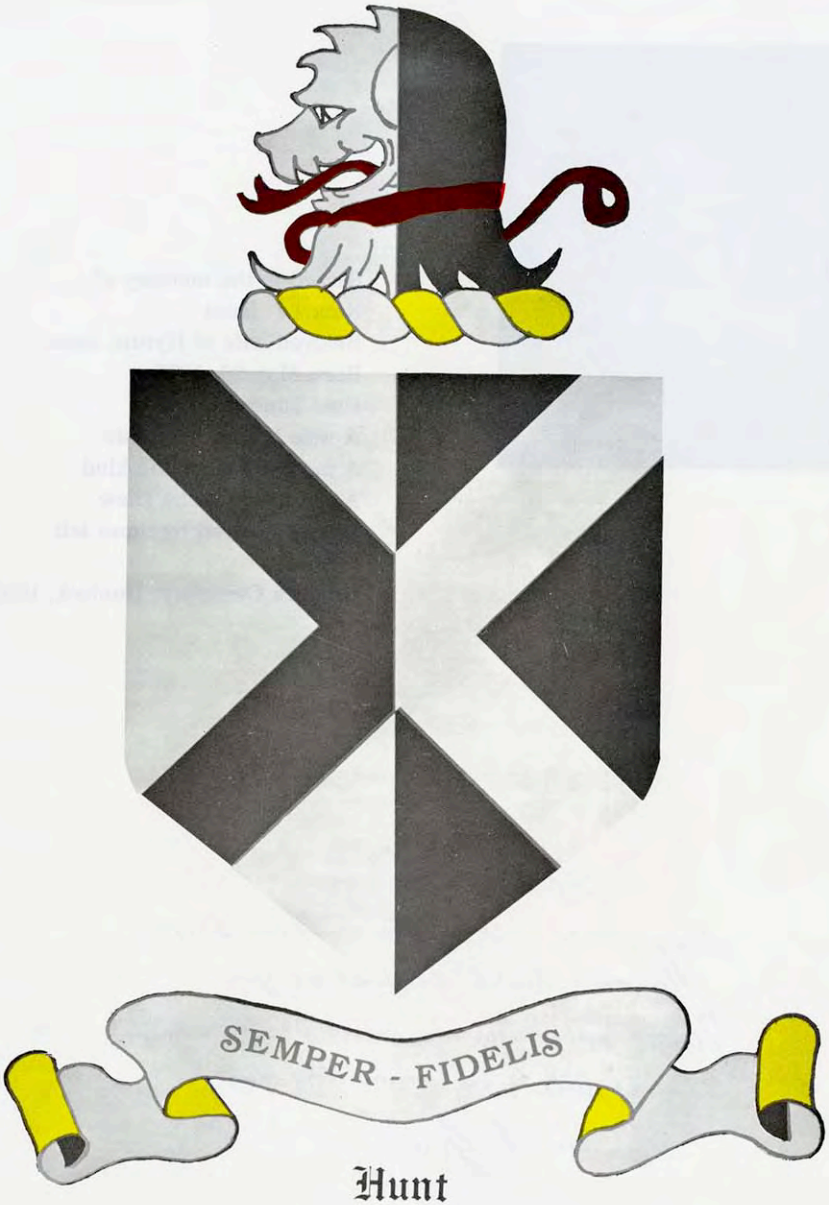
Mary Lois Truman born May 24 1871 at Gunlock

Joseph Allan born July 11 1908 at Gunlock

Hyrum Ellis Jones born Sept 25 1867 Gunlock

Copied from Family Bible that belonged to Hyrum and Nancy.

Nancy's hand writing on first page and through Alvin's birth.
Other hand writing by Mary Lois Truman Hunt Jones.



Hunt

Always Faithful



Sacred to the memory of
Nancy J. Hunt
Beloved wife of Hyrum Jones
Born May 26, 1877
Died June 12, 1906
A wife faithful and true
A mother loving and kind
A friend to all she knew
Dearly beloved by those left
behind.
Gunlock Cemetery, Gunlock, Utah

Febuary 14th 1891
May your cheeks retain their dimples
May your heart be just as yours
Until some manly voice shall whisper
Dearest will you name the day
Hyrum E Jones

Valentines Day, 1891.
Written by Hyrum in Nancy's autograph book.

ANCESTORS BY THE NAME OF NANCY:

Grandma Nancy's grandmother:
Nancy Garrett Welborn Hunt
March 7, 1823 - December 17, 1896
(photo of tombstone in Hebron Cemetary)



"She was a kind and affectionate wife, a fond mother, a friend to all."

Aunt:
Nancy Jane Hunt Holt,
wife of Bishop George A. Holt.
Buried at Holt's Ranch Cemetery



THE BOOK
"HERITAGE BUILDERS, HISTORY OF JOHN HUNT WHO MARRIED JANE COATES AND THEIR DECENDANTS"
list more than two hundred Hunts with the name of Nancy. This book was published in 1961 and if it were to be updated to 1986 there would be many more.

New Monument installed by Jones Family Organization under the direction of Heber C. Jones in 1979.
New monuments also installed in Gunlock Cemetery for Dinah Davies Vaughan and William Ellis Jones.

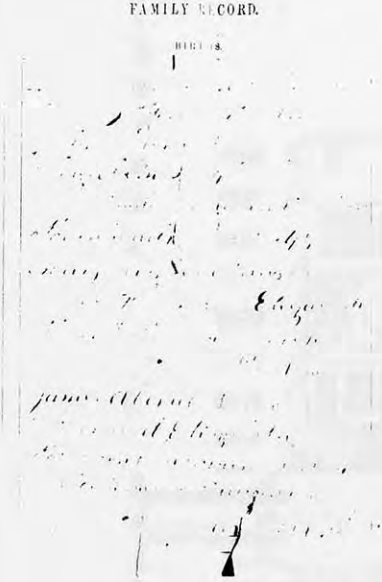


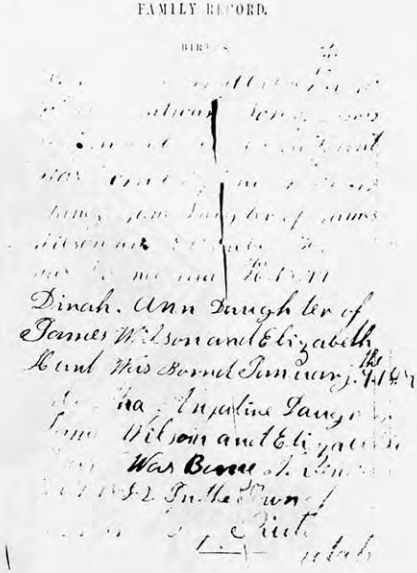
Baby Mary Elizabeth Hunt

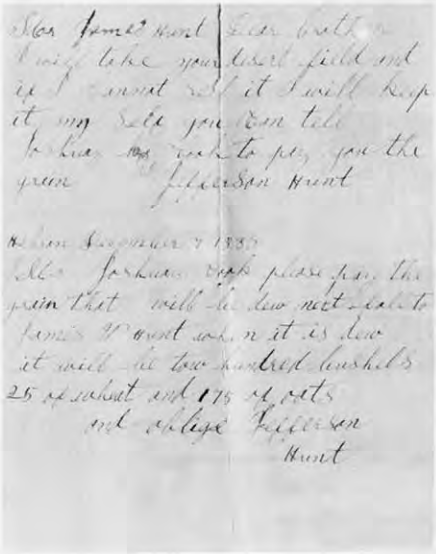


Baby William Edward Hunt





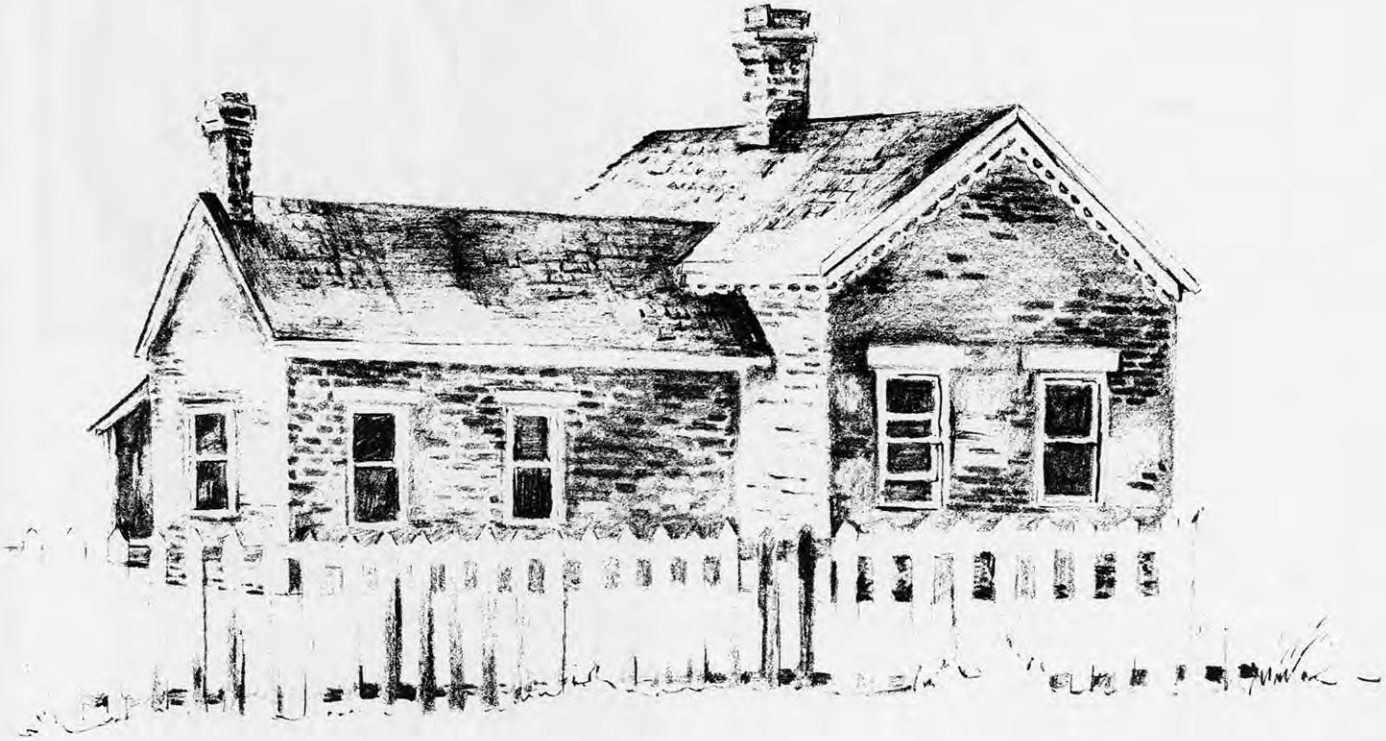




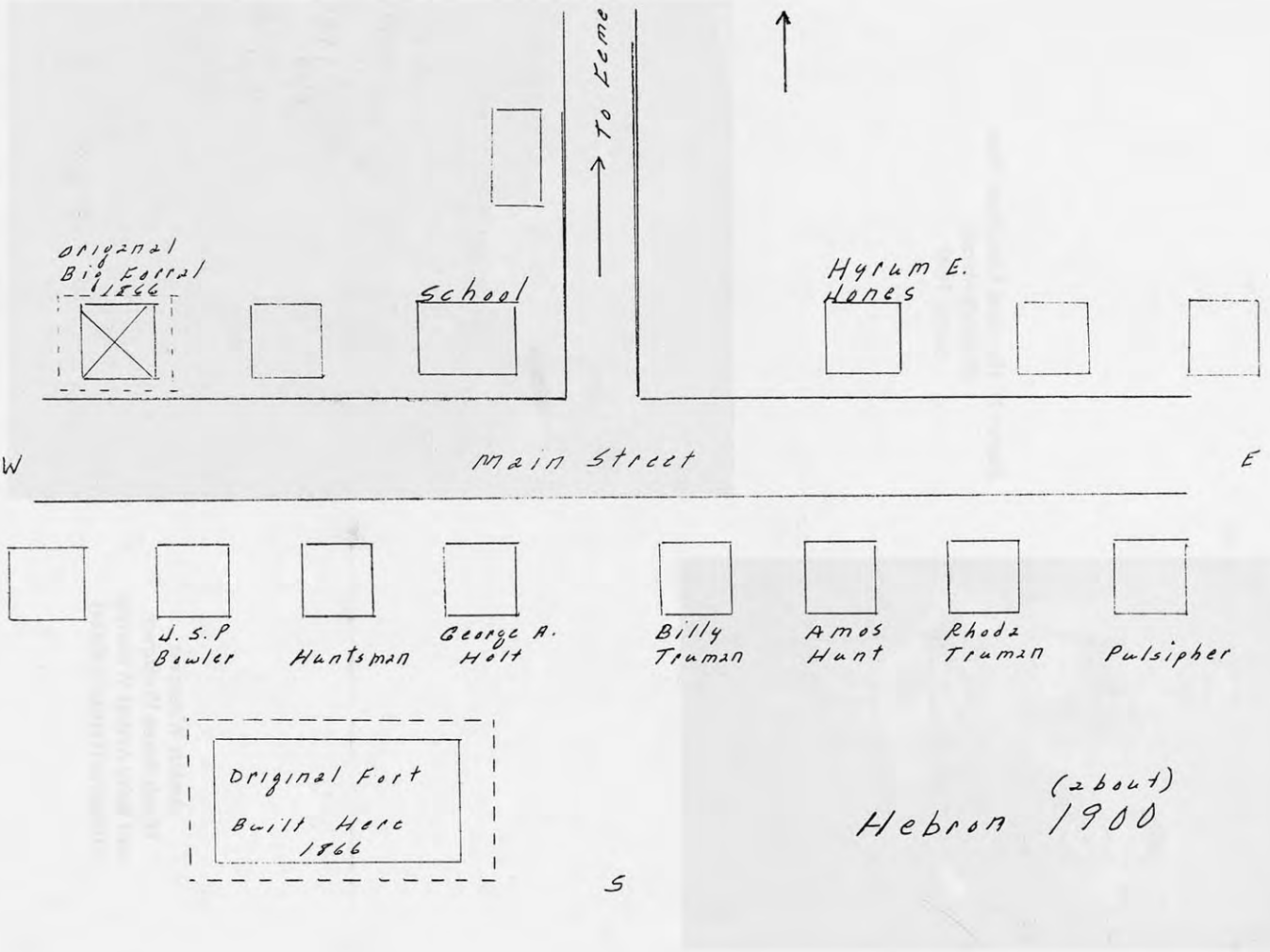


Photographed from Elizabeth Vaughan Hunt's note book.

From Grandma Nancy's Bible

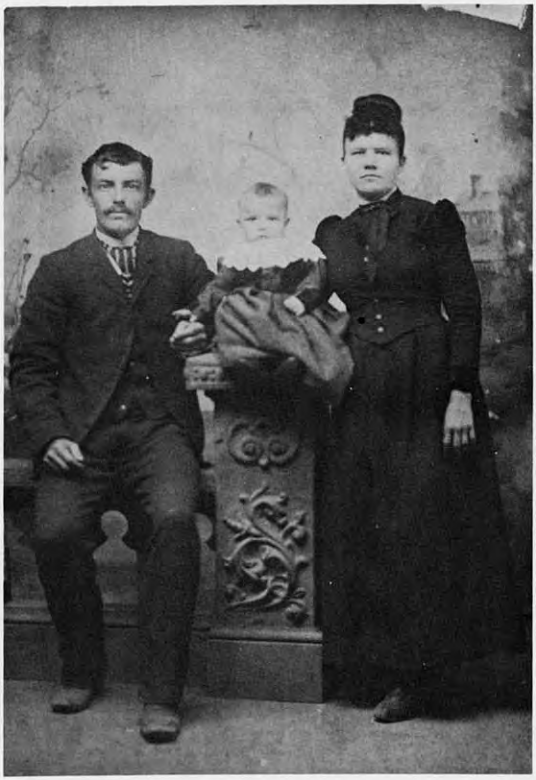


Typical Hebron Home


To Leme
Original Big Corral 1866
School
Hyrum E. Hones
W
Main Street
E
J. S. P Bowler
Huntsman
George A. Holt
Billy Truman
Amos Hunt
Rhoda Truman
Pulsipher
Original Fort
Built Here
1866
S
(about)
Hebron 1900



Henry D. Holt and Alice Hunt Holt
(Nancy's sister)
About 1890



Arthur Westover
Dinah Jones Westover
and Baby Arthur Westover
(Dinah is Hyrum's sister)

BIRTHS TO WHICH ELIZABETH ATTENDED:
Information taken from book left with Aunt Dinah's family when Elizabeth died. Written by Elizabeth Vaughan Hunt.

To Annie Leavitt - a girl	1	To Ester Canfield - a girl	1
To Kate Pulsipher - two boys and one girl	3	To Sadia Hunt - a boy	1
To Mary E. Hunt - a girl	1	To Lizzie Burgess - a girl	1
To Florence Truman - a girl	1	To Martha Barlocker - a boy	1
To Nancy Bowler - a girl	1	To Emma Bunker - a girl	1
To Annie Bowler - a girl	1	To Emma Bunker - a boy	1
To Hattie Bowler - a girl	1	To Louisa Williams - a boy	1
To Susie Leavitt - girls	2	To Annie Leavitt - a boy	1
To Ella Leavitt - a boy	1		

Next Page:
To Annie Leavitt - a girl baby on the 13th November 1893

From Third Page:
Gunlock, Utah 1909, May born to Edwin S. and Ella Jones - a boy on May 3, 1909 No. 27
June 5, 1909 born of Gunlock to Albert Tolbert and wife - a girl Register No. 28
A boy to Robert Chadburn and wife, 1910, Register No. 29
To Henry D. Holt and wife - a girl, Register No. 30
Edrick Twitchell - a boy, Register No. 31 James Chadburn - a girl, Register No. 32

There were many others that we know of, including Alice's, Nancy's, Martha's, some of Alfred's and many of later date (Alta Chadburn Prims told me her birth certificate was signed in the beautiful hand writing of Elizabeth Hunt).

FORM NO. 6.

School Trustees' Annual Report

OF SCHOOL POPULATION OF

DISTRICT NO. 9

In the County of Washington *Utah Territory.*

FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGINNING JULY 1, 1885

CHILDREN BETWEEN SIX AND EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Additional Names since last Report. BOYS.	*Boys.*	*Girls.*	*Total.*	*Additional Names since last Report.* GIRLS.
John [illegible]	1	1		Alice Hunt
Thos. G. [illegible]	2	2		Nancy J. Hunt
Jas. A. Hunt	3	3		Lilly M. Barnum
Frank Hanks	4		7	

DECENDANTS WHO HAVE SERVED AS MISSIONARIES FOR THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS:
GRANDSONS



Vernon Wilson Jones
Western Canadian Mission



Derald Alvin Jones
North Central States Mission

GREAT GRANDSONS



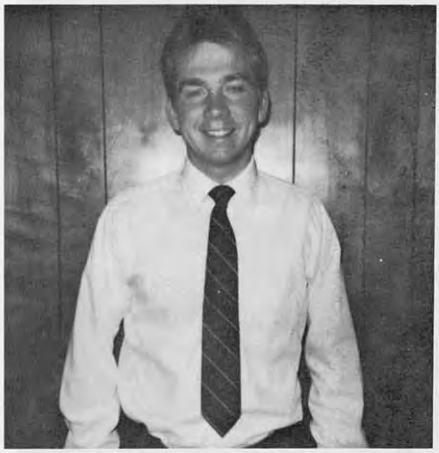
Kenneth Petty
Rome, Italy 1979



Donald Heber Jones
Los Angeles California Mission
Christmas 1976



Thomas Kelly Jones
England Manchester Mission 1979-1981



Walter Paul Jones
Washington Seattle Mission 1983-1985



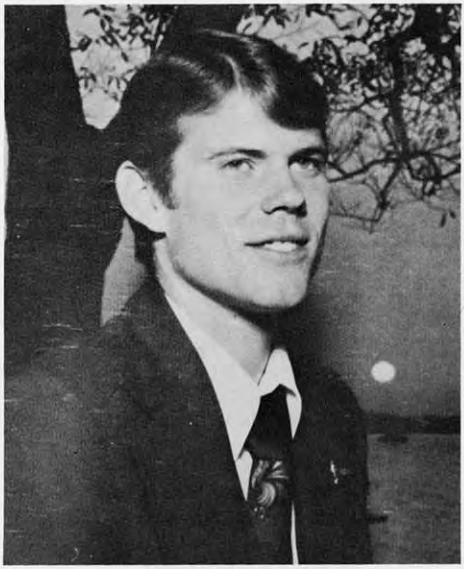
Jon Darwin Jones, 1970
New England Mission



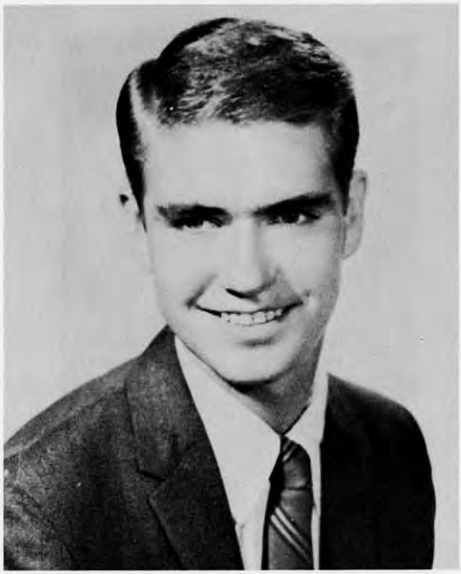
Wayne Rollan Jones
Oregon Portland Mission



David Alan Jones
Florida Fort Lauderville Mission



Brent Lee Jones
Jackson Mississippi Mission



Ryan Quinn Chamberlain
Northern Argentina Mission



Danny Merlyn Holt
Canada Alaska British Columbia



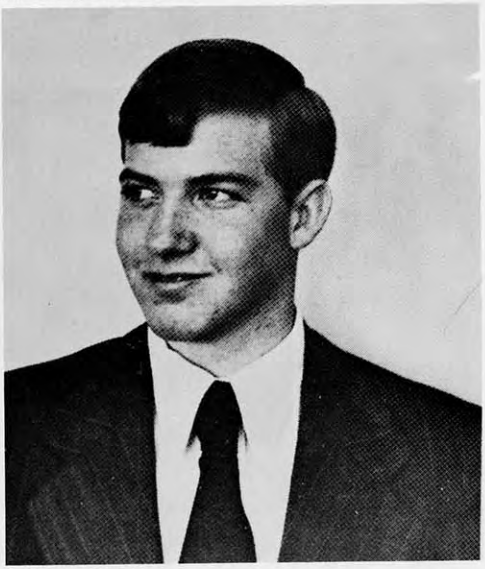
Kristine Jones Moore Bennion
Georgia Atlantic Mission



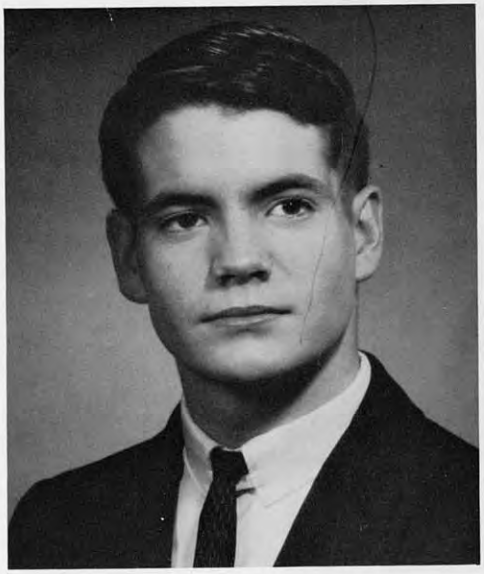
Kevin Vaughn Jones
South Africa Mission



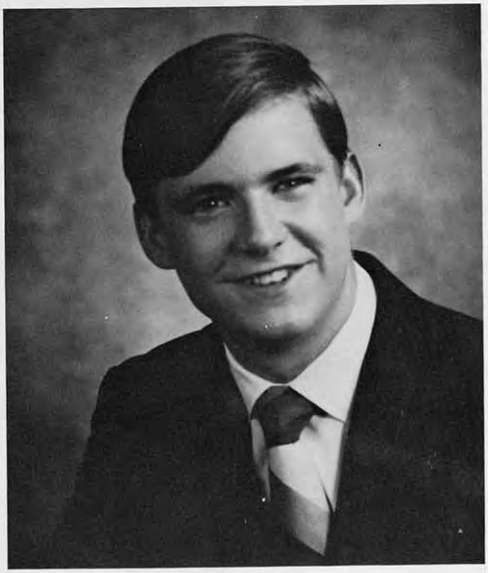
Rodney Grant Staheli
Mexico North Mission



Rulon Dee Staheli
Canada Alaska British
Columbia Mission



Ralph Ellis Hoggan
Indiana Michigan Mission



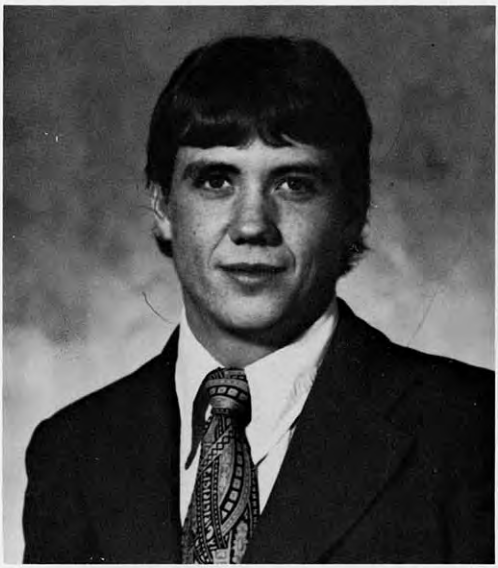
Craig Hoggan
Southwest Nevada Indian Mission



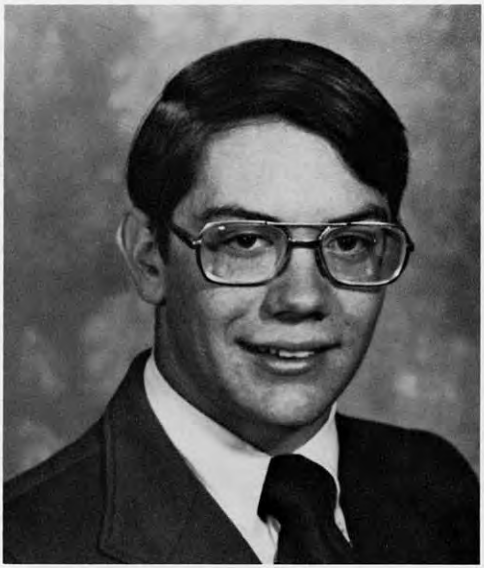
Susan Hoggan
England London Mission



Jana Kay Hoggan
Hawaii Honolula Mission

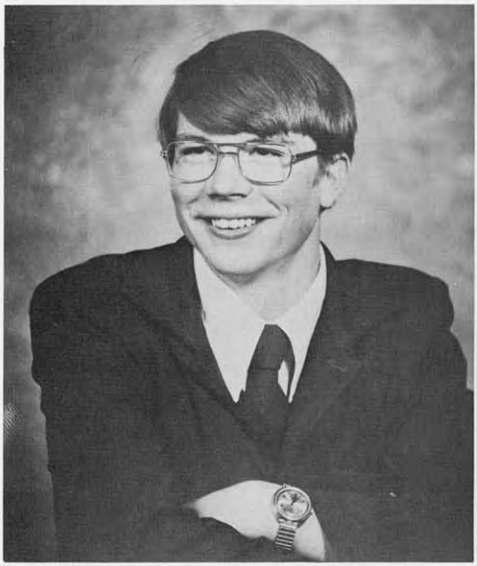


Hyrum Derald Jones
Western Australia Mission

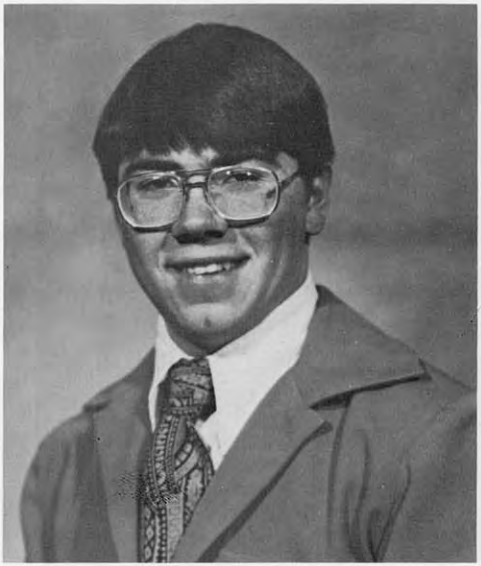


Craig Sterling Jones
Texas San Antonia Mission

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN CONTINUED



Wayne Alan Jones
Oklahoma Tulsa Mission



Flint Michael Jones
Pennsylvania Philadelphia Mission

GREAT GREAT GRANDDAUGHTERS



Terece Hirschi
Denver Colorado Mission



Linda DeMille
Brazilia Brazial Mission



Ellis Wilson Jones
Army U.S. Presido
San Francisco, California
World War I



Clarence Amos Jones
Army Company A47 M G BTN.
Camp Kearny, California
World War I



Alma Cottam Jones



Ivins Ellis Jones



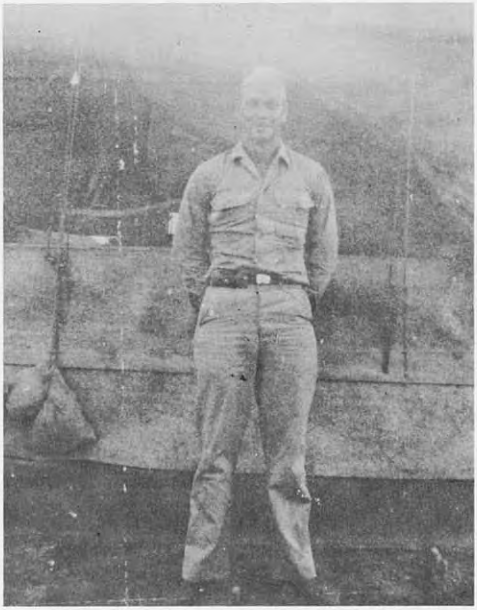
Heber Cottam Jones



Vernon Wilson Jones



Acil Clarence Jones



Lloyd Grant Jones

GRANDSONS CONTINUED



Hyrum Keith Jones



Derald Alvin Jones

GREAT GRANDSONS



Richard Petty



Jeffery Ivins Jones



Russell Lorin Jones

DESCENDANTS WHO RESEMBLE NANCY:

GRAND DAUGHTERS



Maurine Jones Fawcett Hoff



Iris Jones Hoggan

GREAT GRAND DAUGHTERS



Eva Jones Reese



Barbara Hirschi Watkins



Lana Kay Holt Nickolaus

DESCENDANTS WITH THE NAME OF NANCY:
GRAND DAUGHTERS

Nancy Jones,
Born and died August 31, 1939
Daughter of Ellis Wilson and Eva Cottam
Buried in Veyo Cemetery
no picture taken



Nancy LaVerne Jones Hirschi

GREAT GRAND DAUGHTERS

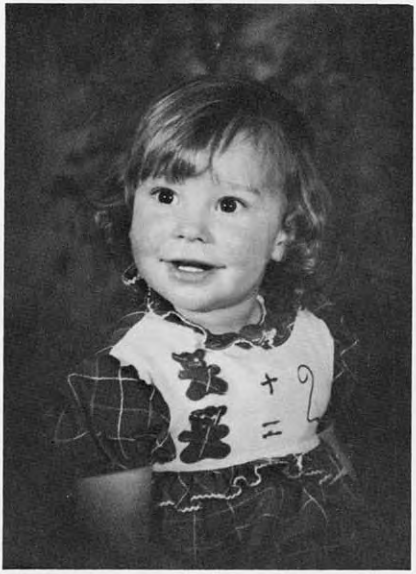


Nancy Jean Seitz Shepard



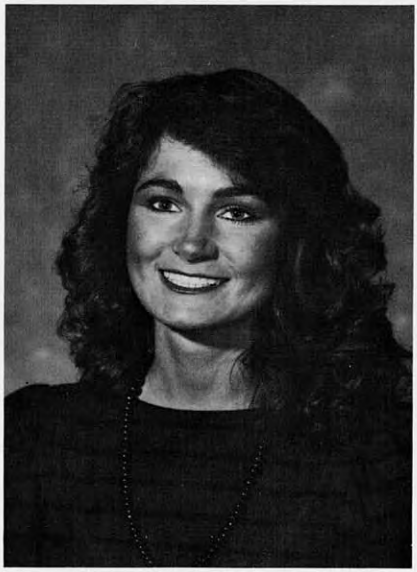
Nancy Belle Jones Kuzelka

GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER



Nancy Jane Hendrickson

GREAT GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER



Nancy Empey Porritt

NANCY

The spring of 1877 was an eventful one for James and Elizabeth Hunt. On April 6th of that year, the St. George Temple had been dedicated under the direction of the Latter-day Saint Prophet, Brigham Young. This sacred structure had required many years of toil and personal sacrifice on the part of the Hunt family, as well as other members of the Church. The Hunts had made the 50-mile journey from their home in Hebron to St. George, Utah, for the dedication of the lower levels of the Temple, which took place on January 1, 1877. It was a joyful occasion to see the first Temple completed west of the Mississippi River.

At twelve-thirty, noon, Elder Wilford Woodruff spoke these words: "We are this day blessed with the privilege that but few, since the days of Adam, have ever enjoyed...We have now assembled to dedicate portions of the Temple unto God; and I have a request to make of all present...I realize that this assembly cannot bow the knee in their crowded condition, but you can bow your heads and hearts unto God..." (Journal History, Jan. 1, 1877)

After the hymn, "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning" was sung, more than two thousand people bowed their heads for the dedicatory prayer. The warm spirit they felt was more than worth the struggles of the long trip, in which they had spent one day in travel to St. George, one day there, and more than a day for the return trip home, over rough and sometimes muddy or frozen roads.

They would have enjoyed attending the final dedication, but something of great importance was about to take place, and James would not risk the safety of Elizabeth and their unborn child to make the rugged trip. This important event took place in the early morning hours of Saturday, May 26, 1877, when a tiny baby girl was born. Elizabeth's mother, Dinah, was there to care for mother and baby. (They were in expert hands, as Dinah was a graduate doctor of her day, having received training in her native home of Wales. She had been practicing medicine for many years. She not only assisted with the delivery, but stayed at the home for as long as the family needed her.)

After again checking the baby, Dinah insisted that Elizabeth have a long nap to make up for the hours of sleep lost during the previous night. James took this opportunity to go to his parents' house to inform them of the good news.

Elizabeth tried to sleep, but her mind kept wandering, and as she gazed around the comfortable room, she remembered that it had not always been so nice. The fragrance of lilacs drifted in through the open window, and she smiled, thinking of the trees and flowers growing in her yard where ten years before there had been nothing but sagebrush. At that time, they had lived in a log cabin and had been mighty thankful for that. Since then, James had worked hard to improve their living conditions, and they now owned this fine, four-room brick home with an unfinished room upstairs. Alfred, their son, claimed this room for his own.

Thinking of Alfred brought tears to Elizabeth's eyes. How she loved this boy who was growing up so fast! At nine years of age he was trying to do a man's work and succeeding in some ways. He rode the range with James, herding cattle and sheep, and he could handle a horse with ease. He helped haul wood, and it was his job to see

that the wood boxes were always full. He was anxious to please his father, and they enjoyed an unusually good relationship.

It had been more than a year now since Alfred's baptism on Feb. 15, 1876. Even though there was a thin layer of ice on Shoal Creek, he wanted to be baptised on his 8th birthday--just as his father had been. Of course, it had been easy for James since his birthday was July 27, and the weather was nice and warm. James agreed with Alfred that it should be a family tradition to be baptised on an 8th birthday, regardless of the weather. He took Alfred into the icy water and baptised him. Neither suffered any ill effects, even though James placed his hands on Alfred's head and confirmed him while they were still in their wet clothes.

James gave his son a beautiful blessing as he confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and conferred upon him the Gift of the Holy Ghost. He was assisted in the confirmation by Elder Zera Pulsipher and Elder Thomas Terry. Elizabeth appreciated having the Priesthood in her home. Her husband had exercised the power many times in her behalf and that of the children.

Before falling asleep, Elizabeth again peered into the face of her new-born daughter and marveled at the delicate features of the tiny face, framed by a cloud of dark hair.

She was next aware of the sound of footsteps through the kitchen, and her eyes brightened, knowing that they were the footsteps of James and their children.

Alfred and Alice came shyly into the room, and after kissing their mother, they were fascinated by their baby sister, who entertained them with yawns, and finally by opening wide her dark eyes and looking directly at them. Alfred's heart was won when the baby curled her tiny hand around his finger and held with a tight grip. Alice wanted to hold the baby, and, with Grandmother Dinah's help, she was allowed to rock her.

After a few minutes James decided that it was his turn. As he held the infant, he asked Elizabeth if he could choose her name. Elizabeth nodded her consent, and James held the baby up, proclaiming, "She shall be known as Nancy!!!!" Everyone agreed that the name suited her, and Elizabeth suggested that they also add Jane; then she would be named not only for James' mother, Nancy Garrett Welborne Hunt, but also for his grandmother, Jane Coates Hunt, and for his sister, Nancy Jane Hunt. James thought this was a fine idea, and said he hoped she would be as pretty and sweet as his sister, who was a beautiful girl of 18 years.

At that moment, Elizabeth caught her mother's eye and said, "Mother, we will name our next daughter Dinah, for you." The grandmother smiled and answered that she already had one granddaughter named for her.

The mention of this neice brought an ache into Elizabeth's heart. Her beloved sister, Martha, had died just a few months before, on February 9, at the age of 36, leaving five children, one of whom was her neice, Dinah Ann. It had been a crushing blow to lose this older sister on whom she had always depended. Martha had been laid to rest on the hill above town in the Hebron Cemetery. No, not all the events of 1877 had been happy ones.

Once again Elizabeth was left in the cool bedroom with baby Nancy. She began wondering what this baby's life would bring...Oh, how she hoped that she would be healthy, happy, and that she would not be called upon to endure the hardships her ancestors had suffered. A shiver went through her body as she thought of the two babies they had lost.

The first baby, Mary Elizabeth, had been healthy until a plague of some kind struck--nearly every baby in the small community of Clover Valley died that summer. After she became ill, Mary Elizabeth was brought to Hebron, lying on a pillow to cushion the bumps in the wagon road. James and Brother Callaway administered to her, and everything possible was done to save her life, but all to no avail. She slipped away in death on August 29, 1866, aged 5 months and 3 days.

The parents were heartbroken, and

Elizabeth longed for her mother, who had returned to Salt Lake City after the baby's birth on March 26, 1866. How lonesome they were until a year and a half later, when on February 15, 1868, a son was born. Dinah again came from Salt Lake City and stayed until after March 15, when James blessed his son in sacrament meeting, giving him the name of James Alfred Hunt.

They rejoiced two years later when a dark-haired daughter was born on October 16, 1870, and given the name of Alice Evaline. James and Elizabeth were proud of their children and worked hard to provide everything they needed. Alice asked for a sister, but was not disappointed when the next baby was born September 28, 1873, and turned out to be William Edward. Both Alice and Alfred mourned the death of this little brother who died February 22, 1875, aged one year and almost 5 months.

Elizabeth's mind again turned to the St. George Temple, thinking how grateful she was that her children would be living so near this beautiful building. She and James had traveled, with several other couples, to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, where on October 11, 1868, they were sealed as husband and wife for time and all eternity.

Their civil marriage had taken place on March 23, 1865, with Bishop Luke Syphus officiating. A short time before, Elizabeth had accompanied her sister, Martha, and family to the southern area of the Territory of Utah. Here in Clover Valley she met James Wilson Hunt, who was attracted to her at once. When her brother-in-law, William Ellis Jones, was called to settle Beaver Dam, James persuaded her to stay and marry him.

She had been very happy as they moved her small blue trunk and other posessions into the one-room cabin. The blue trunk contained many prized mementos from her earlier life, a few school books--one from a Catholic school she had attended in St. Joseph, Missouri. There were also some choice pieces of China that her mother had brought from Wales.

While living in Salt Lake City, Elizabeth had been employed as a governess to the children of Captain William H. and Mary Ann Knowlton Hooper. With her earnings she had purchased some lovely linens, a little jewelry, and some clothing. She had learned to love the three Hooper children and missed them after she left the city.

The Hooper family had living with them four Negro slaves, or rather, they had been slaves and were given their freedom by Captain Hooper. However, they chose to stay with the family and were well treated and generously paid for their work. Elizabeth remembered the following case that came before the court.

Suit before Jeter Clinton, Esquire: "The people vs. Tom Caulbourn, Negro slave belonging to J.H. Johnson on examination for shooting Shep, Negro slave belonging to W.H. Hooper." As the story was told, "The Negroes had got into a row about two wenches belonging to T.S. Williams and love and jealousy was the main cause of the fuss. Like their masters under such circumstances would probably do, they went to shooting each other. Shep is badly wounded and his life is precarious. Dist. Attorney Wilson prosecuted and Blair and myself (Mr. Tullidge) defended. Tom was held to bail for $1,000.00 to appear at next Dist. Court." (State Historical Society and Diary of Hosea Stout)

In 1864 a number of families under the leadership of Bishop Edward Bunker established the settlement of Clover Valley. They thought they were in Utah, but later surveys proved it to be in Nevada. Among these families were James' father, Amos Hunt, his Uncle Bradford Hunt, Dudley Leavitt, Luke Syphus, Brown Crow, Hamilton Crow, William Hamblin, Samuel Knight and a Blair family. A few other families joined with them later.

The homes were built close together in the shape of a fort, the school house being partly across one end, and the town ditch ran through the center of the fort. A large public corral was built on the south side of the fort. The first year was very happy and successful; the winter was mild and the crops were good. It was during the second summer that the terrible sickness came

among the babies, and twelve died, including Mary Elizabeth Hunt.

At first the Indians were peaceful and gave the settlers little trouble, but as time went on, the Indians expected more and more food to be given them, and even though the settlers freely gave of the limited supplies they had, the Indians began stealing stock or anything else of value they could get their hands on. It became necessary to guard the stock day and night.

A camp of prospectors began mining activities at the lower end of Meadow Valley near Clover Valley. They soon had trouble with the Indians because they did not practice the Mormons' policy of feeding rather than fighting them. The unrest continued, and the Indians harassed both camps until the miners took action and captured the Indian leader, Bushhead. He was killed as punishment for the killing and other crimes he had committed.

This settled the unrest for some time, but early in the year of 1866, Navajos from across the Colorado River began raiding the settlements in the south. They ambushed and killed two men near Pipe Springs, two at Berry Springs, and some near Mt. Trumbull. The uprising was so general that Apostle Erastus Snow advised all the scattered communities to move together for safety. As soon as the harvest was in, the settlers in Clover Valley abandoned the place, some moving to Panaca and some to Shoal Creek.

The Hunts were among those moving to Shoal Creek. They found it difficult to leave this beautiful green valley of meadowland containing 200 to 250 acres running east and west, with several nice springs, and the rolling hills were productive for livestock.

James' uncle, Bradford Hunt, left Clover Valley several months ahead of the main group. He had experienced the misfortune of shooting an Indian in self-defense. It had been a dark, stormy night, and he was standing guard. When lightning flashed he saw an Indian crouched with bow drawn, and at that same instant Bradford fired. The next morning they found the Indian fallen with his bow dropped beside him, a bullet through his heart. Knowing the disposition of the Indians, Bradford decided to move north.

Six or seven families were already living there on Shoal Creek when the ten families moved in from Clover Valley. As before, they built their houses to form a fort, some of logs, some of rocks or adobe. The homes faced in with no windows or doors on the outside. They sank a well in the center of the fort and reserved a place for stock. Soon after coming they built a church-schoolhouse of pine logs with a large fireplace at one end.

The winter was severe. In December rains came that washed deep gullies and made the roads impassable. Later, it began to snow so that the people were completely shut in for months. Of course, the men cared for the livestock and chopped the wood that had been piled high earlier. They held church meetings and school for the children.

The adults as well as the children enjoyed the classes of a "Mutual Benefit Society" for the improvement of public speaking and related subjects. Elizabeth and James were both active in these meetings. James was also very active in church, serving as a counselor to Bishop George Crosby. The Bishop had been sent there by the authorities, and he and his wife, Sara Brown Crosby, became parents of a son on Christmas Day.

Shortly after they had moved to Shoal Creek, Elizabeth and James, along with their neighbors, witnessed a total eclipse of the moon on September 21, 1866. This was an unusual phenomenon for them, but even more so for the small band of Paiutes who lived at the south end of the valley. The Indians were superstitious and became greatly alarmed.

The Paiutes were usually friendly, although they sometimes frightened the children. They were well treated by the residents of Shoal Creek, who gave them food and sometimes traded supplies for pinenuts. The red men and their white brothers lived peacefully within the same valley. It was the Navajos who were the trouble makers, but fortunately they lived on

the south side of the Colorado River and would only cross when the water was low during the fall and winter months and then make their way back across the river before the spring runoff.

Each year James accumulated more cattle, sheep and horses. He also raised chickens and a few pigs, and the garden and orchard produced most of their food. He raised some wheat and alfalfa for feed, but spent most of his time rotating the herds of cattle and sheep to fresh grazing land. His herds were usually mixed with those of his father and brothers, and they all shared the work.

James was a tall, well-built man, tanned and muscular, with brown hair and blue eyes. He loved to ride horseback on the open range. He did regularly attend his religious meetings, and he served as a school trustee. (Records show that he was the youngest member, and the only one on that particular board who acted "peaceable and honorable" in his office. *Hebron LDS Church Records*) James taught school several winters, and his pupils loved and respected him. During this period he also belonged to a military organization consisting of 27 men who trained to be prepared in case they were needed.

The Deseret Telegraph system was completed and began operations on October 15, 1871, thus connecting St. George and the booming mining town of Pioche with Hebron. Brother D.M. Tyler was the first operator and earned a salary of $10.00 a month for his services.

The mining town was a good source of income for the Hunts and others in Hebron, as the miners would buy all the fresh produce, eggs, cheese, beef and wheat they could supply. Several wagon loads were delivered to Pioche each week and the suppies were paid for in cash, which was a great benefit to these settlers.

September 30, 1870 was known in history as the day of the "Big Fire" which destroyed a large part of Pioche. At that time it was one of the largest mining towns in the Territory of Nevada. Panaca (meaning "money" in Indian) was the only Mormon town in that section of the country.

Hebron, Utah - May 26, 1877

In the evening of the day of her birth, Nancy had more company. Her grandfather and grandmother Hunt (Amos and Nancy Garrett Welborn Hunt) came to visit her. Both seemed very pleased with the name that had been selected and thought she was a pretty baby. Grandfather Amos explained that the name "Nancy" was synonymous with that of Hunt. For many generations Hunts had married women by the name of Nancy, and then they all named a child the same, so that he had countless aunts and cousins with the name. He then predicted that there would be many named for this "Nancy!"

Grandfather Amos and his wife, Nancy, had lived their early married life in Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, where they were married December 21, 1840, and where both were born: Amos on February 28, 1819, Nancy on August 7, 1823. Her parents were James D. And Malinda Newman Welborn. The parents of Amos were John and Jane Coates Hunt.

Near their former home in Kentucky was the Hebron Cemetery, located on an acre of land donated by Amos' grandparents, John and Charity Hunt. In the center of the acre stood a small log church with the Hunt tombstones around it. When the settlement of Shoal Creek had been surveyed and laid out for a townsite, Amos had suggested the name of Hebron because the surrounding country reminded him so much of the green hills of Old Hebron in Kentucky.

The LDS missionaries contacted the Hunts, and they were converted to the church when James was a small boy. The family came west with the Benjamin Gardner Company, leaving Kanesville, Iowa, on May 15, 1852, and arriving in Salt Lake City on September 24 of the same year. They had lost a baby girl before leaving Kentucky, and while they were traveling across the plains their small son, Alfred, died and was buried along the way. He was about 5 years old.

There were 241 people in the company with 45 wagons. James, his brother Jonathan, and his sister Emmaline made the journey with their parents. Nancy was expecting another baby, and they had been in Ogden only a month when Jefferson was born. Amos' parents and brothers made the trip, but a part of the family stayed in Iowa.

After pioneering the city of Ogden and adding some more children to their family, Amos and his brother, Bradford, volunteered to join the "Dixie" or "Cotton Mission" and come to the south of the Territory of Utah.

Arriving in St. George, Amos Hunt drew a lot on south Main Street near the Virgin and Santa Clara Rivers. He and his family were camped on this land when the great flood of 1862 came, surrounding their house with water so that Nancy and the children had to be carried out.

In early spring Amos was called by the Church authorities to be in charge of the herds of cattle and other stock. It was necessary to move them to better grazing land, and they were taken north towards Pine Valley Mountain. A base camp was set up at the Hunt ranch (now known as Blake and Gubler), and the grass was plentiful for grazing there. However, as the herds increased rapidly, they needed to be moved often and eventually were moved as far north and west as Shoal Creek. At this time the stock was separated, and each family became responsible for its own herd. Amos, Bradford and families then moved into the beautiful Clover Valley.

Amos was a shoemaker by trade, but learned from necessity to master many others, including those of extracting teeth and setting broken bones. After Shoal Creek became Hebron and was laid out in 5 and 10 acre lots, Amos drew ten acres of prime meadow land and became quite prosperous. He and his wife, Nancy, loved this valley with the clear streams of spring water, and most of all they enjoyed having their family live nearby.

Amos' mother, Jane Coates Hunt, lived with them and planned to visit her new great-granddaughter the following day. She was not too well, and even though it had been twenty years since the death of her husband, she missed him a great deal. He had died while they were still in Ogden, on January 10, 1857, and was buried there. She often spoke of the two missionaries, D.D. Hunt and L.A.Brady, who had brought the gospel to them in Kentucky.

The first day of "Nancy Jane Hunt's" life had been a busy one for those around her, but after a few weeks their activities resumed the normal pace. Grandmother Dinah stayed on to assist Elizabeth. On Sunday, July 3, the family dressed in their best and took Nancy to Sacrament Meeting, where she officially received her name and a father's blessing from her proud father. She was a happy, contented baby and caused no problems. She especially liked to have Alice and Alfred talk to her.

August 29 brought news of a sad event. The Telegraph operator received word of the death of the Prophet Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. The saints mourned the death of this great colonizer and leader. During the construction of the St. George Temple James had accepted the call to serve a mission by traveling to San Pete County and other areas, collecting donations for the Temple, and while on one of these trips he had met and visited with the Prophet. Elizabeth had been privileged to meet him several times while she was living in Salt Lake City. On one occasion shortly after they had arrived in Salt Lake Valley, her mother, Dinah, had pointedly asked him if he had more than one wife. In reply he had asked her to dinner that evening, and Elizabeth had accompanied her mother to the Prophet's home. Elder John Taylor was sustained as the new president of the Church.

The sound of music was often heard in the Hunt home. Nancy soon became accustomed to her mother and sister singing lullabies. James had inherited a strong musical talent and could sing, play the fiddle or harmonica, and with Elizabeth's angelic voice, many times the entire family joined in song. It was later said of Nancy that she sang before she talked.

As Nancy's first Christmas drew near,

preparations were made at home as well as at the church. Mother was busy cooking, baking and making gifts for the family. It was customary for everyone, young and old, to meet at the church house on Christmas Eve. The benches were moved back against the walls, leaving the floor clear for dancing. Nancy and the other babies were bundled up and slept on the benches during the festivities. The Church policy was "one only" waltz or round dance with quadrilles and virginia reels making up a part of the program. Readings, songs, fiddling, sometimes an accordian, and those talented in tap dance were asked to perform.

Even though Grandmother Dinah was older, none could match her speed or excellence of performance. The faster the fiddlers played the faster she tapped! As the program reached full swing, Santa Claus arrived with bells jingling, a bag over his shoulder and a pinion pine tree. He had plenty of help decorating the tree with popcorn strung on thread to drape over it and small polished red apples to tie to it, along with gingerbread cut in the shape of boys, girls and animals.

After the tree was decorated, Santa drew from his bag a present for everyone. Each child watched with wide eyes for him to call out their name and present them with a gift. Later, after they were home Santa would visit each home leaving a few lumps of candy, some nuts and a small gift or two. Alice was delighted with her doll, a small glass cup, and a comb. A shiny new pocket knife, suspenders, and a ball were proudly displayed by Alfred.

The new larger church house, which also served as a school house, had been built in 1871 with red bricks made by James and Jefferson Hunt and William E. Jones. As partners they had also made bricks for most of the homes built in Hebron, including their own.

Wednesday, October 16, 1878 was another special day in the James Hunt family. This was Alice Evaline's eighth birthday, and following family tradition she was baptised in Shoal Creek and confirmed by her father. Fortunately, it was a warm, balmy autumn day.

The Church was an integral part of their lives in the Hunt family. In fact, it served as a moral and health guide, and promoted educational programs and recreation as well.

James was an experienced and interesting speaker, well versed on Church doctrine. He used his sense of humor to keep the attention of his listeners. After their journey to Conference and the Endowment House in 1868, James had been asked to report on the trip, and his talk was one of the most spiritual that Elizabeth had ever heard. James held many positions of leadership in the Church and the community; his neighbors often called on him for advice. He was strictly honest and held the respect of all who knew him. He didn't mind doing more than his share on any project, whether it be caring for the "Hebron Cooperative Sheepherd," hauling wood for the Church, or keeping records for the ditch company. Elizabeth had beautiful penmanship and usually helped him on any record keeping. When the M.I.A. was organized in 1879, Elizabeth was chosen 1st counselor, and she and James enjoyed their work with the youth.

A welcome addition to the Hebron Ward occurred with the arrival of the James Samuel Page Bowler family. Elder Zera P. Terry had been on a mission to England, where he met the Bowler family and encouraged them to immigrate to Hebron, Utah. Brother Bowler was experienced in shoemaking, but best of all, he was a trained music teacher. The sixteen families living in Hebron loved music and were very pleased that the choir, as well as individuals, could receive proper training.

The first Sunday in Hebron Brother Bowler spoke, giving an account of the promise he had given Elder Terry to make the long journey to Utah. He also told the saints that "they seemed to be as happy and contented as though they had everything they desired" and that he could feel the manifestation of brotherly love among them.

J.S.P. Bowler became active in M.I.A. and performed a great service to the ward

with his musical talent. One of the first songs he taught was "Yes, My Native Land I Love, Can I Leave Thee, Far in Distant Lands to Dwell."

The Bowler family arrived November 20, 1880. In December they attended conference in St. George and when they returned, gave a glowing report of the spiritual feast they had enjoyed. Bro. Bowler then taught the song, "Lo the Temple, Long Expected in St. George Shall Stand by God's Faithful Saints in Dixie Land." The Christmas programs of this year were delightful with the new musical talent brought by the Bowlers.

On January 9, 1880, two-and-one-half year old Nancy welcomed a baby sister. Elizabeth had expected a boy, to follow her former pattern of boy, girl, boy, girl...but she was pleasantly surprised with a beautiful little girl whose coloring was more like Alfred's, brown hair and light brown eyes. Alice and Nancy were both darker with almost black hair and eyes. The promise was kept to Grandmother Dinah, and the baby was given the name of Dinah Ann. As always, Grandmother Dinah was there to care for mother and baby.

Nancy was a little curious about this new baby, and she was at the stage when she asked many questions, so she asked Grandmother Dinah where she had found the baby to bring to her mother. The grandmother was well versed on the answer to this question, even though she didn't believe it was best for young ears to hear the truth. So she told Nancy that she had been walking in the foothills above town and found the baby all alone in the snow, under a big sagebrush. Nancy was almost in tears as she thought about the little baby out in the cold snow, but Grandmother comforted her by showing her how nice and warm the baby was now and reassuring her that they would all take good care of the baby.

As Grandmother Dinah sat before the fireplace in Elizabeth's bedroom, she picked up Nancy and rocked her. She sang nursery rhymes such as this one:

There was a fine lady
Who rode a white horse.
She had rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes.
She could make music
Wherever she goes.

How blessed Elizabeth felt to have her mother, Dinah, with her. She didn't know what she would have done without her help. Dinah's personality was as a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day. Even though she had passed through many trials and sorrows, she always had a calm, sweet manner that cheered those with whom she came in contact. She had established a good paying practice in Salt Lake City and was able to send supplies and cash to her daughters who had moved south--sometimes as much as $100.00 at a time. Her normal fee for a delivery was $4.00, although there were some who generously paid her more, and some who could not pay at all. She never refused to go an a case; she had delivered more than a thousand babies without losing a mother or child.

Grandmother Dinah sometimes gazed at the high, rocky Pine Valley Mountains and the rugged volcanic scenery of the area and remembered the rolling hills which were known as mountains in Wales. She was born in 1813 in Carmarthen, South Wales, the seventh of eight children born to Samuel and Dinah Simon Davies. Her younger sister, Ruth Elizabeth, was born in 1815, and Dinah had named her own daughter Elizabeth after this sister. Her parents were married the 1st of April, 1800, by "Banns" at St. Peters, Llanllawddog Parish, and each of their children was baptized (or christened) in this Parish. Samuel was a cooper by trade, making barrels and kegs of all sizes for sale. He died at the age of 41 and was buried in St. Peters December 1, 1818, when Dinah was five years old. Dinah's brother, David was one of Queen Victoria's guards.

Later, in the city of Merthyr Tydfil, Dinah met and married William Vaughan. She had heard that the Vaughan men were generally noted for their princely bearing and mental superiority, and the Vaughan women were famously handsome. After meeting William's family, she agreed with the description.

William and Dinah's first home was

located in the section of Merthyr known as Penydarran. Their marriage had been by "Banns," rather than by license. When they notified the Vicar of their desire to marry, he announced their intentions at church on March 2nd, 9th and 16th. No one came forth with objections, so they were married on March 17, 1834. The marriage was performed in the Parish of Merthyr Tydfil, County of Glamorgan, by Thomas Jones, Curate, with William Rowland and Daniel A. Lewis, witnesses.

It was not Grandmother Dinah's nature to dwell on the past, but there were times when memories filled her mind. She remembered well the City of Merthyr Tydfil where she and William had lived. About 9,000 people lived there in 1830; it was the largest city in Wales at that time.

The city was built around the shrine of St. Tydfil. The church had been rebuilt on that spot in 1809. This church was unusual with its vaulted Romanesque structure, and the interior was dignified and tranquil. The shrine held great significance for the city.

Tydfil had been the young daughter of a 5th century Chieftain named Brychan, who converted to Christianity. Tydfil and her family were massacred by a band of marauding Picts, and she had died where the church was later built that bore her name.

The shrine of St. Tydfil the Martyr (Merthyr means martyr) soon became a place of Christian pilgrimages, with St. Tydfil as the center motif. One of her brothers became the Patron Saint of Brittony.

During the Middle Ages Merthyr Tydfil was the scene of many insurrections, but each time they were harshly quelled, and the survivors driven back into the mountains. Conditions improved, however, in 1485 when Henry Tudor, himself a Welshman, became Henry VII of England...More improvements came during the reign of his son, Henry VIII, who brought about the Act of Union, by which the power of the Lords of the Marches was finally broken.

Dinah remembered seeing the old motto on St. Tydfil Church: "Nid Cadarn Ond Brodyrdde" (English translation: Not by Force But Fellowship). She also remembered words to some of the prayers offered by the older people in this church, who "thanked God for making us as He did, and not as He might have--into lumps without arms or legs, but He made us so handy for everything."

There is a magnificent castle, the Cyfartha, set in a park-like setting in Wales. The highest mountain range in South Wales is the Brecon-Brecons, which at the highest point measures 2,200 feet. Dinah had often seen it cloud-covered, and sometimes with a few inches of snow. The River Taff ran through the center of Merthyr Tydfil, and a canal had been dug from the river to Cardiff, a distance of 21 miles. The canal was of great benefit in transporting the coal and iron from the mines and factories to a seaport. William had worked in the coal mines, where working conditions were very poor. The mines were damp, with the ceilings too low for a man to stand. The coal was hauled out in small wagons, usually by children, because they were able to walk upright in the tunnels, and the men were compelled to walk in a stooping position.

On May 26, 1838, William and Dinah were blessed with their first daughter, whom they named Martha. How sad they were nine months later when Martha contacted the dreaded disease, Small Pox, and died on March 5, 1839. They had her such a short time and missed her so much that when their second daughter was born June 18, 1840, they decided to give her the same name. This was a custom often practiced in Wales at that time.

On the 8th day of April, 1843, another daughter was born to them and given the name of Dinah for her mother and grandmother. New mines were opening up that offered better working conditions, and the Vaughans moved about twenty miles to the County of Monmouth and resided at Penmark, Bedwelty Parish.

They were delighted when their first son was born September 13, 1845, and given the name of William Samuel. A short time later they moved back to their old home in

Merthyr Tydfil. All went well until the children were exposed to whooping cough. Martha was old enough to safely survive the disease, but the little son died on May 31, 1847. It was a sad father who registered the death of his 19-month-old son on the 13th of June, 1847. Both parents grieved for the lost children, as Dinah too, died leaving only Martha living. They drew more comfort from their new religion than from any other source.

A little more than a year before, the Vaughans had been taught by Mormon missionaries the only true gospel on the face of the earth. Both had accepted the Church and were baptised—Dinah on her birthday February 3, 1846. Knowing the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the plan of salvation gave them comfort and hope. The Vaughans spent as much time as possible attending church meetings and in trying to teach others. They were mistreated because of their beliefs, and some of their family would have nothing to do with them.

When the Mission President was released and began making plans to return to the United States, the Vaughans decided to go with him and join with the Saints. Dinah was expecting a baby, so a trained nurse accompanied them. The group traveled to Pembrokeshire to bid farewell to the Vaughan family still living there. While enroute Dinah became ill. They stopped at a farmhouse but were refused lodging when it was learned they were Mormons. At the next farmhouse they were refused room in the house but were allowed to use the barn. Here, on a cold night Elizabeth was born November 14, 1849. While Dinah was regaining enough strength to travel, William and the Mission President worked, and that included some missionary work. William Vaughan baptised several people from this area.

As soon as Dinah was able, they made their way to a seaport and sailed for Liverpool. Here many saints were preparing to sail for America. William, age 41, Dinah, 37, Martha, almost 10 years old, and the infant Elizabeth sailed on the *Josiah Bradlee*, leaving Liverpool on February 5, 1850, and arriving in New Orleans two weeks later. There were 263 passengers aboard, many of them saints with the same final destination as the Vaughans--to join the main body of the church in the Salt Lake Valley in the western United States. During the voyage, Dinah cared for the sick passengers and gained the appreciation of the Captain, Thomas Day.

The next lap of the trip was also by water up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri. Here William found work, and Dinah continued to care for the family as well as the sick. In 1852 William died; perhaps the dampness of the mines in which he worked had weakened his lungs and his resistance, causing his death in his early forties. Dinah, wanting to go west, made her way to St. Joseph and continued to earn a living by her medical work. The girls were enrolled in a Catholic school as it was the only school available. They were taught reading, writing and arithmetic, courtesy and proper manners, as well as learning the messages from the Bible.

When Martha was 21 and Elizabeth almost 12, they began the final leg of their journey west. Leaving Florence, Nebraska on July 11, 1861, they traveled with the Joseph Young Company. There were 300 saints with 90 wagons who arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 23, 1861. Ancel P. Harmon and Heber P. Kimball had assisted Joseph W. Young in leading this wagon train.

The small settlement of Hebron became a fine place to live. The water and soil were good, and gardens grew in abundance. The town was laid out with three streets running east and west--the center one was Main Street--and five running north and south. There were nine blocks and some half blocks, each containing four lots. There were 47 lots altogether, each with a frontage of thirteen rods. Main Street was six rods wide, and the other streets five rods wide. The original survey was done in December, 1866, but the area was re-surveyed in August of 1872. It was interesting to the inhabitants to find the tracks of the Jayhal

Kers, a train of 118 wagons, which had passed through on October 18, 1849, straight through the sagebrush of what was now the Main Street. (Three days later 70 of these 118 wagons had returned and joined Captain Jefferson Hunt, who led the main company south over the Old Spanish Trail to southern California. The entire company who had continued traveling due west were starved or frozen while attempting to cross the Sierra-Nevada mountain range.)

It was told by some that Hebron was located over an old battleground and that many evil spirits were roaming around the valley. At times someone would be possessed with an evil spirit, and Elders of the Church would come in and administer to the depraved person, commanding Satan to depart. What most frightened the citizens was the fact that the insane person would become so physically powerful! There were also stories told of heavenly spirits visiting with music that some could hear and others could not. There was one *real* problem that vexed the people, and that was keeping the long canal and dams intact. They were often flooded out, causing all the men and boys to work round the clock until repairs were finished.

The years of 1879 and 1880 were disappointing ones for grazing; the range had been over-used trying to support too much stock. James saw the successful orchards growing farther south at Gunlock, and it was decided that he and his family should move there for a season. They bought a piece of property from Brother James Hughes and left most of the stock in Hebron under the care of his father and brothers. It was soon apparent that the move was not financially profitable, although he and Elizabeth found church work and the sociable people a rewarding experience. James served as a counselor to Bishop Franklin D. Holt, with William E. Jones the other counselor. They sold their property in Gunlock to Brother J. S. Huntsman.

About this time Brother Bill Meeks came from Rabbit Valley in Piute County and gave a glowing account of that area. He told of a beautiful green valley with a wide swift stream of water running through the center. The abundance of rabbits proved the range was good for grazing in the hills around the central valley. So, after much discussion, James, his father Amos, some of his brothers and sisters, and several other families from Hebron dedided to move and give the Hebron range land a chance to improve.

In April, 1882 they rounded up the stock, closed their homes, and began the journey in a long caravan. James drove the team, and Alferd rode horseback to keep the stock moving in the right direction. Elizabeth and the girls rode in the covered wagon with the supplies they needed daily. Most of their possessions were loaded in other wagons. As they traveled, they often sang "Zion, We Love Thee" or "Oh Ye Mountains High." Herds of wild horses and antelope were seen along the way. They welcomed the sight of the small town of Thurber where they soon found a home.(Thurber is now known as Bicknell.)

As promised, the area was rich in grazing land, and the stock grew fat. Grandmother Dinah paid them a visit early in the fall to be on hand for the birth of Martha Angeline Hunt, born November 9, 1882. She was another petite baby, looking more like Nancy than the other girls.

Coal and antimony ore had been discovered near Thurber at this time, but James accepted Church counsel to stay away from mining. He did no prospecting or mining but was willing to sell produce to the miners as they had in Pioche. Mail was delivered twice a week.

In a short length of time James was busily engaged in the activities of the community. He was appointed 'Pound-Keeper' to take care of stray stock--he had served in this position previously at Hebron. He was also appointed to the office of Trustee in the Lower Fremont Irrigation Company of Piute County, Territory of Utah, at an election held the 12th day of January, 1884 A.D. The certificate was stamped with the official seal and signed by C.E. Bolton, Clerk. His

duties included that of serving as Justice of the Peace. From his records the following case was taken: "Thurber Precinct, Piute County, Jan. 19, 1885. This is to certify that John A. Burr appeared before me and testifide that the offence of grand larsency had been commited by Guley Blackburn. When he was brought before me according to the understanding I could get, the offence was not grand larcey as John A. Burr had stated. That the offence was done through a mistake and they thought the parties could settle the matter between themselves. J.W. Hunt, Trustee of the Peace."

James had always been a leader and was willing to assume the initiative when anything needed to be done. Before leaving Hebron, during the period of time they were trying to reach a decision on where to move, he had written Apostle Erastus Snow for advice on whether the group should move to the Cannonville area. A copy of one of Brother Snow's letters follows:

"St. George, March 23rd 1880 Brother James W. Hunt, Hebron This is reply to your letter, asking me if there was anything wrong or out of the way in your applying to me last fall, for the priviledge of yourself and your father's family moving to Cannonville. I say no unless there was some wrong notine at the bottam of it, which I did not then think, nor have any reason now for thinking so. If any of your brethren are troubled about it, I hope they will get over it, and that you will not condem yourself, because they are overly sensitive about it. Hoping that your Father and his family are well as yourself may be happy and prosperous whereever you reside and continue in well doing, I am, E. Snow."

Many of the Hunt's neighbors were the same in Thurber as they had been in Hebron, but there were some new ones with which to get acquainted. James kept a list of their neighbors in his records of the irrigation company. They were: Mathew W. Mansfield, Eilliam W. Hall, Sylvester Williams Thomas Nelson Terry, Thomas S. Terry, James and Josh Cook, Hyrum R. Huntsman, Hyrum Burgess, James and Samuel Burgess, William and J.B. Meeks, Willard and C. Snow, Levi and George Brinkerhoff, William and Harris Burgess, J. Hughes, L. Billings, Orson and Louis Robbins, J. N. Gardner, William Fay, S. J. Taft, Perry and J.W. Stringham, Brigham Reese, John Peterson, David and Benjamin Cook, Ezra Bullard, John Wilson, Amasa Lyman, W.A. And Ed Keel, Isiac and J.N. Goodwin, William Heath, T.R. Forsyth, Edwin Peterson, Evan Edwards, Levi Stringham, C. Thorton, William Terry, Elias, Jefferson, Amos and A.P. Hunt. Maria Noyes was the post mistress. Jonathon Hunt also lived there for a short time.

In addition to his parents, James had his sisters, Sarah Francis Terry, Eliza Ellen Peterson, Cena Ann Mansfield, Emmaline Huntsman, Malinda Hall, and brothers, Jefferson, Amos Pratt, and Elias Hunt, all living near by. His youngest sister, Angeline, was not married and lived with her parents. She had, however, already met a young man by the name of George Smith Coleman, whom she later married.

Of all their experiences while in Rabbit Valley, perhaps the most touching was the death of James' younger sister, Sarah Francis. She had married Thomas Nelson Terry, and they had two fine sons when they left Hebron. On March 16, 1884, at Rabbit Valley, she had given birth to a beautiful little girl. 'However, no man knoweth the day nor the hour that God will call His spirits home, and so it was with the lovely Sarah Francis. The Angel of Death was even then close by her side. Before her death, Bishop Blackburn was called to her side to give her a blessing. Under the spirit of inspiration, he said to her, "Sister Terry, you are now prepared for the Celestial Glory if you will accept." After the Bishop had gone, she, with her husband, Nelson, talked about the blessing. It was decided between them that she consign herself to the will of the Lord and accept the Lord's way. Those were solemn moments for the young couple. An agreement was entered into, that if it pleased God, she should take the new baby with her, and the two little boys should remain with their father. Thus, twelve days after the birth of little Sarah Mae, Sarah

Francis departed this world, knowing where she was going, yet grieved, as only a mother can be, for she would miss the two little boys and the husband she loved so dearly. The covenant must have received Divine Approval, for at a later date, July 14, 1884, not four months later, little Sarah Mae passed away, and her spirit took its flight to the heavenly abode of its mother, Sarah Francis.

'Words cannot describe the grief of Nelson and the loneliness of his two small boys, following the passing of these two, so near to them. The home life and the heart of the father was now broken, the childhood of the two small boys empty, without the caresses of a loving mother and the kind and tender companionship of a devoted wife. The boys were never to know the love of a loving sister.' (Heritage Builders, Descendants of John Hunt who married Jane Coates, Compiled by Hunt Family Research Association, 1961)

During the winter of 1885, several of the Hunt families were talking about selling their holdings in Piute County and returning to Hebron. When Elizabeth's health began to fail, James immediately made preparations to leave as soon as weather permitted. He called on Bishop George Brinkerhoff to let him know they were leaving, and the Bishop wrote a 'reccomend' to be presented to their new Bishop when they changed wards, stating that James, Elizabeth, Alferd and Alice were members in good standing.

Once again, the wagon train crossed the Fremont River and headed west. Alferd was now 17 years old and handled the teams with no difficulty. Alice was 15 and a great help to Elizabeth in caring for Nancy, almost 8, Dinah Ann, 5, and Martha, 2½ years. They arrived in Hebron in April, 1885, and almost at once, Elizabeth began to feel better.

The trip home was about 80 miles as the crow flies but much longer over the winding wagon roads. James had made an earlier trip from Thurber to Gunlock to work for the Mountain Chief Mining Co. during the winter months when he wasn't able to farm. He had hauled and cut wood for the mining company with the promise of high wages, but instead, he had not been paid at all. He was not alone, as the company left without paying their obligations.

On May 10, 1885, Pine Valley, Pinto, Mountain Meadows, Gunlock, and Hebron joined together at Pine Valley where all the wards celebrated the Sunday School Jubilee.

There were two bands which provided music, one from St. George and one from Pinto, and other entertainment in the form of readings, skits and singing added to the enjoyment of those present. The children had a wonderful time, and a good feeling prevailed among the members.

The next major event in Nancy's life was her eighth birthday on May 26. She had long looked forward to when she could be baptised and become a 'real' member of the Church. She had been taught the purpose of baptism and understood the principle of immersion for the remission of sins. She also knew that her father would confirm her a member of the Church and bestow the Gift of the Holy Ghost on her. She could hardly wait for the day, even though Alferd kept telling her how cold the water would be. She felt lucky that her birthday was in a warmer season than Alferd or Alice's had been--and warmer than it would be for Dinah Ann and Martha when they turned eight. When the birthday finally arrived, James baptised her, just as he had the older children.

Tragedy struck when on August 11, 1885, James died of quick pneumonia. Before he died, he asked Elizabeth to promise him that she would move to Gunlock. Grandmother Dinah was at Mountain Meadows waiting to deliver a baby for James' sister, Nancy Jane Hunt Holt, when she received the news. She immediately left for Hebron to be with Elizabeth. Grandmother Dinah wondered why pneumonia seemed to develop so much faster in a large strong man than in a frail one. She had seen Elizabeth and James on July 26, and he had been in the best of health--what she would call 'Hale and Hearty'. "Such is life," she thought. "The young as well as the aged are called. Be Ye Ready." A casket was made by a good friend and neighbor, John Laub, with plaque attached to the side which read, "At Rest."

He was laid to rest in the Hebron Cemetery beside his two children.

James' good friend, John Laub, had a difficult time controlling his emotions at the cemetery. He had several loved ones buried there, but the one that touched him most was his daughter, Rosie. She had been only eighteen months old when she died from a rattlesnake bite. Her mother was sitting on the rock steps of their ranch house with Rosie beside her, when the baby cried and began rubbing her leg. At first the mother found the leg only slightly red, so with her hand she felt along the the rock steps to see if a rough place had scratched the baby. She found the rocks were smooth. Rosie continued to fret about her leg, and in a short time there were red spots with a tiny white dot in the center. An aunt was called in to look at the leg and suggested that perhaps the lizard she had seen earlier had bitten the little girl. It was evening, and as soon as the grandfather came in from milking, the anxious mother asked him to look at the leg. At first glance he was sure it was the bite of a rattlesnake! As he and the boys jerked out the stone steps, the rattlesnake came out. Rosie's Uncle John jumped on it and stomped it to death. Horses were saddled with one rider going for Rosie's father, another for medicine. It was a distance of five miles from their little Pine Valley ranch to town, and yet the rider rode in, got the medicine, and was back at the ranch in forty minutes. Everything possible was done to save Rosie's life, but as the deadly venom surged through her veins, her entire body became spotted, and in the last stages she tried to bite those who were caring for her. Rosie had been bitten about sundown and died as the sun was coming up in the morning of July 27, 1880. (Memories of Carrie L. Hunt)

Elizabeth was inconsolable; she felt her world had ended with the death of her beloved husband. Seeing her heartbroken children and knowing of their need for her, gave her the strength to carry on. Keeping the promise she had made to James, she prepared to move to Gunlock. She purchased a lot with a log house on it and a field where a bearing orchard was established. The house was not large, but there was a nice grape vine arbor next to it that made an excellent summer bedroom.

Elizabeth used some of the money from their Thurber property. Her main concern was the future support of her children. Alferd was working, earning more than enough for his needs, and he gave his mother as much as he could. They also began selling most of the livestock, keeping only enough for their own use. The move had been a difficult one, and sensing their mother's sorrow, the children stayed very near and helped her in countless ways. Alice assumed much responsibility in caring for her younger sisters as well as for her mother. The move was completed in November, 1885.

Elizabeth had never been a physically strong woman; she was small, thin, and subject to heart spells. But she now summoned her strength and courage and did any type of work available. She took in washing and ironing for those who could afford to have it done. She and Alice became organized, using the smaller girls to help, until they could accomplish an unbelievable amount of work.

The family did enjoy the mild winter in Gunlock where very little snow fell, and the wind was much less than at Hebron. The first summer the orchard bore an abundance of fruit. There was not much demand for the sale of fruit during the season it was ripe, so the fruit was carefully dried to be sold later. Alferd built some long saw horses and laid planks from one to another. After the fruit was cut and the pits removed, it was placed open side up to dry. The sale of dried fruit usually netted about four or five cents a pound.

Nancy loved school. She had completed first and second grade in Thurber and entered third grade in Gunlock November 23, 1885. Alferd and Alice had both finished school and were able to work to help support the family. Dinah Ann and Martha were still too young for school. The school teacher was William E. Jones, who earned $30.00 per month for his services.

One of the most exciting events took place at the close of the school year on April 25, 1886, when the children produced a theatre and dance program. More than almost anything, Nancy loved music; she sang and played the guitar. She was not trained to read notes but played strictly 'by ear'. Once she heard a melody, she could play it on the organ or a guitar.

As soon as the fall work was finished, Elizabeth and the girls began the project of making Alice's trousseau. Many quilts were made, some quilted and some tied, and the treadle sewing machine was kept busy. Elizabeth was an excellent seamstress and had taught Alice the art of sewing many ruffles on her dresses and petticoats. The dresses were made with long full skirts, trimmed with yards of ruffles that took hours to iron.

Alice had met a fine-looking young man by the name of Henry Davis Holt, and they were engaged to marry. The marriage took place in the St. George Temple on December 2, 1886. A nice reception was held that evening at the chapel in Gunlock, where their friends and neighbors brought useful gifts and their best wishes for the young couple's happiness. Henry and Alice planned to make their home at Mountain Meadows, and even though that was not far away, Nancy cried when they left.

Elizabeth was so busy with her family, she had little time to think about her loneliness. In fact, she believed it was a good thing to keep busy and not dwell on the loss she had suffered. Her beloved James was not to be seen on this earth, but she would look forward to being with him in eternity.

Nancy continued to love school and found learning a joyful experience. At night after the evening chores were finished, she often read by lamplight as long as her mother would permit. Elizabeth was able to add much to the discussions on school work, as she had obtained a good basic education and had learned from personal experience a great deal about the colonization of the Territory of Utah.

One subject that fascinated Nancy was that of history, and as she learned more about the world and its inhabitants, her interest grew. She was excited to learn that they were living along the 'Old Spanish Trail,' a route that had been used long before the Declaration of Independence had been signed, making the United States a free country. In the early days the "Yutas," a tribe of Indians who lived in the area, and the Spanish traders, who traveled from Mexico to trade, used the Trail. At times the trading was not by mutual agreement, as some of the Spanish came heavily armed and picked up anything they wanted, including the children of the Yutas. These children were taken south and sold as slaves.

Not all the expeditions were made by outlaws. Some were by Catholics, who were proselyting or trying to find a direct route to the Pacific Coast. The Spanish had founded missions in a large area extending through what is now known as New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona. They had also thrust their way up the coast and were building missions there.

The vast country of Mexico had become a possession of Spain in 1519 A.D. and the City of Mexico had been conquered by 1521. Catholic Fathers, backed by the soldiers of the Spanish conquest, with a sword in one hand and a cross in the other, marched forth giving the native races only the choice of which hand they would take. Those who would not swear allegiance to the cross were put to the sword, and the so-called heathens were Christianized in one full stroke.

In 1776 the Dominguez-Escalante party was looking for a route to tie the eastern missions in with those of the west coast. They failed in their efforts to find the route but did missionary work among the Indians. Within a few years after Father Escalante's expedition, a direct route was found to the coast.

The war of 1845 cost Mexico almost half of the territory it had. The march of the Mormon Battalion cut the new dividing line between Mexico and the United States from El Paso to San Diego. As the Mormons began colonizing the south area, a wagon road was made over what had been only a

trail. In 1848 fifty wagons crossed over the road that extended to California, and in 1849 two hundred wagons made the trip. When the Mormons settled in southern Utah, they began building roads, planting crops, laying out townsites, and building homes. In a year they had accomplished more to improve the area of the Old Spanish Trail than the Spanish had done in more than three hundred years!

An Indian story that amazed Nancy was one told of the Papoose stolen by the Piute Chief, Walker, and his braves. For many generations the Piutes had extracted tribute from the impoverished tribes living along the Santa Clara and Rio Virgin Rivers. One particular year they had been very disapointed when, after scouring the hills, they could find nothing more than a few skins, so they stole a small Indian child. The Piutes knew the baby's mother was following, so they kept a close guard on the papoose.

On a moonlight night, the mother watched from her hiding place in the willows until the last guard had fallen asleep, then silently she crept into camp, careful not to make the slightest disturbance, and took her baby. She slipped back through the willows and ran over the slippery, choppy foothills towards her home lands. More then two miles she had run in the gray light of dawn, when she heard hoof-beats of horses behind her, and she knew she would be captured and killed, and the baby taken back into captivity. Just as the howling horsemen appeared over a ridge behind, a sheer cliff and below it the muddy water of the Rio Virgin loomed ahead. Without slackening her pace, the Indian mother headed straight for the precipice. Reaching it, she hurled the baby and herself over the cliff to a watery death below.

About one hundred people lived in Gunlock, and Nancy soon became acquainted with all of them. She and her friends liked the shady streets and the sandy soil. The town had been laid out with only one street with homes built on either side. A row of cottonwood trees had been planted to line each side of the street for a mile long. Fences were necessary to keep the wild cattle out of the orchards and other crops. These wild cattle were often caught and used for food. No one knew for sure, but some speculated that the cattle were the descendants of those lost at the Mountain Meadow Massacre and had gradually grazed south to the warmer climate.

As Nancy progressed in school she was taught by the following teachers: Lenora Woodbury, Julian Westover, J. S. P. Bowler, and Ella Jarvis. School supplies were scarce, so sometimes Elizabeth would make notebooks by cutting wrapping paper in lengths about ten inches by twenty inches, laying several sheets together and sewing a seam down the middle. These papers folded over with the seam on the fold served just as well as the regular notebooks, and twenty-five cents had been saved to use for other supplies.

Grandmother Dinah left on September 9, 1887, to go to Mountain Meadows to stay with Alice and Henry. She was there for the arrival of a baby daughter born October 5, 1887. She stayed seven weeks to care for mother and baby. Dinah was now seventy four years old, and although she continued to assist at the birth of babies, she no longer stayed to help with the household afterward, except for her own family.

Elizabeth and her family received another happy surprise when on October 9, 1887, she was asked to become postmistress. The petition was drawn up by John T. Woodbury, and William E. Jones obtained the signatures of forty of their neighbors.

Brother F. O. Holt, Amos P. Hunt, and Frank Dagget signed the document certifying of her good character.

The extra income from the post office was a help in supporting the family, and Elizabeth liked the work. The first postmistress had been Sister Solenda Huntsman with Hyrum E. Jones as the first mail carrier. Salary for the first six months the post office was open in Gunlock was $24.00, two thirds to be paid to the postmistress and one third to the mail carrier. Through some misunderstanding the mail carrier was never paid the $8.00 due him, but Gunlock did get a permanent

post office.

Elizabeth reserved a corner of her front room as the post office, and the residents mailed letters and packages and picked up their mail there. She had kept records for several companies in connection with the Cooperative sheep and cattle herds, the Canal Company, and for the tithing office when they lived in Hebron. This experience in the field of bookkeeping gave her the confidence she needed to report the accounts of the post office to the United States Government.

On Sunday, November 27, the Gunlock ward was reorganized with F. O. Holt as Bishop and William E. Jones and J. S. P. Bowler as counselors. Elizabeth was again called to work in the Mutual Improvement Association, where she enjoyed working with the youth in the ward. She was grateful that she and her children lived next door to the church, making it possible for them to attend all meetings.

Alferd had for some time been keeping company with a lovely young lady by the name of Mary Lois Truman. Her family lived a short distance down the street. They set the date for their marriage for February 20, 1889, just five days after Alferd's twenty-first birthday. They made a handsome couple as they were married in the St. George Temple and later at the reception held in the Gunlock church. Elizabeth's family at home was getting smaller with only the three girls left, Nancy, Dinah and Martha.

Alferd had always been an obedient son, assisting his mother in countless ways, and since the death of her husband, she had depended on him even more. She was so proud of her only living son, and along with a nice wedding gift, she presented him with a copy of the Patriarchal Blessing he had received in Hebron when he was only seven years old.

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No. 119 Hebron, Washington County, Utah Territory June 3rd, 1875

A Blessing by John L. Smith Patriarch, upon the head of *JAMES A HUNT* son of James W. Hunt and Elizabeth Vaughan born Hebron Washington County, U. T. Feb. 15 1868.

Bro. James A. -- for and in behalf of thy father I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a blessing which shall be a comfort unto thee and strengthen thee for thy duties many times. Thou art of the house of Joseph and the blood of Ephraim. Ere long thou shallt receive the Priesthood in fulness, which shall make of thee a mighty man in Israel in as much as thou willt follow its dictates. Thou art young and unaquainted with all the traps and snares of the adversary to catch the feet of Isreal. Yet if thou wilt listen to the councils of thy parents, thou shalt come of victorious. Thy wives will be many and thy posterity a multitude. Riches honors, immortality and Eternal life shall be thine -- power in the priesthood to accomplish any might work for the good of Isreal that shall be required of thee. Thy labors in thy Fathers house shall not be few. Now my son shun evil and thou shalt lack no good thing - in the name of Jesus, Amen.
Agnes A. Macdonald Recorder
Hebron, Washington Co., U.T.

James had been anxious for his young son to have this blessing and had taken him to the church house where both received a Patriarchal Blessing. Elizabeth like to read James' Blessing and often remembered the promises given him. It strengthened her faith when she read this line: "Thy storehouse filled to overflowing for thee and thine there shall be no lack." She wondered, too, about James being one of the "Hundred forty and four thousand" as she had never seen nor heard of anyone else being given this promise. James' Blessing:

No. 118 Hebron, Washington Co., U. T.
June 3rd, 1875

A Blessing by John L. Smith Patriarch, upon the head of *James Wilson Hunt* son of Amos Hunt and Nancy G. Welborn born in Mulenburg Co., Ky. July 27th 1843 Brother

James -- In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing. Thou are of the house of Joseph who was sold in to Egypt and entitled to all the blessings promised his sons. Thy guardian angel hath watched over thee, and turned from thy breast the shafts of death and preserved thy life when to all human appearances thy days on earth were numbered. Yet thou hast a work to perform for thy father's house which shall be an honor unto thee all thy days, for thy labors at home and abroad shall not be few for the good of Isreal. Thy wives and thy children to thy hearts content, Thy store house filled to overflowing for thee and thine there shall be no lack. Thy power in the Priesthood mighty, even to still the waring elements, and command the destroyer to stay his hand while thou interest his dominions to gather out some honest-hearted Saint and return loaded with sheaves in safety. All thy former gifts and blessings are renewed upon thee with eternal lives with all thou canst desire in righteousness. Stand on the earth numbered with the hundred forty and four thousand a Saviour on Mt. Zion. See that thy faith fail not, and these words shall be fulfilled - in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Agnes A. Macdonald Recorder

Elizabeth was particularly happy about one thing -- and that was that James had been contented with only one wife! His father, Amos, had lived in polygamy a few years. After coming to Utah he had married Rebecca Wiggins, a sister to Bradford Hunt's wife, Eleanor. To this union were born three children, but while the families were living in Clover Valley, the young mother died of pneumonia on September 19, 1865. Her youngest child was a little less than two years old. Amos's first wife, Nancy, took over the care of these three children as well as that of her own. Some said that if she showed any preference, it was in favor of Rebecca's children. She had loved them all and made a loving, happy home for them.

Amos also received a Patriarchal Blessing a month after James and Alferd received theirs. Elizabeth marveled at the promises that had been fulfilled. Already, his posterity was numerous and mighty on the mountains. The land and riches promised on earth had been fulfilled, and she knew of no one more generous in granting favors to others. Truly, she thought, his blessing had been a guiding light in his life.

610
No 125 Hebron Washington Co., U. T.
July 4th 1875

A Blessing by John L. Smith Patriarch, upon the head of *Amos Hunt* son of John Hunt and Jane Coats born Mulenburg Co., Ky. Feb 28th 1819

Brother Amos -- In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth I place my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a patriarchal blessing, Thou art of the house of Joseph and thine inheritance shall be with the children of Ephraim. Thy name is recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life never to be erased except through wilfull transgression. Thy posterity shall be numerous and mighty upon the mountains. Thou hast a great work to preform for thy friends both living and dead. They look unto thee and thine for deliverance. Thy joy shall be full for thy reward shall be glorious. The priesthood in fulness which shall give thee power over all evil. Houses, lands, riches in abundance of both earth and heaven, for in thy house there shall be no lack. Many shall seek unto thee for favor which it will be thy pleasure to grant them. All thy former gifts and blessings with eternal lives I renew upon thee with every desire of thine heart in righteousness if thou art faithful to the end - in the name of Jesus thy Redeemer, Amen.

Agnes A. Macdonald Recorder

Brother John Powell from Fillmore taught a theology class twice a week, and many were interested in learning more about the Gospel they had embraced. Nancy particularly liked to hear the lessons on church history, those about the Prophet Joseph Smith, his visions, and the golden plates from which he had translated the Book of

Mormon. One of the main reasons she enjoyed all church meetings was the singing, and the theology classes usually began by singing hymns, such as "When First the Glorious Light of Truth" or "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning." Music was an important part of Nancy's life; she sang as she worked about her home, in the garden, or at play. She even had to remind herself often, or she would be humming some tune while in school.

J. S. P. Bowler had moved from Hebron to Gunlock, and Nancy was very impressed with the musical talent brought into the ward by this family. She was anxious to learn more about music, and J. S. P. Bowler was a great teacher. She began with small parts in the various programs presented by the church and the school, but with Brother Bowler's encouragement was soon singing solos, accompanying herself with her guitar.

Sometimes she sang with her sisters or others and sometimes with the Ward Choir. Brother Bowler had a talent for bringing extra feeling into the songs. Some were sad or sentimental; some happy and gay, and some were silly and just for fun. Nancy remembered how sad the song of "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again to Where the Old Home Stands" seemed to her. "The Yellow Rose of Texas" was one the young folks liked to sing.

Grandmother Dinah continued to travel about the country caring for women in childbirth. The mother often sent her husband to bring Dinah by horse and buggy to their home. She had made trips to Santa Clara, Washington, Toquerville, Mountain Meadows, Thurber, Pine Valley, Pinto, Mesquite, Woods Ranch, Diamond Valley, Hamblin, Clover Valley, Hebron, and Modena, as well as attending many cases in Gunlock. For sometime she had felt the effect of old age and had decided to care only for those in Gunlock and for her own family. However, it was difficult for her to refuse anyone, and when on Monday, September 30, 1889, Benjamin Platt came from Hamblin pleading for her to come help his wife, Dinah went with him. Sister Platt had been in labor all night, and no one had been able to deliver her. The people were very much alarmed by her condition. Dinah left Gunlock at nine in the morning and arrived around noon. By two o'clock she had delivered the baby, and all was well. Her fifty years of experience in this field had given her great skill.

Each summer Elizabeth and her family prepared and dried about six hundred pounds of dried peaches to be stored and sold during the winter. There was an abundance of peaches, and it was customary to have parties known as "Bees" to spread the peaches out to dry, after they had been cut open and the pit removed. But first, the peaches must be picked. Usually a wagon was drawn near the trees, and pickers would empty many buckets full until the wagon bed was full. The horses then pulled the wagon to the home where the "Peach Bee" was to take place. People were divided into groups, each with a particular job to do, so that an assembly line was formed. Sometimes there were two teams competing to see who could finish first. Not only did all the necessary work get done, but it served as recreation or a game for the participants. There were also others "Bees," including "Quilting Bees" and "Rag Bees," where the rags were prepared for woven rugs.

Another favorite pass-time was making molasses candy, known as a "Candy pull." The candy was cooked to the proper consistancy, cooled slightly, and then stretched from one hand to the other until it resembled spun gold. It was then spread in strips to harden.

Nancy thought peaches and molasses candy were fine, but the treat she loved most was grapes!!! She carefully watched the grape arbor and picked each grape as it ripened. Sometimes enough ripened at one time to pickle a barrel of them for winter, and Elizabeth always kept a wood box of raisins under her bed for winter time treats.

During the summer and after school, the young people liked to ride horses. Alferd kept a few good saddle horses and always had one available for Nancy when she

wanted to ride. She and the other girls all rode side-saddle, and sometimes they rode home faster than they had planned because most of the horses were occasionally raced!

In the vicinity, the squaw bush and pine gum were plentiful, and the girls like to pack a lunch, hike near by and hunt for gum. The squaw bush gum was excellent to chew, but Nancy always brought the pine gum home for Elizabeth to use for medicinal purposes.

When Grandmother Dinah was away, Elizabeth would be called whenever there was sickness or an accident in town. One day their neighbors, John and Carrie Laub, were cutting hay with a scythe. As Carrie reached over to pick up an armload of hay, John's scythe accidently caught her arm, cutting it to the bone. Elizabeth was summoned to stop the flow of blood from the arm. She bound the arm using sugar soaked in turpentine applied directly into the cut. Just as she finished, a neighbor boy, Lemmie Leavitt, came running to see if he could help. He gave Carrie a cool drink, but in a moment she fainted. Elizabeth was even called upon for advice and assistance in treating sick or injured animals.

On November 22, 1892, Lemmie Leavitt invited Nancy and other friends to his birthday party. Lemmie was a year older than Nancy, but they had been good friends ever since she had moved to Gunlock. Activities at the party were singing, reciting, and games. The teacher, Miss Ella Jarvis, attended, making it special by her participation in the singing as well as the reciting.

A few months later a joint birthday party was given for Carrie and her brother John Laub. Both birthdays were on February 21. Again the teacher joined the group, and the eighteen or twenty present had an enjoyable time singing. Carrie had been taking music lessons on the organ from Miss Jarvis, and she favored the group with several numbers she had learned. Mamie Holt was also taking lessons from her, and she too displayed her mustical talent.

It had become a habit for the young people to meet with the teacher at either the Laub or the Holt home two or three nights each week for singing, with Miss Jarvis playing the organ. Sometimes they parched corn or made molasses candy for a treat at these sing-alongs. Nancy loved to go and took her guitar to accompany the organ and to sing.

A special "Bow Dance" was held March 3rd in the church. Each girl prepared a basket lunch for two and tied a bow on it. A duplicate bow was placed in a large bag where the men reached in, without seeing the bow, and drew one out. Each then found his partner by matching the bow. Dancing continued until about 10 o'clock when an intermission was called, and the girl would take the fellow who drew her bow home to eat. Lemmie Leavitt drew Miss Jarvis' bow, and Hyrum Jones drew Nancy's!!! She had known Hyrum for as long as she could remember, but he had always seemed so much older. Somehow, the age difference did not seem so much now that she was growing up. She and Hyrum got along very well, and when they returned to the dance -- which lasted until almost three o'clock in the morning, he claimed her for every dance.

This began a new era in Nancy's life. She began to be very much aware of Hyrum's activities. He was away working most of the time, but whenever he was home he managed to visit Nancy. He had worked as the mail carrier, herded sheep for Frank Daggett, worked in St. George for George Cottam, often worked for Bishop Franklin O. Holt, and sometimes freighted.

The turning point came when one evening Nancy was brushing her long dark hair which reached to her waist, and a knock came to the door. Hyrum had come with a package for the new mail driver, J. S. P. Bowler. For a few seconds he could not take his eyes off Nancy and was unable to speak. After Elizabeth asked the second time for the message she should give Bro. Bowler, Hyrum regained his composure enough to give her an answer. Elizabeth had recognized the expression in his eyes as he looked at Nancy and realized that he was in love with her daughter. Nancy did not know for some time, but gradually she noticed that whenever Hyrum was in the crowd,

their eyes often met, and she knew that she had a habit of watching for his return home with anticipation.

The firing of cannons saluted the 4th of July, 1893, with patriotic music ringing through the streets. Homemade ice cream, lemonade, and rootbeer were served to young and old, while races and games kept the youngsters busy. The horse races were a popular event, and the men spent much time betting on this horse, or that rider. When it was all over, a dance was held in the evening.

Hyrum was found knocking at the Hunt door, and after he was invited in, he asked Elizabeth if he might take Nancy to the dance. Elizabeth gave her consent and suggested that he ask Nancy if she wanted to go with him. Hyrum was quiet, rather shy, but truly a gentleman. Nancy assured him she did indeed want to go with him. Since dancing was the main form of recreation, all were experienced dancers. Hyrum courteously danced with Elizabeth, Dinah, and Martha, but all other dances were with Nancy. Each time Hyrum held Nancy at arms length, as was the custom, he looked into her eyes, and without conversation each knew that they shared mutual feelings of love. Before Hyrum left town, he had a serious talk with Nancy and her Mother, telling them of his love for Nancy and his desire to marry her.

Nancy and her family immediately began preparations for her trousseau. She had received a large trunk with a rounded top for Christmas the year before and had already carefully packed in it some of her handmade pillow cases and dishtowels, plus some knitted and crocheted items. She had learned the art of fine sewing and enjoyed doing embroidery work. She and Elizabeth chose the material for her wedding dress and spent many days sewing and fitting until it was just right.

In the meantime Nancy continued to join the young people who gathered at the Laub home or at Bishop Holt's. Both families had organs, and the person who could sing the most songs from memory without making an error was considered the winner. Nancy often won this distinction by playing her guitar and singing songs such as: "The Laughing Song," "Take Me Back to Old Virginia," "The Quadrille," "Oh, Ye Mountains High," and "We'll Make the Air with Music Ring, Shout Praises to our God and King." Her voice was clear and sweet, and Hyrum wondered if an angel in heaven could sing as beautifully.

Alferd and Mary Lois had moved to Hebron but came to visit their families in Gunlock, bringing their handsome little son, James Wilson Hunt, who had been named for his grandfather, and their beautiful little daughter, Martha, who had been born March 27, 1892, in Gunlock. When they returned to Hebron, Mary's sister, Esther, accompanied them home to help Mary. Alferd had promised Nancy that they would be back for her wedding reception in November.

Alice had also promised Nancy that she and Henry would be there for the reception.

They now had three small children: Elizabeth, born October 5, 1887, Parthena ("Tena"), born June 23, 1890, and Jessie, born July 11, 1892. Nancy was looking forward to having all her family together for this happy occasion.

As each quilt was finished, it was folded and placed in Nancy's trunk along with several dresses, petticoats, nightgowns, and aprons. The styles had changed some since Alice's wedding with not so many ruffles being used. Nancy's wedding dress was a soft white fabric that fell gracefully over her slender figure. The sleeves and skirt were full with a tight-fitted waist and a high neck trimmed with dainty lace.

As Nancy was arrainging her newly purchased shoes and dishes in the trunk, she came across her "Autograph Book." She prized this book that had been given to her several Christmases before and reread the messages written from her family and friends. As she read the message that Hyrum had written she wondered what had been on his mind -- it seemed to have new meaning for her now:

Feb. 14th, 1891
May your cheeks retain their dimples

May your heart be just as gay
Until some manly voice shall whisper
Dearest will you name the day
Hyrum E. Jones

Her mother had written in beautiful script on the first page the following message:

Gunlock Dec. the 12th, 1891
Within this book so pure and white
Let none but friends presume to write
And may each line with friendship given
Direct the readers thoughts to heaven.
Elizabeth Hunt

What a wonderful friend Nancy's mother had been to her. Even though Elizabeth was extremely strict, it was for Nancy's own welfare, and she was grateful for a mother who cared enough to give her the guidance and counsel she needed. She had been taught that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and that everything must be kept neat and in its place. Elizabeth had no use for anyone who did not carefully use their possessions, making them last as long as possible. She was, it fact, a stern disciplinarian with herself as well as others. Her posture was an example of self-discipline and a model for others to follow.

As Nancy continued to read the messages of her autograph book, she smiled in reading her brother's message:

When the name that I write
Here is dim with age and the leaves
Of your album are yellow with age,
Still think of me kindly, and do not forget
That wherever I am, I remember you yet.
James A. Hunt (Alferd)

Each of Nancy's sisters had written too:

Feb. 14th, 1891
Dear Nancy
These few lines to you are tendered;
By a friend sincere and true;
Hoping but to be remembered
When I am far away from you.
Dinah A. Hunt

Feb. 14th, 1891
When the golden sun is shining
And your mind from troubles free;
When of others you are thinking
Won't you sometimes think of me
Martha A. Hunt

January 1st, 1892
Miss Nancy Jane Hunt
May your life be as happy and free
from care as the rose of the garden
and the birds of the air.
Alice E. Holt (Alice Hunt Holt)

Although some of the messages were sad, Nancy liked to read those written by her cousins and friends, and also that of her dearly loved teacher:

If scribbling in albums
Remembrance ensures
With greatest of pleasure
I'll scribble in yours
Edwin S. Jones

Gunlock Sept. 27, 1894
My dear cousin Nancy,
Remember me when death shall
close my eyelids in deep repose
When evening breezes gently
Wave the grass over your cousins grave
Remember me -- Forget me not
Your loving cousin
Flora E. Huntsman
Cane Springs, Nevada

April 3rd, 1890
As we have been so let us still
Be friends no cruel breath can chill
As the scent of roses pure
So will my love for you endure
Miss Dinah A. Jones

Gunlock, Jan. 25, 1893
Dear Friend Nancy:
In the book of life--God's album,
May your name be penned with care
And may all who here have written
Write their names forever there
Is the wish of your friend and teacher.
Ella Jarvis
St. George, Utah

While Nancy was preparing for marriage, Hyrum was busy. He purchased from Bishop Franklin O. Holt a lot with a log house on it. It was located next to the Bishop's house, and on the other side was the church house. A spacious room was on the front with a lean-to built on the back. Hyrum had acquired a stove, table, chairs, a

bed, wash tubs, and several other necessities for housekeeping. When he finished Bishop Holt's fall harvest, he worked for William Bunker and was away from home most of the time.

On November 4, 1893, Bishop Holt was thrown from his horse and badly hurt. He was found and brought home about midnight suffering from several broken ribs and many cuts and bruises. A few weeks later when Nancy and Hyrum visited him, he was still not well. The purpose of their visit was to ask the Bishop for recommends to go to the Temple. The Bishop talked with them briefly and congratulated them on their approaching marriage. He asked Hyrum if he could begin at once to work for him, which Hyrum agreed to do. The happy couple left with their signed recommends.

On November 28, 1893, Hyrum called for Nancy and her mother in a light buggy. Nancy's wedding dress was carefully packed for the trip. When they arrived in St. George, Hyrum took them to the home of his old friend and employer, George T. Cottam, where they were welcomed by all the family and spent the night. Early next morning Nancy brushed her shiny long hair and arranged it in a becoming bun at the nape of her neck. It was a mild autumn day featuring golden tones in the leaves still hanging on the trees.

Nancy thought, "What a glorious moment to be alive," as she and Hyrum walked arm in arm into the beautiful white St. George Temple. Nancy looked elegant in her exquisite wedding dress, but above the dress her face was radiant. "And to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." (Rev. 19.9) It was here on November 29, 1893, that Hyrum and Nancy had their love sealed for time and all eternity. President David Cannon performed the ceremony with James G. Blake and Henry W. Bigler as witnesses. Nancy knew that of all her memories, the rites performed that day would be most sacred. That night at the reception held in the Gunlock church, they received many useful gifts and the good wishes of their many friends.

What joy it was for Nancy to share a home with her beloved Hyrum. He had been blessed with a special spirit and was often called to administer to the sick. After giving a blessing to someone who was ill, he had been given the gift of knowledge as to whether or not that person would recover. He and Nancy both loved their home and prayed for the spirit of the Lord to abide there.

Bless this house, O Lord, we pray,
Make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls, so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out;
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let Thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.
-Anonymous

Nancy always felt safe and protected after her marriage, even though Hyrum was employed away from home most of the time. She always remembered the sweet spirit she had felt at the Temple. She knew, too, that the power of the Priesthood which Hyrum held brought many blessings into their home.

At Christmas time Bishop Holt told Hyrum that the work was pretty well done and with his health better, he would be able to take care of the chores while Hyrum took a week off for a delayed honeymoon. The young couple decided to visit friends and relatives in Bunkerville, Nevada, during the holidays. The weather was warm there, and horse races took place during the day, and every night between Christmas and New Year's (except Sunday) a dance was held. Both Nancy and Hyrum loved to dance, and this devoted couple made a pretty picture as they danced each night.

Nancy was small boned, slender, five foot six inches tall, with graceful movements. From her mother she had learned the art of good posture, keeping her back straight and her head held high. Some of the young people, including Susan Burgess, watched them dance and commented on what a handsome couple they were. Nancy was soft

spoken, with a sweet friendly disposition, and most often described as being "Refined." The dictionary defines the term of being "Refined" as one who is free from what is coarse, vulgar, or uncouth -- to become pure and perfected, cultivated, fastidious, precise or exact. Nancy had been trained to be a lady from the day she was born.

On New Year's Day Nancy and Hyrum left for home, but Hyrum's sister, Dinah, and her husband, Arthur Westover, who had accompanied them on the trip, stayed for another week. The Westovers had brought their two year old son, Arthur Ellis Westover, with them, and during the trip Dinah had confided in Nancy the good news that another baby was expected in June.

Nancy loved keeping house, washing her pretty dishes, even scrubbing their clothes on the washboard and ironing them with heavy irons heated on the stove. Sometimes on a breezy day when she needed to make soap or on wash day, she would braid her hair and coil the braids around her head. She did not use the harsh homemade soap on her hair, but made a preparation from the root of the oose plant, which made her hair soft and shiny.

Hyrum hauled several loads of wood, chopped it into proper lengths for the stove, and stacked it neatly beside the grainery. Under the grainery was a cellar where food supplies were kept.

May Day (May 1st) was always celebrated by the entire town spending the day at the "Grove." The grove of trees was located on the Moody Creek near the point where the Santa Clara River and the Moody merge. Ropes were tied to high tree limbs to make swings for the children. There were games and singing, even a few horse races, and everyone brought a lunch.

This was the first day that Nancy had ever worn a "Mother Hubbard," but it was necessary as her expanding waist would not fit into her regualr dresses. Her dark eyes had sparkled with happiness when she told her mother a few months earlier of the blessing they were expecting early in September. She was a little dismayed at the size of the "Mother Hubbard" and expecially by the fact that it seemed to give the same reaction as if she had made a public announcement. Hyrum smiled at her dilemma, but the only comfort he offered was telling her she would need it for just four more months. Arthur and Dinah Westover had accompanied them, and the fact that Dinah, too, wore a "Mother Hubbard" consoled Nancy somewhat.

Arthur and Dinah's baby was born about six weeks later on June 19, 1894, and was given the name of Edwin Ruthrun Westover. Their first son, whose name was Arthur, was known as "Arthie," and the new baby boy became "Ruthie" (pronounced like Ruffie, not like Ruth). Seeing this baby caused Nancy to feel very anxious for her own baby.

Exactly nine months to the very day after her marriage, Nancy gave birth to her first-born son on August 29, 1894. Grandmother Dinah was there caring for Nancy and the baby, with Elizabeth assisting. Nancy had secretly hoped that her baby would be a boy; she knew that would please Hyrum, and she had known only one brother so thought a boy would be nice.

The baby had a fair complexion with reddish-gold hair and a sweet little face. Nancy thought he resembled her father, especially in coloring, and wanted to name him for her father. Her brother, Alferd, had already named his son James Wilson Hunt, so Nancy and Hyrum decided to use James with another name. Hyrum suggested they use William for his father and name the baby William James. Somehow Nancy was not satisfied with the name, and after giving it some thought, suggested they use the middle names of both grandfathers instead. With all in agreement, the baby was given the name of Ellis Wilson Jones, Ellis for William Ellis Jones, and Wilson for James Wilson Hunt. Hyrum was very proud when he carried the baby to the stage in Sacrament meeting, and he was blessed and given his name by Grandfather William Ellis Jones.

Visitors at Nancy's home seldom came to her door without hearing the sweet sound of

music within. As she cared for Ellis and her home she sang: "Oh, holy words of truth and love, We hear from day to day, Revealed to Saints from God above, To guide in heaven's way. Beautiful words of love coming from God above, How sweet, how dear, the words we hear! They're beautiful words of love."

Singing helped the time to pass faster while Hyrum was away. She also spent time with her mother and sisters, who gave Ellis so much attention Nancy was afraid they would spoil him. The baby learned early to recognize them, and he squealed with delight when Hyrum came home.

Nancy read to the baby, even though he did not understand all the words at first. He loved to hear the soothing sound of her voice as she read:

You're starting out today on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life,
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife,
This world is a stage of excitement,
There're dangers wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have the courage, my boy, to say No.

Be careful in choosing companions,
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted,
The taste of the wine cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

Do have courage, my boy, to say No.
In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in your heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you are true to your manhood,
You'll have the courage, my boy, to say No.
-Anonymous

Morning and evening prayers were a faithful habit in their home, and they prayed for this little son who had been sent from Heaven, that he would be blessed throughout his life. They did not pray for riches for Ellis, but for health, happiness, and loved ones always to be with him.

Hyrum was a very spiritual man and served in many capacities in his Church. Even at this young age he was called on to offer prayers, expecially at funerals, and to dedicate graves. His great faith inspired others to seek him out for advice on church and family affairs.

The winter before Ellis was born Hyrum had several narrow escapes. He worked on the Hebron Reservoir when the snow was so deep it was difficult to work or to travel. One day as he was riding a horse driving cattle through very deep snow, he felt a strong impression that he should get off his horse. He listened to the "still small voice," dismounted, and led the horse. After traveling a short distance, the horse slipped and fell. Had Hyrum been on the horse he could have been injured or killed.

When Ellis was a few months old, Grandmother Dinah visited with Nancy and told her of an unusual circumstance. She said, "I don't like it. Two of our apple trees are in full bloom for the second time this year, and I have always heard that if they bloom twice in one year, it is a sign of death in the family." It may have been superstition on Grandmother Dinah's part, but there was not just one death, but two, in the family within a few months.

On January 31, 1895, Dinah Jones Westover died, leaving her husband and two small sons to mourn her passing. This lovely young mother of twenty-two years was Hyrum's sister and dearly loved by all who knew her. Her father said she was as near perfect as mortals generally get to be.

A few months later, on May 23, 1895, Grandmother Dinah left this world for a better one. She had been in comparatively good health until about six weeks before her death and had continued to help bring babies into the world. She had a strong constitution, enduring without complaint her last illness. She would be missed by her family and the many women who depended on her. She had lived a good life,

given tremendous service to her fellowmen in easing suffering. This great and good woman was laid to rest in the Gunlock Cemetery. Her casket had been lovingly made by Bro. John Laub, the same man who had made the casket for James Wilson Hunt.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.
God in his wisdom has recalled,
The boon her love had given,
And though her body slumbers here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.

The year of 1895 proved to be a difficult one, as another death took place on December 17, 1895. Nancy Garrett Welborn Hunt died in Hebron and was buried near her son James' grave. She was only seventy-two years old, but the hardships she had endured had taken their toll.

Hyrum continued to earn a living by freighting and was away from home most of the time. He did, however, manage to be home for Sunday, so this was a day the family looked forward to.

In early 1897 the Gunlock ward Relief Society was reorganized with Kate Bunker as president, Elizabeth Hunt and Emma Holt as counselors, and Nancy Jane H. Jones as secretary. Nancy accepted the calling even though she was again sporting the "Mother Hubbard" style!

On Friday, April 16, 1897, Nancy gave birth to her second son. This baby had Nancy's dark expressive eyes and brown hair. He was blessed and given the name of Clarence Amos Jones on the day he was a month old by President David Cannon, the same man who had married Hyrum and Nancy. The name, Amos, was in honor of his great-grandfather, Amos Hunt, who had, since the death of his wife, Nancy, in 1895, lived with his daughter, Angeline, in Teasdale.

The drouth in southern Utah was serious for stockmen. Both 1896 and 1897 had been very dry. The summers were especially bad, and it was necessary to haul water to the stock. Even then, some of the cattle did not live. Orchards and gardens were also thirsting for water. Despite these hardships, progress continued.

One very important event took place in January, 1896, when Utah was declared a state. Cannons fired a salute, and people celebrated the long-awaited day. A grand celebration held in St. George featured a song composed by C. L. Walker, "The State of Utah," beautifully rendered by Joseph W. McAllister. ("Utah" is an Indian word meaning "Land of plenty-much to eat.") Throughout the state "Utah the Beautiful" was sung, and the saints rejoiced to have at last been given statehood.

The 50th year celebration of the saints entering the Salt Lake Valley was planned for July 24, 1897. All pioneers who had emigrated to Utah were to be honored on this anniversary. Elizabeth was one of those to be honored, and Bishop Holt invited her to travel with him and Sister Holt to Salt Lake City. Elizabeth was amazed at the changes and growth of the city since she had been there in 1868. L.D.S. Church President, Wilford Woodruff, pulled the cord that dropped the curtain from around a statue of Brigham Young. There was a parade and celebrations honoring the pioneers, which proved to be a huge success.

While the saints were thankful for Utah becoming a state and enjoyed the 50th anniversary celebration, there was still the problem of great concern to them. The drouth had continued, and in southern Utah the situation was critical. Literally hundreds of cattle were dying of starvation. The ranchers were making every effort possible to save the livestock, but their efforts were in vain. Fully half the stock died between 1896 and 1899, and orchards and gardens too were dying. Unless the rains came soon, there would be no hope of a crop again this year. A conference was called in St. George on May 17, 1899.

The new Church President, Lorenzo Snow, had become president on September 13, 1898, eleven days after the death of President Wilford Woodruff. As President Snow stood in the St. George Tavernacle to

speak, he told the congregation that he did not know why he had been sent, but he had received revelation that he was to attend the conference.

Suddenly he stopped speaking and stood looking up towards heaven. After the silence, he began again with strengthened voice, and the inspiration of God seemed to come over him. His eyes seemed to brighten and his countenance to shine. He was filled with unusual power. Then he revealed to the Latter-day Saints the vision that was before him.

He told them that he could see, as he had never realized before, how the Law of Tithing had been neglected by the people. Also, the saints were heavily in debt, as well as the Church, and now, through strict obedience to this law -- the paying of a full honest tithing -- not only would the Church be relieved of its great indebtedness, but through the blessings of the Lord, this would be the means of freeing the Latter-day Saints from their individual obligations, and they would become a prosperous people.

President Snow continued saying, "The word of the Lord is: The time has now come for every Latter-day Saint, who calculates to be prepared for the future and to hold his feet upon proper foundation, to do the will of the Lord and to pay his tithing in full. That is the word of the Lord to you, and it will be the word of the Lord to every settlement throughout the land of Zion. . ."

The saints knew that they had heard the word of the Lord and obeyed the counsel to pay a full and honest tithing. And just as promised, in due time, the rains came, and a full crop was harvested that fall, and at last the starving livestock had feed in abundance.

That summer Nancy bottled and dried fruit and preserved the delicious cling-stone Moquich peaches in barrels of molasses, as well as her favorite, pickled grapes.

On January 1, 1900, President Snow issued a document entitled, "Greetings to the World," wherein he stated, "A new century dawns upon the world today. The hundred years just completed were the most momentous in the history of man upon this planet. It would be impossible to make even a brief summary of the notable events, the marvelous developments, the grand achievements and the beneficial inventions and discoveries, which mark the progress of the ten decades now left behind in the ceaseless march of humanity. The very mention of the nineteenth century suggests advancement, improvement, liberty and light. Happy are we to have lived amidst its wonders and shared in the riches of its treasures of intelligence." He went on to say that the horrors of wars should be buried, and we should learn to live by the Golden Rule.

In order to be nearer to Hyrum's work, the family had moved to Hebron and were living in her parent's old home. Hyrum was hauling freight from Modena and was able to be home more than when they lived in Gunlock. At the turn of the century Nancy was once again dressed in the tell-tale "Mother Hubbard!"

Nancy's mother was with Alice at Holt's Ranch, a distance of twelve miles from Hebron. As the due date neared, Hyrum took Nancy and the two boys to Holt's Ranch to be near Elizabeth. The Holts had added a brick addition to the back of their roomy home, and it was here on Sunday, January 7, 1900, that Nancy gave birth to her third son. She was surprised to find that this baby had dark, almost black hair, dark eyes, and fair skin. Hyrum thought the baby resembled Nancy more than either Ellis or Clarence and suggested she choose a name from her side of the family. She chose the name, William Vaughn, for her grandfather whom she had never known, except through the stories that Grandmother Dinah had told her. William was also Hyrum's father's name.

The entire family had grieved when on August 26, 1898, Hyrum's father, William Ellis Jones, passed away. He had been a great man. He loved the gospel of Jesus Christ and, as a young convert, left his home in Mold, Flintshire, Northern Wales -- the only one of his family to join -- sailing from liverpool, England on February 5, 1842, on the ship, "Hope," to New Orleans, United States of America. There were 270 people on board. Many had been baptised into the

Mormon Church and were anxious to join the saints in Nauvoo, Illinois. Grandfather William met and talked with the Prophet Joseph Smith during the construction of the Nauvoo Temple. He was a brickmaker and a school teacher by trade, but excelled in the field of record keeping. Some of the best written records in the history of the Latter-day Saint Church were written by William Ellis Jones.

Vaughn was a good natured baby, and his brothers liked him as he grew old enough to respond to their activities. Nancy had found the best way to entertain her boys was by singing. It gave them a happy feeling, and Ellis and Clarence tried to follow along with her. Hyrum was still working for B. J. Lund at Modena, so they found it more convenient to live in Hebron. He would work for about six months and then take a little time off to haul wood and get the work done at home. Nancy and the boys liked to go with him to haul wood when the weather was good. Hyrum had become famous for his "fast axe!" When chopping cedar posts no one could keep up with him. He was a hard working man and provided his loved ones with a good living. He also liked to hear Nancy sing; one of his favorite songs was "There Is Beauty All Around."

There is beauty all around When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home;
In a cottage there is joy When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet; All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete When there's love at home.
Love at Home, Love at Home;
Making life a bliss complete When there's love at home.
Kindly Heaven smiles above When there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by; Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.
Love at Home, Love at Home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.

The words of this song were especially true whenever Hyrum returned from a trip away from home; he too, smiled as Ellis, Clarence, and Vaughn ran to greet him with hugs and kisses. This pleased Nancy; she loved to watch the devoted father bathe in the love his sons showered upon him. There was truly "Love at Home," and the family was contented and happy.

Nancy's sister, Dinah Ann, had married Robert Henry Chadburn in the St. George Temple on November 16, 1898. They lived at the home of Robert's parents, which served as a hotel for travelers. Here, at the Old Chadburn Ranch, guests were fed and lodged in style. Not only the guests were treated cordially, but their horses were also fed and groomed. It was a busy place with the Chadburn boys and the father caring for the horses of the guests as well as caring for their own stock, gardens, and orchards. Sister Chadburn and Dinah with other helpers cooked the meals, made beds, and kept the large two-story home clean.

After Robert and Dinah were married, Dinah's sister, Martha, often came to visit her. Robert's younger brother, John, looked forward to Martha's visits, and soon the couple fell in love. They were married March 13, 1901, in the St. George Temple. Elizabeth's dream of having all her children married in this beautiful Temple had been fulfilled.

Nancy loved Hebron, the place of her birth. The population was now smaller than it had been at the time of her birth; some families had moved to ranches, some to other communities. A large dam was under construction to the south of Hebron to collect

the flood waters that had vexed the citizens for so long. The homes in this pleasant valley were still comfortable and well kept. Nancy's aunt, Nancy Jane Hunt Holt, was the wife of Bishop George A. Holt. Aunt Jane, as she was known to everyone, was very sweet to Nancy, checking often to see if she needed anything when Hyrum was away from home.

About this time Arthur Westover was called on a mission for the church, and Hyrum and Nancy took his two little boys, Arthie and Ruthie, into their home. The boys were treated with the same love as were their own sons. In 1901 all the boys had the measles, and Nancy was busy night and day caring for the five little boys. At times, some of the Westover relatives would take the two boys for a visit, but Ruthie would cry to go home to "Aunt Nancy."

November 17, 1902, was a beautiful, calm sunny day, and Nancy had prepared the noon meal. As she and the boys were eating, she heard the sound of a low rumble in the distance with the sound increasing until it resembled thunder. The floor began to roll as though it were a ship sailing on the sea. Recongizing the danger, Nancy carried Vaughn, highchair and all, into the yard, calling for Ellis and Clarence to follow her. The ground was rolling until it was necessary for them to sit down in the yard, and from there they watched the bricks falling from the chimney. The earthquake was centered in Hebron and continued to shake for what seemed to them a long time, and even after the most violent quake was over, the earth continued to tremble in varied degrees.

Nancy soon noticed that her neighbors were in the same position as she and the children were, and as soon as the pitching and rolling of the earth subsided, they gathered together to share the experience. Great clouds of dust rose from the near-by mountains as rocks and ledges rolled down the mountain sides. Nancy's first concern was for Hyrum who had left early that morning for a load of wood. He had his wagon almost full, but as soon as the quake came, he immediately turned the team towards home, being concerned for the safety of Nancy and the boys. He was delayed many times by the boulders that had rolled into the wagon road. His horses were extremely nervous, and he would hold the reins and talk to them each time it was necessary to move the boulders out of the road.

When Nancy peeked into her home, she saw that furniture had been overturned, dishes knocked from the cupboard, plaster had fallen from walls and ceiling, a crack had opened up in one corner of the house, and a brick from the chimney had fallen into the crack. All the homes in Hebron were brick except for two, and it was at these two lumber buildings that the people gathered. Some of the older ladies thought the quake was an "Act of God," while others declared its cause was the evil spirits that hovered about the area. They expected the worst quake to come at midnight, although no one seemed to know why.

Hyrum arrived early and was able to move some of their belongings from the damaged home, and enough bedding to keep them warm while they slept in a wagon box that night. The expected quake did not come at midnight although the earth continued to tremble, and at times the shaking was severe.

Hyrum gathered only the necessary items from the house the next morning, and the family left for Holt's Ranch where Nancy's mother was with her daughter, Alice Holt. They slept that night at the Holt home, and early the following morning on November 19, 1902, a son was born to Nancy. This baby was born in the new addition on the back of the Holt home, just as Vaughn had been almost three years earlier. He was a fine looking boy with an abundance of black hair. They named him Alvin Alferd Jones; Nancy wanted to honor her brother by naming her son Alferd. Elizabeth was very pleased with the name and thankful that he had waited until they were at Holt's Ranch to be born.

In the meantime, Dinah and Martha were staying at Elizabeth's home in Gunlock to take care of the mail and some late fall

chores, inasmuch as Elizabeth was going to be away caring for Nancy. On the day of the earthquake they had just begun the noon meal when the quake struck! Dinah ran with Martha, carrying six month old Verda in her arms, out into the street where they held onto one of the large cottonwood trees. The quake was not so severe here as it had been in Hebron.

The day of the earthquake was a beautiful day with no wind, but the next day was cloudy, windy, and by nightfall snow commenced falling and snowed for three days resulting in very cold weather.

After the birth of Alvin the family moved to their home in Gunlock for the winter. The following spring Hyrum, Ellis and Clarence returned to Hebron to irrigate and cut the hay. Hyrum was able to remove all of the remainder of their belongings from the damaged home. The house could not be repaired so he sold the bricks to be used in homes that were being built in Enterprise. The same fate met the other brick homes in Hebron; all were torn down, and the bricks used in other homes, leaving only the trees and the cemetery as a reminder of the forty-year history of the town of Hebron.

Nancy always looked for the bright side of life, and naturally that is what she found. She thought -- how small was the loss of their Hebron home compared to the sacrifices made by their ancestors. Nancy was a lady through and through, an elegant lady with quiet manners, a pleasant sweet personality, full of dignity and grace, ever grateful for her blessings. She had inherited some of these traits but had also been taught by the example of her gracious mother. She tried each day to teach her sons to be honest and upright in every way. Always on Sunday she dressed them in clean, well pressed clothing, and they attended church together as a family. Hyrum often participated and needed to sit on the stand, but the boys were well mannered, and she could depend on them to behave properly wherever she took them.

The summer of 1903 was spent at Grass Valley where Hyrum was again freighting as well as farming. Nancy made cheese and butter from some of the milk which nine year old Ellis milked from the cows with the help of seven year old Clarence. The boys were willing to share the work, with three year old Vaughn often entertaining baby Alvin while Nancy worked about the house.

One evening Vaughn had been playing outside with his older brothers when he came quietly into the house and heard his mother crying. She was seated on a trunk watching out the window. At first Nancy did not notice Vaughn, who was surprised to see his mother cry because she always seemed so happy. But as he tried to comfort her, he realized that she was crying because she was worried about Hyrum who was overdue, and she feared he may have had trouble of some kind. Hyrum did arrive home soon, however, and the family rejoiced. This was one of the few memories Vaughn retained of his beloved mother during this period of his life.

The winter of 1904 was again spent in Gunlock where Nancy enjoyed the ward activities and seeing her friends. She was able to help her mother by taking over the duties of the Post Office when her mother went to the Old Chadburn Ranch. There Elizabeth cared for her daughter, Martha Chadburn, when a son was born on January 3, 1904.

A few weeks later Elizabeth returned to Gunlock where she confided in Nancy the news of Martha's condition. Martha had developed a chronic cough a few months earlier that had become so severe it had drained her vitality. She was weak and in poor health, but it was hoped that now the baby had been born she would regain her strength. Nancy and her mother often wrote letters to Martha and visited her whenever possible. With each visit their concern grew for Martha, as she was not getting better, but in fact the cough was worse. In desperation John finally brought Martha to Gunlock to her mother's home where Elizabeth could care for her, the baby, and two year old Verda.

Elizabeth used every medicinal remedy she had been taught to try to cure the cough, but all to no avail. The sad family watched

the beautiful, young Martha grow weaker and weaker until on April 3, 1904, she slipped away to her heavenly home. The twenty-two year old mother had died on the day her son, Lloyd, was three months old. Martha was laid to rest in the Gunlock Cemetery; her family mourned even more when a few months later her little son died and was buried next to her grave.

The summer of 1904 Hyrum and Nancy rented the Charley Foster Ranch located between Gunlock and Pine Valley on the Santa Clara River (near the present site of Baker Dam). As soon as Hyrum put in the crops, he would leave for a freighting trip, returning each time to irrigate the fields. He managed to be home on Sunday -- the day to which the family looked forward. There were three ranches in the near vicinity: the Old Chadburn Ranch, the Maudsley Ranch, and the Foster Ranch where the Jones' were living. Each Sunday two of the families met at the home of the third family where they held Sacrament meeting.

Ellis and Clarence enjoyed having George Chadburn come to play with them, and he often did. Nancy treated him as one of her own family when he was visiting. One day the three boys were walking along a deer trail. They were throwing stones down the hill. A stone slipped and missed the target, but hit Ellis on the back of the head. The boys were frightened because the rock had opened up a bad cut that was bleeding. They hurried home where Nancy cleaned and bandaged the cut. She had Ellis lie down for a while to recover from his headache.

The boys loved the area around the ranch where they played in the sandy soil or could fish or swim in the creek on hot days -- always under the watchful eye of Nancy. They also liked to see the frogs, birds, squirrels, rabbits, and chipmunks. Sometimes they saw bands of wild horses running in the distance causing the dust to fly high into the sky. At night they heard the lonesome call of the coyote and occasionally the cry of a mountain lion. They were constantly warned to be on the alert for rattlesnakes or Indians, although the Indians only traveled through and were usually friendly.

The church membership of Hyrum, Nancy and Ellis (who had been babtised) was transferred to the Pine Valley Ward on May 29, 1904. As soon as the harvest was finished at the Foster Ranch, the family moved to Pine Valley. They had a nice home with a barn, corrals, and plenty of farm land. Best of all, their home was only two blocks and across the street away from the Chapel.

This Chapel was the most unusual building Nancy had ever seen. It had been designed by a New Zealand ship builder, Ebenezer Bryce, and was constructed in the shape of an upside down boat. It had been built in 1868 and cared for since with pride. Each Sunday morning, Nancy carefully dressed her four little boys for Sunday School. It was an established habit with the family to be early for all meetings.

Nancy loved this beautiful valley setting in the midst of high green mountains. There were several well-kept, red brick, two-story homes which were built of bricks made by Hyrum's father, William Ellis Jones, many years before. Although the winters were severe with heavy snowfall and cold winds, the summers were pleasant and cool. Whenever Nancy saw a sunset in Pine Valley, she knew it must be the most colorful sunset in all the world.

Nancy's sons had inherited her love for music, and she recognized a special talent in Clarence. She wanted him to learn to play the guitar and took in washings to pay for his guitar lessons. She and Clarence also had another money-making project: that of ordering and selling spices to their neighbors. Each boy was assigned certain chores to do around the house and the yard and learned to work at an early age.

Elizabeth came for a visit early in the fall to see both her daughter, Alice and Nancy and their families. Nancy's expressive dark eyes sparkled when she told her mother that she would be needing her services for delivering a baby in March. Her mother's first thought was maybe this one would be a little girl, but she agreed with Nancy that

another handsome son would be just fine.

Experienced as she was in the field of medicine, Elizabeth detected a frailness in Nancy, and several times each day she heard Nancy cough. A shiver went through her as she remembered how Martha's sickness had begun with a lingering cough. She used all the herbs and home remedies that she knew and before leaving decided that Nancy was getting better.

Winter set in with vengeance, leaving snow deeper than the fence poles. The cold was bitter, and the wind swept over the valley with fierceness. The boys were able to walk over the fences, and it was almost impossible to keep a path shoveled from the woodpile and other buildings because the wind drifted snow right back over the paths.

Hyrum kept a fire burning day and night, but even then they were sometimes uncomfortable. Nancy's health was not improving. The cough awakened her so much it was difficult to get enough rest at night, so she began resting during the day. She tried to build up her resistance, but it became more and more of a problem to do the housework and take care of her family the way she wanted to do. In fact, she was very tired all the time. She thought, "As soon as the baby is born, I will be able to rid myself of this terrible cough." Naturally, she could not help thinking of her sister, Martha, who had died almost two years before after having had the same symptoms that Nancy now had, but she prayed that God would allow her to raise her children.

Once again, Elizabeth was staying in Pine Valley with Nancy, caring for her and the family. On March 11, 1906, a small baby boy was born to Nancy. He was so weak and small that it was feared he would not live. Hyrum immediately blessed the baby, giving him the name of Joseph Allan Jones. The tiny son's life here on earth lasted less than an hour, and then his spirit took flight returning to his Heavenly Father. The parents were crushed by the loss of this baby, and the boys found it difficult to understand why they could not keep him.

Sister Snow, who was the Relief Society President, came to talk to Nancy and told her that she and other sisters had lined the small wood casket with white flannel and stitched lace around the edges. They had dressed the body of Joseph Allan in a soft flannel gown and placed him in the casket.

Hyrum, with Bishop Snow and other Pine Valley men, placed the casket in a wagon and drove to the Pine Valley Cemetery. They first shoveled the deep snow away and then dug a grave in the frozen earth. Hyrum, with tears in his eyes, dedicated the finished grave to the Lord.

Hyrum was torn between his grief for the baby and his concern for Nancy's health. He prayed that now she would be able to cure the racking cough that had plagued her for so long. Elizabeth stayed, doctoring Nancy, but it seemed no matter what was done, the dreaded cough continued.

In late April the cold weather broke somewhat, and the chilled settlement began to feel the warmth of the sun. The decision was made that Nancy should be taken to Gunlock where the weather was warmer. By this time her strength was almost gone, and she had to be helped in and out of bed.

During this period, Ellis, who loved his mother dearly, could hardly bear to see her suffering, and at night he brought quilts and made his bed on the floor beside his mother's bed.

Preparations were made for the trip to Gunlock, taking two wagons, with a bed for Nancy in the first one. Hyrum drove the team pulling the first wagon, and Ellis and Clarence with Grandmother Elizabeth's help drove the second one.

Vaughn and Alvin rode in the wagon with their mother and father, and four year old Verda Chadburn rode in the second one. In the forenoon they made a short stop near the Chadburn Ranch. Nancy's constant coughing brought phlegm up from her lungs, and she carried a can in which to spit the phlegm; here the can she had been using was buried, and she was given a fresh one. It was believed that the disease was contagious, so every precaution was taken to prevent it spreading to another member of the family. Vaughn had already begun to cough, and his parents were concerned that

he might have the same problem as his mother.

By nightfall the family arrived in Gunlock, and Hyrum carried Nancy into her mother's bedroom. He and the boys stayed part of the time in their own home, which was separated only by the Chapel from Elizabeth's home. Mustard plasters and more home remedies were used in an attempt to break the infection.

Nancy had grown very frail, and her mother tried to revive her appetite by providing tempting foods. The one thing that Nancy asked for was grapes. Of course they were not in season, but there was a large wood barrel of pickled grapes at Shem, several miles down the Santa Clara River. Henry Bowler owned the fastest horse in town, and he was summoned and asked to ride to Shem for a small bag full of grapes. The young boy readily accepted the job and rode at top speed to get the grapes. As he returned with the grapes, Hyrum met him at the gate, very grateful to this young man for making it possible to grant one of Nancy's last wishes. In spite of all that was done, the lovely Nancy could not win the battle she was fighting against consumption, and on June 12, 1906, she closed her eyes in death.

Nancy's sister, Dinah, was living at the Foster Ranch and all day on June 11th, watched the road waiting for news of Nancy, remembering that Martha had died three months to the day from the birth of her baby. Dinah had been in constant fear that Nancy would meet the same fate. When night fell and she had heard nothing, she felt better, thinking that perhaps Nancy would recover. But early next morning a horseman brought her the sad news of Nancy's death. The news was also taken to Alice in Pine Valley, who cried when she heard the message.

Hyrum was so grief stricken he had great difficulty keeping his composure. He tried for the sake of his sons to help encourage them. Brother Neilson built a nice wooden casket that was lined with white fabric, and Nancy, dressed in her beautiful Temple robes, was lovingly placed in the casket. Two chairs supported the casket during the funeral, which was held under the large cottonwood trees between the Jones' home and that of Bishop F. O. Holt. The services were held outside due to the contagious nature of the disease; it was safer out in the open air.

Nancy looked so lovely lying there, peaceful, and there would be no more coughing. Hyrum drew his sons close to their mother's casket, and placing his arms around them, he said, "Boys, you have nothing to regret. You have always been good to your mother." After the funeral a wagon carried the closed casket to the Gunlock Cemetery where a grave had been prepared near Martha's. Hyrum wept with intense grief and asked over and over, "Why couldn't it have been me instead of her?" Alvin was a handsome boy with big eyes and bashful, shy ways. At three years he did not fully understand what had happened. He told his brothers, "You cried, and I didn't."

Hyrum had been comforted somewhat by the nice remarks made at the funeral. It was said that she was a kind and loving mother and wife, generous, never speaking a cross word, always soft spoken, and a woman of beauty physically and spiritually.

But as the days passed, Hyrum's sorrow was such that he could not stop sobbing. Night after night the Holt neighbors heard him crying as they passed his home. He tried desperately to get control of his emotions and to take care of the boys, but he just could not bear the thought of life without his beloved Nancy. Elizabeth was helping with the boys, and she tried to comfort Hyrum as did his friends. But nothing seemed to help the terrible sorrow he felt; he even wished life were over for him so he could be with Nancy. He had no desire to go on living without her.

After several days and nights of extreme grief, he had gone to bed sobbing, when Nancy's spirit appeared before him. She reminded him of the love they had shared for one another and their love for the boys. She told him her work on earth was over and that he must get control of his emotions and stop grieving for her. He was told to make a

new life for himself and their sons. This interview with Nancy's spirit gave Hyrum the courage to face life once again, and he followed the advice she had given him. . . .

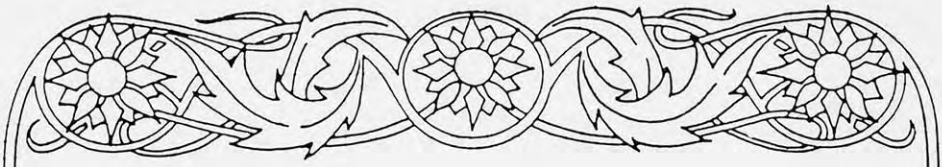
Some forty years later, Nancy's spirit returned again. Hyrum had been very ill and was dying, when he saw Nancy reaching out her hand to him, beckoning him to come. As his spirit looked down on his body lying on the bed, he saw Mary, his second wife, weeping, and he knew he must go back and help take care of her. Mary was old and depended on him a great deal. After Mary's death Hyrum lived a short time, and just before his death on November 2, 1959, his son, Alvin, and wife, Thelma, were sitting with him. Alvin had closed his eyes, but Thelma noticed a difference in Hyrum's breathing and watched him closely. As she watched, a woman's beautiful face framed with long dark hair appeared on the pillow beside Hyrum's face. At that moment Hyrum stopped breathing.

A fourth visit from Nancy's spirit occurred almost sixty-five years after her death. A few nights before the death of her son, Vaughn, Nancy and Hyrum both appeared in the spirit to him. He was weak and very emotional about the experience, but was able to state clearly several times that he had been with them. He had a strong desire to tell his family more about the experience, but the weakness suffered from his long illness prevented him from revealing all he had seen in the spirit world.

Nancy never knew the joy (on earth) of seeing her sons grow to manhood and each one of them marrying a sweet woman in the St. George Temple. She never knew the joy of holding in her arms the grandchildren they gave her. How grateful she must have been as she watched from her heavenly abode for every act of love and kindness shown by others toward her sons.

NOTES

NOTES



Ellis Wilson Jones Family

Section II

Ellis Jones Family



Eva Cottam Jones and Ellis Wilson Jones



Ellis Jones with Twins: Vera and Vernon



Cleone Jones



Alma Jones, 16 months



Alma, Ellis, Vera, Ivins, Heber, Vernon, Eva Jones

Ellis Jones Family



Vera Vernon
Heber Eva Ellis



Alma, Ivins, Heber
Vernon, Vera, May 22, 1938



Heber, Ellis, Alma, Vera, Vernon, Ivins



Heber, Alma, Vernon, Ellis



Vera and Vernon Jones (twins)
1953 Veyo, Utah



Grandpa Ellis Jones with Margie and Carol Jones



Heber, Vernon, Ellis, Alma, Vera, Ivins

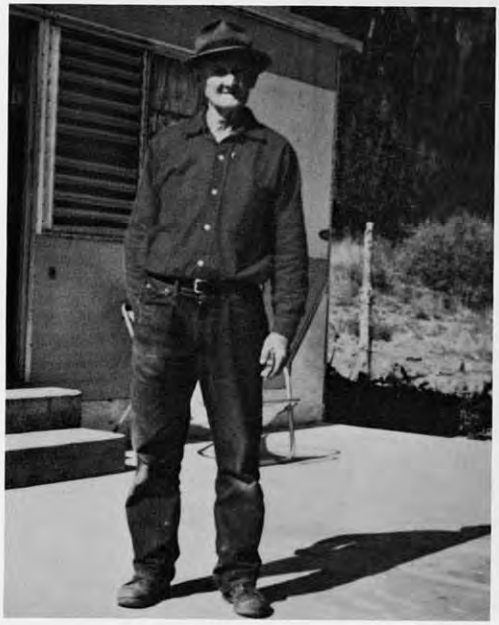


Vera holding Andrew Seitz, Ellis, Alma, Heber, Vernon, 1957

Ellis Jones Family



Ellis Jones Family



Ellis Jones



Grandpa Ellis Jones
with Darrell Jones



Alma, Stevie and Lois Jones
August 1959



Alma Jones holding Margie
Lois Jones and Carol



Margie Jones, age 11



Margie and Carol Jones
April 1957



Alma Jones holding Margie Jones
1953



Kenneth, Jerry, Ricky Petty, 1959

Ellis Jones Family



Alma and Barbara Jones
Ricky, Jerry, and Kenny Petty
September 1968



Steve and Carol Jones
Christmas 1964

Ellis Jones Family



Alma and Barbara Jones
1967



Michael Jones, 5 months
1969



Ann and Jeff Jones, 1959



Thirza, Ivins, Eva, Ann, Jeff and Jennifer Jones



Heber and LaRee McAllister Jones



Tom Jones

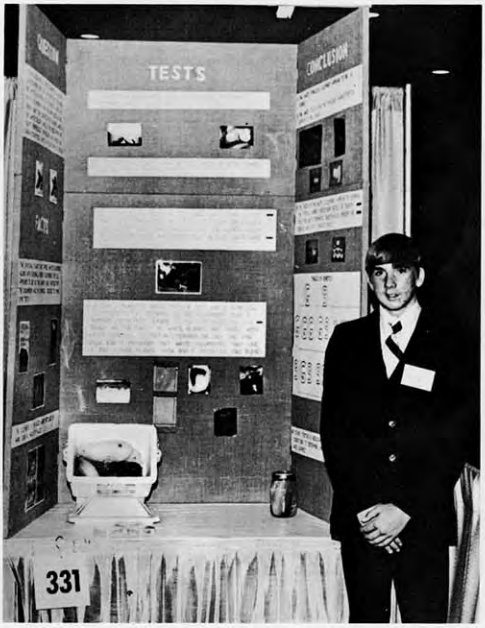


Heber Jones

Ellis Jones Family



Heber Jones, School Office, ''The Teacher''



Walter Jones, School Project



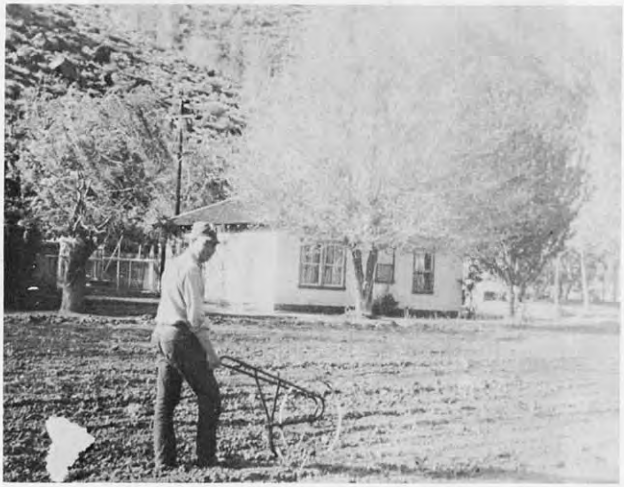
Heber Jones' 1964 buck



Heber Jones teaching



Emerald and Vera Seitz
October 14, 1957



Emerald Seitz at #2 home



Andrew Seitz, 1964



Nancy and Julie Seitz, 1964



Andrew, Emerald, Vera, Nancy, Julie Seitz
Pat Stanworth and Shelly Seitz wedding
April 24, 1971



Brent Stanworth, 1 year, December 1979



Harold F. Evans - Vernon W. Jones
August 1961, Hanau, Germany



Vernon Jones 1960, U.S. Army



Vernon Jones - winter shield, 1961, Germany



Lena Roka Jones



Vernon Jones and Pauline Sullivan
London, 1961



Darrell, Lena, Selina, Vernon Jones, November 1974
(passport photo for 3rd vacation back to New Zealand)



Heber, Vernon, Ellis, Alma, Vera, Ivins
1959



1969 - All the grandchildren except Steve and Carol
Back row: Jeff, Ann, Kenny, Jerry, Andrew, Don.
Center: Darrell, Julie, Ricky, Nancy, Eva, Tom,
Jenny. Front: Lena, Walt.



Ivins, Thirzia holding Jennifer,
Jeff, Ann, Eva. Day Jennifer was blessed.



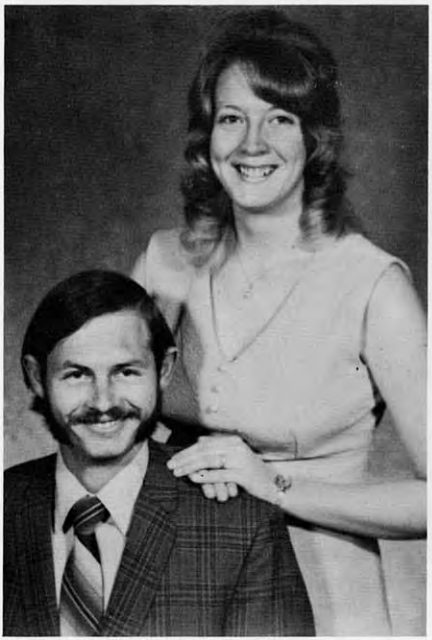
Steven and wife, Darlene with
daughters: Stacy and Misty



Jennifer Jones



Eva 7, Jeff 12, Ann 10, Jennifer 3



Allan Lynch and Carol Jones Lynch



William Ernest Lynch



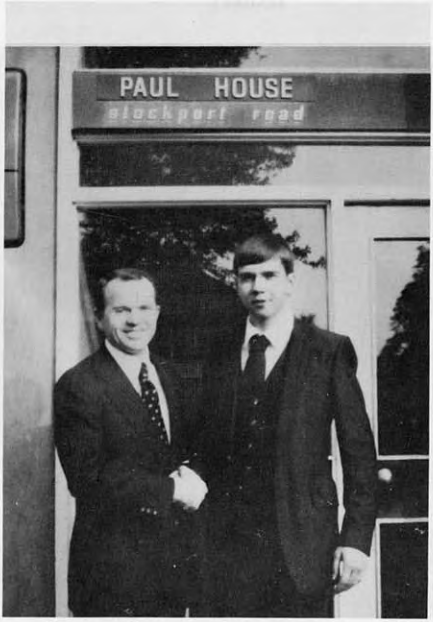
Jerry Petty 1979



Alma, Barbara and Michael Jones
Kenneth, Jerry and Richard Petty



Ivins Jones, 1965



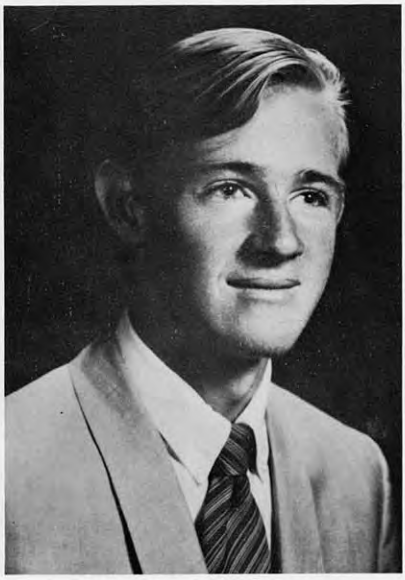
Tom Jones on mission to England



Jennifer, Eva, Thriza, Ann Jones,
Carmealia Hardy (Thriza's mother), Jeff,
Ivins Jones, Brandy Wharton, Leo Hardy (Thriza's
father)



Ann Jones graduation



Jeff Jones graduation



Ivins and Thriza with
first grandchild, Carlee Wharton



Brandy, Ann, Carlee, Jake Wharton
Summer 1980



Eva Jones, 1 year



Ann Jones 4 years



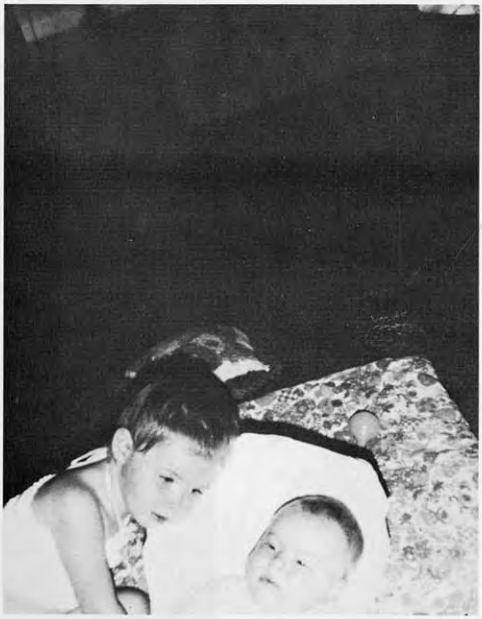
Jennifer Jones, 6 years



Jeff Jones, 6 years



Carlee and Jake Wharton
2 1/2 years - 2 months
(Ivin's)



Carlee and Jake Wharton



Nicky, Christmas 1979 (Vera's)



Mike Jones Easter 1972 (Alma's)



Heber Cottam Jones



Heber, LaRee and sons:
Tom, Don, Walt, Robbie, Willie



Heber Jones "The Buck Hunter"
California trip 1979



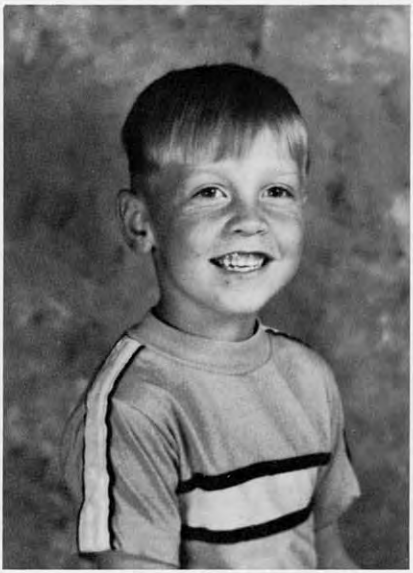
Grandpa Ellis with
LaRee and grandchildren



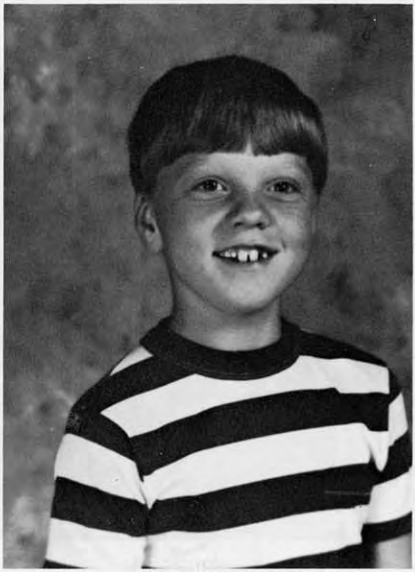
Heber and LaRee's sons
Willie, Tom, Don, Walt, Robbie



Steven, Carol, Margie Jones 1963
(Margie's last Christmas)



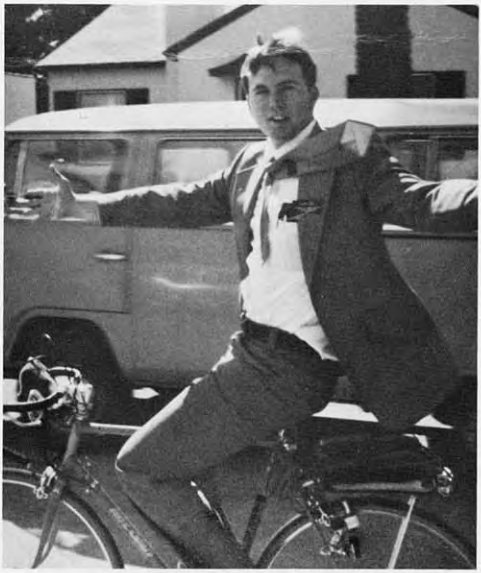
Willie Jones



Robbie Jones



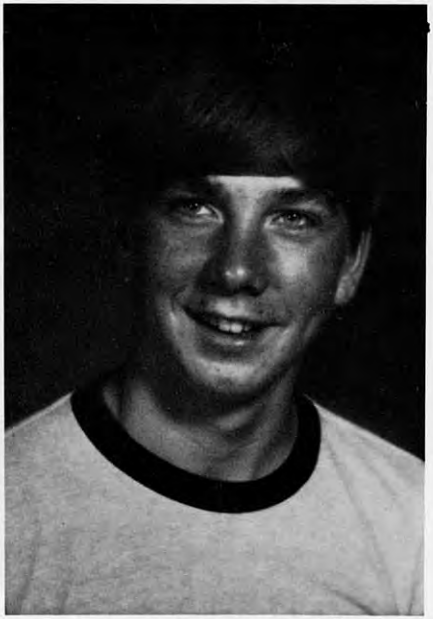
Elder Don Jones



Elder Don Jones 1977



Robbie Jones



Walt Jones



Mr. and Mrs. Orin D. Heideman
are pleased to announce the marriage
of their daughter
Jean
to
Donald K. Jones
son of Mr. and Mrs. Heber C. Jones
on Saturday, the nineteenth of June
nineteen hundred and eighty-two

They request the pleasure of your company
at a reception that evening
from 8:00 until 10:00 o'clock
at the home of the bride's parents
South of L.D.S. Church
Toquerville, Utah

Marriage solemnized
in the St. George Temple
for time and all
eternity



Julie, Nancy, Andrew Seitz
#4 Plant, Bishop Creek, California - home



Andrew, Nancy, Julie Seitz
Plant #4 and Club House
Bishop Creek, California 1964



Big Creek #8
(between #2 and Mammoth Park) California



Rush Creek Plant
Mono Basin, California



Rainbow, Big Creek #3
Just after the fire, California



Vera Jones Seitz and
Emerald L. Seitz 1977



Redinger Lake Spill for
Big Creek #4, California



Emerald Seitz by pipe powerhouse #4
Big Creek, California



Julie Seitz, 18 years
1978



Andrew and Debbie Seitz wedding day
August 26, 1976, Mesa, Arizona



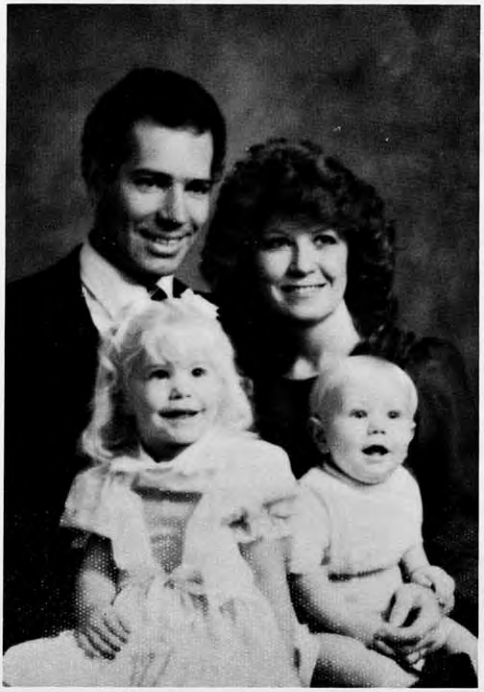
Andrew and Ryan Seitz
1979



Nancy Seitz Shepherd and Brian Shepherd
Manti Temple, December 14, 1979



Back row: Pat and Shelly Seitz Stanworth, Julie Seitz,
Nancy and Brian Shepherd, Vera and Emerald Seitz,
Debbie and Andrew Seitz (holding Nickolas Seitz)
Front row: Ryan Seitz, Jennifer Stanworth,
Andrea Stanworth



Brian and Nancy Seitz Shephard
Children: Becca and Scotty, December 1983



Carrie, Ryan, Nick, Todd Seitz

Open House
Friday, December 28, 1979
7:30 to 10:00 p.m.
Seitz Home
Auberry, California



Married Eternally
in the
Manti Temple



Nancy and Brian
wish to announce their
forthcoming marriage
on Friday, the fourteenth day of December.

Their Parents
Emerald and Vera Seitz
and
Newel and Eleanor Shepherd
wish you to share in their joy at a receptoin
Saturday, the fifteenth day of December
nineteen hundred and seventy-nine
from seven-thirty to ten o'clock in the evening
First - Fourth Ward Chapel
49 South State Street
Mount Pleasant, Utah



Vernon and Pauline 1969
Darrell and Lena



Grandpa Ellis Jones
with Lena R. Jones



Selina and Lena Jones
6129 Jones Circle
Las Vegas, Nevada



Darrell and Lena Jones
6300 Brandywine Way
Las Vegas, Nevada



Darrell, Lena, Selina Jones
1974

Ellis Jones Family



Darrell R. Jones, second grade



Pauline Sullivan



Pauline Sullivan



Selina Jones



Lena and Darrell Jones
backyard at 6300 Brandwine Way
Las Vegas, Nevada



Darrell, Lena, and Selina Jones



Darrell Jones first fishing trip
June 1, 1969

Ellis Jones Family



Ivins and Thriza Jones Family



Mother's Day 1986
Nancy, Vera, Julie Seitz



Kyle, Scotty, Becca Shepherd
"Day their Dad was set apart
in Bishopric."



Carlee, Jake, and baby Zachary
Ivins Wharton



Eva and Jerry Lee Reese
Dusty and Lacy Star



Zachary Ivins Wharton



Dusty and Lacy Star Reese



Jennifer Jones and Darwin Troy Leawitt



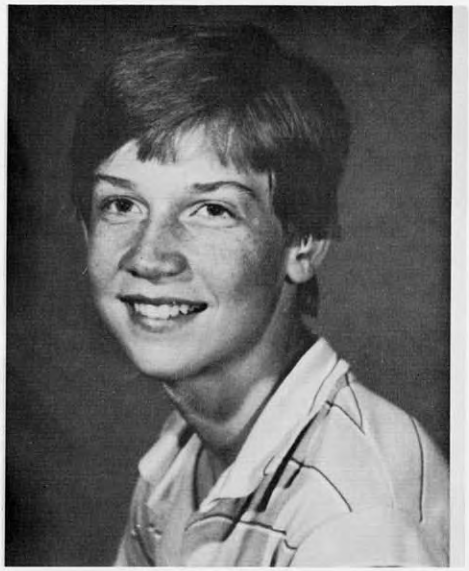
Jennifer, Jamie and Troy Leavitt
sealed in St. George Temple



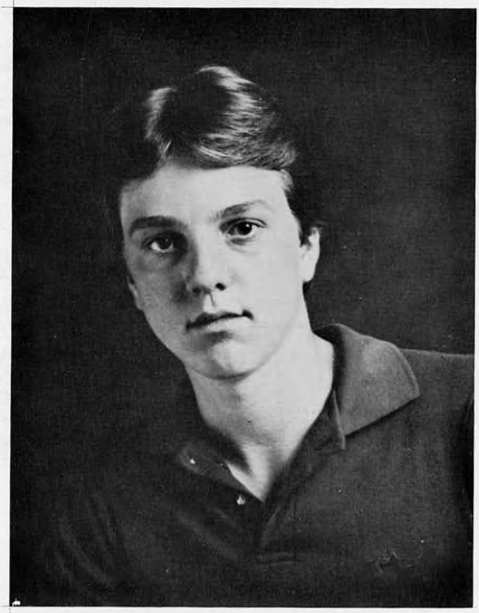
Darwin Troy, Jamie, Jennifer Jones
Leavitt
day they were sealed in the
St. George Temple



Jamie Leavitt



William Russell Jones
Age 13



Robert Wayne Jones
Age 15

NOTES

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ELLIS WILSON JONES
By Heber C. Jones-Sept. 1980

My father, Ellis Wilson Jones, was born August 29, 1894 in Gunlock, Utah Territory. He was born in the original William Ellis Jones home which was located in the south end of Gunlock on the east side of the road. The house was made of logs and was covered with grapes. It had two small rooms and a shed to the south. On the west a water ditch bordered the lot which was marked and secured by a woven willow fence. He was the first child born to Hyrum E. and Nancy Hunt Jones. Hyrum and Nancy's mothers were sisters, daughters of William and Dinah Vaughan.

Grandfather found it necessary to move his family around the country in order to make a living. He freighted and did manual labor for others. As the family moved around, four other sons were born. They moved to Holt's ranch in 1899, then to Enterprise and on out to old Hebron. Dad went to school for the first time there. His teacher was Lewis Baston. The school building was made of brick which his Grandfather Jones had made. They lived there until the earthquake hit about 1902. Dad said, "I remember father was out after a load of fire wood, he came home in a hurry...I remember when the brick began to fall Mother picked up the baby, highchair and all, and ran outside...The first hard quake cracked the house so bad we dare not stay in that night. We went over to Sister Elizabeth Truman's that night to sleep, she had a big frame house."

In 1904 they moved to Grass Valley and worked for Henry Holt. Grandfather bought Stanely Calkins' home in Pine Valley and moved his family there. They rented the Foster farm which is now buried by Baker reservior and then moved back to Pine Valley in the winter.

In 1906 a new baby was born to the family in Pine Valley. The boy died and was buried in the Pine Valley Cemetery. Grandmother did not recover well from the birth. They moved to Gunlock where she died June 12, 1906.

Dad loved his father and idolized his mother. When she died it not only broke his heart but it also dampened his spirit. He said of his mother--She was a pretty good mother and had a good nature. She was a small, pretty woman; she weighed about 120 pounds, had a small frame with pretty dark eyes, dark hair and a very fair skin. He kicked around Gunlock and was farmed out to friends and relatives until his father remarried in 1907. He was never accepted by his stepmother nor did he accept her. It was a situation of his kids, her kids, and their kids. Dad was a stubborn boy and the pressures of his new situation turned him away from the experiences and guidance in life that builds confidence, initiative and self-worth. He lived within himself and rebelled to the point of family friction.

In 1908 the family moved to the Truman ranch. They spent several years there and moved to the Biglow ranch. For the next few years they moved back and forth from Modena to Gunlock. About 1913 or 1914 Dad decided that the time had come for him to make a go of things on his own. He and his brother Clarence moved to Veyo which was just getting started. They worked for James L. Bunker and bought land there. Grandfather had purchased the Crowfield from Jonathan Hunt. This field is located just south of the Biglow ranch on the east

side of the stream. Dad took out homestead on the bench above and east of the Crowfield. He also worked the Stinger farm on the west side of the stream. In 1917 he built a small lumber house on the black ridge above the Crowfield. It became his home for most of the next 17 years. It also served as a stopping place and home away from home for many of the young men in and around the area. He eventually moved the house to Peekaboo. The homestead was sold for taxes. Peekaboo is a ranch located at the base of Pine Valley Mountain southeast of Baker dam. Dad's brother Alvin had bought the place and Dad was renting it in the late thirties.

In 1916 work was started on the canals to carry water to the No. 1 power plant. This plant was built in 1917 at the mouth of the gorge where the Santa Clara river joins the Moody. Dad worked on the canal and worked on a part-time basis for the various power companies until 1958.

In August 1918 he was inducted into the U.S. Army. He spent about five months in several camps around San Francisco. He was released in January 1919. He went back to his homestead where he lived alone for the next 7 years.

My mother, Eva Cottam, had visited in Veyo with her relatives, the James Cottam family, and with her friend Clarissa Hunt at Hunt's ranch which is now owned by Ronald Cottam. Mother and Clarissa had become friends while working for Arthur K. Hafen's wife in St. George. It seems the entire population of Veyo and Gunlock was interested in getting my father married and my mother seemed to be the most likely prospect. It was arranged that they should meet at Hunt's ranch under various situations on numerous occasions. They were even assigned to take a buggy to the ranch from Gunlock. In any event they were married June 2, 1926 in the St. George Temple. They lived in several places in Veyo and Gunlock the first year of their marriage. Mother took sick and they moved to St. George where their first child was born. The baby girl died and mother didn't recover well so they stayed at the Cottam home for the next 8 years with the exception of a few months in Las Vegas. My father's reception at Grandmother's home was cool at best. He worked part time in Veyo for the Power Company and part time for my mother's brother Thomas in the cement business at St. George.

Dad joined the CCC camp at Veyo in 1934. He and Uncle Thomas Cottam built a small two room house on a one-half acre lot acquired from Fred Chadburn. I was born in August and our family moved into the house in October 1934. This house served as home to my parents for the rest of their lives. Dad built a fruit cellar to the west of the house. He later added a lean-to to the south which served as a bedroom until it was torn down in the late forties or early fifties. After mother suffered a stroke, Dad removed the lean-to and started to add two rooms and a bath to the south side of the original home. This project was not completed at the time he was killed. He built the walls out of pipe staves salvaged from the wooden pipe which carried water from Sand Cove to the No. 3 power plant.

Alma, Ivins, and I were born in Grandfather Cottam's home in St. George. The twins, Vera and Vernon, were born at the Moroni McArthur home in April of 1937. The last child, Nancy, died at birth and was buried in Veyo. We all grew up at Veyo and went to school there until we were bused to St. George. We children all left home at an early age and only Vernon remained at home when mother died in Novemeber of 1955.

Dad told me once that the happiest time of his life was the 29 years he was married to Mother. He was very devoted to her and I can never remember of his ever saying an unkind thing to or about her. He seemed to enjoy helping her around the house and shared the burden of raising small children without complaint. I recall when Vera was born she had a twisted and discolored foot. Dr. W.J. Reichman told Dad that it might straighten out if he would rub it a certain way several times per day. He would rub it faithfull whenever he picked her up or put her to bed. The foot responded to his constant care and she was soon walking

normally.

My father was very lonely after Mother died. He moved around with his children from time to time but was usually glad to get back home. He quietly bore many hurts and adversities during his life, most of them heaped upon him unnecessarily. He had two bouts with cancer and lived with the pain of a crooked spine for many years. Dad would, on occasion, lie on a large black rock and expose his lower back to the sun. I didn't realize why until about a year before his death, a doctor pointed out to me on an Xray an old injury in his lower spine. He was rather mild mannered most of the time but possessed a quick temper that would manifest itself in an instant when he would spring to his feet and "box" your ears. He was a well built man, not large, only about 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed about 150 lbs. He did a lot of walking in his lifetime and kept in pretty good shape. He had very powerful arms and hands I used to marvel at his strength. Johnny Hunt once told me that Dad could break an egg held with the two ends against the heel of his hands.

My father was in many ways a 19th Century man. He never learned to drive a car nor did he get too excited about chasing money or displaying wealth. He was a man who lived in a world of horses, wagons, and buggies. His tools were picks, shovels, and axes. He pulled his own teeth and lost much of his hearing before he reached middle age. He still had a full head of hair with a good sandy color speckled with gray at the time of his death.

He was in every sense of the word a decent human being who did his best to make his own way and mind his own business. He was struck down by a car two days before his 77th birthday on August 27, 1971. He was crossing Highway 18 at the intersection with the Gunlock road in the center of Veyo. I suppose he had crossed that area more than any other human being and died within a mile of where he had spent nearly all of his adult life. I gave the following tribute to him at the Jones reunion in 1968:

A TRIBUTE TO ELLIS W. JONES

I suppose that there are a few of you here today who do not know more about my father's background than do I. However, there are a few things about his character that I feel should be said in his interest and in mine. He has spent a great deal of his life in the margin of current society. He had not shared in the luxury of the new life nor has he been hampered by the greed of material gain or inhibited by the particulars of social class or position. I know of no man who has come closer to living the life of a Christian. He has gone the extra mile in turning the other cheek, under the most adverse conditions. Yet, as far as I know, he has always done unto others as he would have them do unto him. He has been mistreated by those who should have known better and maligned by those who had nothing to gain beyond the pleasant proof of ther puffed positions. He has lived a lifetime of passive resistance to intolerance, bigotery, and greed and still managed to survive, raise a family, and launch me into a world far beyond his humble circumstances.

He has not provided me with the best of material things, but more important he has built for me a solid house of honesty, the moral value of being honest with myself regardless of the temptations to build my reputation and accumulate material gain on the back of someone else's labor, well being, or at other's expense.

My father has been too honest not to be a Christian. He has not been content to gain salvation inside the four walls of a chapel on the one day of the week when others could see, he has lived each day within himself a personal and moral honesty that owes no allegiance to a phony reputation or public display of outward arrogance.

He has left me a free man and a free soul, with no obligation to inherited wealth, no duty to conform to any dogmatic creed, doctrine, or personal prejudice.

He has given me the will to succeed without the obligation to do so. He has allowed me to fail so that I might learn better the value of my own initiative and the

responsibility of my own feelings.

He has taught me that there is a nobility in being poor that cannot be gained in affluence; a nobility of equality in human beings not protected from reality; a oneness of humanity not structured according to social classes, riches, family inheritance, or self-inflated greatness.

He has taught me that here is a dignity of individual decency, dependent only on the self-discipline of the private soul.

He has not pushed back the frontier of knowledge, built great cities, not even lived in the main stream of modern society. He has often walked when others rode; he has often repressed his inward hurts when others were shouting to the world of their injuries. He was helpful to his wife and children, and what he could not offer in materials and money, he gave of himself.

I would like to say in closing that my one regret is that I wish that I could have made his life easier and more full when living meant more to him.

ALMA COTTAM JONES
1980

I was born Aug. 26, 1929 in St. George, Utah, at the Old Cottam Home that was located where the new County Courthouse now stands. We moved to Veyo sometime during my 5th year, and I attended 8 grades of school there. I spent one year in High School in St. George before enlisting in the U.S. Army on Dec. 31, 1946.

I spent six months at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in an experimental unit when the country was talking of universal military training for all young men. Trained in an anti-aircraft company and then spent 1 year at Fort Ord, California, receiving my release June 2, 1948.

After coming home, I worked in the Hurricane area for about a year and a half. Here, I met Lois Wright, and we were married in Nov. 1949. We moved to St. George and I went back to school to an Auto Mechanic and Welding Trade school. I also worked part time in a brick yard for Larry Hiatt.

In May of 1951, we moved to Hawthorne, Nevada where I went to work at the Naval Ammunition Depot as a laborer for three months. Then worked as an Auto Mechanic helper for two years before being rated as an Electromotice Equipment Mechanic. And the last eight years I have been Foreman.

Our first child, Margie, was born Sept. 20, 1952. Another daughter, Carol, was born Jun. 24, 1955. And a son Steven was born Nov. 23, 1958.

My world fell apart Feb. 10, 1964 when my daughter, Margie, died. Six months later, my wife left and took my other children. The Church was the only thing that kept me going for the next three years.

I met Barbara Gayle Todd and we were married Nov. 20, 1967. She had three boys: Kenneth, Jerrold and Richard. June 14, 1969 our son, Michael, was born. Kenneth served a mission for the Church in Italy and Richard served three years in the Army.

I have held many positions in the Church, have been a home teacher since 1953. Worked in scouting for 10 years, 6 as a scout master. Other positions have been: Elder Quorum President and counseler, one of 7 presidents of 70's, Reno, Nevada Stake President of YMMIA, Stake mission, 1st counselor to Bishop, High Priest Group Leader, counselor in Fallon, Nevada, Stake Sunday School. President of Fallon Stake Sunday School. We built a new chapel while I was in Bishopric. Now I am in Cub Scouts, on Ward Finance committee, and we are ready to build a new addition to the chapel.

I have worked 31 years for Government, mostly Navy. My job will be taken over by private contractor on Dec. 1, 1980. I have worked in the same department for 29 years, from laborer to foreman.

I very much love the things of nature, hunting and fishing, I like to work at gardening, I have worked part time at the hospital in Hawthorne for about 8 years taking care of the grounds. I love this beautiful country, especially Nevada and Utah.

Our children are all gone from home except Mike. Steve and Carol are both here in Hawthorne, Kenneth is in Salt Lake, Jerry in Battle Mountain, Nevada, and Richard is in Ohio.

I am grateful for very fine parents who taught me the important things of life. I know the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and know beyond a shadow of a

doubt that God lives and that Jesus is our Savior, and that the Church is guided by a Prophet. It is my hope and prayer that someday all of our family will be able to realize that importance of the Church, especially our children.

IVINS ELLIS JONES
Sept. 1980

Ivins was born June 30, 1931, the third child of Ellis Wilson and Eva Cottam Jones. He attended school in Veyo and St. George.

Ivins served in the United States Army beginning in 1949 and was released in 1952. Two years of this time was spent in Korea. After leaving the service he worked at Timit in Henderson, Nevada. He married Thirza Hardy Oct. 24, 1953.

Ivins and Thirza have four children: Jeffrey E. Jones born Sept. 5, 1954; Ann Jones born Nov. 23, 1956; Eva Jones born Feb. 5, 1960; and Jennifer Jones born March 31, 1964.

Jeffrey graduated from High School in Henderson and then worked in Mesquite, Nevada. In 1973 he began serving in the Army where he spent 3½ years in Germany. After his release from the service in 1977, he has worked in the St. George, Utah and the Las Vegas, Nevada area.

When Ann was in grade school she was the sickly one of the family. Someone would sneeze on her and she would bring home the flu to the other children. In one school year, she had the German measles nine times. By the time she was old enough for junior and High School she had outgrown this disability. After graduation, she took a year off from school to work and then she attended beauty school. She is now a licensed beautician. She married Brandy Wharton in Mesquite, Nevada, where they now live with their two beautiful children. These two grandchildren are the light of their Grandpa and Grandma's eyes. Carlie is three years old and Jake Jones Wharton is four months old.

Eva finished 12 years of schooling in only eleven years, and then followed Ann's example and attended Beauty School in St. George, Utah. She worked for two years in a beauty shop in St. George, Utah and is now living in Mesquite, Nevada.

Jennifer is still in High School and wants to go to College when she finishes. Her hobbies are roller skating and boys.

In the summer of 1968 Ivins and Thirza bought a mobile home and moved it to Veyo for the summers. Here they plant a garden each year and raise their own fruit and vegetables. They plan to build there later for retirement.

ANN JONES WHARTON

I was born November 23, 1956, to Thirza Hardy and Ivins Ellis Jones. My grandparents were Ellis Wilson Jones and Eva Cottam Jones, Leo Milton Hardy and Camelia Barnum Hardy. I was born in Henderson, Nevada and blessed by my Grandpa Jones in Veyo, Utah, on Feb. 3, 1957.

I have an older brother, Jeffrey E. Jones and two younger sisters, Eva and Jennifer. I went to school in Henderson. Joanie Mason and Jeannie Ackerman were my best friends in grade school.

My family spent quite a bit of time with our neighbors, the Knippers, Ackermans, and Smiths. When I was two years old our family went camping with my Aunt Jackie's family. We all went to Pine Valley, Navajo Lake, Tasi and back to Pine Valley.

The next summer Mom and Dad bought a trailer from Bud Barnum, and moved it up to Veyo, behind my Grandpa Jones' house. Every summer after that we spent in Veyo. When I was in the seventh grade, my mom and Rosie Blake took us to Hatch. Rosie was our MIA Teacher. Her in-laws owned a cabin there. We really had a good time. When I was fourteen I spent the summer in Mesquite with my cousin, Cammy, at my Aunt Jackie's. I worked at the Chalet for my Aunt Rene. The middle of July I went back east to the Hill Camarah Pageant. We went by bus. It was sponsored by the Mesquite Ward, so there were quite a few people I knew, Cammy Stotler, Maud Hughes, Cathy Woods. It was really quite a spiritual experience and I saw a great deal of the country and many historical sights.

When I was eight years old I was baptised in Mesquite, Nevada, Feb. 6, 1965 by Berdell Knight and confirmed Feb. 7, 1965 by Don Lee.

When I was fifteen, I stayed the summer in Veyo with my Mom and went to MIA Camp. I was in the Washington County Parade in Hurricane, Utah, riding with Sue Leavitt who was the princess, LaRene Leavitt, Tracie Crawford, and Sheila Leavitt.

In high school my best friend was Kris McFalls. She is now married to Alan Dean Stinnett and has a daughter, Amie Denise. I still consider her one of my very best friends.

Sue Knight was also one of my very best friends when I was a senior in high school. She married Warren Howard Blount and I was her maid of honor. When I graduated I flew to Texas with Sue and her mother-in-law. After I had been in Texas about a month, Sue's brother, Les, and his best friend, Brandy Wharton came to Texas to visit Sue and Warren.

Brandy and I started to date, we thought it was quite funny that all the time I had spent in Mesquite I had never met Brandy until we were both in Texas. Instead of flying home, I rode home with Les and Brandy. We drove seventeen hundred miles from Texas through New Mexico, Arizona and home in twenty-seven hours.

After returning home from Texas I stayed in Veyo with Mom until school started and then I moved back to Mesquite to work at the Chalet and save money for school.

Cammy Stotler and I rented a small apartment from Uncle Don. I really enjoyed the independence of a place of our own. But I have to admit that I appreciated the 'Care Packages'.

The first part of March, 1975, Abbe Lee,

Andrew Green, Brandy Wharton and my self went to Disney Land. We saw the ocean and Knottsberry Farm.

After returning home I enrolled in beauty school in Cedar City, Utah, at Evan's Cosmetology College. The last half of the year Peggy Musenback, her daughter Amie, and Cindy Empey and I were roommates. We really had a great time that year. After I started going to school in Cedar, Brandy Wharton asked me to marry him, and so I counted the days until I got out of school. I graduated in March 1976, and Brandy and I were married May 15, 1976 in Mesquite, Nevada. Bishop Max Hughes preformed the ceremony. The next day we had an open house at my parents home in Henderson.

Brandy and I lived in St. George until the end of August of 1976. Then we moved to Springdale, Utah and managed the Zion Rest Motel. Carrol McCall was our employer. We opened a small beauty shop and also managed a State Liquor Agency. While living in Springdale we met some of our best friends, Mike and Shanna Nixon, Don and Jeannie Dennis. Donny ran the Texaco across the street. Jeannie and I spent a lot of time together. I was pregnant and Jeannie had already delivered a baby. She almost talked me into having my baby at home but I chickened out, and on November 1, 1977, I had my first baby, Carlee, in the St. George Hospital. She was blessed Dec. 6, 1977, by her great grandfather, Leo Milton Hardy.

In March of 1978 we moved from Springdale to Henderson. The owners of the motel sold to some people from Salt Lake who planned to run the motel themselves. We only stayed in Henderson for about two months.

Brandy and I were living with my parents and having a hard time finding a place to live, when Brandy found another job in Mesquite. The job is managing the Valley Inn Motel for Ed and Thelma Davis. We didn't last long at it, we found that after managing the Zion Rest Motel for eighteen months we were tired of being tied down. We continued to live at the Valley Inn, but I started working waiting tables. In the end of November of 1978 we moved to a little apartment on the back street. We lived there until March, when we bought a double wide trailer and moved it on to Mom and Dad's lot, next door to Aunt Jackie. In November of 1979, Brandy started working construction for Chuck Simmons. In May of 1978, I began dealing at the Village.

On June 19,1980, our second child, Jake Jones Wharton, was born in St. George, Utah. He was blessed by Leo Milton Hardy on August 3, 1980. Which pretty well brings us up to date.

HEBER C. JONES
1934-1980

I was born August 7, 1934. The place was in my grandfather Thomas P. Cottam's house which stood on the site now occupied by the Washington County Courthouse. My father was Ellis W. Jones who was the son of Hyrum E. Jones who was the son of William Ellis Jones. My father's mother was Nancy Hunt, daughter of Elizabeth Vaughan and James Wilson Hunt. Elizabeth was the daughter of Dinah Vaughn. My grandfather Hyrum's mother, Martha Vaughan, was the sister of my grandmother, Nancy Hunt's mother, Elizabeth Vaughan. They were both the daughters of my great-grandfather William Ellis Jones' second wife and her first husband. My father had three full brothers -- Clarence A., William Vaughn, and Alvin. He had a half-brother named Jacob Mica and a half-sister named Velma -- same father but different mother.

My mother was the youngest in her family and my father was the oldest in his family. My mother's brothers were Thomas, Heber, Moroni, Walter and Clarence. My mother's sisters were Emma J. and Annie. They were the children of Thomas P. Cottam and Emmaline Jarvis Cottam. Grandfather Cottam's father was also Thomas Cottam. Grandmother Cottam's parents were George and Ann Prior Jarvis.

My father built a small two room house in Veyo, Utah the same year I was born. The earliest memory I have is the smell of new plaster in that house. I have two older brothers--Alma and Ivins and the twins are three years younger than I. Vernon has red hair and freckles. Vera doesn't look much like her twin; she is blond with fair skin. There were two girls that died as infants -- Cleone, the first child, was buried in St. George and Nancy, the last child, was buried in Veyo.

As I mentioned earlier, the first thing in my life of which I am conscious is the smell of new plaster. I also recall isolated early recollections but I am not certain of time and age. I recall having received a wind-up toy as a gift, probably for Christmas. I was very small and was very fascinated with the toy. The older boys would wind it up and send it across the floor to me which gave me much delight. It had some kind of noise maker in it. I don't remember whether it was a siren or a sandpaper wheel or just what it was. It was some kind of a car.

Aunt Annie Milne came to visit mother when I was very small. She was blind and about ninety years old. She felt my head with her hands and, after giving me a piece of purple candy, declared to mother that I was a fine looking boy. I had an opportunity to visit with her some years later after she had her sight restored. She had, by this time, lost most of her hearing. She was about 105 years of age. I shouted into her ear in answer to her questions about my mother. She remembered me from the earlier encounter.

Another early memory that comes to mind was at Grandmother Cottam's house. Mother took me there and left me for some time while she went someplace. I managed to check out the peacock out in the yard and get under everyone's feet in the house. There was a ditch of water running on the east side of the house and I took advantage of it to get myself pretty wet. I went inside to dry off and raised my hands up over the big cook stove in the kitchen. Uncle Thomas Cottam, who delighted in playing pranks on

me, slipped up behind me and said boo or some such utterance. My hands came down with a bang onto the hot stove. Grandmother interrupted her best processing long enough to calm me down and take Uncle Thomas to task then proceed with her work.

Grandmother and I didn't hit it off too well. She was sometimes kind to me and on occasion gave me a string of colored spools as a present. However, we had an encounter when I was about 4 or 5 years old that cooled the relationship. She came to Veyo to help mother for a few days and discovered that I had learned a vocabulary of swear words that was not to her liking. On this particular day she had been abrupt and bossy and showed little patience with me. I don't remember what she told me to do but I didn't respond in the expected manner and she proceeded to help me along with the task. She was a large woman and used to having things done as she directed and my reluctance to cooperate infuriated her. As I resisted she gave me a lecture along with physical assistance until I broke away and called her an old s.o.b. She grabbed hold of me in the manner a dog shakes a snake and proceeded to loosen all my bones and muscles with great furry. At the same time she informed me that the process would continue until all my teeth found their way to the bottom of my throat. Needless to say, if I had conversation with grandmother after that, I made sure that there was a safe distance between us.

The house at Veyo had been thrown together with rough lumber. The floors were 2'' x 6'' planks resting on the ground covered with 1'' rough pine boards. The walls were made of 2 inch lumber placed on the flat side. Nailed to the wall on the outside was rough 1 inch boards covered with black tarpaper and this was covered with chicken wire--not plastered. In the summertime when electrical storms occured one could get a shock from touching this wire. The inside walls were covered with 1 inch boards or lath with plaster of white, rough texture. The roof was covered with wood shingles. There were two windows in each room. The north window in the east room would not open. When I was small there was only one outside door through the south wall of the east room. In the east room that we used for a kitchen there was a large cast iron cook stove on the west side of the room. It had a warming oven on the top and a water reservoir on the side. The stove could be fed from the front or the top. We usually lifted one or two of the lids and fed it from the top. I can remember my mother standing over that hot stove in the summertime. I can still see the great balls of sweat rolling down her face and arms as she stirred the kettles and bottled the fruit. She was a pretty good cook considering what she had to cook with in regards to both equipment and supplies. She loved to make sugar cookies and when commodities would permit she supplied the neighborhood with those tasty cookies. They were usually about 3 inches in diameter or about one decimeter. She sprinkled sugar on the top. Our diet didn't vary much. A few staple foods--bread, macaroni, potatoes and various combinations of vegetables with fruit and a little meat in the seasons thereof, and occasionally out of season. Mother made a particularly good combination of macaroni, cheese and milk. When I was small we had a cow, in fact two cows, but the food bill got too high and the cows were sold. The last one was sold to Henry Bowler and she broke into this field and ate so much she died.

Beside the stove was a woodbox that stayed there all my life until Dad was killed. I cleaned out the east room and the woodbox had to go. On the north of the stove, hanging on the wall, was a small cabinet with drawers in it. Each drawer was stuffed with anything and everything. On the north wall in the west corner was a large wooden box with a smaller wooden box sitting on the top of it. The front of the boxes were open and mother had made curtains to cover the front. This arrangement she used for a cupboard for the dishes. This was later replaced with a large cupboard with glass doors on the top which is still in the house. Going to the east on the north wall was a large wooden chest which contained mothers valuables. It was usually covered with

cans, bottles, sacks and other implements of the kitchen. To the east of this in the corner, was a wooden table made by my great-grandfather Cottam. On this table there was always a bucket full of water with a cup by it. This water was used for drinking. In the winter it often froze to ice. Also on this table was located the immediate food supply. Such things as bread, cheese, bottled fruit, jam, honey etc. found their way to this table along with miscellaneous other items. Under the table or to the side was a large lard can, usually about a 15-20 gallon container. Sometimes there would be several of these. One can always had flour in it and one usually had sugar. Sometimes one would be used to keep bread, crackers etc. We had no refrigeration, running water, cooling system or indoor toilet facilities. The east wall was lined with chairs and the table was in the middle of the room. When we got the big cupboard we also got a round table which is still there. The old square one is still there also. The eating table was always covered with oiled paper or oilcloth. Sometimes there was linoleum on the floor and sometimes there wasn't. There were always open knot holes or cracks between the boards on the floor. My mother sometimes my father worked very hard to keep the kitchen clean. Mother would scrub and mop it constantly. In the southwest corner of the room was located an old phonograph, a Victor or Victrola--anyway the horn and the dog. It worked by winding it up with a crank. On the south wall was the large mirror that hung over the ancient table that held the towels, wash and dish rags, soaps etc. The top was used to hold the wash basin and Dad's shaving equipment. On the south wall, up about 5 feet, a board was hammered on the wall and about every 4 inches was pounded a nail. We hung hats, coats, and about everything else on those nails. In the south east corner of the west room we had this arrangement also.

The first bed I can recall sleeping in was a small brown baby bed made of steel. It was first located in the west room in the northeast corner by the closet. However, it didn't stay there long. Mother moved her brown dresser with the big mirror in that spot and I can't remember where the baby bed went. Anyway, there were always two beds in that room. Mother and Dad slept in the big bed located in the northwest corner and after the twins came along the three of us boys slept in the other bed when it was cold and outside when the weather permitted. The bed we slept in was located along the south wall. After I was about six years old we three older boys slept outside all of the time except in extreme weather. After a few years, Dad built an open lean-to or porch on the front of the house. He later put a wooden floor in it and closed in the west side. It stayed that way until the late forties or early fifties. Mother inherited a few dollars from her mother's estate and her family thought she and my father were incapable of handling a couple of hundred dollars all at one time so they hired a plumber to rough in for a bathroom. As a result, the porch had to be torn down to make way for the trench and cesspool. The roughed in plumbing sat there for a number of years before anything much was done. However, Dad did manage to throw up a roof and four walls around where the old porch had been. The walls were made of old pipe staves salvaged from the Southern Utah Power Company's original wood pipe that carried the water between the two Sand Cove ponds. Dad was short of nails and the means to get them. He didn't brace the roof very well. At this writing the roof has dropped and pushed the wall out about 7 inches from plumb. I have tried to brace it and wire it on the inside and have put a buttress on the south to stabilize the structure.

In the west room at the east side, we kept a small sheetmetal heater. In the winter when the wind blew with great furry and sometimes mixed the air with snow, we would huddle around this little stove and feed it with pinion pine logs. It soon glowed red and forced us to alternate back to front in order to equalize the heat. It seemed to me that I was always too hot on one side and too cold on the other. We survived, however, and discounting the croup, leg

aches, runny noses etc., I don't think we were in worse health than most. In fact, after I reached my teens, I can only recall several occasions one could say I was ill.

Dad dug a hole about 10 feet wide, 16 feet long and about 4 or 5 feet deep directly west of the house. He put a rough door frame on the south and a pole in the center of the hole, then after putting large logs on the two sides and the back he put a large center pole over the door frame and extended it over the pole in the center and rested it on the back log. He then laid cedar (juniper) poles from each side to the center log. The cedar poles were covered with bark and several inches of dirt. This made an excellent storage facility and sometimes was used as a bed room. It has been used to this day; however, it was flooded three years ago. This destroyed many of the relics accumulated over the years and weakened the structure.

The lot was 8 rods by 10 rods. Dad had brought it from Fred Chadburn. I don't know just what Dad paid for it. I have heard the subject debated on several occasions with the debate always ending in dispute. Anyway, Dad told me once that he gave $100 for it. My first recollection of the lot's arrangement was the house occupied the northeast corner and there was a small corral in the northwest corner and attached to the corral was an old wooden two holer toilet. The corral was later torn down and the toilet moved to the southwest part of the lot. There was just one cedar (juniper) tree on the lot in the northwest corner. Dad had planted a boxelder tree along the east fence just opposite the house. The fences were all barbed wire stretched over cedar poles set about 10 feet apart. I remember my father hauling the rocks off the land and stacking them along the west fence. As we boys grew older we added a few rocks to the fence each year. Dad borrowed a team and plowed the area directly south of the house. I remember going barefoot in the fresh earth and picking up worms etc. As years went by we set up an arrangement for high jumping during plowing season. We raised a few vegetables each summer and planted some apricot and peach trees. Mother always had a small patch of flowers on the east of the house, ususally a rose or two, some zinnias and some chrysanthemums.

Each summer or early fall Dad would borrow a team and wagon and we would get to the hills for wood. He had usually cut some of it in advance. I loved those trips to the mountains. I still enjoy the smell of the forest and the sound of the wind in the trees. It has been a long time since I smelled that particular smell of a homemade lunch stored in a wooden box when first opened in the trees. I kicked the rocks, watched the animals and birds as I carried a stick or two toward the wagon. That distinctive smell of the forest, sweaty horses and harnesses mixed with the odors of our own making has almost escaped the present generation. I never ceased to marvel at the skill with which my father handled an ax. He made it look so easy, and I was shocked to discover the effort and energy required to produce even limited results with an ax in my own hands.

Dad worked on an irregular basis for the local power company. He cleaned the ditches, stopped leaks, etc. He also tended what we called "The Screen." When the ditch was mossed, the moss was caught in a small box with iron bars running above the pipe that carried the water to the No. 2 power plant. My father would pull the moss off the screen with a fork and stack it in a pile, much of it was eaten by cows. One day my younger brother, Vernon was standing on the box and a cow bunted him into the water. The area around the screen was infested with Rattlesnakes. Over the years we were rousted out by a number of them. In cold winters the ditch would freeze and my father and some of the other men in town were dispatched to the screen to chop the ice and try to keep enough water going through to run the plant. It was a cold thankless job, but the few dollars it brought in were often the difference between a little food and none. Dick Bowler was often Dad's partner during such trying weather.

I recall on several occasions my mother either sent me or allowed me to take a lunch to my father at the screen. I would walk the

two miles and climb the steep hill and think nothing of it even before I was 6 years old. I remember once I went up there in the summertime and kicked around there most of the afternoon. I fixed up a willow fishing line and threw the worm into the water, almost immediately a large trout grabbed it. I began to run up the bank. As I pulled it out, I could see it was huge in comparison to anything I had caught before. I dragged the thing almost to the top of the hill before I determined he wouldn't get back into the water. Dad measured it for me and declared it to be 17 inches long. I was as puffed up over that fish as I have been expanded over anything since. Dad often had to stay late because the moss kept coming hours after they quit cutting it up stream. I recall on several occasions I walked home alone after dark. I expected a wild animal to jump from every rock and tree. I made good time and always took the same route. I came down a narrow trail to the bottom of the hill at the power plant, crossed the ditch and followed the road to what we called the board gate at the old Haywood place, now owned by Sherman Chadburn. I crossed the gate and followed the old Veyo culinary water pipe from where it left the stream at the mouth of the U-Pipe to Ben Chadburn's field, now owned by Claude Braswell. Ben had a small pond at the south end of his field that was always full of frogs and pollywogs. They really put up a chorus at night in the summertime. I moved through that area with a great speed and crossed into James R. Bunker's field and moved over his "little hill" and on to our house. As I grew older this area became my prime hunting area. I recall on many occasions meeting John Horsley hunting rabbits. He had a huge shotgun and spent about as much time roaming the hills as I did. He must have been about 70 years old at the time. He lived into his nineties.

Before I went to school I used to play with Connie Chadburn. She lived just across the street where Mrs. Lee lives now. Their old house has been moved down on the road to Gunlock. I also played with Fenton Bowler, Keith Jones, Jack Seitz, Jack Bowler, Quenton Bowler and Tony and Freddie Chadburn. Fred and I were constant companions before we entered school and until we were about 17 years old.

I didn't go to kindergarten. I started school at Veyo when I was 6 years old. Virginia Prince was the teacher for the grades 1-4. There were 4 of us in the first grade--Connie Chadburn, Gloria Hafen, Fred Chadburn and I. Miss Prince was a rather strict, matter of fact teacher. She always used to say "It is very simple". She held Fred in the first grade and sent the other 3 of us on. Freddie was as smart as any of us, but he couldn't talk plainly and didn't make much to school work. His father had fallen in a lime pit as a child and burned the inside of his mouth very severely, as a result he couldn't talk plainly and Freddie had imitated him. Miss Prince couldn't understand what he was saying, I often acted as interpreter. In the second, third and fourth grades we had a variety of teachers. I remember there was a Miss Burgess; I don't recall much about her. A Mrs. Robinson, who had two of her children in school, taught for a while. She had a girl older than I named Marla and a boy about my age name Blaine. She left quite an impression on me. She would have the students tell jokes and sing songs some of which would be rated X today. Blaine was full of shabby jokes and she had him tell some of them to the class. I remember she used to delight in having Tony Chadburn sing a little ditty about the Red headed gal that was "now selling what she used to give away." There were others that have slipped my memory over the years. I do recall that we got into John Horsley's place one day and found an old earthen crock we thought to be wine in the process and got Blaine to drink part of it. It turned out to be Coyote scent. He acted as if he had gone crazy, and in his case we thought that wasn't too far from normal.

Barbara Ray spent part of one or two years as our teacher. She married Mason Barton and moved away. I recall that she had an allergy brought on by deer or deer hides. At deer season time she would be a

constant mass of sneezes and tears. She was single and the young men in town took notice, Ken Leavitt in particular. We tried to tease her a bit not without some success. She had very fair skin and would glow a beautiful pink with embarrassment. I remember one day she had us making a little booklet in which we were to draw and color various things, and I had drawn a picture of Miss Ray and Ken Leavitt. Freddie got hold of it when I was doing something else and added some extra parts and took it to Miss Ray and told her I had finished and asked him to hand it in for me. I never saw a prettier pink than came to her face. She was very tolerant of it all, she just put it away with the other assignments.

Agnes Hunt was our teacher a part of several years. She used to read to us a lot. All of the grades 1-4 were together in one room and she would gather us around in a circle and read stories that would continue from day to day.

Vera Perkins spent a part of a year there in my 4th year. She was an excellent teacher. Connie moved away either in the 3rd or 4th grade and Grant Hafen was teaching grades 5-8 and he moved the same year and took Gloria with him. Since Freddie had been held back, this left me as the only student in the 5th grade. Charlie Hansen was the teacher and he didn't want to fuss with me in the 5th grade so he put me with the others in the 6th grade. I spent that year under Charlie and his sister Mrs. Harris. They both earned their money and it seemed they had to spell each other off in order to get through the year. I remember she wore an excessive amount of paint on her face, but she was full of fight. Young Bert Cheney kept pulling the breaker on the lights at a program she was putting on so she slipped around the building about the time he was to pull. She gave him firm orders to leave it alone and he responded with some impudent remark and reached for the switch. About that time she let go with a full 180° arc of her outstretched hand which landed with full force to the side of Bert's head. He reeled with threats and curses but the lights stayed on and the program continued.

Charlie was an expert with marbles. He would even shoot from the hip and knock a marble out of the ring. Some of the kids. pestered him something awful. They used to put mice in his chalk box or burn incense in his desk drawers etc. Several of the boys had coats that had been sprayed by a skunk. They would get the coats wet and hang them behind the stove to dry, about 10:00 a.m. we would have to go out for recess and air.

The next year, when I was in the 7th grade (1945), we were taken to St. George by bus.

While in the first grade, Freddie and I would get out earlier than the other boys. Freddie's family had a small mare they called Breeze. We would bridle the animal and lead her to the building that housed the saddle. The upper door was just high enough off the ground that we could carry the saddle out of the door and roll it onto the horse. We would roam the countryside and bring trash from the dump or bring the cows to be milked. It was a continuous operation until one of the older boys would take the animal away and go off on his adventure for the day. We picked berries and fruit and cigarette butts, swam and fished in the creek, learned to milk the cows and feed the animals, and joined with the other kids in games and nonsense day and night. We would often eat and sleep at each others' homes for days at a time.

I recall one day when Freddie and I were riding "Old Breeze" we were up in the creek just above the U-Pine where Fred Sr. was pasturing his cows and we ran onto a small rattlesnake. We killed the snake and tied it to the bridle on the horse. She nearly went crazy and gave us one of the fastest rides toward home I have ever experienced.

These years at the Veyo school were also the years of World War II. Both the later years of the Great Depression and the War had a lasting affect on my thinking.

I remember the big snow of 1937. My father dug a trench from our house out to the road. I can recall of his lifting me up out of the trench and letting me walk over the fence. The CCC or Civilian Conservation

Corps had a camp at Veyo at the time. It was located where Dick and Kay Bowler now live and where the rodeo grounds now are. The CCC boys and their heavy equipment finally cleared enough of the snow away to get in and out of town.

My father was in the CCC for a while and I recall he worked for the WPA or PWA I don't remember which. He would pack his "grub box" and be gone for days. The box had a particular smell about it and he often managed to have a sardine, Vienna Sausage, deviled ham, or some like item left for me to find when he came home. Times were tough all over and particularily around our house. I don't think my father ever made over $50 per month and often he went for months with no work at all that paid cash. He often worked for kind and it burns me to this day that the Internal Revenue people got after him to pay his taxes when we were living on blue plums and handouts from the county, church and neighbors. I remember one year when I was 10 or 11 years old, I had no work shoes so I took a pair of old worn-out rubber boots my father had and cut them down so they fit about half way between my foot and knee. I went to the Post Office to get the mail and the mailman happened to be there; he saw me march up in those boots and made some kind of a comment to someone standing there that that guy, meaning me, didn't know that winter was over or the storm was over or something to that effect. Since it was a dry, hot day, I got the message and hated him in my soul for years. He has since been forgiven.

Almost everyone in Veyo suffered to some extent as a result of the depression. Some-more than others. I suppose poverty is relative and we were the poor relative. Doing without was a way of life with my father; he was the 3rd generation of poor Joneses in America. It was a bit harder on my mother. She had grown up under more prosperous conditions and I am sure she paid a heavy price in ecomonic terms when she married my father. He was never really accepted by her family and she wasn't welcomed with open arms by his (with some exceptions). It appeared that both sides seemed to think that they deserved any malediction that might be hurled upon them by nature or design. In any event times were tough and around our home hamburger was a luxury and hand-me-downs were better than nothing and we knew it.

In 1945 I started school in St. George at the Woodward Jr. High School. We traveled by bus on the new dirt road that was in the process of being built. It was at that time usable from St. George to the Veyo volcano. It was completed and oiled to Central over about a 10 year period into the early fifties. We traveled on many different contraptions called buses. They were sorry pieces of equipment and often broke down. Austin Bracken drove them most of the time. Later when the county bought a new International we called Old Chub, Ivan Cannon became the driver and Ether Leavitt drove for a while. One of those old outfits used during the war had an old gas tank converted to a water tank placed on top of the bus and had a rubber pipe running into the radiator to keep it cooled off as we chugged up the Diamond Valley hill.

I spent grade 7-10 at Woodward in the winter and kicked around Veyo in the summers except for a month or two I spent in Milford, Utah. Dad went out there to work for Uncle Alvin Jones about 1945. Alma moved us out there in his studebaker truck. I stayed there long enough to see the circus and chase Vernon into a door and put a lump the size of an egg over his left eye. Sometime later he was chasing me over a large wagon and I ran out on the tongue with him in hot persuit. I jumped off, and since the tongue was attached to the wagon with two large circular spring rings, it jumped up and gave him a matching lump on the other eye. Ivins and I got tired of Milford and caught a ride home with Rod Staheli and Stan Holt. They were at home on leave from the service and were keeping company with Uncle Alvin's daughters--Maxine and Iris. Did they ever give us a ride home. Rod was driving; it was a Chrysler product of some kind, and the road from Milford to Cedar was all up, down and dirt. Rod only hit the high spots and kept the dirt airborne. We

were glad to catch a Greyhound bus on to St. George where we caught a ride on to Veyo.

Mother came home later in the summer with the twims. Shortly after returning home she suffered a stroke and I do mean suffered. She was put in the old McGregor hospital. I visited her there a number of times. One of my best friends was there also. Rex Nelson's son, Larry, was dying of leukemia. He got whiter and whiter and just wasted away. Mother had lost the use of an arm and a leg and one side of her face saged down and sideways. It was a rather sobering experience for me.

While attending school at Woodward I came in contact with some good teachers and Roxie Romney who was in charge of the County Library. She loaded me down with many good books and encouraged me to read them. This, along with some of my teachers and the fact that mother and dad had taken the time and interest to read to me at an early age, helped me to develop a lasting interest in books.

I graduated from Woodward in 1949 and attended Dixie High School the next fall. The high school was part of the Dixie Junior College and the teachers taught in both areas. As a result, I was fortunate to be exposed to some good teachers. I went to school in the winter and worked for local farmers in the summer. I worked for the Leavitt brothers and others but I spent most of my time working for Melbourne and James Cottam. Melbourne treated me well and taught me how to work. Marie and Aunt Caddie were both very good cooks. The work was sometimes difficult but the experience was good for me.

I began to take school seriously about the 12th grade and fortunate to get a very good beginning type teacher by the name of Mrs. Ashby. She had me typing about 40 words per minute the first year and by the end of the school year I could type with any of them. In the type contests I beat all the girls in the class except Mable Wilcox. She is now Jack Holt's wife. If I recall correctly, I was typing 72 words per minute for 10 minutes without error or adjusted for error.

I graduated from high school in 1951. I spent the summer on the Esclante Desert working for Leo Leavitt. That summer was a disaster for me, but it convinced me that there was better opportunity and reward elsewhere and I began to look for it. I went back to work for Cottams and was picking tomatoes with Melbourne one day in September when B. Glen Smith came wandering into the field. He said Mrs. Ashby had recommended me to him for an office aid and he wanted me to start immediately. Melbourne felt all right about my leaving so I went to St. George the next day and made arrangements to stay with my Aunt Emma and Uncle "Rhone" McArthur. I went to work for B. Glen and carried a full load at the college. I quit eating lunch and worked during the noon hour. One winter I worked in the turkey processing plant after school. My job was to catch the turkeys and put them on the chain for the killer and to clean up the mess after the pickers and packers were finished. I worked at my school work, enjoyed living at McArthur's and continued assisting B. Glen. I became the Assistant Registrar and got to know most of the students and faculty at Dixie pretty well for the next two years.

I got along especially well with Uncle Rhone and enjoyed his company. We spent many evenings talking together. It was a wonderful experience for me.

The summer of 1952, Freddie Chadburn and I decided to go to Babbitt, Nevada and try to get a job in the Navy's ammunition depot. We rode the bus out and stayed with my brother Alma. They gave Freddie a job immediately, but I hadn't yet turned 18 and they had a rule that prohibited them from putting me to work unless I had a work permit from the school board. I had already graduated from high school and explained the situation to the personnel officer. He told me to go to the local school board and get a release. The man there wanted proof. I finally made an agreement with the people at the base. They put me to work on condition that within 10 days I supply a birth certificate and a release from school. The Korean War was going and they needed people. I worked there that summer and

went back to Dixie for the winter. The next summer Glen Everett and I went to Henderson, Nevada and got a job at Titanium Metals Corporation. I spent the summer ladling hot magnesium off electrical furnaces. The following spring I graduated from Dixie Jr. College and received a scholarship to attend the University of Utah. I spent the next 3 summers at Titanium and the next 2¼ school years at the University. In 1956 I graduated from the U of U with a BS degree and a teacher's certificate. The pay for teachers was very low; Titanium said I could come back and I had been spending a lot of time on the road between Henderson, Boulder City and St. George. I decided to work for Titanium full time. I lived with my brother Ivins in Henderson and worked at the plant during the week and traveled to St. George on week ends.

I had killed some time in my cousin Tom McArthur's Jewelry store while living at his parent's home. He had hired a new clerk and decided to go on a trip out of town for two weeks. He asked me if I would look in occasionally and see how things were going. I did and soon found excuses to check things out quite frequently. LaRee and I started dating sometime later and it wasn't long until I had burned out an engine crossing the desert between Henderson and St. George on Friday afternoons and from St. George to Henderson on early Monday mornings. I traded for a 1953 Chevrolet sports coupe, yellow and white.

Mary LaRee McAllister and I were married on October 12, 1956. We went to San Francisco for a week and returned to Henderson. We arranged to live in Victory Village which was a part of the wartime housing units. This was quite an experience for LaRee. She had not been exposed to some of the rougher elements of society who shared the Village with us.

In April of 1957 I was drafted into the Army. I went to Fort Ord, California for 2 or 3 weeks and was then shipped by train to Ft. Lewis, Washington. LaRee moved back to St. George. Our first child, Don, was born in July. In September I was able to move LaRee to Washington. We spent the next year and one-half there. We visited Canada, Vernon was there on a mission, and much of the Northwest.

I was released from the Army in January 1959. We moved from Washington in the midst of one of their silver freezes. It was quite an ordeal. We finally arrived in Salt Lake City and found an apartment. I started school at the University of Utah. I planned on working part-time. However, this was the middle of the Eisenhower recession and I pounded the streets of Salt Lake City until I was totally discouraged. I was unable to find a job. I soon had to quit school. I finally talked a government survey team into taking me into the desert west of Delta, Utah for the summer of 1959. While I was working for the BLM there, I learned there was an opening in the Delta High School. I applied for the position and was hired. We spent the next two years in Delta and added Tom to our family.

In the summer of 1961 I was able to get in at the Woodward Jr. High School in St. George. We were happy to get back home. We bought our house in St. George in 1962. I have taught in the junior high for the past 20 years.

In the summer of 1962 I was hired by the Forest Service. I worked most of the summer on Pine Valley Mountain. The next 3 summers I took care of the camp grounds at Pine Valley. We lived in the little green cabin there. I was asked to give a talk to the Pine Valley folks as a part of their 1964 Twenty-fourth of July celebration.

Walter was born in 1964. In the fall of 1965 we bought our first new car. It was a 1965 Dodge Dart and it cost $1965 plus tax etc. That same year we borrowed money and bought one-half acre of land in Veyo from Ted Beacham. The property was next to my father's home.

In the spring of 1966 I applied for and received a NDEA grant to attend Utah State University. We all moved to Logan and I was kept very busy at school. The people in charge urged me to get started on a Master's program. I checked out the requirements and decided to give it a try. We spent all or part of the next 3 summers

at Logan. I finally received my MS degree in history in 1970.

Robert was born in 1970 and Willie came along in 1972. We lost a baby boy in 1961.

In the summers since 1970 I have taught a local history class and tried to keep up our property in Veyo. We obtained Dad's one-half acre and his house from the family in 1975.

LaRee and I were asked to arrange a program for the High Priests of the St. George East Stake to celebrate the Centennial of the completion of the St. George Temple. A copy of the program is enclosed. I was also chairman of the committee organized to celebrate the nation's bicentennial in the Washington County schools.

Don filled a mission in Los Angeles and after finishing his schooling at Dixie he entered the University of Utah. Tom is presently on a mission in England.

In the summer of 1980 we took a 6,000 mile trip to Washington D.C. and Canada. Don had been going to school at the U of U; he flew out to meet us.

We are all very busy and are grateful for what we have. We hope the future treats us as well.

HIGH PRIEST MEETING
March 20, 1977

Heber Jones	Historical remarks dealing with the building of the St. George Temple.
Sister Doris Webb	Her group, the Melody Moms will sing, "The Temple Song," written by Sister Eva Miles a member of this group.
Brother Sam Schmutz	The son of Ray and Mary Lou Schmutz and recently returned missionary will talk to us about the Temple and its effects on the lives of those who use it.
A special choral reading	"Where Love Is," written and presented by Ruth Esplin assisted by Mary Grace Houston and accompanied by Doris Webb playing the organ and Elma Ann Snow at the piano and the following singers: Arlene Huber, Dorothy Ruesch, Shirley Seegmiller, Judi Pall, Veris Barlow, and Lois Thomas will be our closing number.
Closing prayer	Joseph E. Olsen Sr.

We want to invite you all to go into the cultural hall immediately after this meeting and see some of the artifacts of the Temple collected and displayed by Brother Leon Jennings.

We want to thank everyone for their participation on this program.

THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

The completion of the St. George Temple along with the death of Brigham Young essentially ends the Mormon pioneer story. The social, religious, and economic attributes that mark and identify Mormon society everywhere were for the most part complete.

There were two serious unresolved questions--would the nation accept polygamy or would Mormon society adhere to the demands of the nation? Who would govern in Utah--a free people voting their convictions or the Mormon priesthood? These questions were not to be resolved for more than a decade.

It had been a long difficult struggle, a time of experiment and change. There were persecutions, privations, pestilence, and pain, but success could be seen and felt as the unified and happy crowd gathered in St. George on that April day in 1877, to witness the final dedication of their new, gleaming white temple.

The year 1877 was both a beginning and an end for the people of St. George, and Mormons generally. On January 1 of that year, the lower part of the St. George Temple was dedicated, and the first ordinance work for the dead was performed on January 9.

On March 23rd of that year, and 30 miles to the north at the Mountain Meadows, John D. Lee was executed for the part he had played in the tragedy that occured there 20 years earlier. This ritual marked the close of an era.

Why a temple in St. George in the 1870's? There were only about 1200 people in the area. They were already engaged in building a new courthouse and large beautiful tabernacle, why in addition a temple? There are the obvious reasons associated with Church Doctrine concerning baptisms, endowments, and marriage, but why 1871? The answer seems to lie with circumstance.

Brigham Young was getting old. He wanted to see a temple established in the West in his lifetime. His ambitions had been frustrated in Salt Lake City by meddling Federal authorities. No significant work had been done on the Salt Lake Temple in seven years. President Young had been in and out of court or jail on several occasions and other charges were pending. He had visited St. George and knew that the people were restless and needed something to unify and sustain them when the Tabernacle was completed. It was a difficult mission in Dixie and some wanted to leave. He also knew that some of his most trusted, experienced and loyal followers were here. The place was relatively isolated and would be free from government and gentile interference. Skills, labor and materials were available. The people needed subsistence to see them through the pioneer period. The Cotton Factory was in trouble, and the natural scourges of flood, famine, and Indian fighting were competing with the sun as excuses the weak could use to question their call and go elsewhere.

Brigham Young wanted his empire to be self-sufficient and St. George was a key location for travel, supply, and defense. The colony had to be maintained.

President Young was pushing the United Order and the building of temple suited his plans for the success of this doctrine.

From two to three hundred persons were employed on temple projects continually during the United Order period, and many

of the United Order projects were geared toward temple construction in Salt Lake City, St. George, Logan, and Manti. However, the Church-wide compaign to organize United Orders was abandoned after Brigham Young's death in 1877.

History and time had already tested the men and women who built the St. George Temple long before they started that project. Some had been with Joseph Smith in 1833 when the Kirkland Temple project was begun. It took revelations of Joseph Smith, about $40,000, the labor and brains of about 1500 people, and two and one-half years to complete. It was small in relation to the St. George project and had an entirely different architecture. It was started as a school house and did indeed serve that purpose. It was 80 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 50 feet high to the square with a tower of 110 feet. It had two main halls, 55 x 65 feet each. It was completed March 27, 1836. The lower halls were used for religious purposes and the upper rooms were used for school. Between 130-140 students attended and studied mathematics, geography, English grammar, reading and writing. The School of the Prophets was also held here--both religious and secular subjects were studied. The building was a public works project, and was financed largely by the Law of Consecration.

In Nauvoo the Law of Consecration underwent a change to the United Order. The Church took on a national outlook--international to some extent. It adopted a nation building posture and lauched a successful foreign missionary program that brought in thousands of converts with skills and labor who needed employment. The leadership wanted self-sufficiency and took on an exclusive nature. With abounding self-confidence they organized the Nauvoo Legion which was virtually a private army legalized by state authority. Nauvoo was to be the "workshop of the Middle West." A concentration of shops and "factories" in the city proper was to be surrounded by a wide expanse of agricultural land for food. Those people who didn't find employment elsewhere were put to work building a temple.

Individual stewardships gave way to joint ownership of larger enterprises. Each member was to give to the Church one-tenth of all possessions and one-tenth of his annual increase. Those with no property were expected to labor one day in ten for the Church. After 1844, and the death of Joseph Smith, the temple project was kept alive to support Mormon workmen even when it was obvious that the city would be abandoned. They hoped to sell the structure for $200,000, but it was burned.

Joseph Smith announced that he had received a revelation to construct a temple in Nauvoo on January 19, 1841. William Weeks was selected as architect and Joseph gave him detailed instruction on what to put in the plans. Joseph said he had seen the temple in a vision and continually went over the sketches until they met his specifications. The building was constructed of native limestone. A special temple committee was appointed to supervise the work. Timber and lumber was obtained from the Wisconsin Territory and floated down the Mississippi, by people called on "Timber Missions." The Relief Society raised money for glass and nails. The building was 123 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 60 feet high to the square with a tower of 157½ feet. It cost about $1,000,000. One life was lost.

The building was completed, dedicated, abandoned, and burned. It stood as a gutted landmark for several years, but most of the materials soon found their way to new buildings in the surrounding area.

The body of the building was lost, but the spirit--scattered, and subdued--was waiting in the hearts, minds, and muscles of the people in the Dixie Mission. It was awakened by an announcement in the form of a question asked in Erastus Snow's "Big House." Erastus, with a shout of "Glory Hallelujah," brought it to life. Body and spirit were about to unite. Brigham Young made it official with a letter to Erastus in April of 1871. After President Young others had made remarks on the subject, the people voted to build on November 5, 1871. Work was to begin the next day, but the big

moment waited until November 9, 1871, which was Erastus Snow's birthday. Some say the delay was due to bad weather, others claim it was Brigham Young's reward to Erastus for having started the tabernacle on his birthday some years before. In any event, the Swiss Band played, Macfarlane's Choir sang, and that ever present scribe, Charles L. Walker began to put it all in verse. The old crowd began to gather. Elijah Fordham who had spent eight months carving the wooden oxen for the Nauvoo Temple came. John Lytle, blacksmith, who had helped break up the press in Nauvoo--the act for which Joseph Smith was put in Carthage jail--was here. Henry Bigler, whose record announced to the world the circumstances under which gold was discovered in California, settled in Washington. Jesse Crosby came in with an old naval cannon from Commodore Stockton's fleet. It was soon filled with lead and converted to a pile driver. There were many others, too numerous to mention, coming in from throughout Mormon country to work on the temple.

Truman O. Angell, the architect had combined the English Norman style of Westminster Abbey with that of the abandoned Nauvoo Temple and decreed that the structure be 141 feet 8 inches, 93 feet 4 inches wide, 84 feet to the square and 175 feet to the top of Weather Vane on the dome. Brigham Young had picked the site and had it surveyed. As the crowd had gathered, he removed a spade of dirt from the side of the southeast stake and directed that a stone be prepared for placing a box containing sacred records directly beneath it in the foundation. He then directed that another stone be prepared to be put directly above the stake to house the records of the temple. George A. Smith, Erastus Snow, and Joseph W. Young each removed a scoop of soil from the other sides of the stake and after other dignitaries had disturbed the earth, Ellis Sanders plowed the first furrow. The foundation trenches were to be 12 feet wide and 12 feet deep. It soon became apparent that only the north side had mass and strength enough to hold the heavy walls of the structure and the other three sides would have to be drained and reinforced. Some wanted to move the site, but Brigham Young directed that the work continue and drains be established to carry off the water and the spongy trenches be filled with small volcanic rock. This was accomplished with considerable difficulty. Erastus Snow pointed out that the ground where the drains were to be built was too hard to pick and too soft to blast so the work moved rather slowly.

The church authorities organized a St. George Temple District as they did in the case of the other Utah Temple. The purpose was to organize the labor, produce, and cash resources within the district. Stakes and wards were assigned responsibilities for construction needs. Each bishop selected a temple committee to be responsible for providing the needed assistance when notified. Appropriate industries were established--sawmills, lime kilne, rock quarries, carpentry shops, and so forth. These industries had a dining hall, meat market, laundry, and general store. The people who were assigned to work on the temple were called as temple missionaries.

A crew was assigned to build a road to the top of the West hill to obtain the black rock. It was soon being pounded into the soft earth, and when the old cannon bounced three times the footings were declared firm enough to hold the foundation. The foundation rocks were 10-12 feet long, 3 to 4 feet wide, and weighed two to 4 tons each. The foundation was finished February 21, 1874. The crowd gathered in the basement of the uncompleted Tabernacle and began two days of festivities which included speeches, singing, visiting, food, pies, cakes and Dixie Wine. On April first the box of records, literature, coins and other artifacts, was placed in the southeast corner as directed by President Young. A huge stone was placed on it as a seal.

A road was made to Mr. Trumbull and a steam engine was brought in from Salt Lake City to saw the lumber under the watchful eye of Robert Gardner. Fred Blake's hauling crew then brought the lumber to the

temple site. It is estimated that the temple consumed about 1,000,000 feet of lumber, most came from Mt. Trumbull, lesser amounts from Pine Valley and the Kaibab.

Red sandstone for the superstructure was brought in from the tabernacle quarry on the Red Hill where the golf course now is. By March 5, 1875, the building was up to the square. After appropriate ceremony and celebration the carpenters began the job of placing the huge joists and studding necessary to hold the ceiling and the roof. The work on the floors, stairways, and interior walls went rather rapidly. Large timbers 14 inches wide and two inches thick were crisscrossed and pinned together with wooden pegs in order to brace the studding. By August the baptismal font was ready for dedication. It had been cast in Salt Lake City and brought in by ox team. It was necessary to bring it in pieces and assemble it here. The oxen on which it rests were made from iron produced by The Great Western Iron Mining and Manufacturing Company located in Iron County. The font was almost a duplicate of the font in the Nauvoo Temple, but made of different materials. The font was put in place under the direction of George Jarvis who was also in charge of the scaffolding.

The font section, along with other parts of the building, was dedicated and used before the building was completed. This had been true of the other temples also.

A cistern was placed north of the temple. It was filled from a ditch. A tower was built with a tank in the top. The water was pumped by a steam engine that also heated the water for the font. This system was used for 25 years. George Woodward gave $4,000 to pipe in the water and modernize the plumbing. In 1909-10 it was hooked on to the city system.

By January 1, 1877, the basement section was completed and dedicated by Wilford Woodruff in the presence of about 2,000 people. Erastus Snow dedicated the main floor the same day, and Brigham Young, Junior dedicated the Sealing Room.

The plastering was under the direction of William Burt--The master craftsman who also did such a beautiful job on the interior of the tabernacle. While working on the temple, Burt's son John had the misfortune to fall 78 feet from the scaffold. Fortunately he struck a brace on the way down. He was administered to immediately and removed to the "Big House" of Erastus Snow where he was examined by a physician. They found extensive bruises, but no broken bones. He eventually returned to work.

By January 1877, the interior was ready for use. The temple was dedicated April 6, 1877. Eleven of the twelve apostles were there. It was Brigham Young's last conference. Wilford Woodruff was appointed the first temple president. There have been ten since.

The cost of the project is in dispute. Most local accounts put the figure at about $800,000. Dr. Arrington lists it as $450.000.

Brigham Young didn't like the tower. It was struck by lightning five years after completion. You can make what you like of that, but when it was repaired the tower was raised. It has been changed slightly since.

Over the years many changes have been made--both to the structure and the grounds. The annex was built, remodeled, and last year (1975) replaced. As you know, the entire building was renovated and modernized, a new fence constructed in 1976.

There are many interesting things associated with the temple that we will not have time to consider here, however, I would like to mention just a few. For example, in 1886, a St. George Temple Association was organized for the purpose of placing the legal custody of the temple in the hands of local Church authorities so as to avoid possible forfeiture to the United States Government.

All was not harmony, during the construction period, among the workers or the leaders. At this time I would like to play a tape to illustrate some of these points.

First Uncle Rhone (Moroni) McArthur will tell us how the rock was split. He was born the month and year that the temple was dedicated. Then, Uncle George Miles will tell us about Brigham Young's disagreement with Erastus Snow and how Uncle George's

brother, John had a fight on the walls of the temple. He will then tell us how George Jarvis put up the scaffolding and hoisted the font onto the oxen. Arthur K. Hafen will then tell us a little about how people received their pay for working on the temple.

After the recordings I will show a series of slides which will begin during the construction period and show some of the changes that have been made up to the present time.

For those of you who are interested in more detailed information on the temple, I have attached a list of available references.

This talk was given to the St. George Utah East Stake High Priests on March 20, 1977 by Heber Jones.

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My Personal History
VERA JONES SEITZ

To tell my life's story, I must begin with when I first entered this big, beautiful world that we live in.

I have always been a rather timid person and I guess the Lord knew that so he sent a little brother with me on our journey to earth.

On April 7, 1937, in St. George, Utah, twin babies were born to Eva Cottam and Ellis Wilson Jones. The two babies together weighed about fifteen pounds. The first little baby was a green eyed, brown haired little girl. Two hours and twenty minutes later came a little red headed boy. I was that little green eyed girl. My brother was named Vernon Wilson. Vera and Vernon, our names sounded alike but we were never dressed alike as most twins are.

I was the fifth child in our family of seven. Cleone was born on the eleventh of September, 1927, but she only lived a few hours. She was buried in St. George, Utah. Alma Cottam was born the twenty-sixth of August, 1929. Ivins Ellis came along the thirtieth of June, 1931, Heber was born the seventh of August, 1934 and Nancy was born the thirty-first of August, 1939, but only lived a few short hours. She is buried in the Veyo Cemetery in Veyo, Utah.

I came into the world surrounded with brothers so naturally I had to be a tomboy to stick up for myself. My brothers think I was pretty spoiled and maybe I was just a little bit, at any rate, I was the only girl and I had Dad to look out for me.

I had a happy childhood and was always proud of my big brothers. They didn't have time to be bothered with me but Vernon and I were very close and constant companions until we started high school. Even then we spent a lot of time together.

My parents were devoted to each other and very concerned about each of us. I think especially me as I was the only girl. My husband thinks I was pretty sheltered and he continues to shelter me. My folks never had much in material wealth, in fact I guess we were poor and didn't always have the necessities of life but we got by. We were happy and never felt that we were poor. Many of the people in town didn't have a lot more than we did.

CHILDHOOD

One of my earliest recollections is of sitting between my mom and dad in Sacrament meeting and of dozing off and hearing the hum of the speakers voice, an occasional swat at a fly, and the older ladies cooling themselves with a fan or magazine.

I remember of having two Sunday dresses at one time, both red. I would wear one to Sunday School and the other to Sacrament Meeting. I even remember the first sacrament gem I learned: "How great the wisdom and the love that filled the courts on high, and sent the Savior from above to suffer bleed and die".

My first Sunday School teacher was Alta Chadburn and we met in the small east room where the older grades used to hold school. I don't remember the lessons but we did play "drop the handkerchief" and on Christmas, Alta gave each of us a little white handkerchief with our name embroidered in black across one corner.

Mom taught us to pray at her knee. She would take Vernon and me in the dark kitchen and sitting on one of the wooden kitchen chairs she would have us one on each side of her kneel down and say our prayers. She and dad taught us to be

truthful, kind, and love our neighbors. They were always a good example.

Many winter evenings mom would read to us such books as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Or we would all sit around the kitchen table and play Rock, Rummy, Checkers, or Monopoly. Other games we played as kids were marbles, (I was just as good as any boy and at one time Vernon and I had about ¼ of a flour sack full of marbles that we had won, we liked to play "keeps"). We did a lot of jump roping and it really thrilled us if mom or dad would take a few minutes to jump with us. We always gave them "red hot pepper". We also played hide and seek, red rover, prisoners base, steel sticks, and jacks. (Vernon was always so awkward playing jacks and I don't think he ever did learn to skip.)

We made whistles and flippers out of willows, also used them for our ponies. If we wanted a pinto horse, we would cut strips in the willow and paint it with nail polish. Those willow ponies took us over the hills for miles where we hunted for arrowheads, flints, and picked wild flowers I'll always love sego lilies and indian paints as they were the most plentiful flowers. I also remember the purple lady slipper and snowballs and especially the stink weed. Mom told us not to bring the stink weed home because it made Vernon wet the bed and since he did wet the bed I really believed those flowers were the cause.

We always went barefoot as kids in the summer time and I remember how those shoes hurt my feet on Sunday or when I had to clean up for a party or something. Speaking of parties, mom always baked us a birthday cake. She baked them in two square pans and mine always had pink frosting and Vernon's had brown. We invited our friends and played games, then had cake and punch. Some of the gifts we exchanged at parties in these days would be a pencil, comb, coloring book, crayons, a nickle or dime, or occasionally a whole quarter. Maybe a bag of marbles or a handkerchief. Everything was bought at the general store.

I remember one time when I was very small of going with dad and some of my brothers to Gunlock. Dad was taking Grandpa Jones a load of wood with the team and wagon. I had a little Easter bonnet, I think it was blue and it had small plastic or wooden fruit on it. The wind blew it off and I lost it.

One of our dearest neighbors was Grandma Renouf. She was crippled with arthritis and got around on crutches. She lived just across the street and whenever I couldn't find anything to do I would visit her. She didn't seem to mind. I'm sure she was lonely and I often ran errands for her. She taught me to chain stitch.

We always had a bunch of cats at home and I only remember one dog, Collie. To this day, I don't know if he belonged to Ivins or Heber; they both claimed him and we all loved him and taught him lots of tricks. He would climb the ladder, jump through a ring and shake hands (paws). He would also roll over and play dead, and he loved to chew gum that the boys parked on the bedpost. Collie went everywhere with us. I also remember the day Alma ran over him with his old black Ford. It just cut the hide right across his back; he laid in a fog for days but finally survived. Two of the cats I remember most were old Hooter and Growler. Hooter was a big grey tom cat. He would leave for weeks at a time and when he came home he was always missing something. He lost a foot, tail, and part of one ear. Growler was a good mother cat and mouser; she kept all the neighbor dogs off our lot. I think she was a calico.

As kids we loved to play in the mud. We spent hours at a time making roads by scraping the dirt with a small board; after getting our roads all smooth we mixed up mud and ashes to a fine paste and smoothed it over our roads to oil them. We had a few old beat up trucks to play with but most of our cars were old rusty roller skates or cans we had carried home from the dump. We also made bricks from mud and ashes which we poured into old ice cube trays and after they dried they were beautiful squares. Some we used to build houses, forts, or dams. Other days when we played house,

they made pretty good cookies or small loaves of bread.

We loved to swing on the clothes line although it was forbidden because we had pulled it down more than once with fresh clean clothes on it. (The hours it cost mom doing that wash all over again.)

About deer season we got buck fever and played deer. We cut out coupons from magazines for licenses, then headed for the hill just outside of our fence. Lizards were bucks and grasshoppers were does. Our guns and ammunition were rocks. Sometimes we went in for the real thing and hunted the hillside for real deer horns.

When ever we ran out of things to play with we would take a trip to the dump which was a mile or so from home. Sometimes we pulled our wagon to bring back all our treasures. Dad wasn't too pleased with these expeditions and his next trip to the dump most of these treasures went back. Dad never owned a car so a couple times a year when he had access to a team and wagon, he would clean up our trash pile and haul it to the dump. All our garbage went to the pig or chickens, the cans were piled in a hole near the cellar. We didn't have many cans to open. Mostly canned milk and lunch meats. Mom bottled all our fruit and vegetables, jam and preserves. She bottled hundreds of quarts of apricots, peaches, plums, and apples when she could get them.

Our meat consisted of venison each fall, sometimes the pig we had been fattening up all year, old stewing hens that had stopped laying (usually for Thanksgiving dinner) and occasionally dad would go hunting and bring back a few rabbits, then we had fish in season. We had no freezer or even a refrigerator when I was smaller so most of our meat we ate up right away. It kept for a few weeks hanging in the cellar or on the porch. The only trouble was hanging it high enough so that the cats and dog couldn't get it. Mom bottled some of the meat in the pressure cooker, it made delicious meat gravy to go on our potatoes.

Our diet consisted mostly of potatoes and gravy, beans, homemade bread and bottled fruit. In the summer we had more variety with all the fresh fruit and vegetables. Mom usually made an applesauce cake on Saturday for Sunday dinner and usually macaroni and cheese and baked squash which could bake while we were in church.

Monday was wash day, come rain or shine, this was always a busy day so mom put on a pot of beans for supper. Tuesday she had to do her ironing before time to go to Relief Society. The rest of the week was always busy cooking, cleaning and mending. In summer mom worked from daylight to dark canning fruit and vegetables for winter. She was always busy and seldom had time to take a nap or relax and read. She did relax on Sunday afternoon and visited or read her Relief Society magazine. Mom worked hard and never had any of the modern appliances to ease her load. She always cooked on the old wood and coal stove; she never had a bathroom or running water in the house until just a few years before her death. She washed all our clothes in the old wringer type washer and when that was broke down she washed them by hand on the scrubbing board.

I'll never forget the day she ran her arm through the wringer. I was helping her wash and had just gone to hang some clothes on the line when I heard her scream. I ran back to the house and dad had already unplugged the washer and got her arm out. This was after her stroke and she had burned her arm quite severly just a few weeks before.

Her iron was electric but just had an off and on switch. When it got too hot she turned it off until it began to get cold then turned it on again. This was the iron I learned how to iron on. I also learned to cook on the old stove. To bake a cake or bread we fired up the stove until the oven felt like it was about the right temperature then put in our cake and kept shoving in more wood to keep the temperature about the same. I found it a little difficult to cook on an electric stove when we were married, but the oven was about the same. The bottom element was loose and I had to keep a small rock in the oven to keep it in place. The thermostat didn't work so I turned it off

when it felt too hot and back on when it cooled down.

One of my chores was gathering chips in an old dish pan and carrying loads of wood to the house to fill up the wood box which set just beside the stove. Each fall dad would hire a team and wagon to go cut wood for winter. He would often take the whole family, mom would pack a lunch and we would stay all day. Dad chopped down cedar trees and trimmed the legs then they were loaded on the wagon. The first load or two went to pay for the use of the team and wagon, then a load or two to the church, then dad hauled enough to our place to last the winter. These trips were always fun for us kids, we played out in the woods all day and would usually find an old sandy wash to play in. Often dad would let one of us drive the team through the gate. Dad often got work on farms during the summer putting up the hay. He would take us along to tromp hay on top of the wagons, then we got to ride on top of the load on the way home.

Mom was famous for her sugar cookies, no one can make them as good as hers. She tried to keep cookies on hand for us kids to piece on. Most of our snacks were sugar cookies, or bread, nucoa (the kind we had to blend the color in) and jam or fresh fruit or vegetables out of the garden. Mom also made cinnamon buns and for special occasions fruit pies. We seldom had money to take to the store to buy candy so we gathered up pop bottles for which we got 2 cents a piece. If our chickens were laying extra eggs, we were allowed to take one or two to the store to exchange for candy. Dad always planted a vine or two of small yellow tomatoes which were shaped like a pear. How Vernon and I loved those little tomatoes. We also liked to climb down into the potato pit and peel us a potato with our pocket knife (which we always carried in our pocket) and borrowed a salt shaker from the house. We loved the baby potatoes that grew on the larger ones. We didn't bother to peel them, just cleaned them off with a little spit. We also played store and used bottle caps and tokens for money. We sold penny candy, fruit and vegetables from the garden.

I don't remember much about the war years except that we had to use our food ration stamps to buy sugar and other things. We used to play army with empty rifle shells. I think they were the soldiers.

I was usually around when the boys were playing baseball, they would let me be an outfielder and chase the balls. I liked their football games and their boxing matches. (set up in Uncle Vaughn's barn) I tried to high jump and pole vault. Vernon and I liked to pole vault across Fred's ditch. It was so wide then, funny how small it is now. We used to wade in the ditch in the summer and we liked to hide under the bridge when we'd see a car coming so we could hear it rumble over the top. I always remembered the story about the mean old troll when we hid under the bridge.

When I was quite small the old highway went right by our house and every year the cattlemen moved their cattle. Vernon and I would either sit on the fence or climb the cottonwood tree to watch the procession go by. I can still hear the cattle bawling and the cowboys yelling at the cows.

Whenever I wanted to do anything I'd ask my mother, she would say "go ask your dad" so I would go ask him and he would say "go ask your mother", I finally decided that meant yes.

We used to have corn and potato roasts. We'd build a big fire then when it was just a bed of coals, dig down in and put corn unshucked or potatoes and let them roast. With a little butter and salt these were really mouth watering treats. Then we'd top it off with roasted marshmallows. We used to be able to buy a small box of colored marshmallows at the store for ten cents.

The winter of 1949 is one year that I'll never forget, I don't think I ever had so much fun in my whole life as I did that winter. We had lots of snow and cold weather. In fact the water pipes froze and most people were out of water for weeks and had to carry every bit they used or else melt snow. Vernon and I got a sled and a bicycle that year for Christmas and we really made good use of them. I delivered papers that

winter and also carried water for Uncle John and Aunt Sina Bowler on my sled. I can't begin to describe the fun we had riding our bicycle and sliding on our sled clear from the white bridge down almost to the bridge that went across the creek. We were eleven years old that year and in the 6th grade.

My childhood wouldn't be complete without telling about our weekly bath in the old round tin tub. Saturday was bath day and mom would put the old tub on the wood stove and fill it with buckets of water which she carried from the tap out to the side of the house. If dad was home he always did this for her. When the water was hot, in came the No. 2 tin tub. It was placed on the floor right by the stove, in went a couple buckets of cold water then enough hot to make it just right. Since we had no blinds at the window, mom's old blue bath robe was stretched over one window and a piece of an old blanket over the other, they were hooked over nails at the top of the window sill. Being the only girl I got my turn first then the boys had theirs, adding more hot water as needed. It felt good to have all clean clothes and be scrubbed for Sunday.

After the baths the water was carried to the head of the garden and poured down the rows.

Dad built a small two room house on our lot in Veyo, that he paid $25.00 for in 1934. The house had a bedroom and kitchen. I don't know what year Dad built on the front porch but when the boys got older they all slept out there. Vernon and I shared a cot in the bedroom until we were about nine or ten years old, then he moved out with the bigger boys. In the summer time I made my bedroom outside under the apricot trees. I had an old iron bed with coil springs and no mattress. When dad tore the porch down and added on the other two rooms and bath, I slept in the room that is now a kitchen. It was cold out there in the winter with no heat and it wasn't finished so our beds were weighted down with heavy quilts. What I didn't know was the cold was coming up under the bed so I kept putting on more quilts and froze every night.

The original two rooms each had two windows with pull down blinds in the bedroom and curtains in the kitchen. There were nails on the wall behind the door to hang our clothes on. We did have a very small closet for some clothes but we didn't have many clothes in those days. Most of mine were clothes that friends and neighbors had given me. We owned one pair of shoes and they were always polished for Sunday.

The house had calcimine on the walls and linolium on the floors. There was a wash stand in the kitchen with a wash basin on it for washing our hands and face, a mirror on the wall, a radio and dad's shaving equipment on the stand. Inside the stand were towels, washcloths and dish towels. Our outhouse was in the farthest end of the lot out by the woodpile. On the north wall was the woodbox, cook stove and a large cupboard with glass doors on the top half. This is where mom kept her dishes, silverware and pots and pans. Some pans were hanging on the wall by the stove. Next to the cupboard was another can filled with flour, then under the window was a large wooden box like trunk. I believe this trunk came across the plains with our ancestors. On the south wall was a small table where the water buckets were kept. There was always a tin cup by the buckets for anyone who wanted a drink of water. This is also where mom kept her sugar cookies in a couple of gallon glass jars. Under the window were several chairs and the round table set out in the center of the floor. Along the west wall in later years was a refrigerator but I can remember when the old phonograph stood there, next was the old back metal truck where anything of value was kept. (Dad's coin collection, mom's jewelry, photograph album) Next to the trunk was the wash stand and towels hung on the back of the door.

Dad raised most of what we ate, he had a few fruit trees, grapes, berries, currant bushes and a garden sufficient for our needs. Mom bottled fruit and vegetables to last us through the winter. When I was real young I remember of having a cow but dad had to sell her because he couldn't afford feed. We had a pig and a few chickens.

When the chickens laid we had eggs for breakfast but usually we had cornflakes with canned milk pretty well diluted or cracked wheat cereal that dad ground himself.

Dad was the first one up and started the fires and usually helped fix breakfast. Sometimes we had baking powder biscuits hot from the oven and in the fall if dad was successful in getting a deer we had fried venison. We toasted our bread on the stove lids.

Mom baked bread twice a week, seven loaves at a time. Occasionally we bought a loaf of bakery bread if we had to have a lunch for something special. We had bottled fruit and many times for supper just had bread and milk with onions. We broke up the bread and soaked it in the milk and ate it with a spoon. Our table wasn't fancy but we nearly always had an extra one or two sit down to the table with us. Someone's friend was always there and in those days wherever we were at mealtime that is where we ate.

I musn't forget Heber's famous peanut butter and honey sandwiches. He would make his sandwich then put it in the lower part of the cupboard for a day to two. That gave the honey time to soak through the homemade bread and sandwich to dry out. He claimed they were really better when they set for a few days before eating.

Every year before the 4th of July we made homemade rootbeer. We gathered up pop bottles and washed them outside in the big round tin tub. We put small rocks inside and shook them to get them clean. Then into the bottles went the rootbeer and dad put the caps on. If we didn't have enough bottles two quart jars were used. The bottles were divided up among us kids and we stashed them away in our own private nook in the cellar to await the day of the 4th. Heber used to sample mine and Vernon's and keep his locked in his little chest. We got tired of this, so one day we took the screwdriver and took the hinges off his chest and drank his rootbeer. Boy was he mad at us!

The 4th of July always meant cap guns and pink popcorn. This was the day we got to buy ice cream at the store. The mailman brought it and every kid in town would take his nickle for ice cream until the ice cream was gone. On the 4th we dressed in our Sunday best and attended the program at the church. I also remember the foot races and games and in later years the rodeo at Gunlock on the 3rd and 4th.

The year Alma came home from the army he brought a bunch of firecrackers with him. Word got around and one day the sheriff came. Alma wasn't home but dad gave him the firecrackers. I also remember of Alma and some of his friends tying tin cans to the tail of our cats which greatly upset me. They teased me about taking the cats down to the bridge and throwing them in the gulch. We used to put the cats upon the reservoir of the stove, this was nice and warm but occasionally they wandered over the hot lids and we really got to see a show, like the cat on a hot tin roof.

Ocassionally we got too many cats around the house and dad decided that he would have to get rid of a few so he would put them in a gunny sack and with the sack slung over his shoulder, start up over Fred's hill. I always felt so bad, afraid I would never see my pets again, and dad would be gone an hour or so but most of cats usually beat him back home.

I remember when we all got the measles; I think we decided that Ivins had got them from Fred's kids, anyway all the boys came down with them first before I got them. We were all put in the bedroom and the blinds were pulled so our eyes wouldn't be harmed by the light. Dad must have felt awfully sorry for us because I remember him bringing us a Babyruth candy bar every day from the store. In those days we had to be in quarantine for at least two weeks. We would put a sign on the gate with MEASLES, CHICKENPOX or whatever we had on it. This also kept the salesmen away. When Heber got the chickenpox he was just covered from head to toe. He kept Vernon and I busy dobbin calamime lotion on him. When I got them I counted all of seven pox on me.

Shortly after Vernon and I turned eight

we, along with Boyce Ulrich, were baptized. Boyce had his birthday the first of April and ours was the seventh. We were baptized in the Veyo swimming pool on Sunday afternoon the 22nd of April 1945. I don't remember who baptized me but the records say it was Bertie Cheeney and I was confirmed by John H. Bowler on the 22 April 1945.

The spring of 1945 when school was out, dad moved us to Milford, Utah. He was taking care of a farm for Uncle Alvin Jones. Alma had a pickup at that time and he moved us in that. I got to ride in the back on part of the load because I got carsick riding in front. The older boys came to visit occasionally but some of them stayed to take care of things at home. Vernon and I really had a ball that summer with all the animals on the farm. We got to ride the horse, Old Prince. We had the dog and cats, and we tried to ride the calves and pigs. We missed all our friends at home but had lots of fun that summer. We talked mom into riding on the horse one evening. She climbed on a chair to reach the horse and the next thing we knew she was flat on her back on the ground. We never again asked her to ride the horse. We should have known that something was wrong because it was shortly after this, after we moved back home to start school that mom had her stroke. Dad was still in Milford. I remember that day very well. I was across the street playing with Dorothy Kay Lytle, Aunt Susie and Jim were living there at the time. I remember of seeing people running up the road and going to our house. There was Adelle Bunker, Lila Seitz and Aunt Belle Jones. I decided that I would go see what was going on, when I got there I saw mom lying on the bed and all those people were around her. Aunt Belle asked me where mom's temple clothes were and I showed them to her not knowing how grave the situation was. I learned later that no one ever expected her to live through the night. She laid there for hours before a doctor could be reached. One of the McGregors was in Pine Valley and he came; then she was taken to the hospital. Aunt Lila took me home with her to spend the night. Dad was called for and he got there during the night. I don't know how he got there but I assume that Uncle Alvin brought him. He came home for awhile the next day but he spent most of the time at the hospital. I don't remember how long mom stayed in the hospital but when she did come home dad took care of her and he very patiently helped her to learn to walk again.

I don't remember of suffering much for lack of care during this time except for my hair. Mom had always braided it and this was something that dad never quite acquired the knack for. He did braid it and it looked neat but I looked more like a little black girl with pig tails all over my head. For awhile I would go to the neighbors (Aunt Susie) and have her braid my hair before school but finally decided that I would have to learn to do it myself, which I finally learned to do.

Mom was never very well after this and I know it must have taken a long time for her to get back on her feet again but I was too young to comprehend much of this. I wasn't real close to my mother and I regret this. I was her only daughter and could have shared so much with her but I was young and didn't understand her illness. I thought she was old fashioned and didn't understand me.

Mom never disciplined us much, she always said "You just wait until your father comes home". By the time father came home she had usually forgotten what we had done. Dad was very patient and easy going, he didn't get after us much but when he did tell us to do something we knew that we had better do it, with mom we could get away with a little more.

When I was in the third or fourth grade we learned about pen pals. We took the Children's Friend magazine and it had a list of pen pals in it, also a page where kids sent in pictures they had drawn and of poems and stories. I entered a poem of which I still have a copy and drew a picture of a billy goat. They were printed in the magazine and a short time later I received a letter from a girl who wanted to be my pen pal. Her name was Gyann Sorenson, we wrote to

each other for years and we still corrspond at Christmas time. She is Gyann Hunsman now and she has four children, she and her husband live in Richfield, Utah. Her father brought her to meet me one time and her family came to our wedding. Gyann and two of her cousins sang at our wedding reception. She has been a special friend through the years although we have only seen each other twice.

My best friend as we were growing up was Iona Seitz. We spent most of our time together in the summer time. I would stay at her house one night and the next night she would stay at mine. We liked to sleep outside under our apricot tree and study the stars; we would sing all the songs we knew and talk and talk. Vernon and Kay Bowler liked to tease us. They liked my bedroom too and the nights we slept at Iona's they would sleep in my bed.

There were six of us in the sixth grade and we loved to get together to do homework then make fudge and play Rook or Monopoly in the evenings. Sometimes we would have snow parties and make homemade ice cream.

Iona and I liked to go swimming in the swimming hole just below the pool. We spent many happy hours there then would climb up the trail of the gulch and go to Iona's and do each other's hair. When we were younger we liked to play house with our dolls. Iona's mother let us build a playhouse in the basement where the apples were stored.

I have always loved to read and would read most anything that I could get my hands on. We didn't have a library so when we started school in St. George I really enjoyed checking out books. I also got a lot of enjoyment out of our bicycle and I think I used it much more than Vernon did.

As a teenager I was pretty much a wallflower at the few dances that I did go to. If I got a chance to babysit I did instead of going to a dance because I needed the money and I never learned to dance very well. I did quite a lot of babysitting for various families in town. I loved the little kids and enjoyed tending them. I also did housework for several of the women in town. This was about all the spending money I had and that wasn't much. I started out at twenty cents an hour and worked up to thirty-five cents. Aunt Caddie Cottam would give me fifty cents an hour but she really made me earn my pay. I would rather work for some of the other women for thirty-five cents.

Several years I was active in 4-H club, Aunt Lila was our leader and we went camping at Pine Valley every summer. It always rained but we had lots of fun. I can remember of having "sunrise breakfast" down in the gulch and lots of picnics but think this was with the Primary or Mutual programs.

I can remember when Custar's used to live in Veyo. I used to play with Idell. We liked to ride their horse around the yard. This one day Idell and I were riding double, me in the back. We would go under the clotheslines and around the yard. One trip I forgot to duck when we came to the clotheslines and when the line caught me, I slid off the back end of that horse and landed bottom first on the ground.

I remember one year for Halloween that Ina, the older sister dressed me up as a witch, making a big pointed hat out of black paper.

One of the snacks their mother used to give them was bread spread with mayonaise and honey; this was new to me but I decided that it wasn't so bad.

After they moved to the ranch, the kids would ride the horse over to town for the mail. One day the kids stopped by our house and wanted me to ride to the ranch with them. I must have been about eight or nine. and the thought of riding that far on a horse was quite a thrill. My folks said I could go. We played around at the ranch until nearly sundown then the kids told me I had better head for home. This was the first that I had realized that I would have to walk home by myself, about three to four miles. I was afraid I would get lost so Billy proceeded to show me the difference between a fresh horse track and an old one, then told me to follow the fresh tracks. I really made

tracks of my own on my way home that night. After that I made many trips to the ranch and back to play with Idell. I enjoyed hiking over the hills and seeing all the beautiful wild flowers; I especially remember the wild sweet william.

I remember Mr. Dobbins, Sister Custar's father and how he used to get up in testimony meeting and ask Heavenly Father to bless all his animals. I don't remember of Brother Custar doing much of anything but Sister Custar was crippled and she would get out in her vegetable garden and pull weeds.

A year or two later I used to walk to No. 2 and back quite a bit to play with Iona Seitz. This was after Emerald and Evelyn were separated and his mom and the kids moved up there to be with him.

One time Iona and I were having a water fight in the kitchen. I was standing in the doorway when Iona threw a cup of water at me. Just as I ducked Emerald poked his head in the door and got the water right in his face. He was pretty good natured about it and we really had a good laugh.

Iona loved chocolate and used to make chocolate cakes there at No. 2. They had those little black ants in their sugar and Iona would get out all she could see but the chocolate cake was always a little ant flavored.

We had a lot of fun at No. 2, we had a play house in the old house upon the hill. A lot of times we spent the night up there. We waded in the canal and sunbathed on the rocks in the creek. The worse sunburn I ever got was from lying on those rocks in the middle of the creek up above the plant.

We even tried our luck at fishing, of course the only equipment we had was a willow pole with just a line and hook on the end and we used worms for bait. I caught more fish that way than I ever have with these modern poles and reels.

When I was growing up we never traveled far from home as dad never owned a car and a trip to St. George was quite an occasion. I remember of going to St. George with mom to shop and staying at Aunt Emma's. Sometimes mom and dad both went, we rode in the back of someone's pickup. I especially remember Johnny Bracken. One time I needed new shoes, some pink cloth ones caught my eye. They were not a bit practical but dad let me buy them. They didn't last long. I remember the day I got them we were supposed to go over to Aunt Caddie Cottam's that evening to practice for a patriotic program for the 4th of July. By the time I had walked down through the gulch and to her house I realized that those shoes were not very practical.

A few times when just mom, Vernon, and I would go to St. George, mom would take us to "Churches" for a malt or ice cream cones. . . what a treat! I remember how mom loved those malts, I preferred the ice cream. We would stay at Aunt Emma's for a few days. Uncle Rone loved to tease and when he asked how I was I would say "pretty good". He would say oh, you're pretty and good huh?

We were at Aunt Emma's several times for the 4th of July and I would wake up to hear the cannon booming. Mom took us to a couple of movies one was a war show which I didn't understand but I do remember (Zippity Do Die, Zippty A) That probably wasn't the title but they sang that song and it had Uncle Remus in it. Those were the only movies that I remember of seeing until I started high school.

When Alma got a car he was taking mom and dad to St. George one day and I wanted to go. They told me no, there wasn't room but I put on my best dress and new black patent shoes and dad let me go. I remember the smell of the hot oil from the car and the black topped streets. The car broke down and we had to spend the night at Aunt Emma's. One time we made a trip to Logandale to visit Uncle Thomas Cottam. It seemed like a very long and hot trip.

When I was little I loved to color in coloring books and Santa usually brought me one for Christmas. We got to keep our crayons from school at the end of each year. Dad taught me how to color inside the lines and he would read to me when I brought my books home from first grade.

I wonder if Vernon remembers the time he

saved enough money to buy a quart of ice cream. He got a spoon and took it down in the lot under the currant bushes and ate the whole thing by himself. Too bad that I didn't know he had it until it was all gone.

I've never had any very serious accidents but I do have a few small scars, two of which I acquired at the Veyo swimming pool. One day Iona and I decided to go swimming at the pool and a lot of the kids were diving off the high board. Some didn't dare to they would just jump close to the edge. They talked me into jumping off so I did. I jumped too close to the edge and hit my chin on the edge of the cement. I split my chin wide open and broke off a double tooth. Marie Cottam happened to see me and she being a nurse took me and Iona to her house to patch me up. Before she could get me cleaned up and a bandage on me, she had to take care of Iona as she got sick just looking at the mess I was in. I had to suck on soda crackers and sip liquids for a few days but was none the worse for wear, just a scar to show it happened but I could very easily have broken my neck.

Another time I was climbing on the cabin link fence around the pool when my toe slipped and I caught my eyebrow on the top wire. I have a slight scar there. I cut my big toe with the ax once trying to chop wood and tried to saw off my thumb instead of the board I was attempting to saw. Another time I tried to cut a button off an old shirt and cut a little hunk out of my finger.

When I was little I was always scrapping my knees. Mom would put vaseline on it and bandage it with a strip of an old sheet or dish towel. I was always stubbing my big toes because I seldom wore shoes and I've stepped on a few nails and received a lot of wasp and bee stings.

CHURCH

I was blessed by my grandfather, Hyrum E. Jones on April 25, 1937. I have always loved church and am grateful to my parents for developing in me a habit and the desire for attending church. Some of the teachers I remember most are Alta Chadburn, Aunt Belle Jones, Lila Seitz, and Esther Chadburn. The Sunday School Supt. for years was John Bowler and Ben Chadburn. Uncle John always had lemon drops or peppermint for us kids. Ben was always there even during deer season when most of the men were out hunting. Sometimes he was the only priesthood holder there, he would conduct, bless and pass the sacrament and likely give some of the prayers too. He would ring the bell at 10:00 a.m. and again at 10:30 when it was time to start. Sometimes if us kids got there early he would let us ring the bell by pulling on the long rope.

I started teaching the youngest class in Sunday School when I was sixteen years old. At eighteen I was called as Sunday School Secretary, I held this position until we moved to California. Emerald was the S.S. Supt. during the time I was secretary.

I have had many church callings through the years and am grateful for the growth and blessings that have been mine. Many of these jobs have been quite a challenge and some have come easy. We have moved around a lot and lived in small wards or branches where we've had the opportunity of working in most all the auxillaries. I have served as Primary president both in the Bishop branch and the Kern River Valley branch. I have taught all the age groups in primary at one time or another. I've had my own Home Primary when we lived too far away to attend. All three of the kids graduated from my Home Primary. We also had Home MIA for awhile. I have taught several different classes in Sunday School and served as Sunday School secretary several times. I have worked with the youth and served as young women's president, counselor, and teacher of each age group. I served in Relief Society for a short time but I think the job I enjoyed most was Branch Historian while we were in the Kern River Vally Branch. We didn't have a branch clerk so I took minutes of all the meetings except in the priesthood and branch presidency meetings. I was right in the middle of everything and knew everything that was going on. I have also worked in the Sunday School as teacher, secretary, and assistant coordinator. I am also grateful for

the Home Evening program. We have held Family Home Evening since the kids were just babies and it has been a big help to us in raising our family.

In the branches we have lived in most of the people are new converts. In many of our social gatherings the subject is asked, "How were you converted or how did you join the church"? Then the stories are told how the missionaries knocked on their door, or how a neighbor invited them to a meeting or whatever. When the question is asked of me, I usually reply "Oh, I've been a member all my life, I was born and raised in the church. . . ". Not a very exciting story - but I've been thinking about that and have decided I can come up with a better story than that. So I'd like to tell you just how I did become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

One day my great grandfather, George Jarvis was walking down the street in Woolwich, England. He was a shipkeeper in the British Navy, and was on his way home from work. He saw a crowd of people on the street corner, gathered around a couple of young men who were talking and singing hymns. Those two young men from America were Mormon missionaries. (Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards)

Great grandpa listened to them telling of this modern day prophet by the name of Joseph Smith who had started a new church. As he listened, he knew what they were saying was true. He went home and told great grandmother what he had heard. She listened intently, then said, "George, it's true." They were baptized on Christmas Day 1848 in the Thames River by Ira Bradshaw.

They started saving money to join the saints in America, but it wasn't until 1857, nine years later, that they finally started their voyage. On board, the cook became sick and great grandfather was given the position of chief cook which lasted the entire voyage. With only one helper, he cooked for 815 passengers, leaving great grandmother to care for their five children.

Great grandfather worked for a time in Boston. Housing was poor and great grandmother was sick. They had two more children, conditions were poor and they were not getting ahead. George Q. Cannon visited them and advised them to start for Utah at once.

They finally got to Salt Lake City in 1860, having walked all the way. In 1861 great grandfather was called to Dixie. They went and helped to colonize St. George, where they spent the rest of their lives. Their daughter, Emmaline, my grandmother, married Thomas Cottam whose parents were also pioneers and had settled in Dixie in 1862. My mother was the youngest child born to these two.

Now to my other great grandpa William E. Jones. Great grandfather was born the 6th of April in 1817 in the Parish of Mold, County of Flint, in Wales. He was always inclined to be religious from childhood. When he was seventeen he joined the Independents Church but wasn't satisified so he joined the Wesleyan Methodists at age twenty and preached their doctrine for four years. He first heard the gospel preached by James Mahon and Fredrick Cook. He didn't join right away but inquired and searched for six months and was baptized June 27, 1841 by Elder James Burnham.

He was the only member of his family to embrace the gospel. In February 1842, he left his family and native land and sailed for America. He was still seasick when he arrived in Nauvoo in April of 1842. He went to work and in February of 1843 he married Louisa Leavitt in a little house on Hyrum Smith's farm. He was standing guard when the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum were killed.

In 1846 he left Illinois with the saints, he had no team, not even a cow, as the only cow he had was shot by the mobs. In 1847 they went onto Council Bluff. They had no children, but were given a little girl whose mother had died in route to California. Soon after, the baby died. A few days later they were given another baby, part French and part Indian. In 1855 his wife died leaving him the little girl to raise. In 1857 they started for St. Joseph, Missouri. He then married a widow with three daughters. This was when the saints were living plural

marriage so great grandfather later married his wife's oldest daughter, Martha, who became my great grandmother. To make a long story short, they finally started for Salt Lake Valley in July 1861, in Joseph W. Young's Company.

In 1864 he went to southern Utah and settled at Beaver Dam, Arizona, just south of St.George. He moved around a lot trying to make a living, making bricks and adobes, farming, teaching school, anything he could get. He spent most of his years in Gunlock in southern Utah.

He was a poor man all his life, just having enough to eat and keep his family clothed. Into this humble home was born my grandfather, Hyrum. Grandpa married his cousin Nancy Jane Hunt, and my father was their first child. Both my parents being third generation Mormons.

What a heritage I have!! My great grandparents, my grandparents, and my parents were all "true and faithful to the end". I know where they are going to be in their exalted glory and I know what I must do if I want to live with them some day. I can hardly wait until I throw my arms around them and tell them how much I love them and thank them for the heritage they have given me. Tell them how thankful I am that they embraced the gospel and lived it everyday of their lives.

I suppose I should tell some faith promoting stories here but I don't really have any tremendous stories to tell. The gospel is a part of me, it is my life. I have been guided throughout my life through the power of faith and prayer.

SCHOOL YEARS

I started school at the age of six. We didn't have any Kindergarten in our little town, so we started in first grade. My first grade teacher was Agnes Hunt, but I think she quit during the year to have a baby and Vera Perkins finished out the year. About all my report card says is that I was six, weighed 45 lbs., was 47 inches high, and advanced to 2nd grade. My second report card says Reading A+, Writing A+, Spelling A+, Arithmetic A, Attitude and Participation in Group A. It has been a great pleasure to work with Vera, she is an excellent student. Days belonging 172, days present 172, time tardy 0. Agnes J. Hunt, teacher. Agnes was also my 3rd grade teacher but in 4th grade I had Jeanelle Larson, 5th grade was Sophronia Smith and Cecilia Tobler. 6th grade was Mary Kleinman.

I loved school and was a good pupil, we had six grades in one room with one teacher. I especially liked spelling. One year we had lots of spelling bees. DeLoris Prims and I were the top spellers. Starting seventh grade we were all transported to St. George to Woodward where I attended 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. This was a big adjustment for me, after six kids in 6th grade to a big school and I didn't know anyone. I was kinda stupid I guess. When we registered I signed up for the classes I wanted but the other kids just signed up for classes so they would be together. I ended up with very few classes with any of my friends. I was very shy and was afraid to raise my hand to answer questions. I did well on my written work but my grades came down because I was so shy.

Vernon and I began to go our separate ways. We went all through high school and many kids didn't even know we were related let alone twins. Ione and I were very close during our school years in Veyo, I played with the other kids too but she was always special. After we started at Woodward she began to make new friends. Toward the end of the first year Joyce and I found each other and we were best friends all through high school. Ione, Joyce and I were a lot of times a threesome. These were fun years when we discovered boys, and shared our hopes and dreams.

TEEN YEARS

I don't remember of my teen years being all that exciting but I did have a lot of fun times. My best friend all through high school was Joyce Jessop, also Ione when she had time for me. Ione started spelling her name with an "e" instead of an "a" sometime during high school so now she is Ione instead of Iona. Joyce and I were very

close and were always together at school and sometimes spent the night with each other. She lived in St. George so we didn't see much of each other during the summer but we wrote to each other and still write each year at Christmas time. She married John her junior year of high school so I had to find new friends my last year of school. Joyce has nine children and now lives in Granger, Utah. She and John were divorced after seven children and she was married and divorced again.

My teen years consisted of school, baby-sitting, and working. I also had lots of time for fun with friends, church and 4-H activities. I spent many lonely summer afternoons just reading and day dreaming. I also liked to sew and embroidery. I wasn't very close to my parents during these years and didn't have anyone that I could really confide in. I had my first real date when I was fourteen years old. I had crushes on several boys before but no dating. The boy was from Hurricane. Ione got a date with his friend and asked me to double date. The boys picked us up that night and we went to Enterprise to a movie. It was winter with snow and ice on the roads. On the way home we had a car accident. We were just a mile or two from Veyo when the driver reached over to get something out of the glove compartment and turned the wheel to close to the edge of the road. With the snow and ice he wasn't able to get the car back on the road and we went over the embankment. The car rolled over and landed on it's top. As soon as the car came to a stop Ione shouted, "Vera, are you dead?" I answered "no. . ." None of us were hurt and were able to crawl out the window and walk home. We were pretty stiff and sore the next day.

My first date really went over big. I'm surprised my folks let me go again. Ione and I dated those two boys several times but I didn't date much until I was sixteen. Then I met Tom and really fell for him. He gave me his class ring to wear on our first date. We dated a couple times a week for a few months but this came to an end when he wrecked his car and couldn't come and see me anymore. A few months after this I started going with Emerald and never dated any other boys.

EMERALD

Emerald and I were both born and raised in the same town, both born in St. George, at my Aunt Emma's home and raised in Veyo. He ran around with my older brothers and his youngest sister was by best friend, but we really didn't know each other very well. He is nine years older than I and we sort of lived in separate worlds. To me, he was just Ione's big brother and he wasn't home much. He worked out on his grandfather's ranches, then went in the army when he was eighteen, I would've been just nine years old. When he got out of the army he was married to Evelyn Anderson from Hurricane. They were only married a couple of months when she left him but they weren't divorced until their daughter Shelley, was born June 27th, 1950.

It all started the summer I was sixteen. Ione and Viola had gone to St. George to work. My folks wouldn't let me go, so I was stuck in Veyo. All the years before, I had been in and out of the Seitz home pretty regular. Ione and I were real close but when she moved to St. George, I didn't see her very much. Aunt Lila used to invite me to go along occasionally when she and Emerald would go to visit them.

October 24, 1953 was the day it really began. I was in Mesquite, Nevada, for my brother Ivin's wedding. Jackie, Thirza's sister and I were bridesmaids and I wore my long green formal that I graduated from 10th grade in (my one and only formal). After the wedding, Jackie and I went up town. The kids used to dance to juke box music in the cafe. We had on our formals and wanted to dance so we went to the cafe. We were there, in walks Emerald and Bert Emmit from Veyo. I knew them so we went over to talk and Bert asked Jackie to dance or vice versa, (Jackie wasn't a bit bashful) so Emerald asked me to dance. Some other kids came in that Jackie knew and the next thing I knew we were having a car race down main street. Jackie wanted to see if Emerald's mercury could outrun this other

kids car. So the four of us piled in the front seat of Emerald's car and the race was on - naturally, he won.

We drove back to the cafe and parked in front. Bert and Jackie began smooching then Emerald put his arm around me and kissed me, it seemed to be the thing to do at the time. Then he said they had better go. He was supposed to be back at midnight and it was nearly midnight then and he had a two hour drive to get home. I never really thought much about this incident but it must have started the wheels turning in Emerald's mind. Everytime I'd go to the store after that he seemed to be out in front working on his car. I usually stopped to talk a few minutes which wasn't unusual as we knew everyone in town and always visited when we met someone.

Emerald started coming to Mutual with his mother and started going to church occasionally. After Mutual he and his mother would leave about the time I did and they would offer me a ride home, (they lived right next to the church but his grandma lived right next to us). Emerald would drop his mother off at his grandma's and drive me on home, said he was going on up to Leo's anyway. As soon as he stopped I would tell him thanks and jump out of the car, I didn't realize he was trying to ask me for a date. This never occured to me as I was only sixteen, and he was twenty-five, had been married, divorced, and had a little daughter.

I went to Mesquite again over Thanksgiving and when I got back, Aunt Lila invited me to go with them one evening to visit Viola and Ione. I was happy to do so but I think this was the first night that I really became aware of Emerald as a person and not just Ione's big brother. He was telling some stories of his days at Ox Valley and he seemed to be talking just to me. (I was a good listener.)

We had our first date sometime between Thanksgiving and Christmas. He continued to be out working on his car when I walked to the store or he was just going up to Leo's when I got off the school bus and he would offer me a ride. This one day I got off the bus and there he was to give me a lift. Before he stopped the car this time he asked me to go to the movie with him that night. I was surprised as I had never given thought to dating him but I said I would go if my folks would let me. Dad was not very impressed but finally said I could go. Emerald called for me and we started for St. George. I sat on my side of the seat but I laid my hand in the middle of the seat, (if I put my hands in my lap my cheap cotton dress would wrinkle). He put his hand over mine and held it all the way to St. George. We parked and started up the walk to the theater. The early movie was just letting out and we ran into Lorin and Ferral Jones; what a surprised look on their faces when they saw us together. Viola and Ione's apartment was just across the street and Viola happened to see us from the window; she yelled and waved.

Emerald asked me to go to the movies again a few nights later. My dad didn't approve but he never really forbid me to go with him, so I just kept going. I liked Emerald and enjoyed being with him but he really didn't give me butterflies. I had just broken up with my first real boy friend. I had dated a few times before I met Tom but he was the one I had my first real crush on. I was tired of sitting home alone every night and even though I knew my parents didn't approve, I kept going with Emerald, feeling miserable because they didn't approve.

We dated two or three times a week and after that first date I never dated anyone else. I would have liked to date others but I think Emerald scared them away because he was older and had that fancy black mercury. One boy, George, used to walk me to the school bus and carry my books. I mentioned to Emerald one night, I thought I should date others once in a while. He never said anything but the look on his face told me plenty. I knew then I had to make a decision, either stop dating him or decide how I really felt about him. When we started dating he stopped drinking and smoking and started attending church every week. I was afraid if I quit going with him he would go back to his old habits and I

didn't want that, besides I liked him and enjoyed being with him. I think it was then that I began to love him. It wasn't easy going with him knowing that my folks didn't approve and he was older and looked older. My friends at school thought he was my father when they saw us together. So we continued to see each other. He never did really ask me to marry him. The people in town started asking us when we were going to get married long before we or I had really given it much thought. We had been going together just about a year when we got engaged. This was the thirteenth of October, 1954. I remember that night, we were at Viola and Ione's apartment and all the family was there. Mom, Grandma Leavitt, Jack and Mildred, and Ken and Sherald. Emerald asked me to go for a ride and I invited everyone to go with us. They all knew he had the ring and they declined. We drove out to where the new college campus is now but then it was just sage brush and he gave me my ring.

I wanted to wait until school was out before we got married as this was my senior year, but six months is a long time to be engaged and we were seeing each other nearly every day so I finally set April sixteenth as the day. My birthday was the seventh of April and I wanted to be eighteen so my parents wouldn't have to sign for me, although by that time they had decided Emerald would make a good son-in-law and they gave their consent.

During our courting days we went to a lot of movies, that was the main thing to do in those days. We spent a lot of time with Emerald's family. Viola and Ken and Ione and Sherald were dating also and we went on a lot of picnics. Emerald worked at #3 plant so his mom would pack a picnic lunch and we would all go down there and spend the evening. We went to quite a few dances then too but neither of us were very good dancers so we've been to very few since we were married. Mom's family the Leavitt's used to have a lot of family parties too that we would go to. A lot of evenings we just spent together just doing my homework for school and sometimes we would just go for a ride. We didn't care much what we did as long as we were together. We used to spend hours just talking and getting to know each other.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING
Given by Charlie R. Lewis
February 4, 1973

Sister Vera Jones Seitz, having been ordained a Patriarch by a member of the Council of the Twelve, Marvin J. Ashton, I place my hands upon your head and pronounce a Patriarchal Blessing. A blessing which will be a guide and a comfort to you throughout your life.

Sister Seitz, you are from the House of Israel through the lineage of Ephriam, the son of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and you are entitled to all the blessings of Abraham, Issac, and Jacob. Those who receive these great blessings are entitled to be members of the church, have the priesthood in their homes, be married in the temple and of exaltation. But, all blessings are predicated upon worthiness and obedience to the commandments and covenants which you take upon yourself, for only the righteous and faithful will inherit the celestial kingdom.

It is not by accident that you are a member of the church for you were valiant in the pre-existence and were among those who shouted for joy when the plan of salvation in its entirety and you were willing to accept the responsibility of coming to this earth to obtain experience and a mortal body. Your first estate will be added to your second estate as long as you remain true and faithful to the covenants.

I bless you with the knowledge and inspiration to realize who you really are that you are the daughter of your Father in heaven and have been given the privilege to come here and become a mother in Zion, bringing children into mortality and becoming a co-creator with your Father, partaking of the responsibility and great blessings of giving your children their mortal bodies. As a mother in Zion you will be held responsible for your children along with your husband to teach them by

example, words and actions. Let your life be clean and pure so your children will see the good in you and will want to emulate your life.

This is a great blessing, Sister Seitz, to have children, to create a home where the spirit of your Father in heaven might dwell. I bless your home through you that it will be one of sweetness, cheerfulness, and lovliness, and your children will always desire to come home often to be with you and your husband and to enjoy the sweetness therein. Your children will get their strength to become individuals and to become servants of the Most High through the teachings which will be taught in your home under the direction of your Father in heaven.

I bless you with strength in your body to function normally and be free from sickness so that you'll find the happiness that comes from being active, not only in the church but in your home with your family.

Be a servant in the church, serve as you are called to different positions, knowing that those who have called you have done so by inspiration and that your name has been considered in the councils of heaven for these different callings. Responsibilities are given you so that you might grow and magnify yourself to be prepared to live in the eternities. You will obtain the highest degree in the celestial kingdom with your companion and will become co-creators to create worlds of your own.

I seal you to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection, to stand hand in hand with your companion and your children and see the face of the Savior as He comes in all His glory to rule and reign for a thousand years. During this time you will have a great part in the celestialization of this earth and in preparing this earth for its glory. In the millennium you will teach the gospel to those spirits who have gone beyond the veil. Your mind will be sharp and all truths which you have learned will be recalled as you instruct concerning the everlasting gospel. You will also work in the temples during this time where names will be brought to you by the thousands and you will receive the great thrill of becoming a Saviour on Mount Zion to many people.

Sister Seitz, sustain your husband in the priesthood in righteousness for you hold the priesthood jointly with him and are entitled to all the blessings pertaining to that priesthood as long as you keep yourself moraly clean and worthy. The blessings of the priesthood will be bestowed upon you and you will bestow these blessings to your children and your grandchildren. Keep the spirit which you now have, one of sweetness and humbleness, in order to reach other people who are not members of the church. The lord will use you as a missionary to teach others and explain to them the greatness of the gospel of His beloved Son. Study the scriptures, prepare yourself and pray that you might be able to understand the scriptures as you read them and explain them to others. You will speak with the power of the priesthood that is in you and those who will listen will know that you speak with authority.

Rejoice, Sister Seitz, for you are one of the choice daughters of your Father in Heaven. Know that He loved you and is concerned for your welfare and He will grant you all the blessings which are rightfully yours in due time. Seek counsel through prayer and it will be given to you by the whispering's of the spirit and you will know that it comes from your Father.

I seal this blessing upon you and all other blessings which you have received under the proper hands of the priesthood, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

April 7, 1955

Today is my eighteenth birthday and Emerald gave me this diary. We went to the hospital today and got our blood test. We also went to Hurricane to get Shelley and our temple clothes that Flora Wright made for us. They cost us $5.00 a piece.

I am going to tend Shelley tonight because Sherald has to go back to the army. Emerald has to go to work at 11:30, so Iona and his mother will take him down to meet the bus.

April 8, 1955

I went to the plant (#2) this morning and watched Emerald plow the garden. We rode

home on the tractor.
April 9th

We worked on the yards today. We dug a trench to put a hedge in, planted some Lilac bushes and put in the walk. Planted honeysucle, Ivy and lilies. In the evening we went to the show "Man Without a Star!"
April 10th

Went to church, Jack and Mildred, Vi and Ken, Iona, Lila, Shelley, Jackie, Emerald and I went on a Easter picnic down to the bottom of the Biglow hill along the creek bed.
Went to the show in the evening. "They Rode West".
April 11th

I got our garments today and some road maps from Jack. Shelley and Mary came to see me. We looked at my album.
April 12th

I bought me a new pair of black shoes today and went up and visited with Viola awhile.
April 13th

We got our marriage license today. Thirza and Jeff came up to stay a few days with us.
April 14th

I got my recommend signed today. It wasn't so bad, Dr. Reichman was real nice. There was a cute little baby in the Dr.'s office that kept smiling at me. I slept with Thirz and Jeff last night. Jeff kept me awake most of the night but he's sure a cute little kid.

The girls kept teasing me in gym today. We were playing baseball and I missed about three flies (I also caught a couple). They said it was just my nerves. I've only got two more days before I get married. I think I have a right to be nervous.
April 15th

I was in a hurry to get home tonight so the school bus had to be late. But we got the church house cleaned and our temple clothes, and clothes to take on our honeymoon packed anyway.
April 16th

Today was our wedding day and the weather was just perfect this morning. We got married in the temple and everyone was so good to us, it was just wonderful. We went out to Aunt Emma's for dinner and I ate so much I still feel full.

The reception was just wonderful, I wasn't a bit scared after I got over there. The program and everything went off just right. We danced three sets then took off out the back door, everyone saw us and went out the front after their cars. We went over to Emerald's and changed our clothes then took off down through the field, stumbling over rocks and everything. We finally made it to the bridge and Jack brought his car and we went to Diamond Valley and waited until Jack brought our car. Then we took off with cars still on our trail but we got away and went to Las Vegas. We got there about 2:30 a.m. and hunted for two hours for a room but couldn't find one so we started for California.

We got sleepy so we pulled off the road and he took the front seat and I took the back and we slept for two hours then we started down the road again. We stopped at some little dump the other side of Baker for breakfast then traveled to Bakersfield where we got a room in the Park Motel. We went to bed for a few hours then got up, showered and went out to supper then to a drive-in movie, "The Living Dessert". We've really had a lot of fun and covered a lot of country. I still find it a little hard to believe we're really married but I wouldn't trade it for anything. We got up about seven this morning and went out and ate breakfast then traveled all day. We are in San Francisco now. We went over the Bay bridge and saw the prison Alcatraz and Treasure Island, and rode around the city. We also went to see camp Stoneman. We are staying at the Alpine Motel in San Francisco.
April 19th

We just rode around today. We crossed the Golden Gate Bridge, went to South San Francisco, the Clift House, Golden Gate Park, Fishermans Warf, down around the piers, civic center, down Market St. then we came back to the motel and bought some groceries for dinner. We rested awhile then went to a show "On the Water Front". We

are going to leave for home in the morning. We are having a wonderful time just looking around. When we went to the show we got right to the ticket window and Emerald had left his money at the motel so we had to go back and get it.

April 20th

It was still raining when we left this morning about 9 a.m. We have been traveling all day and just stopped a few times for breakfast, gas and ice cream.

We have been playing a whistle game, we'll take turns whistling a song then guessing what it is. We were singing "Don't Fence me In" and Emerald got up to 80 miles an hour, the speed limit is (55). We are going to stay in Bakersfield tonight.

April 21st

We got up early this morning and started for home. On the way we saw a car slide into a big rock. We ate some meat for breakfast and it made us a little sick. We were going to bring Shelley and Jackie something from San Francisco but we ended up getting them a ball in St. George. We had a wonderful trip but were glad to get back.

We stayed at Emerald's mothers'.

April 22nd

We moved most of our junk today and it rained nearly all day. Dad helped us move. We have so much stuff piled everywhere I don't know where we'll put it all. We've been on the go all day but it sure has been fun.

We are going to the show tonight. "Many bridges to Cross" and will stay at the plant.

Shelley has really been busy packing all her things. She's quite excited. We'll fix her bed tomorrow. We are living at No. 2 Power Plant.

April 23rd

We have been cleaning house all day. I cooked our first breakfast this morning. We had hot cakes and ate them in the living room. They were just a little doughy in the middle. We had potatoes and gravy for dinner and pork and beans and eggs for supper. My chair broke down while we were eating.

I cleaned out all the cupboards and put our dishes away. We have the kitchen almost straightened now.

April 24th

We made waffles for breakfast and they stuck to the iron. We went to Sunday School and a wasp stung me on the arm.

After graduation from high school I was able to settle down and be a housewife, the only thing I ever really wanted to be. If I had continued in school I would have gone out in teaching or nursing.

I loved our little home at Plant #2, it was a couple miles out of town, no neighbors, so peaceful and we were all by ourselves. We drove into town once or twice every day and our families visited us often. They loved to come up to the plant for picnics and fish fries.

We raised a garden, had a cow, pig, chickens and ducks. Emerald was busy with the plant and was forever working on the car or old pick-up to keep them running. We didn't have much money so when the car broke down Emerald had to fix it. If it needed a part he would hunt in the dumps to find an old part to fix it with. I enjoyed keeping house, cooking and canning. Emerald liked to have me close by when he was working, whether for company or to hand him tools I'm not quite sure which.

I'll never forget the time we went to Uncle Will's funeral. (William Wilson, aunt Annie's husband). It was just a couple of weeks after we were married. I was still going to school so Emerald picked up my Mom and Dad then he picked me up from school. I was so embarrased because he had worn a shirt that hadn't been ironed. I had done the washing the night before and that morning before I left for school I had thrown the clothes that needed ironing across the bed. He thought I had laid his shirt out for him to wear so he wore it rather than to hurt my feelings. I can just imagine what my relatives thought of my new husband or my house keeping.

We had been married just two months when I got pregnant, two months later in August I mis-carried. I was so diappointed, I wanted a baby so bad. Jack and Mildred had little Jacque and another baby on the way. Viola and Ione were both expecting.

Soon after my miscarriage my mother

became very ill. She was visiting with Ivins and Thirza in Henderson. They took her to the Doctor there then brought her home. We took her to her regular doctor, Dr. Reichman, in St. George. He didn't want us to take her back to Veyo, he said we may not even get home with her. So she went to Aunt Emma's (McArthur) and dad went there to stay with her. A couple weeks later she passed away on November 2, 1955 at Aunt Emma's home in St. George, Utah. Her funeral was in Veyo and she was also buried there. Since I was the only one home I had to call all the kids. Alma was in Hawthorne and he and Lois came right in the next day. Ivins was in Henderson and he and Thirza came. Heber was in Salt Lake going to school. Vernon was living at home but had spent the night with Benny Bracken at Diamond Valley so I had to go to school and get him out of class. We all missed her but Dad really took it hard, they had been so close and dependent on each other. Dad was just lost for several years and it was hard to even talk to him.

Finally in January I got pregnant again and around the second month I started spotting and the doctor sent me to bed for about six weeks. After that things went well although I had to be very careful and on October 29, 1956 we got our little son. We weren't expecting him until the sixteenth of November. On the 28th of October Emerald had been out deer hunting all day and I spent the day in Veyo. I felt great but my face was flushed that evening as we left for home and mom said, "I'll bet you go to the hospital tonight". We left the Mercury at Mom's because we had been having trouble starting it, and took the old station wagon home. It wasn't licensed so we couldn't drive it on the highway.

Sure enough about mid-night I woke up with labor pains. Emerald got up and started a fire and we waited until the pains became regular then we started for Veyo. We stopped to pick up Emerald's mother and they had to push the Mercury to get it started. We stopped at Keith Jones' (he was the relief operator) so he could go tend the plant. We just got on top of the hill, about a mile out of town when the generator went out of the Mercury. We had to turn around and go back to town. Keith was just leaving so we borrowed his car and told him he could take the old station wagon that was up to Mom's. We started out again and had just gone a short way when Emerald noticed the gas gage said empty, and there was no place to get gas. He and Mom sat on pins and needles all the way to St. George hoping the car wouldn't quit. I was too busy with labor pains to care much about it. When we finally got close to the hospital it was blocked off for road construction and we had to go several blocks around but we made it and in plenty of time. Emerald stayed with me until I was wheeled into the delivery room. Our little son was born around 5:43 a.m. 7 lbs. 9 oz. and 20 inches long. The doctor was Wiford J. Reichman, the same doctor that delivered me.

I'll never forget the feel of his warm little body as they laid him on my stomach to cut the cord. When I first saw him I knew he would be a red head, Grandma said "Oh no he's going to be blond" I had picked out a girls name and told Emerald if it was a boy that he could name him. When he came back for visiting hours that night he and mom had decided on Andrew after Emerald's father. I picked out Kelley for a middle name because I like the initial K.

I was in the hospital for six days and when they released us we went to grandma's (Emerald's mom) for a few days so she could help with the baby. Emerald took his vacation so he could be with us too.

We were so thrilled with our new son, everyday was just like waking up on Christmas morning to see his tiny little head bob up in his crib. Between Emerald and I one of us held him most of the time, he could sleep anywhere anytime. As all new parents are, we delighted in watching him grow and develop. He was a healthy, happy, good natured baby.

When we were married we thought Emerald's job was secure and we would spend the rest of our lives in Veyo but it wasn't long until talk started of automating #3 plant. Emerald was the last man hired

and would be the first to go so he started looking for another job. Our cousin Lorin Jones had moved to California and was working for a utility company. We took our vacation in July of 1956 and went to visit Lorin and Ferral and to look at the jobs there. Emerald could have got on then at Poole plant but this plant was snowed in during the winters and I was pregnant with Andrew so we decided against it. The following year we went on vacation to California again and put in an application for a job with this same company. A few weeks later Emerald got word that he had been hired. So when Andrew was nine months old we pulled up stakes and moved to California. This was the beginning of many moves but this was the hardest one, leaving our home town and friends, my dad and Emerald's mom. I think the move was harder on our folks seeing the last of their children move away.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

Living in California was very different from what we were used to. In Utah we were surrounded by family, friends and relatives and our lives centered around the Church. In California we knew no one and had no family or relatives close by except for Alma and family who lived in Hawthorne, Nevada, about an hour drive away. We did get to see them often and enjoyed their company. None of our neighbors were Mormons and the nearest church was seventy-five miles away in Bishop. The meetings were split and we had to wait around all afternoon for Sacrament meeting. We always took a lunch and sometimes went to a movie in between Sunday school and Sacrament meeting just to take up the time. In warm weather we could go to the city park.

Andrew was practically raised in the car, he ate dinner in his car seat and took his nap in the back seat.

Most of our neighbors smoked and all drank coffee. Andrew used to embarrass us when one of our friends would light up a cigarette, he would point his finger at them then run and empty the ash tray. He had never seen anyone smoke before.

Our first home in California, was "The Shack" at Mill Creek, this plant was about seven miles north of Lee Vining. Emerald had hired on for Poole, about seven miles west of Lee Vining, but the apartment wasn't ready yet so we lived at Mill Creek for over a month and Emerald drove back and forth. We began to get acquainted with our neighbors whom we found to be very nice people. Jack and Margaret Frazier were especially helpful and they had a son just Andrew's age. Bill and Mary Falconer had three children, Arthur, Rick and Karen. Rick became one of Andrew's life long friends. Blackie and Jewel Hull were the other neighbors, we got better acquainted with them on our second move to Mill Creek nearly three years later. They were an older couple and Jewel died of Leukemia while we were living there.

We moved to the dark apartment at Poole in Sept. 1957. Our neighbors there were Don Bennett and McClintocks, Jack & Macy. They had two children and Steve was the same age as Andrew. We had some memorable times those three winters we spent at Poole. We had no television and were often snowed in so the three families had to rely on each other for company. We invited each other over for dinner and would play "Rook" and Pickup Sticks and other such games. We had to get our winter's supply of groceries in the fall as we were snowed in up to three weeks at a time. Just a few years before this the roads were not opened at all during the winter to Poole Plant. The elevation was just under 9,000 ft. and the plant was located back in the canyon below Tioga Pass.

We made friends with a Baptist Minister who worked for the company at Lee Vining Sub Station. He and his family were a big help to us and invited us to their home often and they came up to Poole often to visit us and the other families there. We would go on fishing trips and picnics together. Harvey tried all the time he lived there to convert us and we tried just as hard to convert him. They were wonderful people.

We had up to seven feet of snow that first

winter and really had fun playing in it. We had to wear snowshoes and haul our trash down to the incenerator on the taboggan. We made a taboggan run down the side of our apartment and would just lift the kids out the window and put them on the taboggan.

I did a lot of sewing, reading and baking that winter and we all put on a few pounds from all the cookies and bread hot from mine and Macy's ovens. The third winter I was pregnant with Nancy so couldn't get out to play in the snow. We had new neighbors then, the McClintocks had moved to Rush Creek and Schalnge's had a little boy and were expecting a baby also.

In the summer we went fishing and picnicing a lot and explored the country. We espcially liked the old ghost towns of Bodie and Old Virginia City also Yosemite was quite a novelty. We visited with Alma and family quite often and made a few trips to Utah and Los Angeles to visit relatives and enjoyed showing the family around when they came to visit us. We bought a tent and equipment and did alot of camping.

While living at Poole Plant, Andrew wasn't able to play outside at all unless one of us were with him. He had a small tricycle and a little wagon that he hitched to the tricycle and pulled his dog, Lady all through the house, this entertained him for hours. Most of his time was spent in playing the phonograph, we had given Shelley this small portable phonograph for her birthday, Andrew just took it over. He had many records of nursery rhymes and stories. He always wanted to play records for anyone who came to visit and they were amazed that he knew the titles of each one (2 years old). When he was younger, the easiest way to get him to sleep was to put him in his small rocking chair in front of our larger radio and phonograph and let him watch the records go around. (He was interested in electronics at a very early age.) In the winter time we would bundle him up in his little blue snowsuit and red overboots and take him out to play in the snow. He couldnt go anywhere because there were only deep trails where the guys had shoveled to different places in the yard.

That first winter Andrew would wake up every morning and say "juice" and "it's snow'n". He wanted his bottle filled with juice and more often than not it was snowing. He was quite a guy, always an early riser and often got up and into mischief before we were even awake. He would take all the books out of the book case, scatter toilet paper all through the house and one morning he decided he would cook his own breakfast. He took the little plastic pot out of his potty chair and put it on the stove and turned on the lid. When we got there flames were shooting about 2 feet high. I found him one morning in the kitchen with the flour sifter and rolling pin down on the floor just rolling flour all over the place. He had to be busy doing something all the time.

Nancy was due the second of May, 1959. I had gotten along pretty well with this pregnancy but when I went in for what I thought was my last doctor appointment the doctor gave me some caster oil and twine-nine and said "I'll see you tonight". Emerald made arrangements for someone to take his shift when I had to go but nothing happened. Three weeks went by and we decided I had better go back to the doctor. He kept me at the hospital and gave me shots to start labor, still nothing, so more caster oil. The next morning I was still just as pregnant as I had been for nine months. The doctor finally took x-rays and decided he would have to take the baby caesarian. He showed me the x-rays and the baby's head was so large I just knew something was wrong. When Emerald came and talked to the doctor, they arranged for surgery at 8:00 p.m. May 22nd 1959, we got our little girl, 7 lbs 11 0z. She was perfectly normal and not all wrinkled and red like most babies. We named her Nancy Jean after my grandmother, Nancy Jane Hunt, and my baby sister Nancy. I was in the hospital a week and Emerald came to see me every day, this was in Bridgeport, Mono County. Mom brought me some roses that she had picked out of her garden in Veyo and held them on her lap all the way to California. They let Emerald bring Andrew into the waiting

room and he could see the baby through the glass window. She was always asleep. When we got her home and she started to cry, Andrew said "she's sure blowing her horn now". One afternoon Emerald went to lie down with Andrew to get him to take his nap. Awhile later Andrew came tip-toeing out of the room and announced "well I got daddy to sleep".

It was a real joy to have a little daughter, I never had a sister to share things with and felt a little daughter was real special. She was a good baby and never got into the mischief that Andrew did. She liked her big Buba and he was good to entertain her. We also had Shelley in the summer months and she was good to help with both the kids.

Nancy wasn't able to be the baby for very long, when she was just nine months old I became pregnant again. We moved back to Mill Creek in April 1960, then Emerald's job was curtailed in October for the winter and we moved to Plant #4 on Bishop Creek. We moved just six weeks before the baby was due. Doctor Nichols was going to let me go into labor, then if there were any complications he would preform a caesarian, but when we moved to Bishop I changed doctors and Dr. Denton said, "No, once a caesarian, always a caesarian." I was upset not knowing what I should do. The company had sent Emerald back to Mono Basin to work and I was alone, didn't know my neighbors or anyone. He came home on weekends. Mom was going to come and stay with the kids but she couldn't come in December (working in the postoffice, that was their busiest time) Dr. Nicols thought the baby was due around Nov. 16th but Dr. Denton said the forepart of December. We finally compromised and decided to take the baby casarean the 28th of November. Mom was able to come for a few days and I checked in the hospital sunday afternoon. Julie was born Monday morning at 9:00 a.m., 8 lbs 1 oz. This was our little dark haired daughter that I had always dreamed about. We have a picture of her when she was a week old, the day we came home from the hospital and she was smiling. We named her Julie just because we liked the name.

Julie was a good baby and we enjoyed our little family. She was just a few weeks when she caught a cold, so we thought but soon discovered that she was allergic to milk. We had to put her on soy bean milk and that hurt me more than it did her, she didn't seem to mind it at all.

I joined the Thursday Club (wives of the co. employees) and we were able to attend church more regular, we were just seven miles out of Bishop at Plant #4.

Emerald was supposed to go back to Mill Creek in the spring but a job came open at Plant #2 so we decided to take that and we moved to Plant #2 in January of 1961. Julie was about six weeks old. After a few months we moved from the little red house to the middle house.

We got to know our neighbors real well there too, especially the Wilson's, Dick and Jean. Nancy and Marilyn have been very good friends all through the years. Dick & Jean were also our neighbors at Poole for awhile.

In 1963 I was called as Primary President and was also President of the Thursday Club. The road was real steep and narrow up Bishop Creek and I didn't like to drive it. Andrew had also started school so when a job opened at #4 in 1964 we moved back there.

The year of 1962 was a pretty rough year for us as the kids and I were sick most of the winter. The kids all had the mumps, measles, chicken pox and tonsilitus several times. Julie got a real bad ear infection and we discovered she was allergic to penicillin and sulfa drugs. This was the year all my allergy problems started, the doctor thought my problem was sinus but when that didn't clear up I had my tonsils out. Then he thought it was my teeth so I had them fixed, finally he sent me to an allergy specialist in Reno. This was a four hour drive each way and I had to make a trip up there once a month. The trip was harder on us than the allergy so after about a year I just quit going and got my shots in Bishop.

We were quite content at Plant #4 until they started automating the plants, then we started looking for another job. I wrote a

poem in 1970 that tells much about our next two years.

THE SEITZ FAMILY

The Seitz family were in despair
That year of 1965.
We prayed and we pleaded to be
shown the way.
What were we to do?
We had a good job in Bishop Creek
Operator for California Electric Power.
Then So. California Edison came along
And said we are your new buyer.
They took over and decided then,
On the pay roll were too many men.
So automation was the thing to do
For power plants #3 and #2.
And Emerald, being low man on the
totem pole,
Had to find somewhere else to go.

We took a vacation in July
And looked for a job each place we went by.
We traveled into Oregon and Idaho.
But each place, the same old story,
Automation!
And Southern Calif. we didn't want to go.
Then came August and a few days off,
A trip we decided to take.
First to Sequoia and around by Kern River,
To look at the plants and intake.
But the day before leaving
Good word we did hear.
A job, open at Kern River.
We reversed our plan and to Kern
River we went.
Never did anything look so grand.

We camped that night at Pioneer Camp.
Then on to Sequoia next day.
When we arrived home, we had made
our decision.
We applied for job and it was given.
So we packed our things and said good-bye,
and journeyed to our new home,
pulling a U-Haul trailer.
We attended church the very next day
and were welcomed into the fold.
When we announced that we were
there to stay
The question was asked very bold
"Can you play the piano?"
We had been settled less than two weeks,
When the Branch Presidency paid us a call.
A Primary Pres. is needed
said Bro. Whitlock,
And a Sunday School Supt. added Pres. Scot.
We were overwhelmed
as we had planned to rest,
But our answer had to be yes.
For the Lord had answered our prayers.
We served the Branch for nearly two years
and loved every minute of it.
When we first arrived, the foundation was
being poured,
For our new church in Mt. Mesa.
We helped carry cinder blocks and laid
some of the title.
And managed to help just once in awhile.
We felt right at home from
the very first week.
And came to love all our brothers and sisters.
No where can be found a warmer
or friendlier group
then the Kern River Valley Branch People.

Many a trip our Chevy did make
around Lake Isabella.
To Primary, Relief Society
and Sunday School,
to picnics and movies too.
And we'll never forget those upsetting rides
down the winding, twisting canyon side
To Bakersfield and Stake meetings.
We were busy and happy and felt a part
of the activities in the valley.
To P.T.A. and pack meetings
and weekly Den meetings too,
for lively Cub Scouts for son Andrew
also Keith and Loye, to mention a few.
Nancy started in Brownies then,
and it was transportation for her and friends.
Julie was just in her first year of school,
Her activities were just a few.

The kids loved to go to the old
swimming hole in the River,
To take a picnic and fishing pole
And guess who was the winner?
Then came the flood and washed it away
And we had to find somewhere else to play.
The flood was an experience
we'll always remember
Especially when it rains in December!
Nancy remembered from her Sunday

School class
The story of Noah and the Ark.
When she said, "I thought Heavenly Father
Promised that there would never
be another flood"
It almost broke my heart.
How happy we were when we finally heard
That our friends were all safe and well
Though possessions were lost
and homes damaged,
They were saved, their experiences to tell.

It has been several years since
we left the fold.
But your friendship we still hold dear.
How often we wish to be there yet
Those days we'll never forget.
The happiest years of our married lives
Were spent in the Kern River Valley.
So to you dear friends, we wish the best
And thank you so very much,
For all you've done for our family
And hope you'll keep in touch.

This little poem doesn't rhyme very well
But it expresses the way we feel.
Our love to you from the Seitz family
Emerald, Vera, Andrew, Nancy and Julie.
1/17/70

I wrote this poem when Pres. Scott was released and they had a party for him and Faye. Following is another poem I wrote at the same time.

FOR RULON

We know your love for horses
Emerald shares this interest too.
To be a regular cowboy
Is what he has always wanted to do.

When he was just a little boy
He helped his grandpa on the farm
Feeding the cows and horses,
and milking the cows in the morn.

He tromped the hay on the wagon
And held ropes or drove the team
While they rolled the hay on the stack.
Then off to seperate the cream.

He raked and mowed and plowed,
Ran the combine and thrashing machine.
Broke a few horses and branded the cows,
Dug a few spuds and hoed the beans.

In winter time he hauled wood
Milked the cows and fed the hogs.
Helped in any way he could,
Chopping wood and sawing logs.

Many times he stayed at the ranch
So very far from home.
His horse the only transportation
And no where a telephone.

It was a lonely life but a busy one
Doing the chores that had to be done.
His dog for a companion
And a trusty gun.

Although he loved this life
He wanted a wife
And a full time job with pay
So here we are today.

We were there during the big flood of 1966 and really gained a testimony of having a year's supply of food. Following is a letter that I wrote to Mom during the flood.

Monday, Dec. 5th 1966
11:45 p.m.

Dear Mom, (Lila Seitz)

I'm writing this by candle light so hope you can read it. I've never seen it rain like it's raining here. The river is flooded and lots of people have had to leave their homes. Three of our church members have had to evacuate. About 9:30 p.m. we got a call to go help Pres. Scott move some of their things. The kids were in bed asleep so we left them and I went with Emerald. We were only there twenty or thirty minutes but when we started for home we couldn't get across the bridge, the flood had already started over the top. (I never thought I'd ever see the day when there would be that much water in the river.) Anyway we had to go clear around by Isabella and Weldon and got just the other side of Kernville and a flood was coming down the canyon. A state truck and two other cars were stopped there, no one dared to cross. Emerald got out and walked through it and decided we could cross. One of the power lines went down just before we got to the Boys Camp and put everyone out of power. We finally got home but we were pretty worried for awhile. The kids were home alone and we were afraid

we wouldn't be able to get back. An hour or so later that road was washed out in several places and it washed the road out on both sides of the bridge over by Weldon.

We are stuck here now and can't get out in any direction. We are not in much danger here in Camp, we are up quite high but they are worried about the Plant. Emerald started down to tell them where the line was down but couldn't get there in the pick-up. He brought the pick-up back and walked down. He is supposed to be on long change but he has worked every day. He was called out at 11:00 p.m. last night (Sunday) and didn't get home until 9:30 this morning. They had him raking trash at the intake.

Emerald just called me and he has to work all night. The flood has taken out the Warehouses there at the Plant and it's almost up to the cement wall there now. They just may have to abandon the plant before morning.

I suppose I had better go to bed, there isn't much I can do.

Tuesday p.m. Dec. 6th

We didn't want to make you worry by calling you but was afraid you'd hear the news and worry more. As Emerald told you the bridge in Kernville was washed out and that trailer park right there by it. One of our church families lived in the trailer park, I'm afraid they have lost about everything.

We are still out of power and have no heat but it's not to cold as long as we wear our coats. The water was out all night but is on now, although it is real muddy. We've got the dog wrapped up in a towel and she's still shivering but she's not much of an outside dog.

We brought our camp stove in to cook on. Sure hope we get some power before everything in the deep freeze is ruined.

We are all fine and have plenty of food and blankets and I'm sure we are safe here at the house. It is still raining. A lot of people have had to leave their homes and lost most of their possessions but we haven't heard of anyone loosing their lives. I have no idea when the mail will go through again but If I don't write it down now I'll forget all the details. I'm just thankful that we are all here together. I was afraid last night that we might not get home. A couple hours more and we wouldn't have. A lot of families are seperated. Three of the guys here in camp are stuck up at the intake. I'm glad Emerald wasn't up there when it hit.

The news said (house size boulders) closed the canyon road to Bakersfield. The roads and bridges are washed out between here and Weldon, and Johnsondale and we can't get into Kernville. It's closed between Kernville and Wofford Heights, and Isabella so people are stranded all over.

Our linemen are in Wofford Heights, this is the main reason we don't have any power. The helicopters have been flying over all day. I don't suppose the kids will have to go to school for a few days, they don't quite know what to think of all this. They have been quite worried. Nancy had a lesson in Sunday School awhile back about Noah and the Ark and she said, "I thought Heavenly Father promised that there would never be another flood.

How much storm are you getting there? It's only 3:00 p.m. but it's getting so dark I can't see to write, will add more later. The flood has covered the lower road here to the plant and washed that big pipe clear over against the bank just below our house.

Wed. a.m.

It looks like the storm is about over, the sky is blue this morning and the flood has dropped way down. I can see the lower road and the pipe. Everyone has power now but us here in camp and boy is it cold this a.m. It's 48 degrees in the living room, the warmest room in the house. I want to go out when Emerald gets home and take some pictures. He had to go to work at 8:00 last night until probably 8:00 this a.m. There is just him and Paul here in Camp and Harvey is stranded here. He lives in Kernville but can't get home. So the three guys have to run the plant. They've had to have two men on shift until last night. Emerald went on by himself but took his sleeping bag for Harvey to sleep in and he could call him if he needed him. Harvey had been on shift about 23 hours. He came to work just before the bridge flooded and he's afraid he'll get a ticket out of it. The sheriff told him he

couldn't go across so he just left his car and ran across.

12:30 p.m.

We've been out taking pictures most of the morning. Emerald went to bed awhile ago, he has to go back on shift at 4:00. The area is sure a mess but they are starting to clean up. The fish hatchery was washed out. They lost the warehouses, black smith shop, garage and weather station at the plant. The black top is washed out clear over to the lawn. They have to use the back door to the plant, and there was water clear up to it, much more and they would have had to leave. They had to evacuate the men's prison camp.

Emerald said we got 13½ inches of water in 48 hours. 70,000 cubic feet per second was going down the river.

I just talked to some of our church members over at Weldon and Mt. Mesa. Isaksons from the trailer park had gone over to Whitlocks in Weldon. The south fork river went right through Whitlocks ranch and they all had to get out in a boat. Those two families and two others at Weldon are at the church now. Isaksons lost nearly everything in their trailer but a few of the kids clothes. We could see their trailer from this side of the river, that is part of it, it was split right into. My 2nd councelor (Arnolds) live in one of those new homes just north of Mt. Mesa. The water got in their living room and ruined their carpet but there wasn't much flooding right in Mt. Mesa. Three other families that we know in town had the water running through their houses but didn't damage much but the carpets.

The news says 600 people are stranded at Johnsondale, the lumber mill north of here.

4:00 p.m.

Viola just called, said you were getting a lot of water up there too. You must have got the storm we had here. The clouds were headed that way. We hear about all these floods, earthquakes and tornados etc., but we never dream they will happen where we are. We are real fortunate here, we haven't lost anything. It's getting pretty cool but the guys are working on the lines now so we will probably have power and heat soon. This may wake some of us up into getting our 2 years food supply, I'll bet we never get caught again with no heat or stove to cook on. We have enough food to last for several weeks but we'll sure get started on that supply if we have to stack it in the corner of a bedroom. We don't have any place to store it, but that's no excuse.

We finally got our power back on at 4:25. Our deep freeze is alright, just a few things on top had thawed.

It was sure good to talk to you on the phone, glad everything is ok. You'll have to write and tell us what damage it did there.

I'll have to scrub down the kitchen tomorrow, I don't know just how to operate this camp stove and things got a little black. I'll send some pictures later if they turn out. I don't know how long the kids will be out of school. It will take awhile to build the bridge back but they should have the road open in a few days so we can go around by Weldon.

Thursday Dec. 8th

We went for a ride today to see how far we could get, and to take some more pictures. They have filled in the two washouts by the dairy. The only place stopping us now is the bridge over by Weldon. They can get through from Weldon around Isabelle and to Kernville now. They were working on the bridge so it will probably be passable tomorrow. Supplies have been flown in from China Lake for those who lost everything. The old cut off road that we took to go to the church is almost covered with the lake now. It doesn't seem possible, just a week ago the lake was so low. I doubt if they ever fix that cut off road again. The bridge is washed out. and parts of the road have just floated away.

The guys at the Intake just got out this afternoon by helicopter. They had to walk the floom at 10:00 p.m. to get away from the flood. They got on down to Fairview Lodge Tuesday and stayed there.

We have been getting our drinking water from the boys camp, they have a well down there. Our water is so dirty we can't take a bath, wash or anything yet. I gave the kids a sponge bath tonight like we do when we are out camping, they thought it was pretty

funny.

All in all this has been quite an experience for us and pretty heart breaking for others. Each day we hear a few more details, soon things will get back to normal but the flood will be the main topic of conversation for sometime to come.

Love,
Emerald & Vera

We loved the two years we spent in Kernville and made many friends. We especially loved the Branch there and were active in the community. The company kept after Emerald to go into supervision so we reluctently bid a job at Big Creek and moved to powerhouse #2 in August of 1967.

We were never very happy or contented at Big Creek, the people had different attitudes and we never made many friends. We always felt out of place at anything we went to. We just couldn't accept the way the company did things and Emerald didn't get along well with the boss. The kids didn't make friends at school or in camp, especially Andrew. The kids teased him and made fun of him. The boss's kids were too good to play with mere operators kids and the people at Big Creek #1 thought they were better than the people who lived "Down canyon" at #2. We made good money, had a nice house and lived in the richest school district in California. The schools had swimming pools, bowling alley, ceramics, sound proof music rooms, etc. It was 27 miles to church in Auberry but it took us 1 hour and 10 minutes to drive over those roads.

We got real depressed, Emerald worked many of his days off and we didn't have much chance to get out and go anywhere. I started a Brownie troop and tried to keep busy, Andrew started in Scouts.

We had been at Big Creek about eight months when several openings came in the Bishop area. Poole plant, Rush Creek and Plant #4 also Kern #3. We decided to bid out even though we would have to take a $100.00 a month cut in pay and pay for our move back. Emerald was high bidder so he had his choice. He wanted Rush Creek so he wouldn't have to work night shifts.

We left Big Creek on April 27, 1968, stayed in Bishop that night and went on to Rush Creek April 28th. Our furniture arrived the 29th. We stayed in our house trailer for three nights. Our house at Rush Creek hadn't been lived in for four years and was in real bad shape. I was just sick, the house we left at Big Creek was so nice and big. After we got the house scrubbed and moved in I felt lots better.

We were lots happier at Rush Creek. Emerald had more time at home, we were more relaxed and felt like we were welcomed there. The kids made friends quickly and we already had friends that we knew when we lived at Poole and Mill Creek.

We had to travel 59 miles to Bishop for church which wasn't the best situation but it took less time than the 27 miles over to Auberry.

We enjoyed our five years at Rush Creek and the kids felt like they had come home. Nancy and Julie were both born in the area and Andrew feels like this was his real home.

We were relaxed at Rush Creek and enjoyed the quiet and slower pace. We were active in church and community. I worked with the Girl Scouts, Women's Club, and P.T.A. We made real close friends. I also worked at the Library in June Lake and was the first librarian. I worked on the election board and registered people to vote.

Julie found her special friend in Susie Gidney and Susie's mom, Pat and I were very close. We worked with the Girl Scouts together and I helped her clean the June Berg Apartments. I also worked with the Cub Scouts for awhile when we first moved there. Emerald and I even joined a Square Dance class. We had square danced some at Plant #2. We were also called to chaperone some of the school dances, I didn't like that job one bit.

Homer McBurney, a member or the church but seperated from his wife and kids became a good friend of the family. We knew his family when we lived on Bishop Creek.

We were in Rush Creek the Big Winter of

68 & 69. We had 13½ feet of snow in our dooryard after it finally stopped snowing. A snow slide came down right by our kitchen door and buried our rabbits we had in a hutch out in the yard. It was three davs before we dug them out but they were just fine. Emerald had to go work on snow shoes for nearly a week until he could shovel a trail to the plant. We didn't dare let the kids out of the house for awhile, afraid they would get lost in the snow. It was too much snow to play in. When they did get out they could ride the taboggan down off the hill and up on the roof of the next house to stop. The kids had a lot of fun in the snow that winter but Julie complained of aches, pains and had sore throats. We took her to the doctor many times during the winter and in the spring we discoverd that she had Rheumatic fever. She had to stay right in bed for several months and it was quite a chore to find things to entertain her. She was real good about it and Pat brought Susie over quite often to visit with her. Julie missed nearly a year of school but I helped her with the home work every day at home and her teacher came every few weeks, Nancy took her work to school and brought more for her to do. When she did go back to school she was way ahead of her class.

Julie had to write lots of stories at school and there is one that she wrote in 1974 that I would like to copy.

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

It was on a Tuesday afternoon in May. My mother had picked me up from school to go to the Doctor to see how my blood test turned out. I talked my head off all the way over and kept my mother busy by asking a bunch of dumb questions.

When we got to the doctor's office we didn't have to wait long because we had made an appointment ahead of time.

After the nurse called us in, Dr. Anderson told my mother I had Rheumatic Fever. I could tell by the way he said it that it was kind of serious. A chill of fright ran through me as he explained more about it to my mother

On the way home I layed in the back seat not saying a word.

Julie's illness affected all of us but we got through it ok. I also wrote a poem about our little girl.

OUR LITTLE GIRL

Last Spring our little girl
couldn't run and play
She couldn't ride her bicycle or
go swimming in the Bay
She had Rheumatic Fever and
had to stay in bed.
She couldn't go to school and
hear what the teacher said.

Day after day she lay in bed
reading stories and coloring books
Piecing together puzzles and
pasting in her scrapbook
She sang songs and played with her dolls
Watched T.V. and wished that her
friends would call.

She had four baby kittens
which gave her much joy
They were much more fun than any toy.
She was a sweet little girl
and did as she must
Her illness was hard on all of us.

But her friends, neighbors
and relatives, many
Did what they could to make her days sunny.
They sent her cards and gifts
with their love and best wishes
And grandmother came to give
her kisses.

These thoughtful acts were so very kind
And did much to help this little girl of mine.
She was getting better as school
started in the fall
But her work she did at home
and her teacher came to call.

She improved along and
could join in some play
And went to visit her class at school one day
After the Christmas holidays had passed
The doctor decided she cold go back to class.

But only for half a day for awhile
To build up her strength and keep her smile.
As spring approaches and
winter is 'most through

There are still many things she cannot do.

But it makes me so happy to hear her laugh
Riding her bicycle and
finding the new green grass,
We are so thankful for this daughter of ours
She brings us so many happy hours.

3/22/70

We had many experiences in the snow and were snowed in many times. One time we got snowed out and that wasn't quite so much fun. We had gone to Utah for Thanksgiving in 1970. It was stormy all the way home and it took us eleven hours which normally only takes seven and a half. We hit snow and ice the other side of Tonopah, had to put on chains and go around by Bishop as the Mono Mills road from Benton was closed.

We got home about 9:30 p.m. to find from three to four feet of snow and had to shovel out our steps and garage. Our pick-up was snowed in at the house. The next morning we got the kids off to school and we went to Bishop to return the U-Haul trailer that we had rented in St. George to bring back my mother's sewing machine and the heater-olla. My friend Pat and her neighbor needed supplies so they went with us. We had the car loaded real heavy with groceries and chains and car parts for Pat's service station. When we started for home we found the road was closed so we spent the night at the Control Station with Jim Gibbons and family. They were so kind to us and made us feel so welcome. We didn't get out of Bishop until 11:00 a.m. Tuesday morning and got home about 1:00 p.m.

The kids were all stranded at school in Lee Vining. We couldn't get in touch with them and didn't know where they were. The girls had stayed at a friends house in Lee Vining as a Grey Hound bus load of people were stranded there too and they had put them up at the Elementary School. Andrew slept on the Gym floor on the tumbling mats, at the high school. They ate dinner and breakfast at Niceleys in Lee Vining. The wind had come up so fast and closed the road that they couldn't get the kids home. But they finally got home about noon on Tuesday.

We were snowed in many times and then we would make it a fun family day or days. This was a good time to catch up on reading and work on hobbies or the girls would try their hand in the kitchen. We also had lots of cold weather often 18 - 20 below zero. We didn't mind the cold and snow as we were prepared for it. I used to enjoy the cold winter nights after the kids were in bed and Emerald at work. I'd curl up on the couch in front of the fireplace and loose myself in a novel. When it was snowing it was so still and peaceful. I tried my hand at poetry a few times.

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes softly falling
From the Heavens up above.
All the earth is filled with stillness
And our hearts are filled with love.

As I gaze out of the window,
Of the beauty of His hand.
It's not hard for me to see
The wonders of His plan.

For us, His sons and daughters
To live upon this earth.
I thank Him for His goodness
And the blessing of my birth.

I pray the Lord to help me.
To live the way I should.
To be the kind of neighbor,
Always thoughtful, kind, and good.

Let me show love for others
In my actions everyday.
Teach my children of the gospel
How to work and how to pray.

Thank Thee Lord for all Thy blessings
For this land in which we live.
For the beauties of the snowflakes
And the moisture that they give.

Feb. 1969

IT IS SNOWING

It is snowing, gently snowing
Little flakes so soft and white.
It is covering the roof tops
And everything in sight.

Flakes that sparkle in the moonlight
Cast a glow upon the fields
Flakes that melt, in the spring time

Help the crops to grow and yield.

It is snowing little snowflakes
Fluffy white and filled with dew.
Making children ring with laughter
of the funny things they do.

Making snowmen in the meadow,
Sliding down the hill so high
Making snowballs to throw at
Little birds just flying by.

It is snowing great big snowflakes
Piling on the ground so deep
Little children must come in now
It is time for them to sleep.

Still the snow keeps falling downward
On the trees, the fence and flowers
Snow that falls among the bushes
Gently hour after hour.

Vera Seitz 1971
Tune We are Sowing

The kids all learned to snow ski while we were living at Rush Creek. Andrew was very active in sports, especially football and basketball. We went to most of the home games. They traveled as far as Death Valley Lone Pine, Tonopah and Hawthorne for some of their games. Andrew would be two and three o'clock in the morning getting home. Sports and recreation was Andrew's thing the years we were at Rush Creek. He had his own boat and he got a job at the June Lake Marina the summer he was only twelve years old. He worked there four summers and really enjoyed it. He loved to fish and hunt, hike and camp. We got a larger boat and water ski's and the kids all loved that. We enjoyed going out every fall to cut wood for the winter. We all enjoy the outdoors and the many beauties of nature. The kids spent many hours on June Lake Beach in their swim suits, the water was always too cold for me. We had barbecues at home and liked to sit outside on the lawn in the evenings during the summer. Emerald and I liked to ride bicycles with the kids too and often rode down to Silver Lake and back. Even in the winter we would walk down there and back, there would be us, the kids, the dog and cats all trailing along behind.

Every summer the girls would go to Scout camp for a couple of weeks. When we first moved to Rush Creek everything was so quiet and peaceful and we were so relaxed but the longer we stayed there the more involved we got in church, community, and the kids activities. It was still quiet and peaceful living there but we never lacked for anything to do.

In June of 1971 a Branch as organized in Mammoth and Emerald was called as Branch President. We were very busy from then on and went to most of the stake meetings in Ridgecrest (200 miles away) and the stake conferences. We just had Sunday School and Sacrament meeting at Mammoth so I had a home Primary for my kids and some of their non-member friends. All three of the kids graduated from my home Primary. I also had Home M.I.A. part of the time when we couldn't get them down to Bishop. A lot of my time was spent preparing lessons for Primary, Sunday School, M.I.A. Family Home Evening and talks for church. Also preparing for Girl Scouts and working at the Library. I also helped some at the high school and elementary school working in the libraries.

The girls took Clarinet lessons at school and did very well, they both have music trophies and Andrew had trophies for his sports.

No one at church knew how to play the piano but Nancy could play the clarinet so she learned to play the piano with one hand and became our organist. She soon taught herself to play with both hands and can play very well now.

The year of 1971 was quite an eventful one for us. Shelley's wedding on April 24th to Pat Stanworth of Delta, Utah. They were both going to school in Dixie. Nancy and Julie were bridesmaids and I made their dresses. Mom made Shelley's wedding dress and did a beautiful job on it. We went to Utah for the wedding in April and back again in July to celebrate Grandma Leavitt's 90th birthday, her birthday wasn't until October but they had a family outing over to Leo's Ranch. We took our camp trailer and camped there for several days.

The Branch was organized in June of 1971

and on August 27th of 1971, Dad was killed in Veyo as he was crossing the highway. We made another trip to Utah for his funeral. Dad's death was real shock but I'm glad he didn't have to lie in bed for months and suffer like Uncle Vaughn Jones did. Dad hated hospitals and was so afraid he would be a burden on someone. He had been so lonely since Mom died in 1955.

For Valentines that year I wrote the kids a poem.

ANDREW

To Andrew my oldest my pride and my joy
Sure glad that you turned out to be a boy.
What a joy a first baby is in a home.
And you are still, now you're nearly grown.

Daddy and I are proud of you,
in all the things you have learned to do.
You were a sweet little fellow
and intelligent too.
There wasn't much our little boy couldn't do.

You kept your mom and dad
always on the go.
Nothing about you was ever slow.
Your bright red hair was quite an attraction.
Your cute little words and also your actions.

Not just a word or two here and there,
you talked like a man does anywhere.
Our memories of you will always last,
Your first year of school in your
kindergarden class.

Soon you were going to Cub Scouts
And learning what the world was all about.
You love to fish, to hunt and to ride
Your boonie bike over the country side.

Down hills and slopes you go on skies
The toboggan is fun if you don't freeze.

Your job at the boat dock
is both work and fun.
And you love to hunt ducks
with your old shotgun.
At basketball games you are
doing quite well.
Your church and school work too,
we can tell.

We hope you'll continue to do
what you should
Always choosing, that which is good.

Love from Mother, Valentine Day 1971

NANCY

You are pretty and sweet and
quite a young lady
And oh how we enjoyed you as a baby.
We enjoy you now as you are growing up;
Learning to cook, to sew and dress up.

You've come a long way and
have a long way to go.
Don't hurry too fast or tarry too slow.
What fun we had with our first little girl.
Dressing you up and making your hair curl.

You were quite independent and
wanted to do things for yourself.
Even putting your toys back on the shelf.
My how you've changed in that category.
But someday you'll think
I'm just telling a story.

Someday you'll learn to keep your room neat,
As now you are making good things to eat.
You were a little slow in learning to talk
But not so, in learning to walk.

It wasn't long until you were in school
And your big brother took good care of you.
You are learning to swim, to ski
and ice skate
Soon there will be dances and parties
and dates.

We are proud of you and your music talent
And hope you'll continue to be so valiant.
You are now past eleven and
growing so wise
But don't forget your father and
mother who tries.

To teach you of the things you should know
And keep you on the path your Father in
heaven wants you to go.
We love you very much.

From Mother, Valentines Day 1971

JULIE

You are pretty and sweet and loveable too.
What joy you have given us
of your years so few.
You are our baby and always will be
Although you are ten and not just three.

What a darling baby you were at one
Learning to walk, talk and run.
You kept up with the others in their play
And thought that you were so big as they.

You've had many problems
but been very brave
Your kindness to others, you freely gave.
We love you now and we loved you when
You were a tiny little gal in your play pen.

So chubby and cute and quite a clown
Making us laugh as you sang "ah fa down".
You were happy and cheerful and
sang at your play
Making mud pies or molding with clay.

Now you are ten and in the 4th grade
at school
We are proud of you and
the things that you do.
Your dancing lessons didn't last long
As old Rheumatic Fever had to come along.

But now you are up and on your way
Having a ball on skates, skis and sleigh.
Your bicycle you love to ride
And you music talent you do not hide.

You are learning to cook to sew and to clean.
Also a help on your girl scout team.
Keep smiling, be cheerful
and sing as you play
And a wonderful mother you'll make
your kids someday.

Love from Mother, Valentines Day 1971

One fond memory of Rush Creek was Reggie our pet racoon. We first saw him one late afternoon in the winter, there was snow on the ground and I'm sure he was hungry. He was up in a tree. We put the dog in the house and Emerald put some food for the racoon down by the bottom of the tree. The next night he came around in front of the house and climbed the big pine tree there. He kept getting a little braver and finally come upon the porch and ate the cat's food. It wasn't long until he was eating right along with the cat's. He would sit upon the porch rail and watch us in the living room through the window. He got to where he would let us come out on the porch and feed him, he sure looked funny chewing on a marshmallow. Andrew got him to climb up on his lap but he didn't like to be petted. He would eat out of our hand and sniff us but didn't want to be touched. He would come nearly every evening to entertain us.

We were very content for the first year at Rush Creek, then Emerald got to thinking we had been a bit hasty in moving from Big Creek and thought he would like to go back to Big Creek #4. Several times the job came open but we just didn't feel right about taking it. Finally in 1972 it came open again and this time it seemed to be right so in November of 1972 we moved to Big Creek #4. Things were very different this time and we like the house, job and the schools. There were just the three families at #4 and we were closer to town and church. Andrew went to the high school in Tollhouse and the girls both went to North Fork. They both got involved in Girl Scouts and got me involved too. The Branch had grown quite a bit since we were here before but we were not too happy in the Branch, the Branch Pres. didn't make us feel too welcome and we weren't happy with the way they did alot of things.

Nancy graduated from 8th grade and started high school. Andrew got interested in electronics and when he graduated from high school he decided to go to Mesa, Arizona to a Electronics trade school. He graduated from Sierra High about the 7th of June and had to be in Arizona to start school on the 24th of June. We had given this new venture a lot of thought and prayer and felt that this was the thing for him to do. When we got to Phoenix we went to the school and looked it over then spent the afternoon looking for a place for Andrew to live. We called the Bishop in that area but he couldn't help much except told us not to get anything below McDowell St. as that was a very crummy area, and this was the area that the school recommended. We prayed about it and ask that we would be able to find the best place for Andrew to live. The next morning we went to look at some Apts. the Bishop had said might be available but the place wasn't open yet so we decided to drive out to Mesa and see the Temple. We talked

to the receptionist and told her abut our problem, she gave us the name of her Bishop who worked in real estate. We called there and the Bishop wasn't in but a woman who worked for him was, she was L.D.S. and had an apartment for rent. We went to look at it and decided it was just what we were praying for. We gave her a check and moved in. The apartment was just across the street from Pionner Park and a couple blocks from the Temple. On Sunday we went to church with the couple who owned the apts. and met the Bishop and others. We liked the area, the ward and just felt good about the whole thing. It was awfully hard to leave our son there on his own but felt that he would be ok and taken care of. He did enjoy the 10th ward and made many friends. The Bishop kept him busy working with the Youth then in the Young Adult program. He was called as a Home Teacher and then as Elders Quorum Sec. In Feb. of 1975 he was called as a Stake Missionary.

Andrew met his future wife in Mesa and on August 26, 1975 he married Debbie Rae Zufelt. Ryan Andrew was born on August 1st 1977. In January of 1978 they moved to San Jose Calif. where Andrew was offered a good job for ISS Sperry Univac. They are doing very well there and Andrew hopes to continue his education in the fall.

In April of 1975 we moved to Powerhouse #2 because the company automated Powerhouse #4. We lived in the very same house that we had lived in. in 1967. The girls were getting about old enough to date and we were on the road a lot of the time for church and school activities. We decided to look for a place in Auberry. In August of 1975 we found a place in Tollhouse, it had a small two bedroom home on 2 and a third acres on land. It was close to the high school and church. There were renters living in it at the time so we decided to let them stay there until they could find another place. In the mean time we dug our well and put in a garden, we had moved our little camp trailer on the lot so we would have some place to go. In July of 1976 we moved into our home. Our renters had moved out in June so we fixed up the house a little and put new tile in the kitchen and bath room, also sanded and re-varnished the hardwood floors and stained the kitchen cupboards.

In November of 1976 we started adding on to our house. We added another bed-room, sewing room and enlarged our service porch. We just worked on it as we had the time and the money after we got it enclosed.

We completed our bedroom and sewing room in July of 1977 and we moved into our new room and the girls into their rooms.

Mom was trying to sell her home so she could come to California and live by us as she wasn't well enough to stay alone any more. She was in the process of selling and had most of her things packed when she ended up in the hospital and had to go to Salt Lake City for a Gall-Stone operation. After she got out of the hospital we went to Utah to get her. Viola and Ione had packed the rest of her things and had her furniture shipped to Fresno where we rented a Mini Storage place for it. Mom lived with us for four months while we went through all the red tape of getting a special permit to have a mobile home put on our lot. On Novermber 21st, 1977 Mom moved into her mobile home. We still had problems of getting her gas, power and water hooked up. On January 10th, 1978, Mom ended up in the hospital again, this time with Pneumonia. She came home on the 21st and was very weak for a long time.

On February 26th 1978 our house caught on fire and burned the entire roof and down part way on the walls. We had to move in with Mom for about a week then Emerald and I moved to Powerhouse #3. We fixed up our little camp trailer for the girls to stay in so they would be close by if Mom needed anything, also she could keep an eye on them. They needed to be there for school and work. At this time we are in the process of re-building our home.

In November of 1976 Nancy started working part time for Doctor O'Dell in Auberry. She started working in the Dental Lab. for a few hours after school and on Saturdays. It has worked into a full time job and Nancy does a little bit of everything now, some book work, assisting and front

office. She graduated from Sierra High School in June of 1977 and started at City College in Fresno three days a week. In March of 1978 she quit school and is working full time for the Dentist. Dr. O'Dell sold his practice to an L.D.S. Dentist from Fresno so Nancy is now working for the new Dentist and sometimes works in his office in Fresno.

Julie is a Junior at Sierra High and will graduate next year. All the kids have been good students, Nancy and Julie both on the Honor roll and members of the Calif. Scholarship Federation and Honor Society. Andrew has been the top one of his class most of the time at the electronics school. He is a good worker and always able to find a good job while trying to work his way through school. All the kids have been busy and active in church and school, they have held responsible church callings to leadership, music and teachers. They have always been good examples to their non-member friends.

We are so proud of our four little grandchildren and wish they all lived closer so we could help to spoil them. Ryan is almost nine months old now (April 1978) and he reminds me so much of his daddy when he was that age except he has blond hair instead of red. Debbie is a very good mother and I've never seen a prouder daddy than Andrew.

Shelley, Pat and children live in Oasis, Utah. They have their own home there and Pat works on the farm. They are active in church and were married in the Temple. Jennifer Lynn was born August 31st 1973. She will be starting kindergarden this fall. She is a sweet little blond and very shy but quite a little mother to her little sister and brother.

Andrea was born November 11, 1976. She is just the opposite of Jennifer. She has darker hair and skin and more outgoing. She was just a little doll when we saw her at eight months old.

Brent Wesley was born January 6, 1978. We haven't got to see him yet.

HOME and CHILDREN
by
Edgar A. Guest

My father often used to say,
when children he'd discuss;
"If ours are happier away,
there's something wrong with us.

I'd think it shame my lifetime
through if this should ever be;
They'd rather eat a neighbor's food
than stay with us for tea."

My father wasn't social wise;
great books he's never read.
He thought the mother should be home
to see her babies fed.

"It is a lifetime job," said he
"that parents all assume."
I'd rather keep the children's love,
than keep a tidy room.

"I'd hate to think the neighbors gave
what often we deny:
Our cookies kept on top most shelves
and theirs left handy by.

I'd think it shame if down the street
lived gentler folks than we.
Who make of home happy place
where children liked to be.

"So have the cookies near at hand
and give these rooms to fun
Let children all be happy here
until the day is done.

Let's keep this home with joy aglow
and free from fret and fuss;
For should they rather elsewhere be
the fault would lie with us."

MY DREAM

I dreamed my father called me home,
Across the Great Divide.
I was very much bewildered,
I thought surely I had died.

St. Peter met me at the gate,
He said, "come follow me,
There's something I must show to you,
Something you must see."

Then I saw rows of people
Standing in a line.
When I looked them over
There were relatives of mine.

Some among that massive crowd
I remembered well
Some had lived long years before
I came on earth to dwell.

There were my great grandparents
Whom I was pleased to see
But when I walked toward them
They turned away from me.

Then I saw my cousins,
My uncles and my aunts,
They said to me accusingly
"We didn't have the chance

To do the work that must be done
To start us on the way.
To gain for Eternal Life
So here we have to stay."

My father, and my mother, too
Were standing far apart.
They looked so disappointed
It made the tear drops start.

I turned and saw my Savior
On his face there was a frown,
"I died upon the cross for them
And you have let them down.

Behold your noble ancestors
Waiting for the day
When you would open up the gates
To help them on their way."

My heart was very heavy
As I looked those people o'er
The blinding tears ran down my face,
I turned to Him once more.

"Please, blessed Savior, send me back,
I'll make another try,
I'll do the work for all my kin,
I'm not prepared to die,

I will not miss a single one.
I'm so ashamed, Dear Lord,
I'll try to do each ordinance
According to Thy Word."

Then I awoke, the dream was gone
I had not passed away,
But I made a resolution
To start that very day.

Baptism, Endowments and Sealings
I found were not a few
The more I searched and searched
The more I found to do.

But I will keep on hunting,
And searching all the while,
Next time I meet my ancestors
I'll meet them with a smile

Alice S. Redden

SHELLEY SEITZ
By Vera Jones Seitz

Shelley's parents were separated long before she was born and were divorced shortly after, so she has always had to divide her time between parents. From the time she was just a few months old, she would spend a few days or weeks with her daddy and grandma in Veyo, then a few weeks with her mother in Hurricane.

When Emerald and I were dating, I was with him many times when he would take her back to Hurricane. She would always cry and didn't want to leave.

When I showed her my engagement ring, she said, "I'm going to ask daddy to buy me one too."

She wasn't quite five years old when we were married. We fixed up the extra bedroom for her at #2. She was excited about having a room of her own but she had always slept with Grandma when in Veyo. The first time we brought her home with us she ask where I was going to sleep, she thought she would get to sleep with her dad. She did end up in bed with us a few times. When she would first come she would always wet the bed the first few nights then be fine until the next trip. I know it was awfully hard on her living one place a few weeks and then another and our home lives were very different. After we were married she was torn between three places because she loved to stay at Grandma's too.

She was always a good little thing and tried so hard to please. Emerald was very sensitive about her so I left the discipline to him but I'm sure I would have felt much closer to her if I could have treated her just like my own. However, she didn't require much discipline, I think she can only remember one spanking from daddy and one from grandma.

I enjoyed having Shelley with us but can't say it was always easy. I was only eighteen and didn't have much experience as a "mother" I'm sure I could have done more to help her. We have always had a good relationship and I consider her as part mine. The grandchildren are definitely ours, we love them all.

We moved to California when Shelley was seven years old. We wrote to her all the time and she spent the summers with us. Her mother was always good about letting us take her for a few days when we were in Utah, even if she had to miss a day or two of school.

Shelley had beautiful, thick red hair. I'm not at all talented when it comes to hair, so I kept hers in a ponytail or braided most of the time. I would try to curl it for Sunday. I know she hated those pig tails but I thought she looked rather cute. When we would go places with the kids, people would look at Shelley and Andrew with their bright red hair, them at Emerald with his slightly bald, fair hair and me with my brown and ask, "where do they get their red hair".

We had lots of good times going to picnics and camping, roasting marshmallows and cooking dutch oven potatoes. We took the kids a lot to the lakes to swim and to fish. We had a boat while living in Mono Basin.

Shelley loved to wear dresses and look pretty, her mother always bought or made her nice cloths. The 50's were the days of big full petticoats, wearing three or four at a time. I remember one time while we were still in Veyo that we were at Mom's and Shelley had been up playing with Doris Leavitt, she was on her way home and

discovered a tear in her dress, she let out a scream and came running and crying all the way home. We couldn't imagine what had happened to her.

Shelley was a big help with her younger brother and sisters. Andrew has always felt expecially close to her but she didn't know the girls quite as well because when she got into her teens she got a summer job and didn't come as often to stay as long. She and the girls are getting better acquainted now that they are in Utah going to college.

Shelley worked in Mesquite, Nevada a few summers and lived with her Grandma Edith. She also lived with her Grandma Seitz in Veyo for awhile when attending school in St. George. She and Pat met while they were both attending Dixie College. They were married April 25, 1971 in Hurricane, Utah and moved to Delta, Utah where Pat and his family are from. They are still in Delta and have bought their own home. Pat works very hard, long hours on the farm and on the truck. Shelley was serving as Primary president until a short time ago when she went back to work.

This year of 1979, Jennifer is in first grade, she is a sweet little blond, blue eyed gal and loves to get letters from her Grandpa. Andrea will soon be three, she is a busy little brown eyed gal with a mind of her own. Brent is almost two and his grandpa says be is built like a tank. We enjoy them all and wish we could see them more often.

NANCY JEAN SEITZ

I'm not a writer so I hope what I write, you can read, understand, and still beable to use. I have always been proud to have been named after my great grandmother, Nancy Jane Hunt Jones. Although I never had the opportunity of meeting her in this life, I've heard stories about her and feel that she was a really special lady.

My full name is Nancy Jean Seitz. My parents are Emerald L. Seitz and Vera Jones. I was born on May 22, 1959 at Bridgeport, California, Mono County. At this time I had an older half sister Shelley Paige and an older brother Andrew Kelley. My family lived by a hydro powerplant 70 miles east of Yosemite National Park. The elevation is over 8,000 feet and it is at the bottom of a canyon, so as you can imagine we got plenty of snow.

Shelley lived with her mother in Hurricane, Utah and would stay with us during the summers.

When I was a year and a half we moved to Bishop Creek which is several miles from Bishop, California in Inyo County. Six weeks after we moved here my younger sister Julie was born on November 28, 1960.

Andrew was, and still is a terrific brother. He would always let me tag along and because of this I always thought I was just as big as he was, and would get in there and play like one of the boys. I was quite a tomboy but I had just as much fun dressing up and playing house as I did playing cars or cowboys and indians with the boys.

I've always enjoyed the outdoors in every season. I've always been quite spoiled about it too, because we've always lived in some pretty terrific places. The mountains will always be a special place for me. I used to spend hours trapping in them, exploring or just setting and watching the beauty around me.

Andrew, Julie and I would have the most fun making forts and we've made some pretty elaborate ones. Andrew, when he wasn't helping us would spend all day making one by himself, then would come and get us to share it with him. We'd spend the next week just playing in it.

The winter time was always fun. We usually got a lot of snow and had the best time making tobaggan runs or snow skiing. We always had a lot of snowball fights too, but Andrew would always win.

We always had a dog and at least one or two cats with a new litter of kittens once or twice a year. Julie was always bringing home chipmonks and once we had a racoon we named Reggie. Daddy found him in the top of a big pine tree right outside our house one night. We coached him down with bread crumbs, it took quite awhile but we got him down and he soon started coming up on our porch and would eat the cats' food and finally would let us feed him, on our laps.

I went to kindergarden in Bishop, first and second grade we lived near Kernville, Calif. I remember our small Branch there better than I do the school. The Branch hadn't been established very long and while we were there we helped build the chapel. The members were all really close and we had many fun activities besides our regular meeting.

For my third grade year we lived by Big Creek Powerhouse #2 which is a two hour drive north east of Fresno, Calif. Julie and I went to a small school with grades, kindergarden through fourth grade. Andrew went to a larger elementary school at

Big Creek because he was in the 6th grade. There were two of us in the 3rd grade and it was a really fun year. We got to do a lot of neat things, we had swimming lessons, spanish and gymnastics and a lot of individual help from the teacher.

Fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh and part of my eighth grade year we lived near June Lake, Calif. in Mono County. This I can honestly say was the funnest place we lived. There were about 120 children in the elementary school, kindergarden through eighth grades. We had a good relationship with our teachers and they helped make learning fun and interesting.

I'll never forget the time we were snowed in at school. The teachers probably went crazy, but we kids had a blast. For the next week however the teachers all brought their sleeping bags and ear muffs.

My high school years we lived near Fresno again. Sierra High was a good size school, large enough we were able to have a large variety of classes yet small enough we knew everybody. I was able to take a lot of different classes from welding and electronics to child development and Nurses Aide. I participated in a lot of school activities but enjoyed our church activities far more. Because we lived so far from the Stake Center we would pool rides down to the activities and sometimes the rides were more exciting than the activities!

In December of my senior year I started working for the local Dentist. I went to school in the mornings and worked in the afternoons and Saturdays. I worked there during the summer and worked part time and also went to school at Fresno City College from Aug. of "77" to Feb. of "78". That Feb. our house burned down and after this I started working full time. Julie and I lived in a small camp trailer near our grandmother Seitz and our parents moved out by where my dad works, until our house was rebuilt. We moved back in our house in August of "78'. In September I started school at Snow College in Ephraim, Utah.

Living in Utah has been an exciting experience. It's so much different living around so many members of the church and I love it! It feels so good to have people around me besides my family that have the same values and goals that I have. I look back over my life so far and think of how lucky and blessed I am to have come from such a wonderful family and to have the gospel in my life. I'm grateful to have parents who brought me up the way they did and for my grandparents for the way in which they raised their children.

In March of 1978 I met Brian Warren Shepherd of Mt. Pleasant, Utah. We are going to be sealed for time and eternity in the Manti Temple on December 14, 1979. We're both looking forward to our new life together and are grateful for the examples of our ancestors which will help us in raising our family.

The Personal History
of
JULIE SEITZ

On Monday, November 28, 1960 at 9:32 a.m., in Bishop, California, a 8lb. 1oz., browned haired, blue eyed, little girl was born to Emerald and Vera Seitz. This little girl was me. My mom had to have me caesarean, so my parents got to choose pretty much when they wanted to have me. Both of my parents are from Veyo, Utah. My Mom's maiden name is Vera Jones. My Dad is an operator for SCE.

I have a half sister, Shelley. She used to come stay with us for the summers. She is presently married to Pat Stanworth, and they have three children--Jenny, Andrea, and Brent. My brother, Andrew, is four years older than me, and he is married to Debbie Zufelt. They also have three children--Ryan, Nicholas, and Carrie. My sister, Nancy, is 18 months older than me. She is married to Brian Shepherd and they are expecting in July (1981). I am the baby of the family and guess I always will be. For as long as I remember Andrew has always called me "Squirt" and Daddy used to call me some different names too. The only one I rememer though was Suzy Q. I used to always want to name one of my kids Susie because of this. I was blessed on February 5, 1961 by my Dad.

My Mom says I was a real active baby--always kicking my feet. I would pull all the books and magazines off the shelf and keep the wastebasket turned upside down. I was walking by 10 months and my first words were "Da da, Daddy, Mama and bye bye. (typical child)

I always thought I was just as big as the other kids, and I think I did a pretty good job keeping up with them. I was usually content to play by myself too though, and I'd sing as I play. I still like to sing--I love music, and I've always enjoyed having some time to myself just to think. We've always lived by mountains, so I'd always go out exploring, then stop and sit by a waterfall or creek. If I was mad or frustrated I'd just take a walk, play basketball or something outside. I've found this hard to do in the college dorms with 5 roommates, but I'm slowly learning to let out my feelings instead of letting them all build up inside.

When three years old I'd always say "I not baby anymore". I always wanted to have a little brother or sister so I could take care of them. I wanted to wear dresses all the time. I was good to pick up my toys and I loved to help in the kitchen. I rememer being so proud of myself when I could stand on a chair and wash the dishes all by myself. I also enjoyed cleaning my room and the house (secretly) for Mama and Daddy . . .until I had to do it. Somehow that takes all the fun out of it.

My first long trip was to Utah when I was 3½ weeks old. My family has always traveled a lot. We would always stand in a circle and say a prayer before leaving. I think what I enjoyed was when we went camping. I just love the outdoors and exploring. I've really missed not being able to go camping as a family these last few years. Us kids used to fight a lot in the car, especially over who had to sit in the middle. (I usually had to!) I remember once we were almost to Veyo and Daddy made Andrew and Nancy get out and walk to Grandma's house. I must have been behaving myself, or I just knew when to shut up. I never did have to get as much discipline as Andrew or Nancy--I knew just how far I could go I

guess. Nothing hurts me more than to have someone yell at me.

I remember of being left a couple times while we were traveling. Once they stopped at a gas station and I went in to the rest room. I guess they didn't know I got out of the car 'cause they just drove off without me. Another time we were at a ghost town looking around in a gift shop and everyone left without me again!

We would go to Veyo every summer to visit Grandma Seitz, Grandpa Jones, Great Grandma Leavitt, etc. I never knew Grandpa Seitz or Grandma Jones, but I'm looking forward to being able to meet them. Grandma's house was just fun to stay at and it was just a little bit different every time. Grandpa would always give us candy and let us gather the eggs. Once I tried to pick up one of the rabbits just like I would a cat and the darn thing scratched my tummy good!!

When I was 2½ months old they discovered I was allergic to milk, so I grew up on soybean milk. I didn't mind it, but I sure liked regular ice cream a lot better than homemade soyalac ice cream. Mama sure tried hard to please me.

I fell on a bottle of sta-fuff and almost cut off my thumb when I was 10 months old. I had to get 2 stitches in my thumb. These are the only stitches I've ever had. When 2 years old I got ahold of some baby aspirin and they didn't know how many I took, so I had to have my stomach pumped. (we were just getting ready to leave for Utah) Mama says that when they put the long tube down my throat I just cried, "mommie, mommie, mommie". It hurt her worse than it did me.

My birthday fell on Thanksgiving sometimes and Mama would always ask me if I'd rather have pie, but I always had to have cake (angle food, or a train cake). Mama says that I was afraid of Santa, and that I liked to light candles and sing happy birthday to Jesus. We always made lots of candy and cookies and cinnamon rolls, and we would always have a turkey dinner. We would usually have wishing nuts and we would open them on Christmas Eve. Also Mama would put an almond in some pudding sometimes and whoever got it would get to make a long distance phone call. I got it once and I called by friend, Susie Gidney.

Easter was always fun. Mama would always make us a new dress. We would have a picnic and Mama and Daddy would hide the eggs we decorated and us kids would find them.

Family home evening was usually fun until we all got into our teens. We would take turns teaching the lesson. It was a good learning experience.

I only remember of being babysat once. Mama and Daddy always spent as much time with us as they could.

I always had my hair short, in a pixie or dutch cut until about 4th grade. I hated ponytails 'cause the rubberbands would pull my hair out. Actually I was quite a tomboy. I loved to climb tress; catch lizards, frogs, grasshoppers etc.; and I was usually more daring than my kindergarten and 1st grade boyfriends.

I love animals. When I was four our mama cat died and we had to feed the kittens with doll bottles. From then on I always wanted to feed our kittens. We've always had cats and a dog. I've also had turtles, fish and I use to catch baby chipmunks and tame them. We even had a pet raccoon once. He even bit me once, but I didn't care. We had rabbits for awhile, but I played with them so much I couldn't stand to eat them when we killed them. I've always wanted a horse, but we've never had room for one. Now we have goats, chickens, cows, and we had pigs and turkeys. My Dad really enjoys them too and so do all of the grand kids.

When I was two I had the chicken pox, measles, and mumps all within 4 months. I also had an ear infection around this time. I remember always sleeping with Mama and Daddy when it hurt bad. I know it made it feel better.

When I was born we lived at Plant #4 in Bishop, then a few months later we moved to Plant #2. In 1964 we moved back to Plant #4. I was all registered to start Kindergarten, but we moved to Kernville in 1965 and they wouldn't let me start because my

birthday was after September, so I had to wait a year. I'm glad I waited though. I really enjoyed living in Kernville. I remember always getting a pioneer dress to walk in the 24th of July parade, or riding in these little wagons we made. Nancy and I entered in the pet contest. We dressed our cats in doll clothes and put them in a doll stroller. When we got on stage the darn cats jumped out, but we had them on leashes--and we won! We even got a trophy. Nancy and I liked to dress up in Mama's old clothes and high heels too.

One morning I woke up and went to turn on the heater and it wouldn't turn on. There had been a flood the night before! It flooded out the bridge and a trailer park, and there was no electricity for a day or two. The grocery stores just about got cleaned out. It makes you realize how important food storage is. I remember cooking on our camp gas stove and we got to eat all the ice cream 'cause it was melting!' We used candles for light. It was kinda fun for me actually. We had to drive around the long way to go to church though.

In 1967 we moved to Big Creek #2. The school I went to was only for 1st-4th grade. We got a lot of personal attention. I was only in 1st grade and I had a Spanish class, swimming lessons, and we made pottery every week. One of my best friends was Russel Gerbrick. I was just learning to ride a bike without training wheels and our roads were really steep and winding. Once I was going too fast and went off the road down this steep hill. Russ rescued me and walked me home. He was so cute.

We lived down in a canyon behind locked gates. Whenever someone came to visit us they would have to call ahead of time so we could meet them at the gate to let them through. It took us over an hour to get to church, and we met at the community center in Auberry. We had helped to build the chapel at Lake Isabella (Kernville). I remember carrying bricks. I gave my first talk when I was five. Mama says I memorized a poem and got up there and didn't miss a word, but I said it so fast no one could understand what I said.

In 1968 we moved to Rush Creek. I loved it here. Our first year here was the "big" year. We got 13½ ft. of snow in our front yard. I couldn't go outside for two weeks once 'cause the snow was so deep and I couldn't fit into snow shoes. I went to June Lake for awhile then they moved us to Lee Vining.

I started ballet, tap, and gymnastic lessons, but had to quit 'cause the doctor found that I had an extra rib in my neck. I guess I had been complaining of aches and pains, so I had been going to the doctor all winter. Finally in the Spring they discovered I had rheumatic fever. I didn't understand exactly what it was, but I knew it it was pretty serious. I had to stay flat in bed for 3 months. This really calmed me down--it's quite a switch to change from an active little tomboy to not being able to get out of bed *in one day!*.

Everyone was so good to me though, actually they spoiled me. I had people coming to see me, sending me cards and giving me puzzles etc. all the time. Daddy made me a desk I could use in bed and everyone would help me with my puzzles and stuff so I wouldn't get bored. Susie Gidney was my best friend and she'd come over all the time. My whole class at school would each make a card for me both on my birthday and for Christmas.

Grandma went to Hawaii and brought me back a fresh pineapple. I didn't like canned pineapple, so I didn't think I'd like this either. When I tasted it I loved it, but I was afraid to say so.

We moved to a house at the bottom of the hill, so I wouldn't have to walk up and down the hill. I had to go clear to Bridgeport to the doctor and get a blood test about every two weeks. I also had to go to a specialist in Reno once. After 3 months I could gradually get up more and more each day, but I couldn't go to school. I was supposed to be tutored, but Mama helped me more than the teacher did. I didn't do everything my class did, but the teacher did have me write a lot of stories and poems, and I read a lot. Once I read a big, thick book (I thought anyway) on John F. Kennedy and I was just so proud

of myself 'cause I was only 8 years old.'

After Christmas I got to go to school half day. I remember the first day I walked in everyone was fighting over who got to sit by me and the teacher put the two I would least like to sit by next to me. I hadn't really been around many people for so long, and I was getting so much attention that I didn't really know how to act. Some kids would tease me because I was so pale and because I couldn't run around and play like they could- but not much. I also got my first and almost only C in my life in P.E. because I wasn't able--or not suppose to do everything. That made me mad 'cause it wasn't my fault!

My parents probably went through more than I did during this whole ordeal. I owe so much to my parents. If they hadn't taken me to the doctor and gotten this taken care of I might not even be here today, or at least not in as good of health as I am. They always made me as happy and comfortable as possible, and I hope they knew how much I love and appreciate them for all they've done for me. I've really been blessed!

The boss decided to make our house the bosses house so we moved back to the house on the top of the hill, then awhile later over to another house on the top of the hill.

My best friend while living here were Susie Gidney, Lisa Clark, and Carolyn Hall. Susie and I were especially close and still are. We were together constantly--people would even ask us if we were twins. Our Mom's were best friends too. We even hid from them a couple times just so we could be together awhile longer. Both our Mom's were girl scout leaders, so we were really involved in girl scouts and would go to camp every summer.

We had to have home primary because we lived 60 miles from the chapel. Susie's not L.D.S., but she came all the time. In fact, I think she even graduated from primary. The primary program was changed, so I went an extra year so I could finish the new program too and also so Susie could graduate with me. (I also went an extra year of brownies) I was still a year ahead of my school class though.

I was baptized on December 21, 1968 in the Bishop Branch by my Dad. I was also confirmed the same night by my Dad assisted by Pres. Philip Pister and Bro. Arthur Kolliker. It's really a blessing to know that my Dad is worthy to give me a blessing whenever I need one. One thing that stuck out in my mind about this night was that it was 16° below zero outside!

My Dad was called to start a new Branch in Mammoth (35 miles away) and to be the Branch President. I just loved this little Branch. We met in the Community Center and sometimes we'd have to dig a path in because the snow was so high. This is a big tourist area so we never knew what to expect. One week we had 6 people and the next we had 91 people at church. I had plenty of opportunities to give talks. I would usually memorize a story or something which was kinda cute then, but it's harder for me to give talkes now 'cause you're suppose to tell it in your own words and not read anything. I remember once I had just got the courage to stand up and bear my testimony for the first time and Daddy stood up and closed the meeting. I was little disappointed, but probably more relieved.

One of our closest church friend's was Homer McBurney (a bachelor). He'd come over all the time to visit and we'd make homemade ice cream. He taught us how to water ski too, and he even bought the skis for us. I got up my first try, but I was so shocked I fell and forgot to let go of the rope! After two more trys I got up and stayed up. It was great!

I also learned how to snow ski. The whole school would go for free every Friday at 1:00 p.m. Our school teachers were our instructors. We only lived 10 minutes from the ski lift, but couldn't really afford to go except with the school.

At home I was always riding bikes, roller-skating, ice skating, playing basketball, volleyball, gymnastics, dolls, house or something. Andrew wold make the best toboggan runs. We had a blast! I'd play basketball with Andrew too, and I'd even win him at HORSE sometimes. He'd take me for motorcycle rides too. He'd make me

hold on to the back then go through these narrow trails, little jumps and steep hills, I never fell off, but came pretty darn near close. I love it though. He even let me drive it once and made me promise not to tell Daddy. We had a boonie bike too. I just loved to drive that thing. Andrew would also have me help him left weights every night. I think this is when I started to become his little slave. He'd always ask me to do things and if I didn't do it he'd get mad. We were always pretty close though and still are.

Nancy and I shared a room together. We usually got along pretty good, but I think she got tired of me tagging along and begging her to play with me. She's always had different interests than me and I think that's why we didn't get any closer than we did. We are closer now though.

Mama taught me how to sew, cook and make bread etc. I'm really thankful for this. I can't believe how many girls don't really know how to do any of this. Grandma Leavitt and Grandma Seitz taught me how to knit and crochet too.

I used to take Daddy's shoes off for him every night and put his slippers on for him. At Rush Creek we lived so close to the plant that he didn't have to stay there all the time, so he could spend a lot of time with us. If anything went wrong with the plant in the middle of the night an alarm would go off in our house. I slept right through it usually. Daddy's quite the handyman too.

We went fishing every once in awhile and I even went by myself in the creek by our house sometimes. Once I caught 5 fish--took 'em home and cleaned them myself. It wasn't half as bad as I thought it would be.

I've always loved my Science teachers, so I've always liked Science. (Teachers: Miss Bean, Miss Arnest, Mr. Rempel, and Mr. Armstrong). At June Lake I was always catching bugs, but especially caterpillars so I could watch them turn into butterflies.

I won a medal for a poppy poster I made once. They announced it during the 8th grade graduation and I had to come up and accept it. I was so shocked.

We'd got out to get fire wood every year. It's hard work, but I always had fun. Once we were stacking the wood though and "someone" stacked it too high and the whole pile fell on me! It scared me a lot more than it hurt me.

Once we had just gotten back from Utah (after Thanksgiving) and our first day back to school we got snowed in! We all had to stay at the school plus all the people on a greyhound bus stayed there too. All the rooms were left open for games and stuff. I got a headache 'cause it was so noisy. Nancy and I spent the night at someone's house in Lee Vining. The other kids slept on the gym and classroom floors. Mama and Daddy had to bring a U-Haul trailer back to Bishop and I think they got stuck down there too. Andrew was stuck at the high school.

Whenever a new family moved in we'd invite them over for dinner. We'd also invite other families over sometimes too and play rook or something. I really enjoyed this. It's too bad people just don't seem to have the time anymore to do things like this.

We moved to Big Creek #4 on November 13, 1972. It rained most of the way. It was hard to leave all my friends and I didn't want Daddy to have to give up his job as Branch President. I was excited to move back to Big Creek though, but it wasn't at all like I thought it would be. The school was a lot bigger and they did everything different. They had after school practices, and I lived too far away for my parents to come pick me up everyday, so I couldn't participate in sports very much. This was really hard on me because all my friends in June Lake were Cheerleaders and really active in sports, and I knew I would have been too if I hadn't moved. I participated in church basketball though. I used to just bawl if I couldn't see Susie every summer.

I did really well academically though-got straight A's. I won a couple of school spelling bees and competed against other schools in math contests a couple times. They even let me compete in volleyball a few times even though I didn't come to the practices because I could serve pretty good. A lot of kids thought I was stuck up because of all this though. Also this was when mini

skirts were in and I still wore mine almost to my knees.

I took baton lessons for awhile and marched in a parade. I also played the clarinet in band. I learned how to play in Lee Vining and even won a trophy. I also got a trophy in eight grade for the most outstanding player. We bought a piano, so I kinda taught myself. I still have a long ways to go, but I can play pretty good if I memorize the song.

We went to Auberry to church. (officially we were suppose to go clear to Fresno). I was the only one that attended North Fork Elementary, so I was never fully accepted by the kids in M.I.A. When they changed the program so the kids had more responsibility I was called to be Beehive Pres. and Andrew was Priest Pres. Mutual was really good while Andrew and Vicki Anthony were in. We had a lot of non-members coming, so we had enough people for really fun activities.

I looked forward to being able to attend Super Saturday's, and as soon as I was old enough they didn't have them anymore. I also looked forward to being able to go to stake dances. The first one I was able to go to was a New Years Eve dance. I went with Andrew and Nancy and as soon as I got inside Andrew made me hold his tie and Nancy made me hold her coat. I didn't dare put them down 'cause I was afraid they would get stolen. I didn't dance once the whole night! It was terrible.

On April 17, 1975 we moved back up to Big Creek #2 because they automated Plant #4. Mama picked me up from school the day we moved and we had three flats on the way up. Daddy had to come to help us. Andrew came home from college to help us and he brought one of his friends with him. He was pretty cute too. Well, I got stuck sitting between them while we were waiting, so they tickled me to death. Daddy and Andrew used to tickle me until I could hardly catch my breath!

We lived in the very top house-- the very same one we lived in before. I was in 8th grade and only had 1½ months left so Mama drove me back and forth to school everyday. We went to Sacramento and San Francisco for our graduation trip.

My best friends at North Fork were Kim Coltra, Terry Cross, Laura Allen, and Kim Courtwright. I've always made friends easily.

I was kinda scared to start high school, because I would always hear stories about how mean they were to Freshmen. Everyone thought I was older than I was though and Nancy helped me out a lot. We had to ride a little bus out of the canyon then catch the big bus. It was about an 1½ hour ride each way.

I was practically forced to be in band, so therefore I hated it. I had a hard time getting out, but I finally did. I was on the Drill Team my senior year, but that wasn't that fun either because none of my friends made it. I love to dance though.

I've had to have about 12 teeth pulled. Two of them were impacted so they had to be dug out surgically. That was the first time I'd ever been put to sleep. When I got home Daddy asked me if I needed any help. I said "No"--stepped out of the car and almost fell flat on my face, but Daddy caught me. My teeth didn't hurt at all, but my jaw sure did. I must of looked pretty bad, 'cause a few days latter Grandma came in, gave me a hug and said, "I was afraid you weren't gonna make it."

I got braces on when I was in 8th grade. I was told I'd have to wear them 3 years, so I thought I'd be getting them off when I was sixteen--just in time to start dating. I had to wear expansions first and those are even more painful than braces. I didn't really mind because I was excited to get them off when I was sixteen. It didn't work out this way though. I wore those stupid things for 5 whole years and even then I had to make the orthodontist take 'em off. I even had to wear them for my Senior pictures. I would get so mad and frustrated every time I went to the orthodontist and he wouldn't do anything--he had his money. I don't have an underbite anymore, but my bite isn't the way it should be either and I have dents in my front teeth from the braces.

I didn't ever get that involved in high school. I would watch all these kids do just

about anything just to be popular. Most of them seemed to be so two faced and stuck-up, and I just didn't want to ever be like that. I didn't have any really close friends either and that made a big difference. I also found that some of my non-member friends were better kids than some of my member friends. High Scho0l was about the first time I'd not been the only Mormon in the school. I think it made it just as hard or harder because Mormons are watched so closely and some of the kids just didn't live up to our standards.

I was called to be a Sunday School secretary when I was fifteen. It was kinda funny to walk into all these Stake meetings with these older ladies. I loved the job though.

I had to have home seminary my first year because we lived so far away. There's a lot of work in this program. My other 3 years we met at 6:50 a.m. every morning. It was hard for me to get up that early when no one else got up, but I really enjoyed it once I got there. I was the only one to graduate from Seminary out of my class.

We bought a house in Tollhouse and moved in on July 27, 1976. We did a lot of work on it before we moved in though like sanding the floors and painting, and putting in new tile. We left our camp trailer there to stay in.

On Sundays we had to sit in the car while Andrew and Daddy went to Priesthood meeting. I'd had to do this most of my life so I was used to it, but we also had to wait around for a few hours between meetings too if we didn't get invited over to someones house. This got kinds old sometimes, especially when we had to cram all five of us in our little camp trailer. It was fine when we were little.

Daddy won't admit that he snores, so we recorded him once. When we played it back to him he said, "Ah! That's the dog."

In 1977 we added onto our house and put 8" of insulation in our attic. Then on a sunny Sunday afternoon in February, 1978 our house burnt down. I was trying to take a nap and I heard Nancy and Mama talking about a fire, then a car pulled up to my window and blasted the horn. I never even thought it was our house. I actually had to go outside and look at it before I believed it. I've often wondered what I'd do in this type of situation and I found out. I think I spent more time saying "what should I get?" to myself than I did picking things up and carryig them over to my Grandma's house. We lived right off the highway, so everyone stopped and helped us. They just opened my window and chucked everything out. I guess I felt stupid. I must have looked pretty silly running around in my dress without any shoes. We got a lot out though, even the piano and the stove. I still don't see how we could have done it in so short a time.

Over half our Ward was there helping us too. In fact, all the speakers for Sacrament meeting were there. Only about 10 people showed up to church. The fact that so many of the church members came and helped us made a big impression on the community.

We had just got our addition insured, which was really lucky. The firemen said that the 8" of insulation was the only thing that saved the house. Our food storage was right next to where the fire started and that was about the only place the roof didn't burn completely off. Quite a few little things like this happened. We were truly blessed.

Our house still had to be almost completely rebuilt, but we didn't lose that many personal items--in the fire anyway. We lost everything in the attic--skis, fishing poles, my Dad's saddle, Grandpa's chest etc. We had to store most of our stuff in tents for 2 weeks and it rained straight for those 2 weeks--expecially the day we moved, then the next day it was nice and sunny! A lot of our stuff was ruined from the rain and being moved around so much.

The hardest part of this whole incident was afterwards. Mama and Daddy moved to a house at Plant #3 and Nancy and I stayed in our little camp trailer, so we could keep an eye on Grandma. We did all the clean up (what a mess!) and a lot of the work on the house, so Mama and Daddy had to travel back and forth everyday. Grandma had just gotten out of the hospital, had a brand new

trailer, and she had lived by herself for so long that it was hard for her to get used to us being around. It was just a bad situation. I stayed with one of my friends, Kim Hunter, for a week.

It was kinda fun living in that little camp trailer at first. Daddy even bought a T.V. for us. It got old fast though. I used to wake up with charlie horses in my legs 'cause I just didn't have room to move. I'd stiffen up to turn so I wouldn't roll into Nancy.

They said it would take 5 weeks to finish our house, but it took 5 months. I remember the first time we started a fire in our wood stove after the fire--a car drove by and honked 2 minutes later. Heart attack!

When I was sixteen Julie Hannah and I were in the original dance for the dance festival, so we drove back and forth to Fresno for practices. One night there was a regular dance and David Bowen and Jerry Trampert (who were also in the original dance) kept asking me to dance, but then Jerry finally won out. We danced in the dance contest and won! He let me keep the record (Boogie shoes)--what a sweetie... then he handed me one of these cards that say if you give it back you owe a kiss and if you keep it you've got a date (or something like that). I didn't know what to do with it! :...but I ended up getting both). He stayed with me the whole dance and at the end he tied some crepe paper to my wrist (how sentimental), then walked me out to the car... then kissed me in the moonlight! My first kiss--how romantic.

The next day I was in a daze. Mama came in and talked to me before I even got up. She usually didn't do that. Awhile later the phone rang. Mama answered it then handed it to me and said, "it's your boyfriend"--I couldn't believe it.

Jerry either called me or came to see me almost every day for quite awhile. Our first date was to a Y.A. Sadie Hawkins dance (he asked me). We wore his maroon sweaters and white pants. He told me I could keep the sweater, but I gave it back to him. I think it kinda hurt his feelings. Once he just stopped and picked me a flower. He's from Germany and is very well mannered. He has a way of making you feel special.

All my friends would always tell me "he's the cutest guy in the whole stake--in both stakes even!" I think I was so shocked he'd even want to go out with me that I really didn't care. He was pretty darn cute though.

The next guy I dated was Bryon Snow. I thought he was a little wild, but my friends just loved him and my parent seemed to like him. That shocked me. I guess you could call Bryon my first steady--I wore his class ring and everything (Wow!). He was completely different then Jerry. Jerry was so gentle and romantic like. Bryon was just fun to be with. In fact, deep down I think he was more like a brother to me. He would always ask me if I wanted him to go on a mission and when I would say yes he always looked a little disappointed. When he even started mentioning marriage I got scared and kinda backed off, then we finally broke up.

Once after Bryon and I had broken up he brought his girlfriend up with him while I was in school. I went to talk to him to find out what on earth he was doing, and all I saw was his girlfriend. Kim Hunter was with me, and she wanted to go into the restroom--and the whole time we were in there we were talking about Bryon (the nerve of him!). A few seconds after we left--all of a sudden the door flies open an out comes Bryon! He had been in the girls bathroom hiding in one of the stalls. (I guess the boys bathroom was locked). I've never seen him so embarrassed. I was a little embarrassed, but I thought it was so funny I laughed for a week.

Bryon did something that literally scared me to death. After he was married he would still come up by himself to see me! He wouldn't touch me or anything--just talk and find out how I was doing. The first time he came to see me was at school and I hadn't seen him for about 3 months. He had put on some weight and I didn't recognize him until I was smack in front of him--my mouth literally dropped open. (I couldn't make my mouth do that now if I tried). This was right after our house burnt down so he even

helped us with the house a little. Finally he moved to Las Vegas and I haven't seen him since. I think this really affected me.

The last half of my Senior year I only went to school half day, then worked half day. I was also a teachers aide for Mr. Rempel. I worked at the Mt. Press office for Homer and Marceline Scott. I did just about everything--typesetting, developing, answering the phone, ads, typing and delivered paper to stores. I loved it. It was a good experience for me.

I had about a 3.54 GPA in high school which wasn't bad considering I took classes like Chemistry, Physiology and Trigonometry. I could have done better if I tried, but some teachers just didn't give A's and if I got mainly B's on my report card Mama would always say "well what happened". It made me a little mad because I usually got better grades than Andrew and Nancy and I had a lot harder classes. Once I got a deficiency notice and I about got killed. The only reason I got it was because I missed a week of school when we took Andrew to the mission home and the teacher was strict on attendance. I still got an A out of the class I think.

I had always been a year ahead of my school class in mutual and Sunday School, but my Senior year they tried to hold me backjust because I was almost 18. This made me mad. I guess it shouldn't have, but I had gone my 2 years of Laurels--what did thy expect me to do! Well, they called me to be Laurel President--until January anyway. There weren't any kids close to my age in mutual that were active at all, so I didn't have much interest in mutual. All of the guys I dated lived in Fresno and they usually took me to Y.A. activities. Young Adults seemed to be so much friendlier and a lot more spiritual. I loved it. I had gone to Y.A. activities since I was 16, so I felt more a part of them than the mutual kids. I did get along well with the mutual kids though.

If I could go back and start dating again I'd do it a lot differently. I dated pretty steadily at first, so I felt like I started at the top then worked my way down, and now I'm on my way up again. Most of the guys I dated had to travel an hour just to come get me. Not too many guys will travel that far unless they want more than just a friends based relationship. I looked forward to College where I could just date and have fun. It still didn't work out that way completely. Guys seem to like to get serious on me for some reason, but I've always broke if off before it got too serious.

I got a medical assist. scholarship for Fresno City College, but I decided to attend Snow College instead. Partly because I would have a better opportunity to date a lot of guys just as friends, and to develop myself socially and spiritually. Also because Nancy talked me into it and I have a lot of relatives in Utah which I don't see much.

During August of 1979 I had surgery on my nose because it had been broken sometime and it was causing some problems. My parents were there as much as they could be and they gave me a lot of support. They used just as much anesthesia on me as they would have for open heart surgery. When I woke up first my nose didn't hurt much at all, but my throat just burned. I was begging for ice or something and they wouldn't give me anything. Finally they gave me another shot and knocked me out again!

The next time I woke up I was in my hospital room and my parents were there. The day before they fed me yukky food like fish, and now that I was suppose to be on a soft food diet they gave me steak! Daddy ate it for me. Julie Hannah and James Christofferson came to visit me.

I was released from the hospital the next morning. Mama and Daddy made a bed for me in the back seat of the car. Andrew and Debbie, Ryan and Nick were over visiting. Ryan didn't know quite what to think of my bandaged nose, black and blue and bloodshot eyes, and swollen face. He would just stare at me and say "you hurt yourself?". Aunt Ione also came to visit. I hadn't seen her since I was 7 years old--I guess I looked a little different.

I received flowers from Grandma, my visiting teachers and my family. It's sure neat to know that people care. Everyone

was so concerned and sympathetic with me. I must have looked pretty bad--Aunt Ione couldn't even stand to look at me. My first night home my eyes were so swollen I could hardly see.

I had to have my head proped up, so Daddy put my bean bag chair behind my mattress. It was almost like sitting up. I had to sleep on my back. That was kinda hard 'cause I turn a lot usually. I had to breath through my mouth for about a week 'cause my nose was packed, so my throat was sore. What was worst though was that my ears ached so bad from all the pressure. I had 'em stuffed with cotton and they still hurt so bad I'd wrap a scarf around my head then lay on one ear and put my blankets over the other one. I guess it looked pretty silly, but I really didn't care.

I took it easy for a couple weeks, but then I had to get all ready for school. Nancy and I drove by ourselves. We stayed with Marylyn Wilson in Boulder City for awhile then drove on to St. George and stayed with Uncle Heber and Aunt Laree. They're always so good to us. I must not have been fully recovered yet 'cause I got the flu. I didn't feel good at all when I got to school and I didn't know any of my roommates. They were all so bubbly and excited, and then there was me, a little shy, and just wishing they would leave me alone and let me get some sleep so I could get better.

The college lost my registration, so I had to go through the hassle of registering again and I couldn't get half my classes. I didn't feel decent for about a week, so I was kinda slow getting to know people. I just didn't have a very good start in college. Nancy and Brian helped me a lot though.

My roommates were Randy Edwards, Becky Reimschiissel, Caroline Harvey, Lisa Anderson, and Teri Lyn Wilson. My room roommate, Randy, is from Las Vegas. She is just cute, and she can be so neat, but she was just so overbearing and had to have her way all the time. Whenever she wanted something she would say "Julie, do you love me?". Caroline and Becky were kinda like this too. Also they were waiting for missionaries or something, so they hardly ever went to any activities, and I never had anyone to go with. (now three of them are married, but not to their missionaries) I just wasn't used to being treated like this so I kinda withdrew and just couldn't be myself. Lisa was usually really sweet and would write us poems and little thoughts. Teri Lyn was either depressed or really excited just like a little kid. I got left with her a lot on the week-ends. She can be so sweet, but she usually would just talk and talk all about her problems, her friends problems, and what she didn't like about each roommate. It just depressed me. I was sort of like the peacemaker in the room.

I did have fun though, and I learned a lot. We tried to have family prayer every morning and night and we sang together a lot. This made us a lot closer. In fact, we got along a lot better than most rooms. We had family home evening groups which was pretty neat. I was a Sunday School teacher. It was kinda scary, especially since the Bishop and all these return missionaries usually came to my class. I found that I must not have been listening too closely to other S.S. lessons, because when I had to prepare them myself, they were so interesting! It was a good experience for me.

Before I left for school I got my patriarchal blessing and my Dad gave me a Father's blessing. They were both very special experiences. If I'm ever confused or down I'll read my patriarchal blessing and I'll always find some sort of an answer. My patriarchal blessing is both a guideline and a blessing to me. Father's blessing has always made me feel secure and protected while away from home, and they also help me feel closer to my Dad.

I was maid of honor in 3 weddings this year--Nancy's, and my friends Susie Gidney and Julie Hannah. In fact, I had to fly back to school after Julies' wedding and the airlines lost my luggage. I finally got it about a week later.

I didn't do very good at dating as just friends at first. About the 3rd guy I dated was Lynn Shelly-- a R.M. a policeman, a Stake Y.A. leader, 6'3", 22 yrs. old and good lookin'. He was probably the first guy

I ever thought seriously at all about marrying, but he just wasn't my E. M. (eternal mate) When we stopped dating it was pretty hard on me because he would still come to see me and acted just like he did when we were dating. He just couldn't understand how I could still care about him, but didn't think I could ever marry him. Also his best friend was dating Caroline and it just seemed weird to have him come without Lynn. We used to double date a lot.

I dated a couple of times (Returned Missionaries) R.M.'s, whose moral standards just weren't as high as I thought they should be. In fact, they shocked me.

(They never tried anything really bad though) I finally got tired of saying *no* and got mad enough that I just told them to straighten up or else. They usually kinda stopped dating me, but I think it made 'em stop and think. I got so I wouldn't even let a guy hold my hand for awhile.

One of my most interesting dates was when I had 2 dates in one night. Both guys were attending BYU. I stayed at Hal and Hazel Bracken's Friday night. Dan Martin (he worked in Auberry over the summer and we were *just* friends) took me to a movie and we stopped in to see Terry and Sharon Schiefer (my cousin). Before we left Uncle Hal told Dan that if he didn't have me back by 5:00 a.m. he'd come after him with the shotgun! Well, somehow Dan ended up sleeping on the couch 'cause he didn't want anyone else to have to drive me around the next day. In the morning Uncle Hal said "you didn't only get her home on time, but you had to stay and prove it!" He's quite the character.

We watched the 7:00 a.m. session of General Conference, then went to Dan's apartment and watched the 10:00 session. He had a ladies leather jacket and he said now all he needed was someone to fit it. He wanted me to try it on so I did just for fun -- it fit perfect! Help me!

We went to Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Charlies for the 2:00 session. Right after I got there Aunt Dorothy handed me a note and whispered "Bill's called twice". I don't know how he even got the number. He was suppose to be in Oregon, but guess he got back early. I ran upstairs during a commercial and called him and he wanted to see me that night, but Dan had already asked me to go see Harry's War (the one Grandma Leavitt's picture is in) so he asked me for the midnight movie. I thought for sure I'd be back in time so I said "Positive Probably".

Well, Dan took me to Harry's War at 5:00 p.m., then out to dinner, and he was late to his Priesthood session so he just left me at his apartment! Dan is so sweet-- he'd do anything for ya, but he was about driving me crazy. He just wouldn't leave me alone. When he got back he started watching a movie! I told him Uncle Charlie was expecting me back a long time ago, but somehow he talked me into just calling him. I had to have Uncle Charlie call Bill too 'cause I was gonna be late. I felt like such an idiot. When I sat back down Dan put his arm around me. Help! I thought we were *just* friends! He finally brought me back. Bill still came even though we missed the movie. I've never been so happy to see him before in my life! I think he was pretty upset, but he hid it well. Now I know better than to have 2 dates in one night. I've always wondered what Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Charlie thought of me after that. Besides Dan and Bill Gibbs, Craig Harling gave me a ride to their house after Christmas vacation and Lynn picked me up there. They probably think I really get around, and they wouldn't let me explain.

I had to have some more surgery done on my nose during Christmas vacation because the first one didn't quite do the job. They just did it in the doctors office and didn't put me to sleep. They used these super long needles and gave me about 8 shots in my nose to numb it. I don't remember of anything hurting so bad! It was kinda interesting being awake and knowing pretty much what they were doing to ya without feeling it much though.

I was pretty swollen and black and blue again, but not as bad.

During the summer of 1980, Alyson Scott

and I got to be really close. We went to the YA Conference at Catalina Island and other YA activities, and just had fun. I worked part time for the Mt. Press office.

I went back to Snow College in the Fall. Mama and Daddy drove me out and our car broke down right smack in between Tonopah and Ely--the same place we had three flat tires while on vacation years before! We ended up sleeping in the car, then got "pushed" then towed to Delta the next day. We stayed with Shelley and Pat for 5 days, then ended up having to buy a new car.

My roommates are Lorene Ruffell, Shauna Simmons, Janell Knott, Suzanne McBride and Nannette Sandberg. They are all sophmores except my room roommate, Nannette, a Freshman. They're all just super neat girls and we get along really well.

College doesn't seem so exciting to me anymore, but I'm more involved and I have a lot of fun. College can be a blast and very rewarding if you organize your time and priorities right. Also you can learn so much from each other.

I'm sort of a Bishop's assistant this year and a visiting teacher also. I take minutes during Sacrament Meeting and everything else the Bishop asks me to do. I typed tithing receipts for awhile. College Wards are so neat. Everything that is said and done relates to you personally and everyone is there because they want to be not because they have to. There's just a special spirit about them.

At the beginning of the year I met a guy from Lehi--Bob Ellison. He asked me out every single day for a long time from the very first day I met him. He thought I was the one and only one for him and was determined to marry me. He put me on such a pedestal and would go on and on about how special I was to him--it just made me cry 'cause I just didn't feel the same way about him and I didn't want to hurt him. I grew to really care about him, but I just couldn't marry him. He still sent me flowers and treated me just like a queen until he finally met another girl and got engaged.

My roommates and I found out that we had dated a lot of the same guys (last year). One that was probably the most interesting was Glade Nielson. He dated Lorene last year and he was engaged to Janell, and I date him this year. I was pretty leary at first, but Janell *insisted* that I date him. In fact we even got a little serious, but it just wasn't right, so we're just good friends now. He's a counselor in our Bishopric and just a super neat guy. Actually this whole incident made Janell and I even closer than we were before. She is now engaged to another guy.

I taught the swing (jitterbug), and the hussle for the LDSSA at the institute. I also did a swing dance with Ben Hatch for an assembly. It was so fun.

I'm a Jafra consultant. It's hard to find a time when everyone is free, but teaching the classes can by very rewarding. Not so much financially but it's fun to tell the girls how to apply their make up and to take care of their skin and hair and see how excited they get.

I will graduate from Snow College with an A.S. degree on May 29th, 1981. I've learned a lot while i've been here,--not only academically, but I can relate to others better and I have gained a much stronger testimony. Dorm life can be quite interesting. I think that if I can get along well with 5 roommates from completely different backgrounds, I shouldn't have much problem adjusting to marriage. I have been blessed with good Mormon roommates both years--especially my room-roommate, Nannette, this year. She is so dedicated to reading the scriptures and writing in her journal every night that I feel guilty if I don't do it. Also she gets up every morning and says "I said my prayers this morning so it's gonna be a great day." She's pretty special. I think going away to college was the best thing I could have done, especailly since I'm the baby of the family.

I'm a quiet person and I have a hard time communicating easily sometimes. I think it has a lot to do with my parents background and the fact that I'm the youngest in the family. When I was little I would ask questions and a lot of the time they'de just look at me like are you stupid or what, and I *really* didn't know the answer to my

question. That's why I asked it. Well, I finally got tired of this and my questions not being answered, so I finally gave up on even trying much. I remember once I made a big effort (for me anyway) to share something that happened at school with my Mom and she just said "so!" I know she didn't mean anything by it but I can be pretty stubborn sometimes and I didn't want to be let down like that again, so I didn't make much of an effort after that.

My Dad is pretty quiet and my Mom's whole family was quite shy and quiet, so I realize it's hard for them to show their feelings and share them with others. I just wish I would have made more of an effort to do this myself--but it's never too late!

I took an effective parenting class in college and it made me realize just how lucky I am. I could hardly believe how some of the students in the class had been treated by their parents. My parents raised us kids right in just about every single area and they didn't even take a class! I guess their parents must have been pretty good teachers too. I'm very proud of my heritage. I will be forever grateful for all my parents do for me.

A Brief Synopsis of
The Life of
VERNON WILSON JONES

I, Vernon Wilson Jones was born on 7 April 1937 at 2:40 p.m. at St. George Washington County Utah. I was born in Uncle Moroni and Aunt Emma McArthur's home 500 East 100 South St. George, Utah. I know very little about my birth except I am a twin and I was born two hours and twenty minutes after my sister Vera Jones Seitz. I was the 6th of 7 children. My father was Ellis Wilson Jones and my mother was Eva Cottam. I had three sisters and three brothers: Cleone Jones born 11 September 1927 died 12 September 1927, Alma Cottam Jones born 7 August 1929, Ivins Ellis Jones born 30 June 1931, Heber Cottam Jones born 7 August 1934, Vera Jones Seitz born 7 April 1937, myself and Nancy Jones born 31 August 1939 died 31 August 1939.

I was blessed 25 April 1937 by Hyrum Ellis Jones my grandfather in the Veyo Ward in Veyo, Washington, Utah. I was baptized 22 April 1945 by Elwood H. Bowler in the Veyo Swimming Pool, Veyo, Utah. I was confirmed 22 April 1945 by W. Vaughn Jones my uncle. All I can remember about being batized is that several of us Vera, Boyce Ulrich, I, perhaps others and the Young Priest of the Veyo Ward went down to the Veyo Swimming Pool and I was baptized by Elwood H. Bowler, the water was nice and warm. We were confirmed in Sacrament Meeting the same day. Vera was baptized by Bertie Cheeney and confirmed by John H. Bowler.

I graduated from Primary on 24 April 1949. My memory isn't the best about all I remember is that I had a bandelow made of felt and we wore them around our neck with our acheivements on it and a little green felt cap. I still have both of them. We held primary in the Veyo Ward Relief Society House.

Some Sunday School memories are: We had many teachers in Sunday School and I believe most of them tried to teach us the gospel, however many were not consistent with their attendance so we had many on the spot teachers not prepared for our age group. I suppose many things were taught to us that doesn't stand out in our mind. I do remember even to this day how to remember how many books in the Bible (66) and how many in the Old (39) and New Testament (27), Esther Chadburn taught us a little song about the names of the books in the Bible, I still remember part of it even today. 3X9 = 27 and 3 and 9 = 39 a total of 66. I also remember that people's example for either good or bad is the most lasting in our memory. I can not tell or remember very many verbal teachings but I can remember many poor examples and a few good examples of gospel teachings.

Some MIA memories: Coming from the little town of Veyo, we didn't have all that many youth for a full M.I.A. Program, however I do have many memories of special outings and programs. Being rather backward and feeling somewhat inferior I didn't participate in many programs like I should have done. I will mention only two briefly. I do not remember what year this first trip or Super Activity took place, but I do remember we, the young boys collected scrap iron, copper wire, old batteries, etc. to earn money for these trips. Lorin V. Jones was our advisor or Scout Master. He took us down to Las Vegas and out through the Hoover Dam. Also we were taken to Salt Lake City to the Utah State Fair and we were

able to go through Temple Square and attend an Auto Demolition Derby, where many cars were destroyed including brand new 1952 Ford Sedans, this was hard for me to believe that people would destroy new cars. These were major events in my life since I had not been to either location before and I had never before been to a large city, everything was overwhelming to me coming from a community of approximately 100 people. All of these new experiences we had on these two trips were very impressive in my life and my limited understanding of the world around me was certainly expanded.

As new and impressive as these events were none had the impact on me as did our visit to Temple Square and especially when we went into the Tabernacle where the acoustics of the building were demonstrated to us. The feeling I received as we entered the Tabernacle was so impressive I knew that the Church was true and the spirit of the Lord was there for all that were prepared to receive it. I have received hundreds of special spiritual experiences since that time but few have had more profound impact upon me.

I started school at the age of six attending the Veyo Elementary School at Veyo, Washington County, Utah. At this time the school consisted of 1 - 8 grades in two rooms with only a few students in each grade. Our grade had several students: Vera and I, Janice Chadburn, Bennett Bracken, Ione Seitz, Kay Bowler, later Boyce Ulrich and Glendal Bunker and even a few others from time to time. After finishing the sixth grade they closed the Veyo School and started busing us to St. George to school. I remember the following teachers at Veyo: Agnes Hunt, Vera Perkins, Jeanelle Larson, Sophronia Smith, Cecilia Tobler and Mary Kleinman and Charles Hansen for the older kids. They seemed to have a hard time obtaining and keeping qualified teachers and if you could understand the conditions it would be easy to understand why.

Briefly I will try to explain, we had very few school supplies and those we did have were old and out dated and most had been used many times. We had a wood and coal stove to heat the one room which had many large windows to let the draft in, I remember always having cold hands and feet in the winter time. You could just about always find spiders any time in the book cabinet therefore few teachers would venture in, but have the students get the books. Cob webs were always visible in the room etc. In the summer time I remember always having puncher burrs in my feet, because of our thin shoes or no shoes at all. I usually had hand me down shoes that hurt my feet, since I was younger my feet were suppose to be smaller, but it didn't work that way. I have always had large feet and poorly formed feet because of the shoes I usually had to wear or go without. I was not a good student, but tried to please the teacher. I always felt inferior because we were poor. I was a slow learner and was so shy I didn't dare ask to have something explained.

I attended the Woodward Junior High School at St. George, Utah grades 7-10 and graduated from Woodward 20 May 1953. My special friends in Junior High School were Kay Bowler and Donald Miles. The teachers I remember best and appreciate the most were Walter Miles, Owen Pendelton and Bessie Snow.

The following are some of my memories about junior high: When we started school in St. George I really felt inferior, because many kids teased me because I was so skinney and red-headed. I wore a cap on my head, because of this I got into many fights with kids from St. George and Santa Clara, it wasn't long until most of them left me alone unless there were several in a group encouraging each other to tease me, because of this I became somewhat of a loner. I began to learn that size wasn't always the deciding factor in a fight, but the will to be right and win. All someone had to do is run up and grab my hat and the fight was on, usually two or three would throw my hat from one to the other giving me a bad time. Even to this day I have a quick temper which isn't always good.

I attended the Dixie High School at St. George, Utah. My special friends in high school were: Donald and Melvin Miles,

Stanley Esplin etc. most of the kids from Veyo had already quit school however I continued on not really knowing what else to do. Working before and after school still riding the school bus I didn't have a lot of free time. My special teachers whom I remember were: Merrill Fawson, he taught typing, business administration, accounting, bookkeeping etc. I graduated from high school 27 May 1955.

Even in high school I was still somewhat of a loner. Bennett Bracken was still going to school. He lived at Diamond Valley and had a 1950 Ford Car all fixed up. I was still riding the school bus back and forth to school so I didn't participate in school activities, even though I was physically capable at least I felt I was good enough to play basketball and run in track, but again I didn't come from the right place or have the right name. I wasn't all that great but a little encouragement and opportunity would have helped in those days. I could out run most of the kids on the track team. I will mention some accomplishments later in life along this line when I was in the military service and I began to realize that I was as capable as most anyone.

While in high school I still considered myself a failure. I began to like certain girls but didn't dare let them know that I did like them, because I didn't have any thing to offer them. I spent a lot of time in the school library since I didn't have any place else to go. I began to realize I could answer a few questions in class, but felt backward about doing so. I started studying with kids that knew what they were going to school for and found out I wasn't as dumb as I thought I was, my grades improved some what and I was even considered for a couple of Clubs at school, but I declined because I couldn't attend the extra activities after school hours. I must be back home to milk cows etc., to earn money to stay in school. I did start to enjoy school and learning new things. As I look back at those years I feel my greatest problem was my lack of confidence in myself and not really ever being sufficiently encouraged by teachers to succeed in something worth while. I am sure my father felt this same way through out his life, so he never really gave me the push or confidence I so much needed at the time. Even to this day I still have the lack of confidence that is needed to be real successful financially. At least today I know my abilities, because I have had some successes and know with effort just about anything can be accomplished. I have been truly blessed in many ways, however many areas of life would have been much easier and more successful if I would have learned confidence early in my school years.

I didn't attend Seminary, but I did take several Institute classes, I learned many things from these classes. I attended several classes after returning from a mission. I took classes with Jeff Holland who is now the Church Commissioner of Education and has recently been appointed President of B.Y.U. not to take anything from Brother Holland, I believe most can acheive if they are given encouragement and an opportunity to perform. Jeff was not an exceptional student, a good student yes. Also several others I attended school with have reached important positions in life. I believe as I look back on life the difference is not usually ability but encouragement and opportunity.

I attended college at Dixie Junior College for nearly three years. I graduated 24 May 1957, then attended two quarters in 1959 and 1960. I still lived at home in Veyo and rode the school bus while going to college in St. George, which is a real disadvantage in many ways. I did however get just a little more involved at school, I was elected an officer in the German Club, where I was able to associate a little more closely with at least a few students. I gained a little confidence in myself, I was even asked to be the secretary to B. Glen Smith but I declined because I felt I wasn't good enough, however that was not the case, William Baker was the only male student that could type better than I could but I was still somewhat in a shell. I was the Ward Clerk in the Veyo Ward and was doing a respectable job at it and I used this as an excuse. My biggest problem was myself,

the things I didn't like I tried to avoid because I didn't learn the things I should have learned in high school mainly English and Chemistry, both I had to take in college and I had a real rough time with them because I didn't have proper back ground for them.

Some other schools I attended were: Chaplain's Assistant School, Ford Ord, California, Army Language School, Murnow and Hanau, Germany and Clerk's Typest School, Ford Ord, California these schools taught me many things. I started to come out of my shell somewhat while on a mission so when I entered the military I found opportunites and took advantage of a few of them. Such as the above mentioned schools. Many returned Mormon Missionaries were becoming Chaplian's Assistants, which was causing many problems to the Clergy. Neither the Protestants or Catholics could find sufficient qualified people with any interest to attend the school. Our instructor was a Catholic Priest holding the rank of Light Colonel. Nearly 50% of every class were returned Mormon Missionaries. To qualify, you had to have two years experience or attend a Religious Seminary and pass the O.C.S. qualifying test. It determines that you have the natural ability to become an officer if you so desire in the future sometime.

Most of the information we were taught was new to me since we had to be able to assist all general Protestant Services and also Catholic's if called upon to do so. Any way I was somewhat disappointed in attending classes. All the time we were at school not once was a prayer ever offered. On many occasions the classes became very light minded where details of moral problems we may encounter were discussed etc. After each class the Priest and his assistants would retire to a little back room where they would smoke and drink coffee etc. Very much different than what I had expected.

In typing school, I did learn a few things and became much more proficient. Even though I had already had two years of typing in school but very little actual experience. I did gain much experience in the Army concerning general office work etc.

I had one year of German in school prior to my mission but it seemed to be much different than being among the people themselves. I found out in attending the Army Language School that officers had just as hard of a time learning as we little people did. I attended the school with a Major from our Battalion and he never did become proficient enough to do his job well, it was his job to interview the refuges coming from East Berlin and my job was to type the information at the interview so they could be properly placed. To say the least we both had problems, I finally got so I could understand quite well, but never did become good at speaking German. I have many experiences recorded in my journals.

I have held the following church positions: Superintendant of Sunday School and numerous teaching positions in the Sunday School. At one time in Germany I taught the Gospel Doctrine Class in Frankfurt with three full Bird Coloniels in my class and I was at the time a Private First Class.

I was also at one time the Superintendant of the Mutual in Frankfurt, Germany English Speaking Branch on 33 Meilia Strasse.

I have been an Elders Quorum President in the Las Vegas 14th Ward, a High Priest Group Leader Las Vegas 40th Ward, Deacons Quorum Advisor Las Vegas 14th Ward. I have been a Ward Clerk of the Veyo, Utah Ward, Ward Clerk of the Las Vegas 14th Ward, Ward Clerk of the Las Vegas 40th and Assistant Ward Clerk in both the 14th and 40th Wards.

I served on a mission to Western Canada from 18 September 1957 to 30 Sep. 59. I have worked in the following stake positions in the following stakes: I was the Historical Clerk in the Las Vegas Nevada Stake and Stake Clerk of the Las Vegas Nevada South Stake and Las Vegas Nevada Redrock Stake for seven years. Currently I am the Ward Clerk in the Las Vegas Fortieth Ward. Special experiences I have had while working in some of the above callings are too numerous to record in this brief outline so I will make a general statement. I have been

a clerk in the Church nearly twenty out of the past twenty-five years. During that period of time it has been my priviledge to have witnessed and enjoyed some of the greatest events granted unto men on earth. I have been permitted to attend two special Solemn Assemblies in the Temple where the Prophet, his Counselors and most of the Quorum of the Twelve have been present along with many other Authorities and Church Leaders. At Stake Conferences I have met and personally associated with many of the General Authorites of the Church. These are great events and important events in the history of the Church. I am proud to say you can find hundreds of pages of events in Church History with my name attached there to. Such as the divisions of Wards and Stakes in the Las Vegas area, the calling of local Church Leaders such as Bishops, High Councilors, Patriarchs, Stake Presidents and their Counselors etc. I have recorded the ordiances for thousands of people in the Las Vegas area. It has also been my duty at times to record the minutes of Bishops and High Council Courts concerning the standing of some Church members. Being associated with these many and varied types of events I must say most have been very spiritually uplifting. Many great spiritual experiences have come to me because I have been associated with great leaders. I have been in attendance on many occasions when the Lord has answered prayers on the spot without question if it be right or wrong. The confirmation of the spirit is so real and yet so few believe or use this great gift through out their life. I can not tell one thousan't part of what I have experienced but I must say I know Jesus is the Christ the Son of God our Savior, that Joseph Smith is and was a Great Prophet and we each owe them more than we can ever repay through righteous living and we have a great prophet this very day to lead and direct us if we will but listen. I have four volumes of personal journals that record many special events in more detail.

My mother's name is EVA COTTAM she was born 9 August 1902 in St. George, Washington County, Utah, her father's name is Thomas Punter Cottam and her mother's name is Emmaline Jarvis. My mother died 2 November 1955 at age 53. Some memories of my mother are: I must write what few lines that come to me at this time with sadness and some regret. I remember as a very young boy perhaps three or four years of age sitting on my mothers knee in the kitchen in our little house in Veyo, Utah, the floor only partly covered with lineolum some had been worn away by use and it left cracks exposed between the one by twelve inch boards that made the floor of the house. As a small boy or as a youth I did not appreciate what my mother or father did for me. I remember both taking time to read to us, play games with us at night around the kitchen table. My mother seemed to always manage to have fudge candy, sugar cookies, cinnamon rolls or other goodies for us kids all the time. Mother was always home when us kids arrived home from school. The following is a brief outline of my mother's life: Mother as I remember her, as I look back my mother was some what more outgoing than my father. One of my early memories was on one occasion mother took us swimming at the Veyo Swimming Pool and she even got in the pool in those days they wore a large grey swimming suit that covered the entire body and it seems to me it was made of cotton at least it took up alot of water. I can remember my dad saying it was not modest for women to go swimming in such a suit. I don't know when they did away with such suits but I am old enough to remember them. I remember my mother always going to church and she would participate. Dad would go but didn't get involved with church activities. I remember on one occasion my mother took us to our grandmother's place in St. George. How we got to St. George I don't remember, however grandmother gave me a bag of marbles out on the front porch and I thought that was the greatest. I don't remember if it was this same trip or not but she took us down to see Charlie Seegmiller who was 102 years old at the time. We had never seen anyone that old before and few since. I also remember she

took us to the tabernacle in St. George to a special meeting, I believe it was on the 4th of July. I remember on one occasion the family went with dad to get wood up by the Red Mountain by team and wagon. We were going to pick up pine nuts while Dad got a load of wood. I don't remember how it happened but I found where some one had dumped some trash, bottles, cans etc. I started looking through these materials and the next thing I knew everyone was gone and I was lost. What a feeling when you have never been in such a condition before. I suppose that I created such a noise that I was finally rescued, but I remember it as a very fearful event in my life. Mother had very few fine things in life such as clothing, jewelry etc. I'm sure she would have liked to have had a place to keep things nice and enjoy a few nice things, but to my knowledge she had very little anytime during her life. Perhaps she had a few things prior to marriage. My memories of mother were either she was bottling fruit, jams, jellies, preserves etc., cooking, washing clothes, etc. or she was sick in bed. I remember the later part of her life when she would go to church on the way back home she would have to stop and hang on to a fence post to catch her breath for a few minutes before going on home. The distance from church to home was about two blocks. As I look back mother accomplished much in her few short years. She gave birth to seven children even with a bad heart from her childhood. She had a stroke that left her without memory or use of her left side. She managed to learn to speak again, walk again and use most of her left side again. Her memory never returned completely nor did the full use of her left arm.

There are few women today in or out of the church who have been put to the test as she was, few have lived with so little comfort and material blessings on earth as she did and I believe few have earned greater blessings in the Kingdoms of God in the Eternal Worlds. My regret is that I did nothing to ease her conditions in this life.

My father's name is Ellis Wilson Jones, he was born 29 August 1894 at Gunlock, Washington County, Utah, he died 27 August 1971. His fathers name is Hyrum Ellis Jones and his mother's name is Nancy Jane Hunt.

Some memories of my father : As I made a few breif notes a few things came to mind, as I write this 26 day of December 1979 my dad was older than I am now when I was born. Dad was 43 years old when Vera and I came along and still Nancy two years later when he was 45 years old. Most of us are ready to slow down at age 45 but Dad didn't get married until he was 32 years old so he had a young family during the great depression of the thirties. It wouldn't have been so bad if work would have been available in the area, but it was a real problem finding food to eat. Since dad was a little older in years as a young boy I thought I could out run him on one occasion when I had disobeyed. To make a long story short I was told not to go swimming with some kids in the creek, but I went anyway. As we were getting dressed we saw my dad standing at the top of the ledge where the trail went down to the Veyo Swimming Pool. I used my youthful wisdom and decided that I could take a new route to the top of the ledge and then out run my dad home hoping to convince him I was not with the boys in the creek swimming. As I managed to scale the ledge and arrive at the top and Dad was no where in sight I took off running for home. It wasn't long until I felt something sting across my back side and every other jump all the way home it stayed with me. So I found out my wisdom wasn't worth much and my dad could still out run me at my old age of ten or twelve and he would have been around fifty-five years of age. I received few whippings that I remember, but that is one I can't forget. I remember one other that I fully deserved and also fully received. This was probably sometime during World War II but I don't remember just when. Tony Lytles family were living in George Chadburns old house just about across the street from us and several of us older kids were down at the old Veyo store and it seems that some of the men encouraged us to make faces at Milton Lytle who was coming down

the street perhaps going to his grandmothers place. Anyway Milton had a problem with his health and because of it some of us made fun of him. If you made faces at him it would really upset him, at any rate I was elected to make fun of him this particular day as he came down the road and got just about to the store I ran out to do my dirty work. I don't remember what I said, but I do remember pulling faces at him and waving my arms and the next thing I knew Milton had headed back up the road for home crying and here comes his father down the road. I thought he was coming to rescue Milton but he kept on coming and grabbed me by each ear and started kicking me in the rear and this went on all the way up to my house where my father was summoned. I thought to my rescue, but to my surprise it was only the beginning of a right good whipping. One I will never forget, needless to say it taught me a lesson I have never forgotten to this day. I have never made fun of anyone since that time. My dad was not a mean man, I deserved many more whippings than I received. If dad was worked up you could depend on a rather forceful whipping. I remember very few whippings.

Dad as I remember him: Dad was always physically active since he didn't own a car. He walked most every place he went. Some times he would ride a horse, but most of the time he would walk miles to work and back again. I remember once when I was young that he packed wood home on his shoulder to have wood to burn in the stove. I know on several occasions he would go and chop wood and pile it up then try to rent a team and wagon to go bring it home. On several occasions people would go and take the wood he had cut and put in a pile. He never said much about it but I am sure he knew who had taken the wood from him.

The only people in the area were all Mormons and should have had better principles but some didn't. As far back as I can remember dad had very little steady work he worked for Southern Utah Power Company at jobs that most others wouldn't do. Such as cleaning and patching the power plant ditch, fighting ice in the winter time and sometimes work on the leaks in the old wood pipe with metal bands around it. Dad would do any and all labor jobs on the local farms. On a few occasions he would lease ground and water to raise vegetables. Half for them and half for us or something after that order. I remember when this type of arrangement was made on a piece of ground over to the Biglow Ranch. On one occasion I was with him packing melons home in burlap sacks over our shoulders, as we were coming up out of the creek I got heat exhaustion or sun stroke and had to lay under a cedar tree until the sun went down. This was from the upper fields about two miles from home. I was weak for several days after. Dad always had a hard time making ends meet. We use to have a charge account at the local store and if he had a monthly bill of around $7.00 it would really make things rough for him. To help with food dad would bring home deer and fish in season, rabbits and birds once in awhile. I don't ever remember in my early youth of my dad ever having a vacation of any kind. I am sure he worked every chance he received. In later years I remember dad not only working all day but coming home and doing the cooking, washing, and caring for mother when she was sick. I remember after mother had the stroke that dad would prop her up in bed and feed her and spend countless hours rubbing her arm and leg trying to bring life back to them. Dad had a very trying life up until all of us left home. Yet he was willing to give his all for us kids. After mother died I was the only one still at home, but I spent a lot of my time away going to school, then on a mission, then into the military. It is sad to say that I spent so much time home with dad yet I really didn't know him well. We had a hard time talking to each other about the real important things in life. We could talk about other things at ease but neither of us had learned to express love and appreciation for each other. While I was on my mission I was able to write a few times and express my love and appreciation to him which he acknowledged in returned letters. I know that dad had a strong personal testimony of

the gospel many didn't know this, but he revealed a few things to me in letters that left no doubt about his testimony of the gospel. However, because of some church members and their weaknesses he never felt very much at ease in church meetings because some actions spoke louder than words. I believe when the real test of this life is layed out before the mighty judge few will excell further in the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ than my dad. For he was honest, trustworthy, dependable, truthful in word and deed and to my knowledge an honorable man. I just hope and pray that I can meet the test sufficiently well to once again be reunited with both my mother and father in the eternal worlds to come. I suppose much more could be said but for this brief outline this will perhaps be sufficient.

My occupation through the years has been: General laborer, Assistant Forest Ranger, Mason Tendor or Hod Carrier and Gardener.

The following are some interesting things which have happened to me which I would like to pass on to my children and grandchildren if I have any: Perhaps what I say will have little interest to those who may read this brief account of my past. I would like to note a few early memories of my youth that left a deep imprint on my memory and yet today the same type of event is so common few seem concerned. I don't remember the year but it was some time in the early 1940's. Royal Hunt was murdered by a young man who had been working for him. This was my first memory of anyone in that area being murdered, let alone for money. I remember we were told to remain in the house, draw the shades or cover the windows etc. At this time the main road went by our house even though it was dirt. My dad was asked to stand guard along with others at the corner by Uncle Vaughn Jones and James. R. Bunker's place. They built large fires on each side of the road and stopped each vehicle if there were any going by. Little car traffic in those days. Dad had a old side box 30-40 military Cregg Rifle which he took with him. This was a very fearful event in my young life. If I remember right the fellow was caught some place near the Biglow Ranch. I recall we were told the fellow had shot Royal Hunt for his money, but didn't get the money he thought Royal would have after the sale of live stock. Royal nearly survived, the first shot didn't kill him and he tried to go to the phone and call for help. But the fellow came back and shot him several times more. I remember when World War II was declared I was quite young but remember very plainly. Men were being called into the military from this little town of Veyo as kids we were told on several occasions if we wanted to see these young men again we must run down to the Relief Society House to see them. Such men as Leo and Kent Leavitt, Rodney Chaburn, Dean Bowler, Garth Cottam, Ashby and Lloyd Chadburn, Norman, Eugene, Marvin and Wesley Chadburn. Some of them had been through basic training and were home for a few brief hours prior to their being shipped overseas. These events left vivid memories on me especially as word came that Garth Cottam was missing in action. Then news that Lloyd Chadburn was dying in a hospital and his mother had to fly back to see him before it was to late. News that Norman Chadburn had been wounded etc. These were fearful years to me, but not as fearful in many ways as the times we now face in the world. I remember rations for such things as sugar, tires, coffee etc. Even though we had things on ration, money seemed to be a larger problem at least for us. I still have some of my ration books.

I remember when Dale Cheney fell out of his Dad's old pick up near the old bridge and broke his neck and later died. I don't remember the year but as I recall Ben Chadburn was the Bishop at the time and a church meeting was interrupted so the Bishop could render assistance. We use to call Dale "C" Bisket after the famous race horse. He would pull Tony Chadburn around in a wagon like a horse if Tony would give him biskets to eat. When someone died in those days the school would be let out to at least attend the viewing since the funeral and school were held in the same building. I remember when Lemuel Leavitt

died the school kids were permitted to go and see him while his body was at Aunt Lila Seitz's house next door to the school house. I can still see the large dark brown spots on his face lying there in the casket. A few years later I believe the winter of 1949 was when Wayne Gardner froze to death on the Arizona Strip. This made us mindful of bad weather and what could happen. This fear perhaps saved me from freezing or frost bite while I was on a mission years later in 40, 50-60 and as much as 72 degrees below zero weather in northern Canada. I would continually remember Wayne Gardner freezing to death so we would keep moving. I had companions get frost bite several times.

Another fearful event happened to me while quite young. I don't remember the year, perhaps I was 6 or 7 years of age. I spent considerable time at Lewis and Dick Bowlers places playing with Bob and Kay their sons respectively. Since Kay lived in one of the old C.C.C. Houses clear on the other end of town I would try to leave his place prior to getting dark. Usually if I over stayed my time until after dark they, that is his mother or dad would bring me home or ask me to stay the night. I was always fearful of the dark because my older brothers on occasion put fear into me by catching me out side some place between the house and the old out house in the other end of the yard. They would swing an open intertube around their head which would make a horrible wind and whistle noise and this would put me to running for the house. Anyway I stayed at Kay's until after dark and no one offered to bring me home so I finally got up enough courage to head for home. As I left their house I started to run and was doing fine covering considerable ground and about half way home when I reached the area by Fred Chadburn's Orchard. It gets real dark and usually much cooler because of the extra green grass, shrubs, berry vines and trees etc., and no houses close by. I put on an extra burst of speed and startled three or four head of cattle that had bedded down for the night. They not realizing who or what was coming would jump and instead of running up the lane in head of me they tried to go through the fence.

If you have ever heard the screech from a barbed wire fence when hit by several 5 or 6 hundred pound cows running full blast you know some monster is about to take you away at any moment. My only hope was to find more speed which I did, without slowing down until I reached the house. This type of event leaves deep impressions on us as youth as we find them hard to forget. As a child I was always fearful of floods, fires, animals especially mean bulls or cows. I would have fearful dreams of being caught in an open flat bare field by a mean bull. I would run and run looking for safety of a tree large enough to climb or large rock etc. They were very disturbing dreams I would wake up just as I was being over taken by such an animal. Or I would find myself on a large flat surface as far as you could see in any direction without any safety. I would look back and see the huge earth starting to roll toward me again, I would run and run and then I would wake up just before getting smashed to death and I would be so wore out you would think I had been running for miles. After having several dreams of nature, and also others involving water or floods, I suppose these dreams came about because of actual fearful events that took place in my life, perhaps I will note one or two events.

I remember as a young boy sometime in the early forties when Bob Bowler got burned real bad on the leg out by the wood pile at the Old Albert Bunker place just a little north east of the grainery. Again when Fenton Bowler using his dads old torch to heat horse shoes. We burned down the pig pens and part of the corrals burning his initials in the old slab boards of which they were built. Years later perhaps in the late forties I don't remember for sure, I use to sleep in the top of the new part of the house in Veyo. At one end was a window and a door as such at the other end. I was awaken one morning and all I could see was red flames and I though the entire world was on fire. All that could be seen through the window was fire, what fear came to me at

this time. Roy Renouff's barn was in full blaze and it burned completely to the ground the houses were being sprayed with water trying to keep them from burning.

Years before this I had a broken leg cow chase me across Albert Bunkers field across the creek. A field Joe Prims owns now. Uncle Vaughn Jones use to have a cow called Butter Cup I believe. This cow chased me from the house nearly to the barn once, I fell over and the cow stopped but I was so fearful I couldn't get up to run. This cow however was just the playful type but I didn't know it at the time. I have many such events recorded in my journals so I will move on a few years. Just a brief note or two of a few special events that I recall, these next few events perhaps all took place in the fifties. On one occasion while riding a horse over on the Toben Bench with Fenton Bowler we were taking several head of horses some place. I don't remember for sure where it was probably up to the Biglow Ranch. Fenton sent me across the flat to head them off so they wouldn't go down into the creek. I took off with full intent to do my duty when the next thing I knew my horse was gone and I found myself sitting on the ground in half a daze needless to say I didn't fulfill my duty as I was told but everything seemed to work out all right anyway. A phone line went across the area and one pole had allowed the wire to sag, not seeing the problem it caught me just above the waist line in a perfect spot just missing the saddle horn and not quite reaching my neck either lower or higher could have been a disaster for me. On another occasion Fenton and Jack Bowler and I were after cows in the same general area but further west near Cedar Springs, we saw a rattlesnake so we got off to kill the snake. I was also fearfull of snakes especially rattlesnakes. The snake crawled into a large cactus mound and started to go down a hole. We had forked sticks trying to keep the snake out of the hole. Fenton being the bravest reached down just as the snake had just about disappeared down the hole and went to grab it by the tail and pull it out but it didn't work that way. The snake started down the hole and turned his head back to the opening and pulled his body down the hole in a u shape fashion. Fenton reached for the tail and the snake reached out and bite his finger. We were three inexperienced kids. We were going to cut his finger and suck the blood out but we didn't have a knife, so second best we took a peace of raw hide shoe lace and tied his finger tight not realizing it should be loosened every few minutes.

We headed for the Biglow Ranch the nearest place several miles away on horse back. Upon arriving at the ranch Helen Bowler, Jack's mother cut Fentons finger with a large knife and rushed him to Veyo where Marie Cottam a nurse untied his finger which had turned black and took him 18 miles to St. George to the hospital by this time nearly two hours had passed. All in all Fenton lost part of his finger, not from the snake but from lack of circulation. What a way to gain experience. One more such experience and I will move on, again I don't remember the year. Bob Bowler and I walked down to a little fenced area just above Steve Bunker's lower field at the top of the Biglow hill across from the old pond. Bob had a rope and a bridle and we were going to catch this horse that belonged to his dad. The horse didn't have much interest in being caught so we had quite a time. Finally we got it cornered where two fences came to a V shape. I was in back of the animal and Bob was going to try to put the bridle on it. As he got up fairly close it made one big lunge trying to jump the fence. It broke off the first fence pole and came down on top of the broken post, in so doing the sharp post cut the horse's throat. It finally managed to get over the fence and headed for town up the road. Bleeding a stream we followed after it not knowing what else to do. As we arrived at Bob's place, his dad was trying to doctor the horse trying to stop the bleeding but without success. He tried putting flour on it but it didn't help. The horse finally died from lack of blood. Many of my lessons in life have come the hard way. I will say this type of events you don't forget easy. Also about this time in life I learned a quick lesson along with Kay Bowler, at his place over

at the Biglow Ranch. To make a long story short don't go looking for a skunk in a dark cellar. We did and his mother wouldn't even let us in the house even to sleep because of it. A skunk can make a believer out of you in a hurry even if you are a slow learner.

In 1953 Kay Bowler, Lowel Blake and I headed for Old Mexico in Kay's old Mercury. Its hard to believe but we made it down and back with out any major problems. Kay's brother Jack was in the Air Force, stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He and his wife took us on over to Jaworez, Mexico. I believe I had $16.00 and it was amazing what I brought back home with me with that amount of money! This was by far the longest trip I have ever been on up to this point in my life.

I was ordained a deacon 24 April 1949 by Hyrum Ellis Jones my grandfather. I was ordained a teacher 1 June 1952 by E. Leo Leavitt. I was ordained a Priest 12 September 1954 by Lorin Vaughn Jones a cousin. I was ordained an Elder 24 March 1956 at age 18 by Theodore M. Peterson. I was ordained a High Priest 18 April 1971 at age 24 by William James Calvert. Even though today it is common place to be ordained an Elder at age 18, I had to receive special permission at the time so I could be a Ward Clerk to Bishop Lewis W. Bowler. I was ordained a High Priest while serving as a Stake Clerk to President E. LeGrande Bindrup in the Las Vegas Nevada South Stake. I received my Patriarchial Blessing 30 August 1957 by George Edmund Miles.

I entered the military service 15 March 1960, I was in the U.S. Army U.S. 56303091 later changed to E.R. 56303091. I was sent to Fort Ord, Calif. for basic training. Then I was stationed at the following places: Fort Dix, New Jersey and Hanau, Germany. I was discharged 12 April 1962 unofficially. Some of the things I remember about being in the service: I was extended for one year while in Germany and it was later cut back to three months at any rate I arrived in New York 12 April 1962 and unofficially discharged. I was told to travel home and wait for the official paper work that would come at the end of the three month extended period. Just a few brief experiences while in the military. I had much more time in the service than I had on my mission so I recorded many events in detail while in the service. The first few months were restrictive time wise but I will note a few events that impressed me. In order to appreciate this entry you must have served in the service yourself. As you enter the service preparing to be issued your miliary clothing you are stripped to your under clothing. Being the only Mormon at least the only one wearing garments it makes you look considerably different and brings many unusual and unkind comments from the recruits.

In basic training you are told what you can have in your foot locker and how it must be placed for inspection etc. Again during inspection I was put on the spot when my garments were unrolled by an inspecting officer and some light made of them. However this proved to be a blessing in the future. The Company Commander told me on future inspection days to bring my personal clothing into his office so future events of this nature would not take place. Because of this I was given leadership positions which releaved me from many extra details. When I arrived in Germany I was put in a room with the Sergeant and eventually had the private room by myself when the Sergeant moved off base. Normally I would have been placed in a large room with up to sixty men in it. With very little back ground or experience I was placed in charge of Head Quarters Detachment as a SP-4 and also had my own office at personnel, mainly because I could type and was dependable. Since I had the Primary M.O.S. as Chaplian Assistant I received many extra blessings. I was sent to the 36th Medical Battalion and they didn't have a Chaplian so I had a few extra responsibilities and also a few extra priviledges. I was able to take religious leave that didn't count against my regular leave time. I took three days and went down to Burchas Garden, Germany to a Church Conference while all the others went to the field. Many disliked me for such events but I was poorly liked

anyway. This unit use to be all black and was still about 60% black. Many of the N.C.O.'s and a few of the officers were black. I was white, the only Mormon and only a SP-4 in charge of 60 men mostly black. Some had several rows of ribbons and metals from previous activities in Korea and some from World War II, however none under me had more rank at the present time. Many had been sergeants but because of poor conduct had been broken down to their permanent grade or rank, so I had much resentment. I also was responsible for the pay rolls, I.D. Cards, tags, ration books such as tabacco, gas etc. so they had to be some what kind to me. I also administered all the tests in the Battalion and they had a program at that time that you must pass at least three of the tests above 90% or you would be kicked out of the army. 90-110 was considered normal or average. Some of these men couldn't even read the questions let alone answer them. I had quite a time with several of the older fellows with only two or three years more before they could retire. They were given the answers to the test and allowed to study them and even take the test several times, but they still had major problems. All in all I was disliked but also needed by many of these people. I took care of the paper work for marriages, dependants etc. and also typed up the passes and leaves and transfers etc. I was able to attend church most of the time in Frankfurt both on Sunday and M.I.A. night Tuesdays. I became very much involved with the Church program. I was President of the Young Men's M.I.A. Program and also taught the gospel Doctrine Class in Sunday School. While in Fort Ord, California I was admitted to the hospital 1 June 1960 and operated on 6 June 1960 by Captain Thomas Way and assisted by Col. Duby. On 12 June 1960 I was placed on light duty and they kept me in the hospital running errands nearly thirty days When I got out and returned to my unit they didn't have any records on me so I was sort of without a unit. I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey and they didn't have any information on me so I spent sometime cleaning up in the nearby area after a hurricane had done a great deal of damage. Finally I received orders for Hanau, Germany. I flew on a C-54 or D.C.6 which took us to Boston, Mass. then to Gander, New Foundland, then to Iceland, then to Shannon, Ireland then Frandkfurt, Germany. Seventeen hours of flying time but it took us nearly two days because we had plane trouble in New Foundland. I was able to travel all over Europe by plane since I could catch any flight leaving and go as a Medic. I went to France, England, Scotland, Wales, Holland and coming back by train, car or boat I was able to go through most of Switzerland, Austria, Luxenburg, and Belgium. I had many experiences in the military but time and space will not permit me to record them at the present time. I will touch on a few events later.

I was called on a mission to the Western Canadian Mission 11 August 1959. I entered the Mission Home 18 September 1957 and left the Mission home 25 September 1957. I was set apart by Mark E. Peterson 25 September 1957. I labored in: Calgary, Red Deer, Edmonton, Old and New Hinton, Edson, Mercoal, Robb, Collspur, Glenwood and Drayton Valley in Alberta, Vancouver, North Vancouver, Lynn Valley in British Columbia, Regina, Indian Head, Wolseley, Grenfell, Summerbeary, Oakshela, Broadview, Sineluta Indian Reservation, Whitewood, Wapella, Fleming and Moosomen all in Saskatchewan. I was released from my mission 27 September 1959, left my mission 28 September 1959 and arrived home 30 September 1959.

The following are some interesting experiences I had while on my mission: Being on a mission less than one month 17 October 1957, we had a hard day tracting in one area of Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. As we approached one door a lady opened the door with a pistol in her hand and told us in no uncertain terms not to return. If you have ever looked down the barrell of a hand gun it makes a believer out of you in a hurry. On another occasion in the same area 13 November 1957, we called at a home where the lady slammed the front door so hard she

broke the glass in the upper part of the door. She screamed a few things at us we had heard before but they weren't very nice. On 20 and 21 January 1958 I had one of the most uplifting experiences of my life. I was transferred from Red Deer, Alberta to North Vancouver, British Columbia. I traveled by train to cross the Canadian Rockies in mid winter, this is a sight to behold. Everything covered with snow from 4 to 20 feet deep as you sit comfortably in a warm train looking out at the pure white snow on the ground and trees etc., and beautiful music playing in the back ground. What a setting of peace and a time to reflect on the beauties and blessings of life granted to us by our maker. This was truly a trip through wonderland. One that everyone should experience. Words cannot express this type of a setting. Coming from the desert I could hardly believe my eyes as I approached the West Coast of British Columbia. What a contrast from the harsh cold interior, with lush green every place even in mid winter. Just a note of contrast in experiences, especially tracting. 17 March 1958 we knocked on a door and a elderly lady came to the door and asked us in. We presented a gospel message to her. She broke down and cried several times expressing her appreciation for someone bringing the gospel message to her. Something she had been looking and praying for most of her life. She just had to tell us her life story and search for the gospel message. Before we left she came up to me with tears in her eyes and put her arms around my neck and kissed me for taking the time to bring her the message. How can anyone refuse to have such experiences in life, what great payment we receive for so little effort. This type of joy only comes through gospel service. Sometimes great joy comes after great disappointment. Example, we were teaching a young lady at the I.O.O.F. Hall where we held church meetings because her parents would not allow us in their home. The parents became concerned because the daughter wanted to join the Church, so the mother asked to accompany the daughter while we taught her the lessons. The family being Catholic by the name of Cavanaugh, part Indian, at any rate the mother also became converted by listening to the lessons and asked us to return to the house and ask the husband and father for his permission for the wife, mother and daughter to be baptized. We went to the house and Mr. Cavanaugh became very angry and literally kicked us out of his house and told us never to come back. To make a long story short the mother and daughter joined the Church a few months later. Shortly after arriving home from my mission I received a letter from Mr. Cavanaugh asking for my forgiveness for his prior actions. He had since joined the Church and noted it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to his life. Both the son and daughter served full time missions in the early sixties. On one occasion we met two young girls Mickey and Janie Bryant and it so happened that Mickey Bryant was presenting a one hour program on Mormonism at their school 30 May 1958 which was only a few days away and she asked if we would come to school and assist her. What an opportunity. There were about 30 young girls from 16-18 years of age present. We went mainly to answer questions, but we did go prepared with film strips etc. if called on. We were both asked to speak for ten minutes each on the Church and answered questions. We brought lots of free handouts. After speaking to the first group the teacher was so impressed she asked us if we could stay for her next class of 43 girls 14-16 years old and present the same material which we were very pleased to do. Out of this one opportunity four of the young girls joined the Church while I was in North Vancouver including Mickey and Janie Bryant. We sold about thirty copies of the Book of Mormon and had many many excellent discussions with parents and friends of those who attended that day. Somtimes we received pleasant surprises, 2 June 1958. To make a long story short and how promptings direct our path at about 1:30 p.m. at which time we normally would have been tracting and not at the apartment. The land lady Sister Oakes calls up the stairs and said there was a gentleman at the front

door that wanted to see me. As I rush down the stairs I find my brother Heber, his wife Mary LaRee and their small son Donney, what a surprise. We visited until nearly 3:00 p.m. at which time they took us to our appointment and they headed back for Fort Lewis, Washington. We never know from what direction our blessings may come. Sometimes we do foolish things not knowing any better. Example: While tracting 16 October 1958 we entered an apartment building and knocked on all of the doors that were numbered, but found two doors without identification on them so we knocked at this one door and nothing happened. As we were standing there waiting for some response some people walked by with big smiles. People in Canada aren't noted for smiling at Mormon Missionaries. At any rate we found out later that we were knocking on the outside bathroom door that opens into a little hall way with his and hers at either end of the hall. The other unmarked door led to the wash room, we live and learn. Many many things could be said but I must say one or two more short things and close. I must say some of the members and non-members are true Christians and go far beyond any expected responsibility to assist the missionaries. While in Regina, Saskatchewan we were transferred to Indian Head, 100 miles north of Regina. We took the train or bus to most places. When transferred, we had some problems getting connections by public transport. By the time we could get proper tickets the appointed time would be missed so as usual the Lord blesses the members with big and giving hearts. A Brother Spackman found out we were having a few transportation problems so he came over and picked us up and drove us over 100 miles in the middle of the winter through snow and ice (10 January 1959), to Indian Head, Sask. On several occasions we were hitch hiking sometimes as much as 200 miles most of the people would pick us up and take us as far as they were going. Several times we had the Royal Canadian Mounted Police pick us up and take us to where ever we wanted to go, especially in the winter time. The Lord trully takes care of his missionaries. Just a few of the sad things that happen while on a mission. You have dog problems both walking and riding a bike and few missionaries escape without a few torn pant legs and broken skin. My companion even had a new felt hat ripped apart by a dog. Dogs you can understand, then comes the kids. They snow ball you from time to time, this also can be partly understood, then the older kids and adults drive by and splash mud and water all over you when you are walking or riding a bike. They run you off the road if you are on a bike etc. Constant name calling by youth and some adults etc. You see and hear many problems that exist among the member and non-members alike that cause you much concern. Then you see problems of people and animals beyond their control. Example: While in Saskatchewan I saw a cat when it was so cold that the ice would stick to the paw and pull the skin off every step and cause such pain to the cat. This actually happened and I put the cat between the storm door and regular door hoping some one would assist it. We can not cure all the ills of man or animals, but we can try, do our part and count our many blessings.

I received my endowments 14 September 1957 in the St. George Temple. I was married 10 November 1962 to Pauline Baby Sullivan in the London Temple. I have had the following faith promoting experiences happen to me: Just a few brief accounts concerning anwsers to prayer. These events have been recorded in much more detail in my journals if any should be so inclined to get a little more back ground.

How I received my current job by direct answer to prayer. This one reason I have felt some need to remain at the same job, even though I have had other opportunities. A brief back ground setting may be helpful. In 1962 I was released from the military service and shortly after this I held two brief jobs. Then I went to work for Abney Construction here in Las Vegas, Nevada. I felt I had a good job making good money working lot's of overtime. I made arrangements to take a leave of absence for around one month to go to England and get

married. Before leaving I had purchased a 1956 Ford Car and agreed to purchase a little three bedroom house at 6300 Brandywine Way for $1500.00 down and take over existing loan which amounted to about $13,600.00 with payments of $96.00 per month. Anyway I left around the first of November 1962 to be married 10 November 1962 in the London Temple. We were married as scheduled in fact three times the same day to make it legal over there, which I will note later. Anyway we had problems with Paulines paper work. Finally I ran out of money and they finally allowed her to leave England for the U.S. Upon arriving back home in Las Vegas we found Bruce and Elsia Addis hadn't moved from the house yet and I found myself without a job to go to. I did work a couple of part days then officially layed off. What a blow to me and my security. I had just purchased a car, a house and spent all of our money going to England, getting married and spending thirty odd days in London on a honeymoon. Arriving back home broke with car and house payments, no food or furniture money. What do you do? I spent several days putting in applications every place I could possibly think of without success. When all fails we turn to the Lord for help so we did ask for help on many occasions. One morning before going to look for work we asked the Lord for help in leading us to a job that day and this is what happened. I looked all morning without success and being half discouraged I decided to stay home and do a few things in the front yard. Why I didn't know, but I felt like cleaning up the front yard. Anyway Ashby and Evelyn Chadburn came driving down the street and recognized me in the front yard. They didn't know we were in Las Vegas, but I had heard that they were living here. Ashby said, "what are you doing down here", and I told him, "I was looking for a job". We talked for a few minutes about several different items and just before leaving he said, 'I believe I could talk Major Riddle into using you for two or three days until you can find a job. He is remodeling his house at the present time." Well, I have been there a little over seventeen years now. Still working for Major Riddle, only most of the time I have been at the Dunes Hotel and Country Club. Some may feel that this would have happened anyway but I know in my heart that both my decision to stay home and work in the front yard and Ashby and Evelyn Chadburn coming down the street had heavenly direction for our good and answer to prayer. Through the years I have learned that God will never fail anyone who will do all they can first, then have faith in Him, the answers will always be there and for our best good. I have received many, many direct answers to prayers. Most of them are recorded in my journals. On occasion they have caused family problems, because I knew the out come of certain situations. Prior to the time that my wife and others knew the answer by doctors and lab test etc. We all lack faith at times, but we can know answers if we are willing to repent and trust in the word of the Lord. Just one or two brief examples. Just prior to Pauline going into Sunrise Hospital for surgery, Darrell R. Jones our son had received sharp abdominal pains on his right side. They lasted most of the night and into the next day. Pauline was to go into the hospital that day for surgery and insisted that Darrell be taken into the emergency ward. However, at the beginning of the problem I had gone to the Lord in prayer and received answer to my prayer that nothing serious was wrong with him. My wife wouldn't believe me and condemned me for my lack of concern and accused me of trying to hide behind the priesthood etc. for Darrell and his problem. I had received answer to prayer and I knew it. It seems that many if not most of our problems are over money and she even accused me of being so tight that I would let my own son die before spending a dime on him. Because of all this verbal abuse from my wife and also the other kids picked up her plea, even though I knew the out come. I finally agreed to take him to the hospital, since Pauline refused to go into the hospital herself if I didn't. After all the testing etc. and I might note wasted expense and

time, they found nothing wrong with Darrell and the best they could come up with was gas pains. My own thinking is this, and it holds true in my life. Before any great calling, or faith promoting experience the Devil or Satan trys in every way to discourage and or destroy our faith and our very lives if possible. These types of experiences make you appreciate more the problems that Lehi had with his wife and family. Nephi with his brothers and family, Noah and his family etc. Not that I am trying to say I am great, but I do say I know that on occasion I receive answers to prayer. I dare not tell some of my spiritual experiences in this brief account. For many wouldn't believe or understand because they lack the faith and prior spiritual events in their own lives to appreciate it.

A brief account of a family I use to home teach. Several years ago I decided to travel to Utah by myself and spend sometime pondering and thinking. Both on my way to Utah and back again I had encountered several near traffic accidents, for no reason at all. I was alert with my driving, but it seemed that someone was trying to cause a major accident. I might mention that I fasted all of the time I was gone from home. In Utah I worked hard preparing a small garden spot and planted a few rows of vegetables. As darkness over took me I sat on a large cottonwood stump looking at the clear clean heavens while each row was being watered. As I was thinking and pondering a deep impression came to me that I must return home, I had planned on staying the night. These type of impressions had come before on occasion and I felt something was wrong at home. I finished watering then headed for Las Vegas. On the way home I kept thinking someone was sick or had an accident. These type of events never cause me to speed, because I know we must obey the law in order to receive the blessings and protection of the Lord. Several times on the way home I had several near traffic accidents and as I look back, I can see why. As I arrived home all dirty and tired I found all well my wife and family, but not more than three or four minutes after my arrival home the phone rang. As I answered it was Brother Knab a High Priest whom I home teach, he said all out of breath, "come to my house quick" and hung up. As I arrived at his house I was rushed to his bedroom. As I entered the door way, I saw a scene I hope I never see again, Sister Knab, his wife was kicking, and screaming and pushing herself out of the bed into the far corner of the room, screaming at me, saying, "I know you get away, don't touch me". She had such a look in her eyes. Her husband being a large man had a very hard time trying to physically control his wife. Together we both managed to get her back on the bed. As Brother Knab held his wife down I layed my hands on her head and commanded the evil spirit to leave her body by the Power of the Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. Her body fell limp on the bed as if all life had left her. What an experience. Words cannot describe an event of this nature, but I know if these humble words are read in the right spirit, you will know they are true. You will know that Jesus Christ is our Savior and Redeemer and will protect us from the evil one Satan and his followers if we will so live to merit His blessings. I am grateful for the Priesthood and the power the Lord has trusted in me. This experience taught me even Satan and his followers know us and obey as we use the Priesthood of God in faith. I have been so blessed with many many important experiences in my life. I have heard angels sing, dreamed dreams and saw events before they actually happened here on earth. I must say that I know many things pertaining to the work of the Lord. I know the gospel of Jesus Christ is true, that Joseph Smith was and is one of the greatest prophets that ever lived and President Kimball is a true living prophet today. May those who read these brief experiences read them in faith and humility and I promise you the spirit of the Lord will bear testimony to your spirit that they are true and can be uplifting in your lives. I have been so blessed with dozens of such experiences in my life, for which I am eternally greatful.

I first met my future wife at Hyde Park

Chapel, London, England. Her name was Pauline Baby Sullivan. I was 24 years old and she was 27 years old. It was the 8 day of July 1961. Pauline Baby Sullivan was born in New Zealand 21 April 1934. I was on leave from Germany and spent 16 days in London. The first time I saw Pauline I was with one of her friends Elizabeth Cynthia Beisinger, an adopted Maori girl from New Zealand. We had gone ice skating and I must say I wasn't all that good on skates. Poor Elizabeth fell and broke her arm while we were skating, partly because of this I managed to meet Pauline along with several other nice girls. Elizabeth was staying with Pauline and her other room mates for a few days, she lived in Epson, Surrey, England. Pauline was working for the Australian Broadcasting Commission at 54 Portland Place, London. We spent most of the next two weeks in the evening together and most of the lunch hours. I moved out of the Douglas House which is a hotel for American Servicemen and moved into an apartment next door to where Pauline and her roommates lived. I stayed with some young men who were members of the Church. During the next few days we went through the famous Madame Tussaud's Wax Exhibits and the London Planetarium, "My Fair Lady", which cost $3.55 each, very excellent. I spent one day at the London Temple about 25 miles out of the city located on a beautiful 32 acre farm at Lingsfield, England. My time in London was so interesting going to the many sites of interest during the day and going with Pauline to the live theatre at night, everything was so new to me. I spent sometime wandering in the famous Hyde Park which is in the center of the city. While wandering around I met John Jennings and Jeff Holland at the Hyde Park Chapel which is built just a little different than most chapels. It is four stories high because of the space problem in an old city like London. Parking under the building, the ground floor was the chapel proper and recreation hall side by side and classrooms above, a very nice building. I went to church many times in this chapel over a period of two years. We attended South Pacific in the Old Dominion Theatre which was very pleasant. 11 July 1961 we attended the Russian exibition which was quite interesting. Their cars and farm equipment, house hold items etc. were very poor by U.S. standards, however their Air Craft, rockets, atomic power plant etc. were very impressive. After saying good-bye to the girls I located Brother Lunburg a 1st Lt. in the Air Force, stationed at Raim Stine Air Base by Kaiserslautern, Germany, who had previously asked me to travel across France with him since he had a car at Boulogne, France. I stayed with Brother and Sister Lunburg at their place upon our arrival there 14 July 1961. I caught a bus to Rheine Main, Air Base then the train to Hanau, Germany. After arriving back in Hanau, I found several unpleasant surprises. One I had been extended one year because of the Berlin Crises. I had received extra duty because I was gone during a general inspection. I was told I would be unable to attend the L.D.S. Religious Conference 7, 8, 9 November at Berchesgardens because our A.T.T. was scheduled for the same time. I missed it last year for the same reason. Pauline and I wrote back and forth from July 61 to 15 February 62. Since I had been extended I decided to take my leave time, at least I would have one less month of misery. So 15 February I caught a flight to Bovinton England 29 miles from London. This was an unusual flight since we had to wear parachutes and this made the flight uncomfortable, besides it was real cold in the Plane. It was an old D.C. 3 with backward seats in it. I was sure glad to get on the ground again and get warm. After arriving in London I went to the Mission Home and saw Jeff Holland and John Jennings. They had just been transferred to Bristol, England. It was rather miserable in London with the fog and the rain but I did a little sight seeing inside. I went to see the Crowned Jewels which is something to behold and several other places. I called Pauline and she said to meet her at Notting Hill Gate Station at 7:00 p.m. but she sent Penny and Molly to greet me. I quess Pauline couldn't be bothered coming out in

the fog and rain. No really, she had several at the apartment and didn't want to leave them. I had met all these people before. That evening we went out to eat at an Indian restaurant with typical Indian food, lamb, beef, Mutten, cure and something else plus rice and a drink. It cost about $6.00 for five people which wasn't to bad.

The next day I picked Pauline up at work and we went out for dinner at the B.B.C. and later to a tremendous movie called "A Pocket of Miracles". Since Pauline was on the Stake M.I.A. Board we went shopping the next day for the items needed for the Sweetheart's Ball. I took all these things to the Hyde Park Chapel. By this time I could get around London by bus and underground quite well. I went back to the hotel and got cleaned up and then back to the chapel arriving just in time to attend a 30 minute dance class. I hate to admit it, but I quite enjoyed myself. We then attended the London Stake Speech Festival a very outstanding program. The next two hours we helped in the kitchen and then did attempt a couple of dances.

18 February 1962 two very interesting experiences happened this day. Being Sunday I started for the Hyde Park Chapel to attend Priesthood Meeting when I discovered that I didn't have my wallet. What a shock to find yourself without money in a strange place. I missed Priesthood Meeting, because I had to return to the hotel room to look for my wallet. One of the fellows in our room left earlier this morning and I thought he may have taken my wallet, but the Lord greatly blessed me. I found it back in the hotel room. Ron Silverstein a jewish fellow was traveling with me from our 36th Medical Battalion in Germany, we were the two out casts so to speak. Since Ron had to leave earlier than I did, the girls sort of had a going away or farewell party for him, it was really a testimony meeting. Sixteen young L.D.S. people went to the girls apartment for a light snack and testimony meeting and farewell for Ron Silverstein a Jewish boy. Ron had gone out several times with Penny Styles a young convert from Burma who was one of Pauline's roommates.

Anyway we had an excellent farewell for him. After everyone had left Pauline and I began to talk and before the night was over some pretty serious questions had been asked and answered. I was compelled to come back to London and see Pauline, which is another story. I felt greatly concerned about the situation. Anyway not confident, but never the less 18 Feb 1962 we considered marriage sometime in the future. We became officially engaged without a ring, which came later from Woolworth's. The next day I moved into the apartment building with some L.D.S. boys next to where Pauline and the girls were staying. We spent the next few days attending many of the wonderful live theaters, movies, opera's etc. Several of the members invited us out to dinner such as the Beisingers living in Epson, England. We also visited with Brother and Sister Frank Holland who were also living at Epson at the present time. We caught the train back to London and as usual it was well past midnight before getting into bed. One reason it was so late was because I got locked out of the apartment. I had a key to the outside door and they usually left the apartment door open for me but somehow it got locked. It was to cold to sleep in the hall so I had to wake up some one or freeze.

Because of the Berlin problem many dependents were being sent back to the U.S. and after inquiring I was told that I couldn't marry while in the military because of this problem. 26 February I left London by bus for Mendedhall, England, where I could catch a hop back to Germany. To my surprise upon arriving at Mendenhall all military flights had been grounded because of a bad snow storm. It snowed all the way back to London. I called Pauline and she came all across London to see me for a few hours. I purchased a ticket to cross the English Channel by boat that evening then by train from Holland through Belgium then Kolen, Boon, Keblenz, Maiz and Frankfurt, Germany. My ticket cost 8 pounds 8 shillings about $24.00. I left London at 8:00 p.m. and arrived at the Channel at 10:30 p.m. It took us seven hours to cross the Channel because it was so rough. I

couldn't stay in my bunk, besides the bed was to short. We arrived at the Hook of Holland the next morning, it was clear but still very cold and windy. After arriving in Hanau I had the job of writing Pauline's parents asking for permission to marry her. Perhaps fifty years from now someone may be interested in such an entry. I recorded in my journal the letter that I sent to her parents so I will note part of it. "Dated 1 Mar. 1962, Dear Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan: Not having had this experience before I find it rather hard to express my wishes. No doubt by now, Pauline, your wonderful daughter has written and expressed her desires of getting married sometime during the present year. Pauline and I have known each other since July 1961 and have associated and corresponded with one another since that time. Due to our association we have grown to love one another and it is my desire that I be granted your permission to further develop our love and happiness together in marriage. A brief description of myself maybe of some concern of yours so I will try and give you a little of my past environment. I am the youngest son of a very humble family, not having money for the material things in life as some do. Because of this I will be unable to offer very much to your daughter pertaining to the material things in life. At the present time it looks doubtful that Pauline will be able to return home to you before going to the United States where my home is. At the present time I am in the U.S. Army stationed in Germany and will complete my military obligation next month, at which time it is my desire to return home and prepare to send for Pauline. Since I was unable to finish school before coming into the service I have no established profession. However, it is still my desire that I finish college someday and become qualified as a teacher. Even though I have little to offer, Pauline seems willing to accept me as I am and we can start life together with the bare necessities of married life. Granted your permission I am determined to give my love, companionship and the best effort I have to care for and support Pauline and a family in the future. With greatfulness I express my thanks and appreciation for such a wonderful women, your daughter Pauline". Note, I never received any reply to this letter. I wrote several letters trying to find out what I had to do to get Pauline into the U.S. and found much red tape and several different suggestions. 14 March I received Pauline's engagement ring from McArthurs Jewelers in St. George, Utah. We had purchased a cheap ring for size and sent it to Tom McArthur for the correct size. To say the least I was some what disappointed in the rings which we purchased from Tom. He had only properly sized the engagement ring and not the wedding band, so we had to purchase a different band since English karet's are different than U.S. made rings. Such as 10 and 14 karat's are different mixtures, anyway the two rings didn't match like a set should.

Just a note of interest, I received a letter from Uncle and Aunt Maroni Cottam with some interesting information, according to the letter my great grandfather's brother Mark Jarvis was born in Harlow, Essex, England and moved to New Zealand, married Rosina Edwards. He died 21 April 1873 and she died 31 Oct. 1884 at Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand and both buried there. They had nine children. There are several families by the name of Jarvis near Pauline's home, most likely distant relations.

26 March 1962, I received a real surprise this morning. Colonel Parker stepped into the office and said to me, "I think someone wants to speak to you on my phone", so I hurried into his office. Pauline was on the line. I had a hard time speaking to her and hearing her because of the people in the office. Can you imagine the gossip this phone call created since I was scheduled to leave for home in a few days and a girl calling long distance from England on the Col. phone? Everyone just knew she had to be pregnant etc. Anyway Pauline said she was on her way to Germany to see me before I left for home. I was able to obtian a three day pass by pulling some strings. It is the policy of the Army that no one be granted

leave or an overnight pass a week prior to departure. I was able to leave Hanau, by giving a phone number where I could be reached on a few minutes notice if my departure time was changed. Brother and Sister Bates were so kind to let us stay at their home in Frankfurt and gave us their phone number. The members are so great and wonderful to us, the Bates, Painters, Larkins, Gobles, Tenneys each had us over for meals while Pauline was in Germany. We had a wonderful three days together, much could be said but I will make one last note that may be of some interest to someone. We ate with Brother and Sister Tenney and they had unexpected company come while we were visiting with them. Since Brother Bates was coming to pick us up in a few minutes the Tenneys and their company decided to go sight seeing before it got dark. Not being familiar with the apartment houses in Germany we didn't realize you had to push a button in the apartment to get out the front door or have a key with you. We left the apartment and went down stairs to the front door and found that we couldn't get out. Brother Bates on the outside couldn't get in and we couldn't get back into the Tenney's apartment to push the button to let ourselves out. Finally a German fellow came down the stairs and he also had forgotten to push the buzzer so we could get out. He called back up the stairs to a friend that finally let us out. 2 April 1962 I had to leave one hour before Pauline's train left for England to get back to Hanau before I became A.W.O.L. Even so upon arriving in Hanau I found the last bus had just left the train station so I had to walk and run two and one-half miles to the barricks.

The next morning I was called into Colonel Parkers Office and thought to myself what have I done now, but it turned out to be a pleasant surprise.

Colonel Parker, W-4 McIntire and Captain Bischoff greeted me and asked me to be seated. They each expressed their appreciation to me for what I had accomplished in the Battalion. Noting that I had placed third in the Battalion in the physical fitness test, run the mile in 4 minutes and 26 seconds which helped place the Battalion 2nd in V Corps. They each gave me a letter of acheivement and appreciation for my efforts in the office and also they each gave me a letter of recommendation for future employment which is quite nice to have. I still have those letters today 29 August 1980 but they are to long to record here.

I left Hanau at 7:30 p.m. 3 April 1962 by troop train for Bremerhaven, Germany where I boarded the U.S.S. Rose about 11:30 a.m. I had a good job aboard ship, that was passing up supplies for the meals three times each day. We had just about anything we wanted to eat because we were in the store room. The first few days wasn't bad. I found my way around the ship and did what I like except about one hour prior to each meal time. Then on the afternoon of my 25th birthday 7 April, I had a new experience which I don't care to have again. We ran into a hurricane just a little way from the Azar Islands. I couldn't believe the power of the sea. It was throwing the ship around like a match box and just about everyone got sick. They would take several sheets and wet them and put them on the tables but nothing seemed to stay on them unless you had a hold of it. Anyway, it was a miserable experience for the next few days. When the screws would come out of the water the ship would vibrate so bad you thought it would shake to pieces, then it would slam down on the water with such force you knew it was going to break into but it didn't. We all had to stay inside of the ship because waves were washing over the decks. With several thousand men sick in bunks 5 high it was hard to keep from getting sick. You just can't imagine the sight and smell, so I spent my time in the store room in the bottom of the ship eating soda crackers. After leaving the storm the ship returned to about 20 knots or around 500 miles each 24 hours. We arrived in New York late 11 April but didn't get to the dock until 12 April at Fort Hamilton, N.Y. Much took place on board the ship that time won't permit me to tell. Many items have been recorded in my jour-

nal if some would like to read rather then experience such things.

I had a few trying moments after leaving Fort Hamilton. I decided to save money and take the bus home, what a mistake. I went to the bus station and could only purchase a ticket to Salt Lake City since they couldn't find St. George on the map of Utah and they wouldn't let me show them where it was. Anyway, I had to wait until 8:00 p.m. that evening for a bus. While waiting for the bus two M.P.'s picked me up and were going to put me in the stockade because I had put my discharge papers and duffel bag in a locker so I wouldn't have to pack everything around. I talked them into going to the locker so I could get my papers, they thought I was A.W.O.L. Trying to save $60.00 was a mistake. It took me three miserable days by bus to Salt Lake City when I could have flown in a few hours to Las Vegas, but we live and learn. I got separated from my luggage and had to wait in Salt Lake City four extra hours for it to catch up with me so I could recheck it to St. George, Utah. I spent the next night in peace with Heber and LaRee in St. George. I felt like sleeping for a week after spending 9 days and 4 more on a Grey Hound Bus with out much peaceful rest or sleep.

What a blessing to be my own boss again at least for a few days. I worked a few days for Leon Glazier at Hurricane and New Castle with Ross Pecto. I put in several applications for other jobs and was given the opportunity to attend the Standard Oil School in Cedar City, Utah. The district manager Cliff Williams interviewed me and I was accepted to attend the school. Keith and Mary Jones were kind enough to let me stay with them and go to the school in Cedar City. The school turned out to be much different than what I expected. You were taught to be a high pressure salesman, stretching the truth about products and out and out lying and doing things that I couldn't become a part of, if I never got a job. So I quit.

There is also much more to this story. I called Bruce Addis in Las Vegas and he told me I may find work down there so I left St. George 2 May for Las Vegas and went to work for a small Masonery Contractor, Dean Abney. I found the work very hard the first few days, but finally got to where I could live with it even though it was extra hard work for a thin man like me. At any rate I was making considerable money because of the many hours which I really needed. I started at $2.50 per hour which isn't union scale but I can't complain, it is better than I was doing in Utah. I had been staying with Ivins and Thirza at 122 Grove Street in Henderson, using his car to drive back and forth to work. What a help and blessing this has been to me. I really appreciate all they are doing for me.

Some people think I am making a big mistake by getting married to Pauline even though they don't know her but it is the first time I have ever been at ease or peace with myself.

1 June, I now receive $2.75 per hour, Ivins and Thirza purchased a new 1962 Chevrolet Station Wagon 4 July so I will purchase their 1956 Ford Sedan for $500.00.

Pauline and I set several dates for marriage in Canada, New Zealand and England but as the time draws closer problems seem to come up. I sent for my passport 23 July 1962 and wrote my Congressman for advice and assistance, Representative Peterson of Utah. I received my passport 2 August along with reservations to New Zealand by air and return for Pauline and I by boat on the P.&.O. Orient Lines vessell "Arcadia", $467.10 air and $378.00 each by ship from Auckland, New Zealand to Los Angeles.

14 August my wages went up to $3.75 per hour because of union pressure. We had to change plans again, 30 September I received a call from Pauline with new plans. Presently we plan to marry in London 10 November 1962, by Marion D. Hanks. 17 October I purchased tickets on the United States Over Seas Air Lines to and from New York for $176.00 and by B.O.A.C. British Over Seas Airlines from New York to London $432.00, $168.00 from London to New York and New York to Las Vegas $96.00 for

Pauline. I made my first payment of $500.00 on the house at 6300 Brandywine Way, Las Vegas, Nevada. I left Las Vegas 2 November 1962 for Burbank via Lancaster, California then Chicago, Detroit, New York, Boston, Gander, New Foundland, Prestwich, Scotland, Manchester, England then London, England. Two day trip by air. We had excellent service aboard the flight. Upon arriving in London, Pauline was not at the airport. After clearing customs I called her and we decided to meet at the Victorian Station. It took me one hour by bus to arrive at the station then pack all my luggage for several blocks where we were to meet. Upon arrival at the station Pauline was still no place to be found. She finally arrived about one half hour later. She seemed somewhat disappointed in me with all of my freckles which had nearly disappeared with two years in Germany but six months in the hot Las Vegas sun had brought them out. She was more beautiful and pleasing to me than ever. I moved in with the boys again in the next apartment building to where Pauline and her friends lived. Many things had to be accomplished prior to our wedding 10 November so the time went so fast. We made all of the items for the reception since neither had family in London. Finally 10 November arrived. I arrived at the Hyde Park Chapel as scheduled, the wedding to start at 12:45. The official representative of the Queen was present, but not Pauline nor bridemaids etc. Finally it was announced that they were caught in a traffic jam and some 33 minutes later they arrived. For some unknown reason I wasn't even angry, but very upset inside. We had a beautiful wedding and reception. President Marion D. Hanks officiated and gave a real excellent talk along with several beautiful musical numbers by Pauline's various friends. About 150 attended. After the first ceremony by President Hanks, the official representative of the Queen took us in the Cultural Hall and performed the official state marriage which is the only legal way in England. Then Brother and Sister Frank Holland and 14 others went to the London Temple where we were sealed for time and all eternity. They kept the temple open especially for us because of the late situation getting started. Prior to this time we had arranged for an apartment on the top floor in the same apartment building where Pauline and the girls had been living in the basement for sometime. Brother and Sister Holland brought us back to the apartment and several waited out side for us, but they finally decided we had left the back way some how. At any rate we managed to have a peaceful night without her friends.

We spent many wonderful days in London taking in all of the theaters, operas etc., during the day trying to get her paper work in order. The embassy lost all of Pauline's paper work anyway we had great trials with getting everything in order and permission for her to enter the U.S. The day before we were scheduled to leave London, I was returning from the Hyde Park Chapel running to catch bus #52 and I was hit by a car as I ran by a drive way. The driver was very much in the wrong according to English law. I wasn't run over but thrown about ten feet and hit again. The second time I saw the car coming and it only hit my hands but the first time he hit my right side. I didn't think I was hurt, it only scrapped the skin on my side and hands. Later as I boarded the bus the shock hit me and I felt sick all over and started to shake etc. The next day I could hardly move and we were to leave for the U.S. Satan had put just about every known stumbling block in our way as possible. But finally, Pauline was permitted to board the airplane. She was told they would send her back when she arrived in New York because her name and passport numbers were not the same and we didn't have the time to send them back to New Zealand to be corrected etc. Upon arriving in New York I started to explain the problem with Pauline's papers and the Customs Officer looked at her papers and said to her, "It looks like you have had a real hard time with your paper work, welcome to the United States of America". What a blessing this was. We left London 28 November 1962 aboard a Pan American Air Lines flight and had trouble in Iceland for

several hours so we were late arriving in New York. The airlines we had tickets on for Las Vegas had left and had reduced their flights to three times a week instead of daily. We couldn't redeem our tickets and not another airline would honor them so we had to spend $266.00 more to catch a United D.C. 8 flight from New York, to Chicago, to Las Vegas. Arriving in Las Vegas at night then seeing it during the day was quite a change for Pauline. Since our home was still occupied we had to stay with Ivins and Thirza at Henderson, then a few days in Utah before we could move into our little home at 6300 Brandywine Way.

We have been blessed with three beautiful children, Darrell Rangi Jones born 29 October 1963, Lena Roka Jones born 3 November 1965 and Selina Aroha Jones born 4 October 1971. I could record much that has taken place during the past 18 years but better limit it to three or four special events.

We have made three trips back to New Zealand which have been great events and experiences in our lives. Most of Paulines friends from London have come to this country or Canada since she arrived here. Just a brief note President John F. Kennedy was shot and killed about 11:00 a.m. our time in Dallas, Texas 22 November 1963, along with a patrolman J.D. Tippett and Governor John B. Connelly was wounded.

Our first trip to New Zealand was on 17 December 1964. Pauline , Darrell and I left Las Vegas on a T.W.A. Boeing 707 Jet for San Francisco, California. It sort of seems odd to me to head north west to arrive 10,000 miles south but as the earth is round that is the shortest way. We flew a Quantas 707 V Jet to Hawaii, then to Fiji. In Fiji we had to change planes to a turbo prop somewhat slower because New Zealand hasn't completed their new air field for jets. We arrived in Auckland, New Zealand 19 December 1964. You lose a day going down under. From Auckland, New Zealand we flew by a small plane to Napier near Paulines home. New Zealand is very green. It is mid summer in December and it is hard to realize since we just left mid winter in Las Vegas.

Beautiful trees and flowers every place. Many of the trees, shrubs and flowers I have never seen before. It is just like being in a new world to me. I was so excited with my new movie camera, I took nearly a roll of film with the cap on the camera lens. I don't usually admit that I make mistakes. I must give a brief account of my first greeting by Paulines people. Not knowing what to expect and not understanding any of the Maori language, it was quite an experience for me. We were met by several of the family at the airport and taken to the old home where her mother and father still lived. We or I had to be accepted on the ground and finally into the house by the old Maori custom. The old people and those that still understand and speak the language began to chant, sing, cry etc. As each child in the family was accepted into the house I stood at the gate. Pauline and Darrell were finally accepted back into the family as they finally allowed me to enter the gate and gradually approach the house. All this time they are going through the native custom of chanting and really receiving the feeling of the spirit concerning what type of person you really are. Once they feel good inside about you, then you are accepted by them. It is something you have to experience to appreciate. Once they accepted me I was treated like a king among them. I received the first and best of everything. It is an experience that cannot be reduced to writing.

As we handed out what few things we brought for the young people mainly, they were very amazed at some of these items such as the talking toys etc., which many hadn't seen before.

As I attended Church the next day many things impressed me. The beautiful singing by everyone and everyone was dark headed and I was the only red head and wore a crew cut among those who generally had long hair. I never saw so many people turn and look at me before. I really was odd because I took my cowboy hat for shade and no one wears a hat like that in New Zealand. Pauline wouldn't be seen with me because I

stood out like a sore thumb.

23 December 1964, Pauline's brother Guff took me for an airplane ride up to Hamilton where the temple is. His flight instructor went along and they flew up to take another fellow and I went along for the ride. We had a pleasant flight up and back landing at several locations. However, coming in at Hastings Airport, (just a cow pasture no real run way), Guff thought he was to low and was going to hook the fence with the wheels and tried to lift again but lost air speed and we dropped about ten feet to the ground. What a thump. We nearly turned over. They are still flying antiques anyway with very little power etc. Anyway, no one was hurt just a little shaken.

Christmas Day the entire family got together and had what they call a hangi. They dig a hole and place stone all around it then build a large fire and heat the stones or rocks. Then they put meat, vegetables, pudding etc. in the pit then cover it with burlap, then dirt and let it cook for hours. It makes a great feast. I had to eat a little of everything, much new to me such as the sea foods etc. I was asked to bless the food, about 50 in attendance. Most of the men and some of the women have their extra entertainment by drinking. Most of the young people go swimming at the beach on Christmas.

I went to the races the next day with some of the men at Palmerston North. They love to gamble. It really makes me appreciate my membership in the Church, some 40,000 attended the races.

We did some traveling and sight seeing for a few days. I caught my first 5 pound trout with a fly rod at Lake Taup. Anything under 15 inches you have to put back. We caught 24 beautiful trout all between three and five pounds at Lake Rota Aire. We went sight seeing to Routorua where all of the steam, mud holes, power plants etc. are. We went to one area where the earth shakes like a tea kettle lid all of the time. They tried to cap some of the steam in this area but it is so hot it melts the steal pipe. It is like a major earth quake going on all of the time. You can hardly get in and out of the car because of the motion, very scary to me.

Upon leaving Auckland, New Zealand, we flew Canadian Pacific Air to Fiji then onto Hawaii where we spent a few days. We flew United Air Lines from Hawaii to Los Angeles then T.W.A. to Las Vegas.

Our first child Darrell Rangi Jones was with us on this first trip. He was born 10:05 p.m. Tuesday 29 October 1963, 7 pounds 1 ounce 20¾ inches long.

Lena Roka Jones our second child was born 7:30 p.m. 3 November 1965. She was 6 pounds and born at the Women's Hospital in Las Vegas, Nevada.

We purchased the Susan B. Leavitt house in Veyo, Utah 23 April 1966 for $3500.00.

I was set apart as the Elders Quorum President of the Las Vegas 14th Ward 31 January 1965. The Alta and Jones Chapel was dedicated 1 May 1966 by El Ray L. Christiansen. We constructed the building with donated labor. I had a major responsibility as the Elders President and also placed in charge of the landscaping and sprinkler system.

We took a second trip to New Zealand 26 August 1967. This time we flew to Tahati, then to Auckland, New Zealand. I tried driving on the left side of the road and I must say it is a bit confusing at intersections the first few times. 6 September 1967 we got a permit to go see the Gannet Birds. This is one of the two places they are found to nest. Pauline's dad took us as far as he could in his old Model A car. We spent a few days in Wellington and Parirua visiting with Pauline's friends. We took in the Blossam Festival Parade in Hastins, the Maori concert in Mapier and a big New Zealand football game. 19 September we went up to Hamilton and went through the New Zealand Temple, then onto Auckland. We left New Zealand on NAC D.C. 8 for Hawaii. Coming back you get to live the same day twice. We left New Zealand at 9:00 p.m. Wednesday 20 September 1967 and arrived in Hawaii at 7:20 a.m. Wednesday 20 September 1967 but you lose a day going the other direction. In Hawaii we went to the Church College, Temple and Cultural Center and drove around the entire island.

After going through the Hawaiian Temple, I have been to all the Temples in the Church as of this date 21 September 1967. After visiting the Zoo, the large shopping center and Waikiki Beach for a couple of days we returned to Los Angeles by Pan American, then to Las Vegas by Western Airlines.

16 December 1967 I had quite an experience taking Bob Bowler up to Veyo to his dad before he passed away. We were having a bad winter snow storm and all of the public transportation or I should say bus service to Utah had been stopped so I decided to try and take Bob up to see his dad. I still had our 1962 Rambler Station Wagon and we were still traveling the old road up over the mountain. Anyway, going up Utah Hill two trucks were stuck. One was trying to pull the other out and they had the road completely blocked. One off the road and one cross ways in the road. Just as we arrived upon the problem the chain broke allowing us to go between the two trucks and I think we were the only car for sometime that got through until the snow plow arrived. Cars were stranded all along the road but we never had to stop and finally made it.

Coming back people thought I was crazy because it was snowing so hard the wind shield wipers wouldn't move the snow so I just stuck my head out the window and kept moving. They closed the road completely just after I got over the hill. The Rambler didn't have enough power to spin wheels so it went well in the snow. Lewis W. Bowler of Veyo, Utah died 18 December 1967 and buried 21 December 1967 at Veyo.

25 August 1971 I recorded a very unusual dream and also told Pauline about it. In fact it came to me several times that night. Not really understanding the dream but it was so real. I saw a large group of people in the back ground, all of them dressed in white temple clothes. None of their faces were visible to me since we were all looking in the same direction and they were some what in the back ground. Then my Dad appeared in front of me life size dressed in his temple clothes. We had just returned from a visit with my dad a few days earlier, but nothing seemed to make sense to me. But the dream was so real and it wouldn't leave my mind the next two days. Then came the word two days later 27 August 1971 that dad had been hit and killed by a car, I understood the dream. For the next time I saw him he was dressed in his temple clothes. I have received several other dreams about my father since that time, but some think I am crazy so I will not record these events here. I recorded much about many of these events, but I will only make a few comments that I recorded in my journal.

Darrell our son at only seven years of age has a touch of softness about him. At the funeral he sat next to me and I wondered what his feelings really were. Did he really understand what the funeral was all about and death etc. at his age?

Several times during the service tears dropped from his little eyes and this really touched me. Do children really understand? I am sure the spirit touched Darrell on this occasion. Lena didn't seem to be so touched, but she is a sweet loveable child that brought much joy to grandfather. She would hug and kiss him and sometimes tease him.

Salina Aroha Jones was born 1:33 a.m. 4 October 1971, 6 pounds 12 ounces, 20 inches long. She was born feet first and looked badly bruised and swollen about the face and neck so she had to remain in the incubator in the hospital because of these other problems for a few days.

Our third trip to New Zealand started 19 December 1974. We left Las Vegas on a Western Airlines 720B Jet. We boarded an Air New Zealand D.C. 10 Jet and after waiting for one and one half hours we were told it was to foggy to take off so we spent the night in the Marriatt Hotel in Los Angeles. Because of this, we arrived late, missing our connecting flights and arriving nearly a day and a half late in New Zealand. We stopped in Hawaii, Nandi, and Fiji. We spent a couple of days in Auckland before traveling down to Hastings by car. We had a very enjoyable stay as usual in New Zealand. I will make one brief note about one of my experiences.

As usual when we are in New Zealand,

Pauline's entire family trys to get together because it is usually Christmas time. Most of them show up and the numbers are increasing with 16 children and two sort of adopted boys. They were partly raised with the family. To make a long story short, one of these boys, now a man in his 50's happens to be an Apostle of the Rotna Church. Which is one of the two Maori Churches which most of the older Maori's belong to. His name is Joe Retti. I was talked into attending one of these religious services where the Apostle speaks in Maori and recites the family genealogy by memory etc. After speaking for sometime, I was sitting there trying to figure out what was going on. Pauline's sister was partly translating for me when to my surprise she said to me, "the meeting has been turned over to you." I said, "what do I say or do?" Being one of the three adult Mormons present with a large group of Rotna's, a few Jehovah Witnesses and a few from other Churches. What do you say without offending someone? I was told that the old people will nod their head if they approve of what you say and if they don't nod their head you're in trouble. Anyway, I was blessed by the spirit to say what needed to be said, for this I am grateful. The Lord will never let you down, if you try and put forth a little effort on our part.

Coming back home the kids wanted to fly on a 747 jet so after arriving in Hawaii on a D.C. 10 we changed our schedule and left Hawaii one day early on a Pan American 747 to Los Angeles. We had major car problems in Hawaii and missed several of our planned entertainment at the Church Cultural Center anyway. We arrived back in Las Vegas on a Western 737.

Just a few more brief comments that may be of some future interest. I was released 15 August 1976 as the Stake Clerk of the Red Rock Stake. 29 August 1976 we agreed to purchase our home at 6129 Jones Circle by putting down $10,000.00 to hold it until we sold our home at 6300 and 6301 Brandywine Way. We put 27,000.000 down and took over payments of $164.00 per month.

I have had several minor accidents the past few years such as: A bad dog bite on the lower left leg punchering an artery, a broken right arm, a broken toe, several smashed and broken fingers, a few cuts and bruises but generally I am in good health and fairly fit for my age in this day and time. I have accomplished very little as far as the world is concerned. My financial standing among men would be considered poor but what little I have made I have earned. And to my knowledge I owe no man, save for our house and we have sufficient for our needs.

Darrell is presently starting his last year of high school along with classes at the Community College.

Lena is starting the tenth grade at Bonanza High and Selina is in the third grade at Redrock Elementary School.

PAULINE BABY SULLIVAN JONES

Pauline Baby Sullivan Jones wife of Vernon W. Jones was the fourth child of sixteen children. Pauline was born 21 April 1934 in the green country of Hastings, New Zealand a far cry to the desert country which was to be her home after marrying Vernon. Her parents, Daniel and Selina Sullivan of Hastings, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand were descendents of the Maoris. The Lamanite brothers who left the shores of America under the leadership of Hagoth of the Book of Mormon and settled in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Now after all these years ironically it's like coming back to the continent of Pauline's inheritance to raise a family. Sullivan is Irish and Pauline's mother was a Higgins, so there is an interesting assortment of genealogy families to trace, as well as the Maori. As you would not expect the Maori is much easier to trace even though their history and genealogy was handed down religiously from father to son by word of mouth, each one memorizing every relative and historical fact. Until of course to these modern days where some history has been recorded. Pauline's grandfather Fred Sullivan was famous throughout New Zealand for his knowledge of his people. New Zealand being part of the British Commonwealth has an excellent educational program and is free to all its citizens up to University level. English was taught in the schools and Maori was taught at home by the parents to the children. It doesn't take long for all New Zealand children, (Pauline was no exception), to learn their own history as the Maoris arrived there in the 1400's and the white men discovered New Zealand in 1642.

Naturally, every child learns of other countries and their desire to travel overseas is realized at a very young age. They have this as a goal to seek after in their late teens. It was at age 17, Pauline sought after and received a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and she thanks her mothers sister for that. Pauline didn't become a member of the Church until she was 21 years of age because of family disapproval.

Pauline at the age of 21 traveled by ship for 6 weeks from Australia almost across the world stopping off in England, but living and traveling through Europe for 18 months. Vernon was stationed in Germany with Uncle Sam while Pauline was living and working in another German city. Their paths were not to cross then however. It was not until Pauline was settled in the exciting city of London in 1961 working and struggling to take singing lessons. A talent which she used and enjoyed sharing at her church meetings very much, then Vernon entered her life. They met through going to the same Ward for M.I.A. one evening. Pauline was 2nd Counselor in the Stake YWMIA. It was a friendship that after a year of correspondence and getting to know each other would blossom into an eternal commitment.

Pauline's spiritual dad, who just happened to be, the Mission President in London area was President Marion D. Hanks. After talking over her proposal from Vernon with him, he approved whole heartedly. 10 November 1962 in the Hyde Park Chapel, London, England, Vernon and Pauline were united in their civil ceremony by President Marion D. Hanks, such a beautiful occasion. As is the custom in England they were also married by the official from the English Government, minutes after the cultural hall. Then and

then only the beautiful sealing was performed in the London Temple. Our dear friends from St. George, Utah, Brother and Sister Frank Holland stood in for our parents and drove us to the Temple which made it so very very special. They were serving as work missionaries in the London area.

Three times, a marriage ceremony was performed in one day. Something to be remembered in later times! Vernon and Pauline Jones. Even though President Eldon Tanner who was head of the European Mission for Genealogy told Pauline personally he could give Vernon a job right there in London working for the Genealogical Research Committee, Vernon declined the offer. His heart was here in the U.S.A. and he had been away long enough. Maybe too, the pay which would have been approximately $30.00 a week didn't appeal to him either. So Pauline always anxious to see the promised land of America, but still with mixed feelings of leaving a city she had grown to love, left London with her sweetheart to start a new life in Las Vegas, Nevada.

This page was written by Pauline and I (Vernon) typed it this morning 30 August 1980.

ELLIS WILSON and EVA COTTAM JONES
FAMILY - Update to June 1986

VERNON'S FAMILY:

Vernon and Pauline are living in Las Vegas where both are active in the church. Their youngest daughter, Selina Aroha, is 14 years old and attends school in Las Vegas.

Their daughter, Lena Roka, married Bradley A. Wosik 17 January 1983 and they live in Las Vegas. They have a daughter Crystal Marie Wosik born 17 January 1983.

Son Darrell Rangi is living in Hawaii and is employed as a real estate salesman.

VERA'S FAMILY:

Vera and Emerald live in Boulder City Nevada, where he is employed in the electrical generating field. Vera is serving as Relief Society President. They own property in Veyo and spend weekends there when possible.

Julie Seitz is living in Provo, Utah where she works as an assistant to an oral surgeon.

Nancy Seitz is married to Brian Shepherd and they live in Henderson, Nevada, where he is serving as counselor in the Henderson 2nd Ward Bishopric.He also teaches Seminary. They have three children: Rebecca Ann born 13 August 1981 in Orem, Utah; Scott Brian born 6 March 1983 in Orem, Utah; and Kyle Warren born 16 December 1985 in Boulder City, Nevada.

Andrew and Debbie Seitz are building a new home in Mesa, Arizona. He is employed at Sperry Flight System in Phoenix. He is serving as one of 7 Presidents of Seventies. They have four children: Ryan Andrew born 1 August 1977 in Mesa, Arizona; Nicholas Lawrence born 7 April 1979 in San Jose, California; Carrie Ann born 17 December 1980 in Mesa, Arizona; Todd Emerald born 19 April 1983 in Mesa, Arizona.

Shelley and Pat Stanworth live in Oasis, Utah. They have three children: Jennifer Lynn born 31 August 1973; Andrea born 11 November 1976; and Brent Wesley born 6 January 1978.

HEBER'S FAMILY:

Heber and LaRee live in St. George, Utah where he is a teacher at Dixie High School and LaRee works at McArthur Jewelers. They keep busy working in the Scouting program.

William (Will) enters Dixie High School in the fall of 1986. He has won scholastic honors and is outstanding in the scouting and athletic fields, including the following awards. He won first place at the Southern Region at the Hershy Track Meet and will compete on the State level in July 1986. He plays football and is a center on the 9th grade basketball team. In the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades he had the highest score in the history of any student in Washington County, he also received 1st place in Region in Foreign Language competition in 1986. He is Senior Patrol Leader of Scout Troop 402 and will receive his Eagle Award in 1986. His project is a flagpole monument for the East Section of the St. George cemetery. Will is an accomplished oil painter and has won 1st place at the Utah State Fair.

Robert Wayne (Robby) is an honor student at Dixie High School, and serves as a member of the School Activities Committee. He developed two First Place winning Science Projects in Regional Competition, winning a trip in 1985 to Sheepart, Lousiana, and in 1986 a trip to Fort Worth, Texas. He is captain of the J. V. Basketball team, was a starter player in offence and defense on the J. V. Football team. He has just been

selected to be a starter on the Dixie High School Basketball team. He will begin his junior year at Dixie High Schol in the fall of 1986. Robby is an Eagle Scout with three Palms.

Walter Paul (Walt) returned from his mission in Seattle, Washington. He has attended a year at Dixie College and graduated in June 1986. While at Dixie College he served as Elders Quorum President of his College Ward. He is a full time employee of Moore Business Forms, St. George, Utah. He plans to continue his education at Southern Utah State College in Cedar City, Utah in the fall of 1986.

Thomas Kelly (Tom) since returning from his mission in Manchester, England, he has attended the University of Utah graduating in June 1986. He is a licensed Medical Technologist and works in the Special Chemistry Lab. at the University of Utah medical center. Tom spends his spare time driving to St. George and working for the Washington County Recorder as a Plates Man. He is the first Licensed Codasfer in the State of Utah.

Donald Heber (Don) married Jean Heideman of Toquerville, Utah, on 19 June 1982 in the St. George Temple. He had fulfilled a mission to California, Los Angeles. He spent much of his mission in Hollywood, where he met many movie stars and became good friends with the Osmonds. Don graduated from the University of Utah with a Masters Degree in accounting. He apprenticed with two Big-Eight Accounting Firms and is now a licensed C.P.A. Since their marriage, Don and Jean have lived in Las Vegas, Nevada and at present are living in Richmond, Virginia. Jean is a graduate of BYU and teaches school. Don teaches early morning seminary. Jean is 1st counselor in Primary.

IVIN'S FAMILY:

Ivins and Thurza live in Henderson, Nevada where he works, but are looking forward to living full time in their retirement home in Veyo where they now spend as much time as possible. Daughter Jennifer is married to Darwin Troy Leavitt and they live in Las Vegas, Nevada. Jennifer is a trained medical assistant and her husband works for the telephone company. They have one child: Jami (a girl) who was born 10 November 1983.

Eva married Jerry Lee Reece on 20 December 1980. They live in Mesquite, Nevada where he is employed in construction, on remodeling the bridge on Interstate 15 near Littlefield, Ariz. Eva is a graduate of Evans Beauty College and is presently working at the Peppermill. They have two children: Dusty Joseph born 10 April 1982 and Lacey Star born 3 May 1984.

Ann and Brandy Wharton reside in Mesquite, Nevada where he works in construction and she at the Peppermill. She is a graduate of Evans Beauty College. They have three children: Carlee born 1 November 1977; Jake born 10 June 1980; and Zachery Ivins born 10 January 1984.

Jeffery lives in Mesquite but spends as much time as possible in Veyo, Utah. He works in construction and has not yet found Miss Right.

ALMA'S FAMILY:

Alma is finishing his work in Hawthorne, prior to joining Barbara and Mike in southern Utah for his retirement, which is typical of the Jones family wanting to return to Utah.

Mike is enjoying school work at Pineview High School and works after school at Harmons Grocery Store. His 70 Camero and motorcucle are his pride and joy.

Oldest son Steven Jones' untimely death on May 24, 1984, was a shock to his family and friends. This loss along with the loss of his sister, Margie, seems difficult to understand.

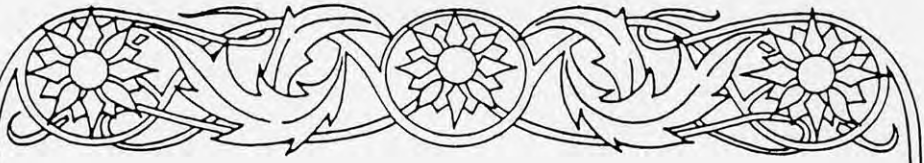
Carol Jones Lynch is now married to Rocky McKellip and has two children: Gregory Lynch and Billy Lynch.

Richard Petty lives in Hawthorne, Nevada where he is employed. He has two little girls, Juenita and Jennifer Petty.

Jerrald Petty lives in Hawthorne, Nevada where he works for D.C.B. He has five children: Joy, Candace, Jerrick, April and Gaybra.

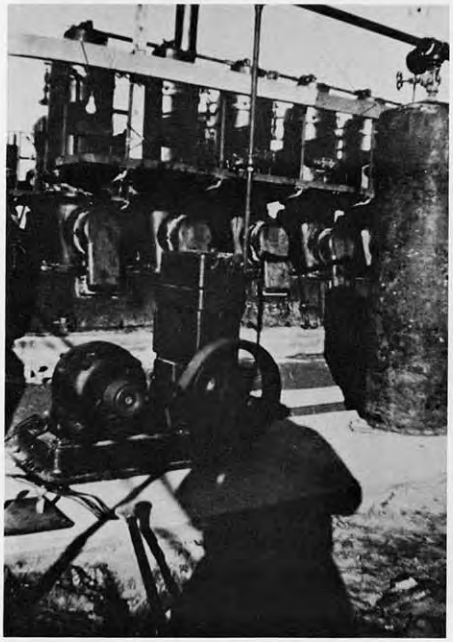
Kenneth Petty is living in Salt Lake City, Utah and has a son Jermiah Todd Petty.

NOTES

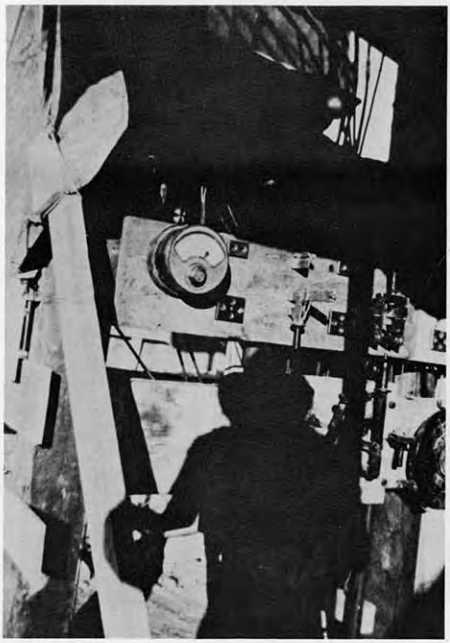


Clarence Amos Jones Family

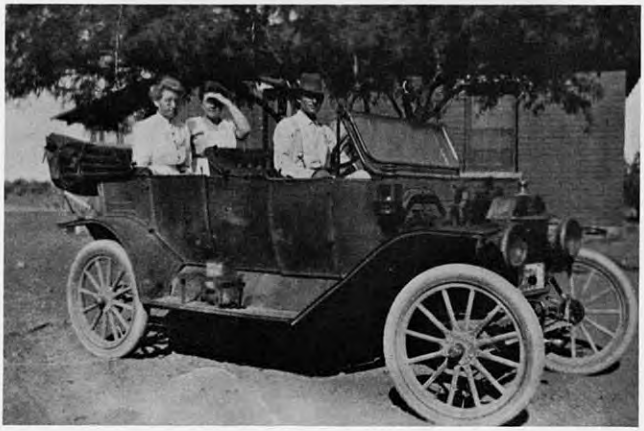
Section III

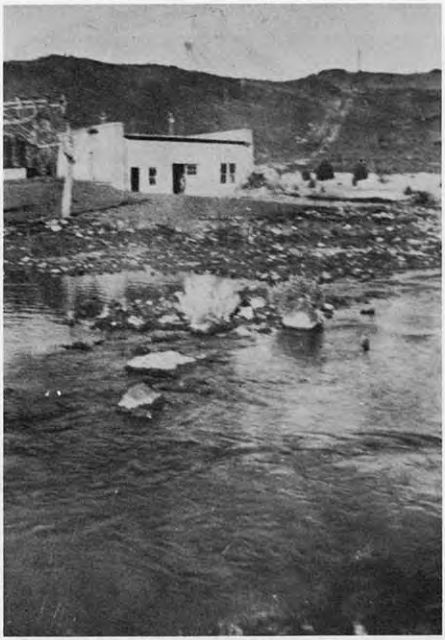


1924 Old Time Diesel Plant
in Cedar City, Utah
Clarence helped install equipment

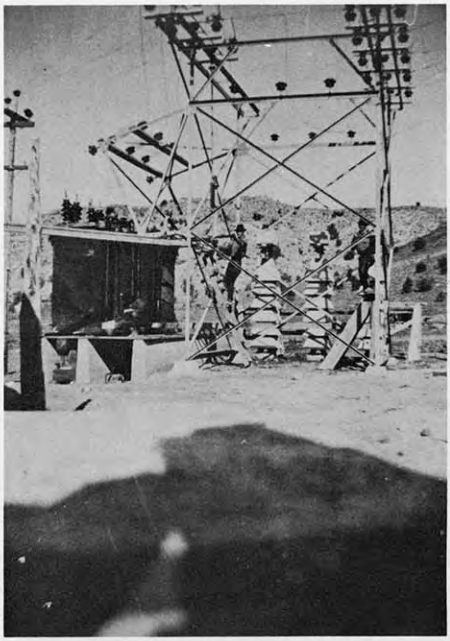


1924 Dixie Power Company
First diesel plant in Cedar City, Utah





#3 Plant 1927



Vaughn and A.J. Jock, #3 1928



Madge, Acil, and Clarence



Plant #4, LaVerkin, Utah
September 1, 1929



Plant #4, LaVerkin, Utah
flood September 2, 1929





Clarence Jones (on left)
World War I



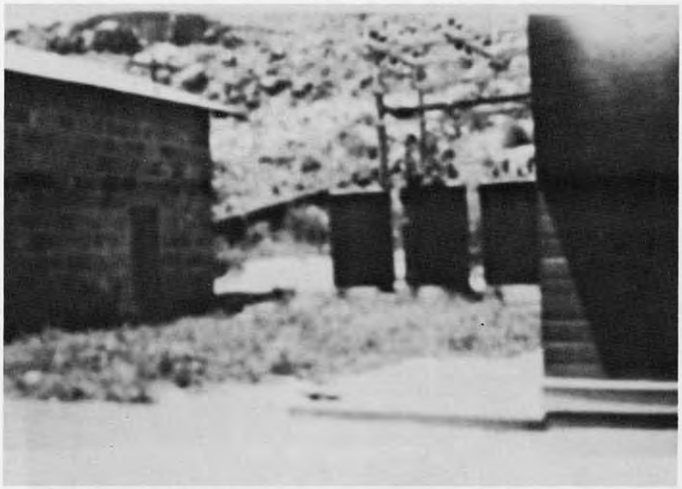
Clarence Jones
World War I



#4 Hydro Plant, LaVerkin, Utah



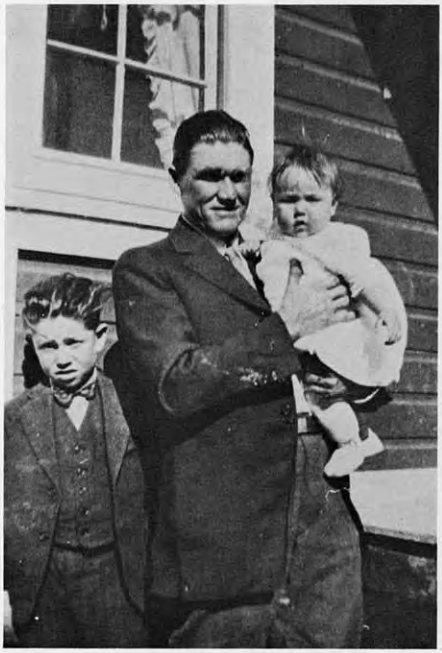
Canal to Hydro Plant #4
LaVerkin, Utah



#2 Hydro Plant above Veyo, Utah



Jack Neilson and Vaughn Jones
#3 Hydro Plant, 1928



1927 #3 Plant House
Clarence, sons: Acil and Grant



1927 #3 Plant House
Madge with sons: Acil and baby Grant



Madge with baby Wayne, #3 Plant House



Sylvia, 5 weeks old, 1929



Sylvia holding Wayne



Clarence's family at Overton, Nevada
Wayne, Clarence, Grant, Madge, Sylvia, Acil



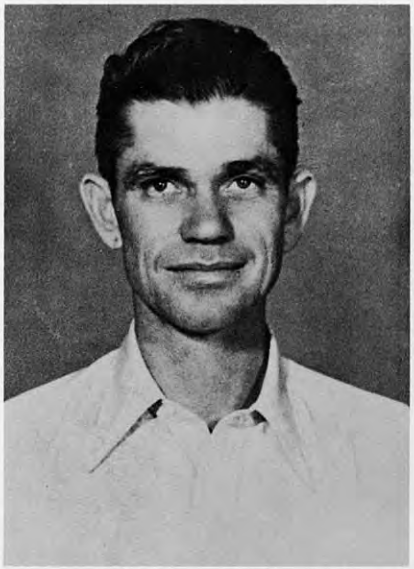
September 1929, Grant, Sylvia (5 weeks old)



Clarence holding Wayne, Sylvia (standing)



Acil, Grant, Sylvia
Plant #3 House



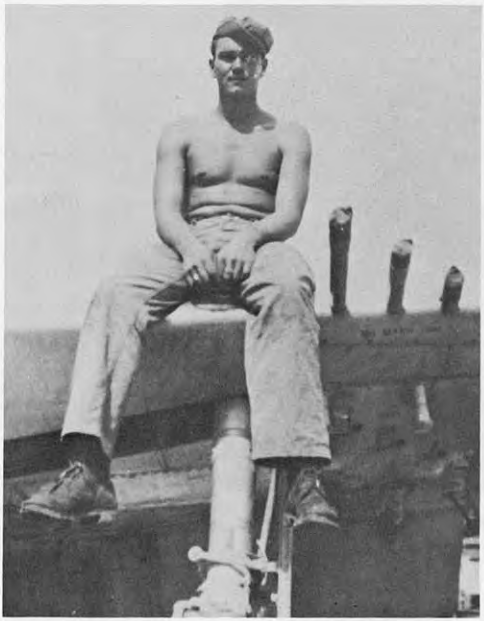
Acil Jones 1948



Barbara and Acil Jones



Acil's family taken the day they were sealed at Temple.
Colleen, Darwin, Kaye, Barbara, Clair



Grant Jones (World War II)



Rose and Grant Jones



Grant Jones, Okinowa



Quinn and Sylvia family 1969



Grant, Sylvia, Wayne



Grant and Rose family group
Karen Ence, Sandra Stout, Kathy Excell,
Aaron Jones, Marlow Jones, Grant and Rose, Melanie Jones



Melanie, Kathy, Sandra, Karen,
Marlow, Grant, Rose, Aaron



Clint Ence, Lynn Excell, Grant Jones, Aaron Jones, Dennis Stout, Marlow Jones, Karen Ence holding Travis, Kathy Excell holding Nathan Ence, Rose Jones, Melanie Jones, Sandra Stout, Orion Stout



Elma and Wayne Jones



David Allen Jones



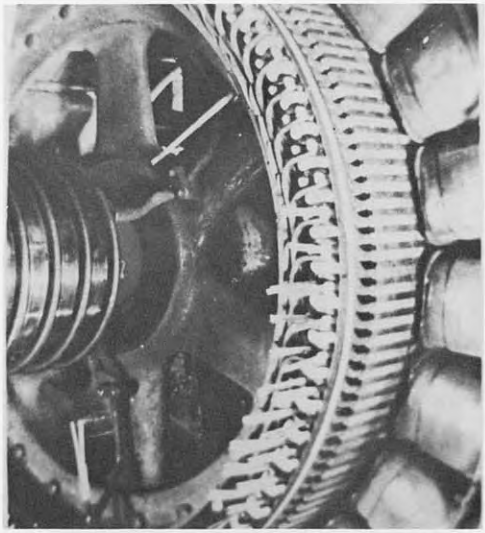
Brent Jones wedding reception



Wayne Jones right-bottom row with other Scout leaders



Wayne Jones (on left) with Scout leaders



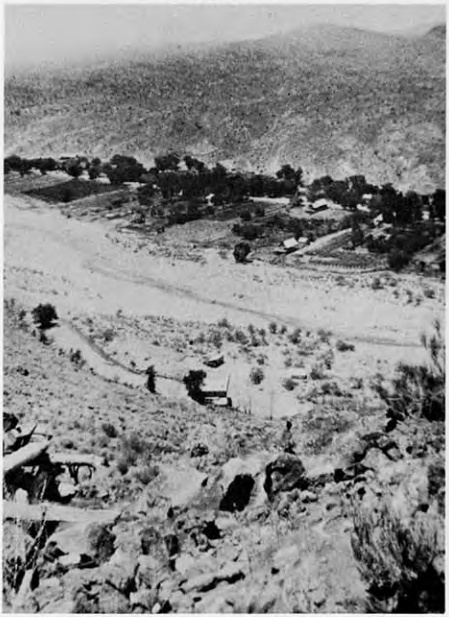
Water wheel during construction of Plant #3



Wayne Hyrum Jones
Elma Workman



Acil Clarence Jones
Paris 1944



New #1 Plant, Gunlock
June 1928



Jon Darwin Jones



Old #1 Power Plant on Santa Clara River
between Gunlock and Veyo

Clarence Jones Family



Jon Darwin Jones Family
Justin, Becky, Camille, Darwin
(not pictured: Jodi, Melissa, Mathew)

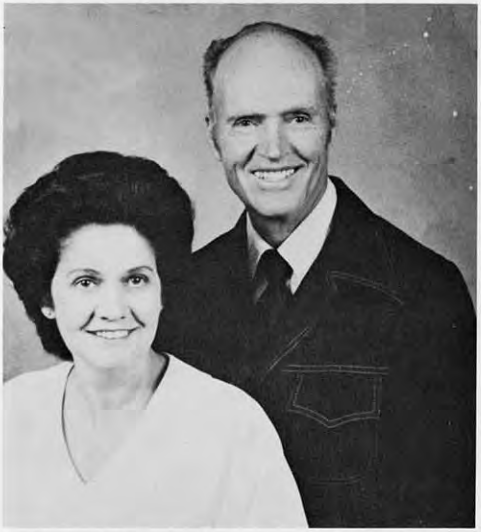


Roma Kaye Jones and Jack Holt Family
Back row L to R: Troy, Cory, Kevin, Kaye, Jack
Front row (sitting) Jackie, Heather, Nathan, Hollie
Standing: Heidi Marie, Jennifer

Clarence Jones Family



Quinn and Sylvia Jones Chamberlain Family
Back: Ryan Quinn Chamberlain
Madelyn Chamberlain Liston
Curtis Hans Chamberlain
Clarence Ferl Chamberlain
Front: Quinn and Sylvia



Sylvia Jones Chamberlain and Quinn Chamberlain
39th wedding anniversary picture taken
July 1986 (anniversary September 23, 1986)

Clarence Jones Family



Vance and Annette Jones Bishop Family
Annette, James, Sheena, Vance



Justin Bishop (son of Annette and Vance Bishop)

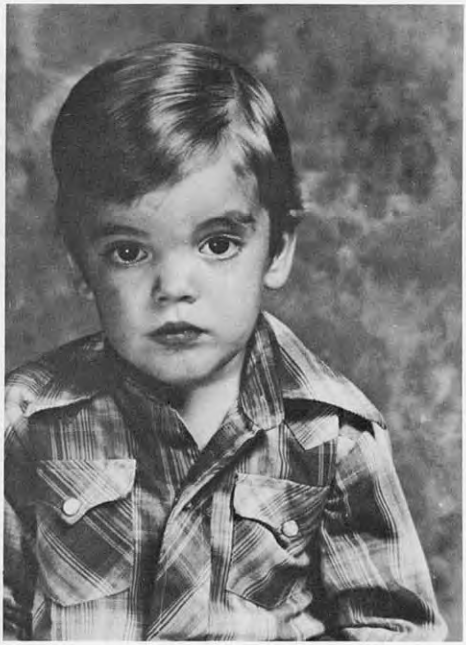
Clarence Jones Family



Curtis Hans Chamberlain Family
Tiffany, Curtis, Trent, Bonnie Banks Chamberlain

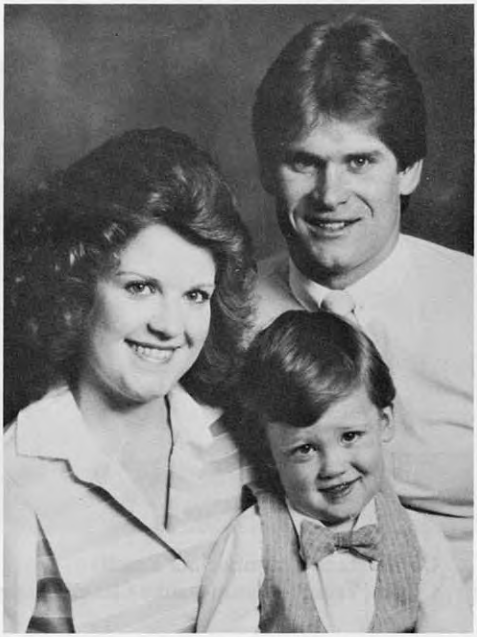


Tiffany Chamberlain



Curtis Trent Chamberlain

Clarence Jones Family



Shanna Sullivan Jones, Christopher Richard Jones,
David Alan Jones



Jenna Lynn Jones (David and Shanna's daughter)



David and Linda Kaye Jones Holdaway Family
1984
Back row: Royden, Charlene
Center row: Royal David, Linda Kaye, Kaylisa
Front row: Toni, Randy Wayne, Keri



Ronald Kay Stratton and Sue Ann Jones Stratton
1986



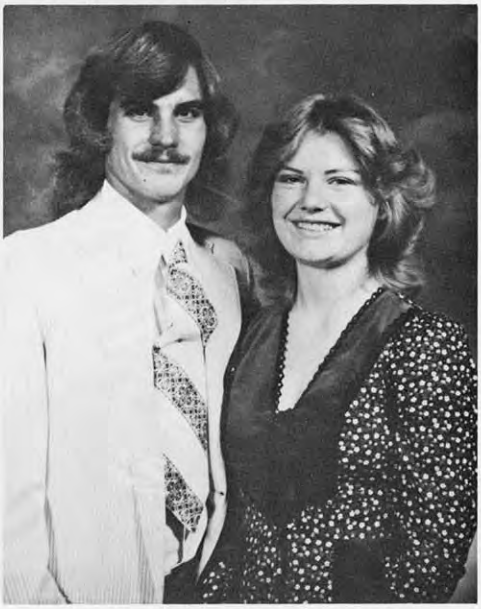
Shawn and Jacquelyn Holt Hurley (Jackie)
(Shawn's genealogy ties into our Hunt line)



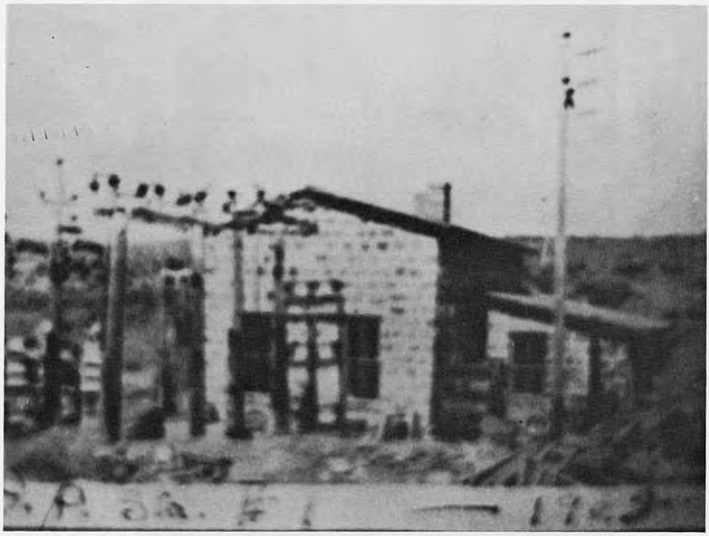
Cassi Jones and Brent Jones
May 1986



Elma Kaye Workman Jones and
Wayne Hyrum Jones 1985



Ferl and Tina Louise Bringard
Chamberlain



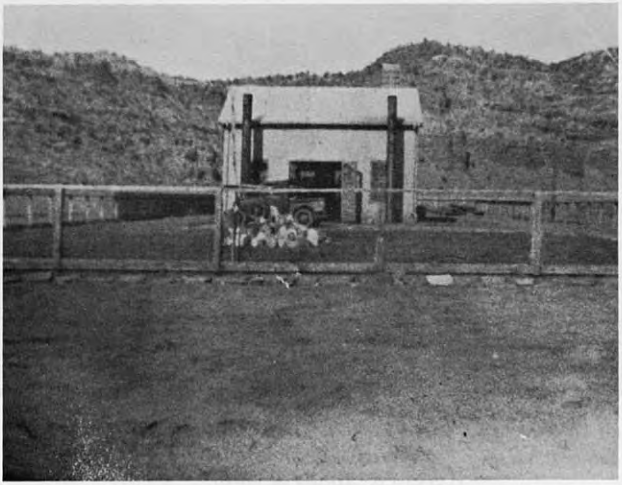
Old Number One Power Plant on
Santa Clara River 1922



Clarence or Ellis Jones on horse
Vaughn Jones in front
Hyrum E. Jones at right
Notice brand on horse "HY" 1923



Madeline and Clarence Jones



Kanab Plant



Clarence A. Jones



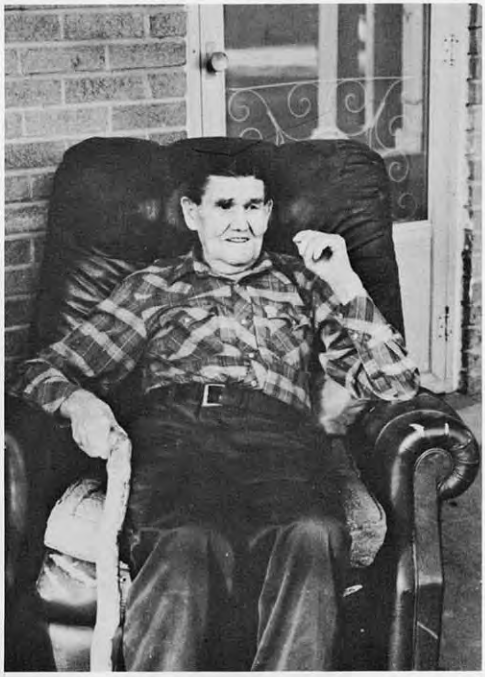
Madeline and Clarence Jones



Clarence Jones 1983



Clarence Jones 1983
Holding Teresa Ann Jones
Daughter of Karl and Jewel Jones



Clarence Jones 1983
Walking stick that served
as a guide, a shovel, hoe, etc.



Clarence and Madge Jones 1981



Clarence and Madge Jones 1983
With Kristi Jones (Karl and Jewel's daughter)



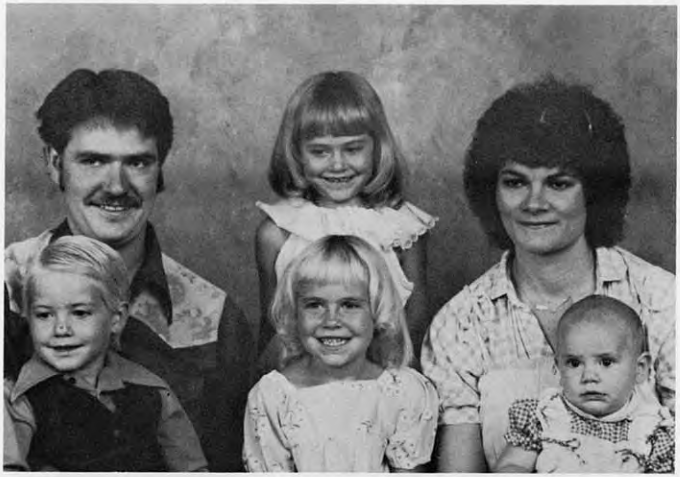
Shilo 4, Sheridan 7, Tyree 4 months
Ferl and Tina Louise Chamberlain children



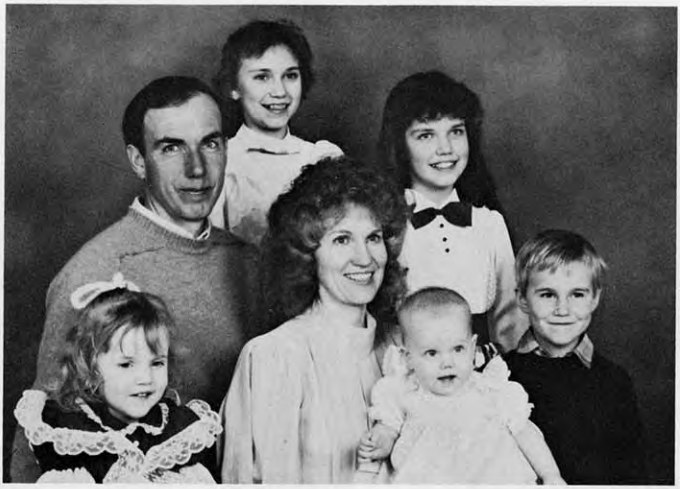
Tiffany and Trent Chamberlain
Children of Curtis Chamberlain



Clarence and Madge Golden Wedding
Madge with corsage, Clarence on right



Ryan and Karen Chamberlain Family
Ryan, Amber, Karen
Michael, Kimberly, Nichole



Larry and Madelyn Liston Family
1st row: Lacy, Madelyn, Melinda, Spencer
top row: Larry, Heather, Brooke



Elma Kaye and Wayne Hyrum Jones



Elma Kaye and Wayne Hyrum Jones
1981

Clarence Jones Family



Karl Wayne and Jewel Jones Family
Back row: L to R: Scott 10, Karl
Front: Jeffrey 8, Kristi 4, Jewel holding Teresa, Eric 6

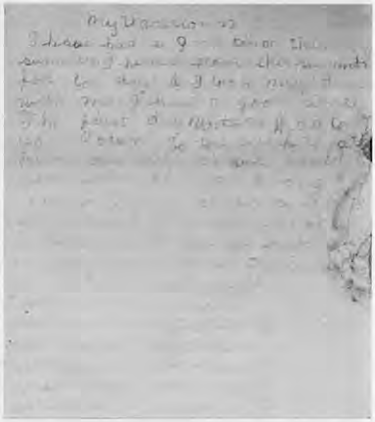


Grandma Madge with Teresa Ann Jones
(daughter of Karl and Jewel Jones)

Clarence Jones Family
Note book found in Pine Valley Chapel building
written by Clarence Jones in 1908



Cover

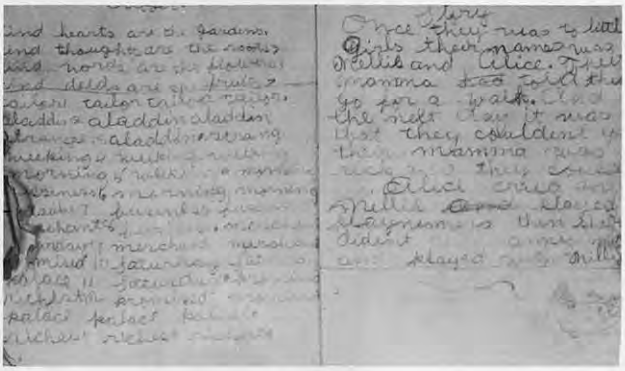


My Vacation

I had a good time this summer. I herded stears this summer for too days. I took my dinner with me. I had a good time. The first day we had to go down to the crek to eat our dinner so we could get water. It was a long ways. Three of us were there at a time. there was six of us. Three of us would have to stay and herd them then the others stayed.

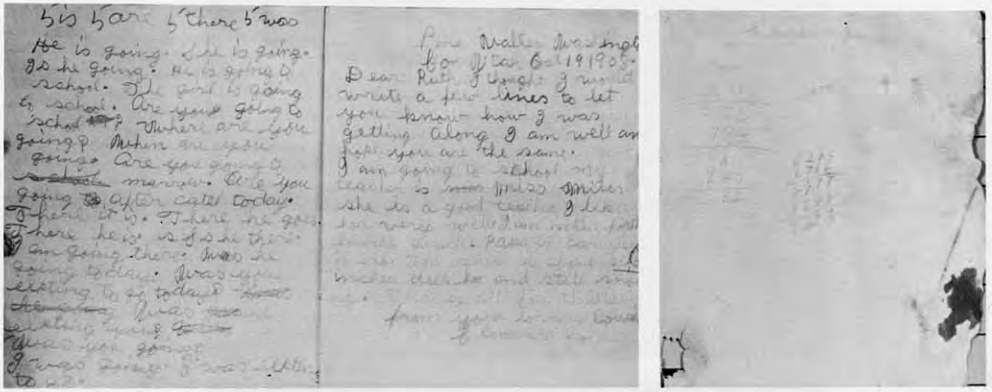
October

Kind hearts are the gradens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.



Story

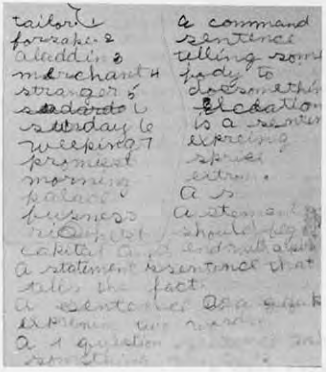
Once they were to little girls Their names was Nellie and Alice. There Mamma told them go for a walk. And the next day it was so that they couldent go their Mamma was sick and they could. Alice cried and Nellie played playnenners then she dident cry anny more and played with Nellie

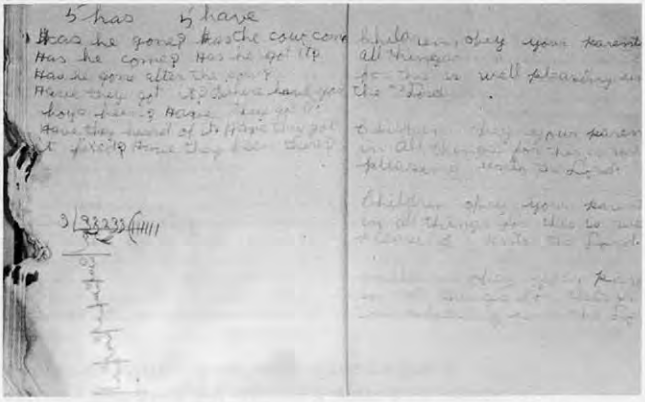


Pine Valley Washington
Co. Utah Oct. 19 1908

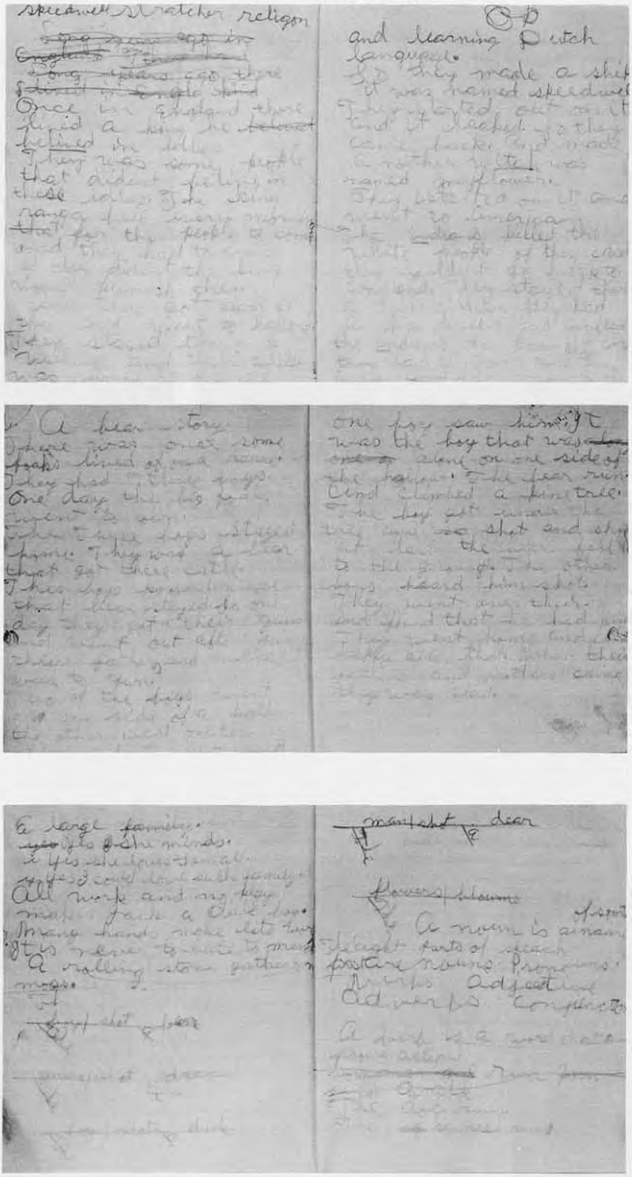
Dear Ruth I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how I was getting along. I am well and hope you are the same. I am going to school my teacher is Miss Miles she is a good teacher I like her very well. I am in the fourth grade. Papa is carrying mail. The snow is six inches deep and still snowing. That is all for this time.

from your loving cousin
Clarence Jones

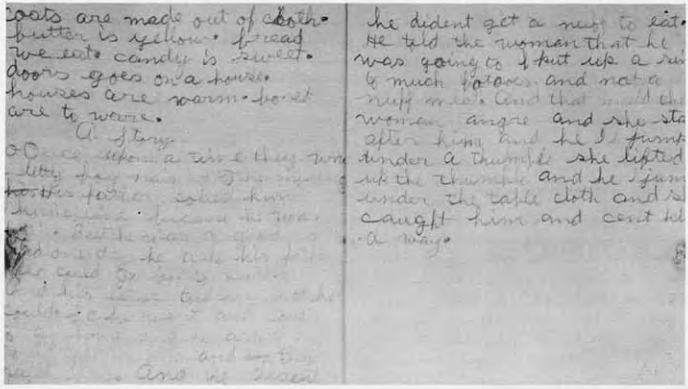


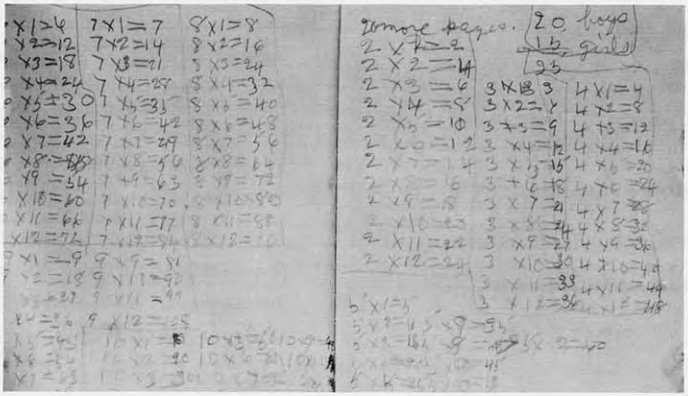


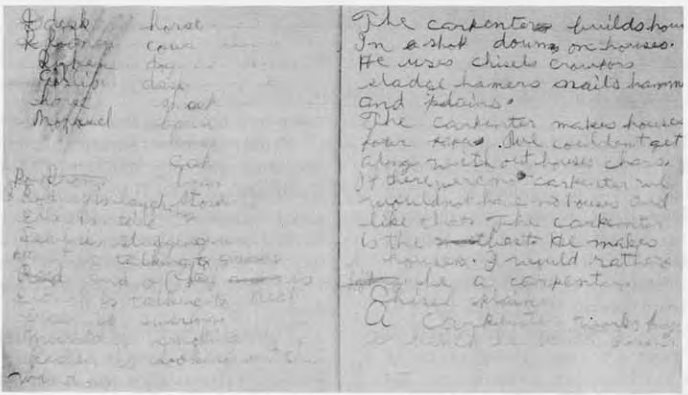
Children obey your parents in all things
for this is pleasing to the Lord.



A large family. Yes she minds yes she loves them all yes I could love such a family All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Many hands make lite work. It is never to late to mend. A rolling stone gathers no moss.







There are many more pages of school work

In Loving Memory Of:

CLARENCE AMOS JONES

April 16, 1897 - October 14, 1983

Services

St. George LDS Stake Center
Monday, October 17, 1983 - 1:00 p.m.

Pallbearers

Brent Lee Jones
Karl Wayne Jones
Aaron Lloyd Jones
Darwin Jon Jones
Marlow Grant Jones
Clarence Ferl Chamberlain
Curtis Hans Chamberlain
Ryan Quinn Chamberlain

Honorary Pallbears

David Allen Jones

Compassionate Services

10th Ward LDS Relief Society

Services

Prelude & Postlude Music.....Risa Cox

Officaiting.....Bishop Steve M. Heaton

Family Prayer.....Alvin Jones

Musical Selection.....Violin Solo
By: Irene Everett
Accp. By: Mary Ellen Gonzalez

Invocation.....Karl Wayne Jones

Remarks.....Bishop Steve Heaton

Tribute.....Jon Darwin Jones

Speaker.....President James A. Andrus

Vocal Duet....."In The Garden"
By: Evonne Stephens & Sylvia Ence
Accp. By: Risa Cox

Speaker.....President Kay Wilkinson

Vocal Solo....."I'll Walk With God"
By: Mary Dawn Cox
Accp. By: Risa Cox

Benediction.....Ryan Quinn Chamberlain

Interment.....St. George City Cemetery

Dedicatory Prayer.....Jake Jones

CLARENCE A. JONES

ST. GEORGE — Clarence Amos Jones, age 86, died Friday, Oct. 14, 1983, at the Dixie Medical Center. He was born April 16, 1897, in Gunlock to Hyrum Ellis and Nancy Jane Hunt Jones. He married Madaline Empey on March 28, 1918, in the St. George LDS Temple.

Jones served in Company C 47th Machine Gun BTN in the U.S. Army during WWI from 1918 to 1919. He worked in the Apex mines and worked 25 years for Dixie Power Co. and three years as manager for the Rural Electrical Association. He also worked on all of the hydro plants. He was employed for 21 years for the City of St. George and retired in 1967. He was secretary of Sepditch for 15 years and president for four years.

Family members include his wife of St. George; two sons and one daughter: Lloyd Grant Jones, Hurricane; Wayne Hyrum Jones, La Verkin; Sylvia Jones Chamberlain, Cedar City. Two brothers: Alvin Jones, St. George, and Jake Jones, Washington. 20 grandchildren; 53 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by one son, Acil Clarence Jones.

Funeral services will be held Monday, Oct. 17, at 1 p.m. at the St. George LDS Stake Center on Bluff Street. Friends may call at the Metcalf Mortuary Sunday evening from 7 to 8 p.m. and on Monday from 11:30 to 12:30 prior to services. Interment in the St. George City Cemetery.

Clarence Jones Family



Wayne Jones Family



Colleen Jones Ackley Family
Front L to R: Colleen Jones Ackley, Christopher Curtis Ackley, Jere Wallace Ackley
Back: Curtis Hopkins Ackley II, Curtis Hopkins Ackley III

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL
ARMY AND NAVY
Young Men's Christian Association
CAMP KEARNY, CALIFORNIA

Camp Kearny
Nov. 16, 1918.

Mrs. Martha Chadburn:

Dear Sister, I recvd another welcome letter from you and was glad to hear from you again.

I am getting along fine now, getting fat every day, but I would like to be home.

I dont have any idea when I will get home maybe for Xmas and maybe not for 6 months or a year.

Help your Country by Saving. Write on BOTH Sides of this paper

In reply to file #7

4

lately? If you have give me his address I got two letters from him yesterday and lost them both so I dont remember where to write to. He is getting along fine. His division has gone across but he didnt have to go.

He is gaurding prisoners now that we a good job but if one happend to get away it would go hard for them.

I havnt been doing anything today. But we are still drilling pretty lively.

9

There is a big chance of me going across yet I guess. I saw in the paper this morning where the ones in France that had been sick and wounded would be about the first ones home. I think it's fair to let all that went first come back first. George ought to be back right away. He sure has had a time of it. I got a letter from him the other day.



NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL
ARMY AND NAVY
Young Men's Christian Association
CAMP KEARNY, CALIFORNIA



3

They might let most of the married men that has got any work go before long yet.

I hope everybody is over the flue there by now and quarantine is lifted then it will be.

I have been worried about Madge all the time lately & know she has been sick for a week now.

Have you got a letter from Ellie

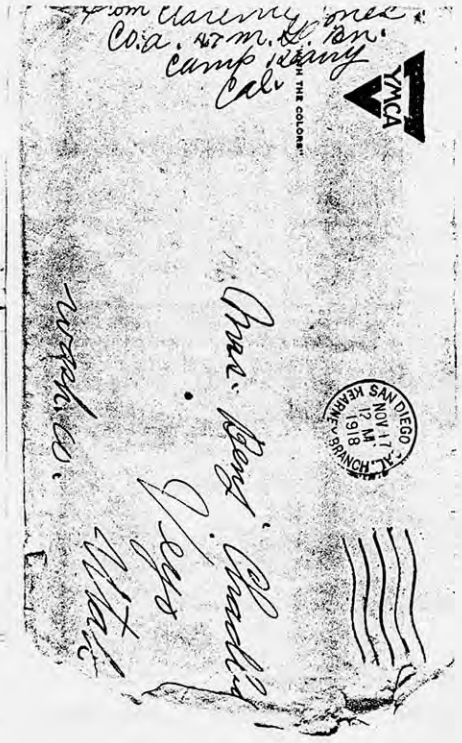
Help your Country by Saving. Write on BOTH Sides of this paper

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL
ARMY AND NAVY
Young Men's Christian Association
CAMP KEARNY, CALIFORNIA

5

I sure would like to get back and take care of my horses and things I guess Pa has his hands full now.
I will have to close for this time write soon from your loving brother Clarence.

Help your Country by Saving. Write on BOTH Sides of this paper



Recollections and Reflections of
FATHER - CLARENCE AMOS JONES

Information given to daughter of Clarence Amos Jones, by him, in the spring of 1975. Recollections were taken on recording tape soon after his heart attack, and he felt he had lost a lot of history and accurate remembering as a result of his attack and long recuperation.

The baby born April 16, 1897, to Hyrum Ellis and Nancy Jane Hunt Jones at Gunlock, Washington County, Utah was named Clarence Amos Jones. The "Amos" being after an Uncle on the Hunt side of the family and also a Great-Grandfather Amos Hunt.

Clarence had an older brother Ellis Wilson Jones and later three younger brothers, W. Vaughn Jones, Alvin Jones and Joseph Jones. Joseph lived less than an hour after birth.

Clarence lived the first few years in Hebron, Washington County, Utah, while his father was engaged in farming and also hired out for wages.

(Hebron was a town where you leave the road to come towards Enterprise Reservoir). Only old trees and a grave yard mark the place now. Dads grandmother is buried there and in August 1979, a headstone was placed on her grave to replace the old one which was there. The Jones organization paid for two headstones out of funds left from previous donations toward genealogy work. The other headstone was placed in Gunlock on William Ellis Jones' grave. Clarence's grandfather.

Hebron was a town with about 20 families living there. One church for all and one school house. He remembered going to school with Ellis.

Clarence lived in Hebron with his family until he was around five years old. He remembers one vivid fearful night he spent alone in the bottom of a wagon bed, at "Mountain Meadow". His father and an uncle Art Westover, a returned missionary, from the Southern States Mission had taken him with the wagon and team to Gunlock and on the way back the wagon bogged down in some mud at Mountain Meadows. The two men thought Clarence was asleep, so left him taking the horses and went to find something to wedge the wagon out of the mud with. Hours later the men did return to a very scared young feller--being only about three and one half years of age at the time, every noise, all the old stories of Mountain Meadows, and being left without a word from the men, seemed like a life time spent there waiting for someone to come back for him.

About November 1902, an earthquake hit Hebron. There were only three houses left standing after the quake. They happened to be built of lumber, whereas all the others were of Adobe baked bricks. Clarence's great grandfather had been an adobe brick maker, furnishing bricks for Leeds, Pine Valley, Hebron and Gunlock. The quake was felt as far south as St. George, as some of the chimneys toppled there.

Dads home in Hebron was a four room house with a porch and it was reduced to rubble and he remembers his grandmother and mother carrying Vaughn out while he was still in his high chair as the bricks were falling around them. Vaughn must have been about two and one-half years at the time. No one in the town was hurt and they all stayed the night in the wood houses left. After the quake many of the different families moved down to Enterprise. The

Hyrum Jones family went other directions. They went to Holt's Ranch - about seven miles West of Enterprise, where they spent the winter. They also rented a ranch from Charley Foster. The Baker Farm, up the creek - where Baker Dam is now. They lived there during the summer. They also lived in Pine Valley, and Clarence remembered his first and only store toy, a "cane gun" his father bought him from the store. He would put a cap inside of it then throw it hard to the ground and it would make a loud pop noise when the cap went off.

Clarences mother was sick most of the time after the birth and death of Joseph, and times were very tough on his father, as he had to work every minute to pay people to take care of his ailing wife and the family. The family moved around a bit. Clarence remembers attending school at Modena, Gunlock, and Pine Valley.

His mother died in Gunlock when he was about nine years old, on June 12, 1906. His grandmother Hunt had been looking after and helping the family.

After about one and one-half years his father re-married in Gunlock, he married Aunt Mary T. Hunt. The family had now grown with the additions of Martha, Beatrice and Evelyn. Later two more additions enlarged the Jones family -Velma and Jake.

Clarence was sent out to work the first summer after his mothers death. He was about nine and one-half years of age. He spent the summer in Grass Valley hoeing weeds for Mr. Westover. He was worked pretty hard from dawn to dark milking, hoeing, and other tasks.

Then his dad moved him down to Gunlock to stay with Lyda Holt. She had just lost her husband and that turned out to be one of the best homes Clarence could remember after his mother died.

The family moved to Modena where freighting teams were driven for B.J. Lund Co., to all of the close towns around.

At about ten years of age he was up at "Saw Timber" trimming limbs when he fell on some rocks. He landed on his arm and wrist. It was bent out of shape for many months and he could remember the terrible pain he had and he couldn't use it for a long time after that.

While Clarence was at Modena a young man herding sheep who was from Cedar, by the name of Thorley, was so homesick and lonesome he talked Clarence into going out to the herd and staying with him. They left without notifying anyone and when he did finally get home the family was all praying for him. He was about eleven years of age at this time.

The second summer after his mothers death he lived at Gunlock but hoed weeds at the Jim Tullis ranch, which was located just above Gunlock. He would stay at the ranch during the week - then go back weekends to Gunlock.

He hired out to harrow lands, and whenever anyone had hay to haul he was expected to be there, if not for pay or trade for free. He had a good reputation of being a good worker.

Clarence was called to work at the #1 plant and he and his brother Vaughn lived together batching it at Veyo or Crow Field (the forks of the creek between Gunlock and Veyo)

Plant #1 was where the meeting of Clarence and Madaline Empey, from St. George took place. Altho Madaline had been in Modena cooking at the Modena Hotel for quite some time the two had not met until both worked at the #1 plant.

Madaline had gone with Fern Kenworthy, also from St. George, to the plant to cook for the men there.

The episode and stories and happensings at the plant will need to be written in other chapters of the history of Madaline and Clarence Amos Jones.

Clarence Amos Jones and Madaline Empey were married March 28, 1918, in the St. George Temple.

One "funny" happened when the two applied for the license because dad was a little bit short of being of age. Grandpa Hyrum had to write a note and send so the couple could get the license.

During the fifty-eight years of their lives together from 1918 to the year 1976 when

this account was written, much history has been recorded. Not any one of their children, all married and with families giving them twenty grandchildren, nor the great grandchildren can claim the hardships of pioneering, homesteading and interesting living that Clarence and Madaline Jones have lived.

Children of Clarence Amos and Madaline Empey Jones:

Acil Clarence Jones (born) 12, May 1919, St. George City Utah, married Anna Barbara Tobler born 21, April 1922, in Overton, Nevada. Married 20 December 1940 at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Children born to them: Clarence Acil Jones, 24 March 1943 - Las Vegas, Nevada. Roma Kaye Jones, 25 April 1946, St. George, Utah. John Darwin Jones, 3 May, 1949, St. George, Utah. Colleen Jones 13, July, 1955, St. George, Utah.

Acil Clarence and Barbara Tobler Jones sealed in St. George Temple March 29, 1958. Acil - died 25, March, 1957.

Grant Lloyd Jones, born 21, August 1927, St. George, Utah, married Rose Jeffery born 13, May 1930, Delta, Utah; married 4 August 1949, St. George Temple.

Children born to them: Karen Dawn Jones 7 October 1950, - St. George, Utah. Sandra Lyn Jones, 23 December 1953, St. George, Utah. Kathy Rose Jones, May 15, 1959 - Cedar City, Utah. Melanie Jones, May 27, 1962, St. George, Utah. Aaron Lloyd Jones, Feb. 24, 1964, St. George, Utah. Marlo Jones, January 16, 1969. Sylvia Jones born August 13, 1929, in St. George, Washington County, Utah, married Quinn Chamberlain born July 20, 1921, Orderville, Kane County, Utah; married in St. George Temple on September 23, 1947.

Children born to them: Ryan Quinn Chamberlain, born October 4, 1949 St. George, Utah. Madelyn Chamberlain, born June 25, 1952 - Cedar City, Utah. Clarence Ferl Chamberlain, born March 9, 1954, Cedar City, Utah. Curtis Hans Chamberlain, born May 19, 1958, Cedar City, Utah.

Wayne Hyrum Jones born January 19, 1932, St. George, Utah, married Elma Kaye Workman born October 20, 1931, Hinckley, Utah married January 4, 1951, St. George Temple.

Children born to them: Karl Wayne Jones Born October 11, 1951 - St. George, Utah. Linda Kaye Jones born September 7, 1953, St. George, Utah. Brent Lee Jones born November 23, 1957, Cedar City Utah. Annette Jones born April 7, 1959 - Cedar City, Utah. David Alan Jones born August 16, 1963, in Cedar City, Utah. Sue Ann Jones born February 14, 1968 - Cedar City, Utah.

A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER & MOTHER

By Sylvia Jones Chamberlain

Some time between 1975 and 1979, I started to jaut down little pieces and bits, that mother and dad would remember. Prior to that time I had taped what ever they could remember and wanted to tell me.

I had many pleasant hours with them and learned of a lot of hardships, blessings and problems they had faced together through their lives.

Dad's memory is exceptionally good for dates and things that happened through the years and so after I had typed the notes from the tapes - he double checked everything - and we found all of the information was correct as far as he could remember.

Some duplicate information may be in this writing, however, it seemed quite important to my folks as over and over these things would come back to them.

Dad started working at the power plant in 1916 on a full time basis. He worked at plant #1 until he was drafted into the United States Army in World War #1. He was sent to Camp Kerney in San Diego, California. He spent time in army camps and was ready to ship out when the armistice was signed. He remembered he never had a pair of shoes that was his size while in the army, and since then he had always had hurting feet and toes.

Times seemed very good though for my parents - mother always was a good cook and a good help mate to my father. Being the best cook in the world she could always take "nothing" and turn it into one of the most delicious, delectable, delights that anyone would ever see, smell or taste. Mother has earned the name of being hospitable, kind and considerate and one of the worlds best cooks. Everyone has always enjoyed going into her kitchen and enjoying her food along with her warm friendly manner.

When dad bought his first car, it was a 1916 Ford. The lights would go out every bump they would go over, so the folks always carried a lantern in the car for lights at night.

Dad worked at plant #1 before going into the service and after his return he worked for himself doing what ever he could find. He and Uncle Vaughn contracted chopping cedar posts up at Mountain Meadows. Dad and mom went into debt for $300.00 for a building lot, signing a note with the bank. They paid that off while working at odd jobs before he went back to the power plant. He started work in February 1920, at plant #2.

In 1924 dad was put in as manager over the district operations for the power company. Dad and mother moved to Hurricane in 1934 and was over that division until 1940. He was manager for 16 years for the power company.

When mother and dad were married, their friends held a party for them, one that they were sure never to forget. After the party their friends tied bells, pots and such noise makers around and all over dad's body and marched him all over St. George. When they finally got him back he had a rope tied around his neck so tight and was black in the face from it choking him. Blood was running down dad's white shirt and my grandfather Empey jumped up and cut the rope off dad's neck.

Dad remembered his brother Ellis, being the oldest child was really hit hard when their mother died. He could not adjust as easily as the other children. Uncle Vaughn

and Uncle Alvin were taken care of by grandmother. Dad and Ellis more or less were left to take care of themselves as there were others to be taken care of.

One story at plant #2 when Alvin was operating. Dad had gone to bed. Bill Gates was working there-and in one of the tents where the company had supplies. A man came in and asked Alvin for a drink. He followed Alvin into the kitchen and when Alvin's back was turned, the man was just about to stab him. Alvin ordered him out of the plant and they watched him all night walk from one tent to another pointing a gun. The next day he went to the bottom of the field and the sherrif came and arrested him.

Dad worked twenty five years for one power company then moved to Overton, Nevada where he worked and was superintendent of Logandale, Overton, Moapa, Bunkerville and Mesquite. This was about the time the Hover Dam was being built. Dad was called upon to go help with the hugh turbo motors. We lived in Overton at the time Mead Lake started backing up. The people made a museum there to hold what ever they could gather up to keep. (the museum is still at Overton),

Dad and mother have always been so ambitious, saving and devoted family folks. Their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren love and enjoy being around them.

My father and mother have gone through some pretty scary, and heart breaking times, but they are still together and doing most of their own taking care of as well as seeing that everyone else has what they need in the family.

They have had a GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, with family and friends attending. They have just passed their sixty first wedding anniversary.

They have 20 grandchildren. They now have 32 great-grand children. In March 1980, on the 28th they will have been together 62 years.

Dad and mother are both in pretty good health but have learned to live with a few health problems over the years.

They can both be proud of the contributions to this great land, and the cities where they have lived. They have both been pioneers in many fields of God's great world.

CLARENCE AMOS JONES
by Rose Jones

Clarence remembers the earth quake in Hebron. He remembers that his brother Alvin was born two days after the quake on November 19, 1902. The next summer Clarence went back to the farm at Hebron with his Father to harvest the hay. His father still owed money on the property but gave it up and Clarence doesn't think he got anything out of it. While there, Clarence fell off the loaded wagon and got a pretty bad bump on his head.

Madge remembers the earth quake. She was living with her parents in St. George and their brick chimney fell down. When she felt the floor shaking she ran to the cellar and hid. Then her Mother called her and her sister, Della, and took them out on the woodpile. Della kept wanting to go on the black hill but big black rocks were rolling off the hill.

When Clarence was between 3½ to 5 years old, he remembers one of their best horses fell into a pit. A lot of men came to help get the horse out.

He also remembers playing with the Barnum kids.

He remembers they had a big celebration when they were going to begin the building of a reservoir up by Hebron. One of his friends, Glen Hunt, crawled through a tunnel and caught an owl. The reservior was built and is now known as the Enterprise Reservoir.

Clarence and Madge first met at Power Plant #1 when she and Fern Bryner went there to cook for the crew building the plant. The first time Madge and Fern went to St. George for groceries Ralph Carter took them in his wagon. On the way back they were so loaded that his team had trouble making it up the hillls.

After that, they took Clarence's team of horses (Dad remembers them as a mighty fine team, but Mom says they were lazy. She and Fern would hit them with sticks and throw rocks at them, especially between Gunlock and the plant. They were kept in Gunlock most of the time and wanted to stop there instead of going on to the plant.) They would come down one night and stay with Madge's folks where the horses were fed. After shopping the next morning, they would head back for the plant. They had to drive up the creek where the roads were bad. The only other road went to Central, Veyo was not settled yet.

Madge and Fern cooked for about 10 or 15 men that summer. The men really liked ice tea, the girls made the tea in a shady spot down by the creek. One day, Mr. Woodhouse (who was the boss) came down while they were making ice tea and pushed Madge into the creek so Fern pushed him in. Later, while they were preparing a meal Mr. Woodhouse put on one of their dresses. So they took his clothes.

Clarence kept coming to see Madge all summer. They would go to Gunlock to the dances. It was a long drive and sometimes he wouldn't leave for home until almost daylight. Madge went back to school in the fall, and the next spring they were married.

While living at #2 power plant, a summer flood filled their house with mud. Madge called Alvin at old #1 to warn him the flood was coming. The mud covered all of Aunt Belle's clothes that were hanging on the line and later they found the wash tub 15 feet up in a tree with a hole through the bottom of it. Later, the power company built a house up on the side of the hill out of the flood path.

While living at #2, Clarence and Madge

liked to go for walks across the creek. One day, one of Chadburn's bulls chased them. They climbed up in an old dead tree that had fallen partly across the creek. They had to stay in the tree for about an hour, until the raging bull became discouraged and wandered away.

Memories of
MADELINE EMPEY JONES

(Given on tapes to daughter by Madeline Empey Jones in the spring of 1975)

Madeline Empey was born November 13, 1898, in St. George, Washington County, of Utah, to Heber Fielding and Josephine Bryner Empey. She was the seventh child born to her parents, being the "filling" between the sandwich as twins Josephine and Heber were first born, then Nellie, Hyrum, Della, and Levi, then Madeline was born ----- followed by ----- Clara, Grant, Edith, Howard, Edward, and Mildred.

Madeline was blessed by Thomas Cottom of St. George.

Home was a huge old house located at about 290 North 400 West, in St. George. Latter the family moved to a main street house, which is still standing, now being used as offices for a car dealership.

Coming from such a large family Madeline learned at an early age of hard work. Everyone had to pitch in and help in every way to sustain the family. At an early age she was out picking aspargrus to sell and at one time earned enough money to buy herself a beautiful doll, the only toy she ever had that was store bought. She went to her sisters party one night and took her doll to show the girls there and they took it from her and threw it around until it broke to pieces.

Madeline would arise at 5:30 a.m. and study her lessons which paid off as she was in high school and graduated with high honors from the school at St. George. She remembered how hard it was for her to march with the students up the steps to class, and so she would wait until after everyone had marched into class before she would accend the steps. She had always had a heart problem and would tire and get out of breath easily.

The first summer after graduation she worked around St. George then went to Modena to help cook at Muldoons Hotel. When summer was over she returned again to St. George and started school, however, money was really hard to come by and so she quit school and went back to work. She earned $1.50 a week for house work from Wally Mathis, and Mable Macfarlane.

Later Madeline was given a job at plant #1 to cook for the crew of men there, and that is where she met Clarence Amos Jones. Madeline spent all summer at #1 plant, along with a cousin, Fern Kenworthy, who also helped cook for the men. The girls were soon found to be a match for any horse play that the men tried to dish out to them. Many stories have been told of the tricks played back and forth from the girls to the workers. All of the workers would get ready every dance night and go to Gunlock. Clarence would drink occasionally, and not being a drinker it didn't take much to go to his head. He would take his fiddle and get out in the middle of the dance floor and show them all how to dance as he did a gig.

One time Fern and Madeline went down to town with Clarence's team of horses. On the trip back they had a terrible time with the horses. They just wouldn't go, so the girls thought they were sick and would take turns leading them up the hill. Madeline would put rocks under the wheels of the wagon so it wouldn't roll back down the hill. It took the girls from daylight to dark to get back.

Madeline and Clarence were married March 28, 1918, in the St. George Temple.

When they went to get the marriage license, Clarence took a note from his father, Hyrum, as he was 19 days short of being of age and he knew he would be given a hard time getting the license. They lived at the Plant #1 until Clarence was called into the army, about September 5, 1918.

Madeline moved back to St. George to live until about February 1919, when Clarence returned from the service. They lived in St. George until 1920, working for himself, then the couple moved back up to the plant and their first son was born May 12, 1919 and was named Acil Clarence Jones.

When Acil was about four years old and they all still lived at #2 Plant there was an awful big flood.. Madeline could hear a loud roar and noise Clarence's brother Vaughn and his wife Bell lived in half of the Plant house at that time too. Bell had just had a new baby about a month prior to this time. The women had finished a big wash that day and there had been a hail storm. They could all hear the roar and Madeline ran to the plant to tell Vaughn to trip the plant as something was wrong. Vaughn ran to the head of the corral and there saw the big flood coming down upon them. The peak was 10' to 15' high with lumber and boards and just everything coming being washed down on the crest of it.

Vaughn ran back into the house which was located on the side hill and told the women to grab the kids and run for their lives. They waded in flood over their knees and Vaughn grabbed a blanket and wrapped around the baby as they went across the big pipe over the gorge as the flood came. Madeline was still standing on the pipe and Vaughn helped her across just as a great big wave came over the pipe and into the plant and into the house and as they ran up the hill they looked back and saw their cow with just its head sticking out of the water going by. The next day they found the tub 25' high in a tree with a hole in the bottom. The Veyo men all came out searching for them and was sure they had all drowned, Clarence was up the ditch and didn't know anything about the flood.

The couple Clarence and Madeline moved to Veyo when Acil turned six and needed to attend school. Living in Veyo they both became active in church and held many positions in the ward there.

Later in their married life they moved to #3 plant between Gunlock and Veyo. There were three houses down there for workers and they lived in the first house as you went down. Their second son was born (Grant) in St. George.

The rattlesnakes were awful bad at #3 -- and after the sun would set at night they would have to stay inside. The snakes would coil right out around the doorsteps and on the lawn. One day there was a great big snake on their front lawn, Clarence cut off its head and just left it laying there for quite some time. When he did get around to burying it he picked it up to show the teeth to Madeline and then went back for the body and when the snakes body and head came in contact together the snake opened its mouth and bit its own body and then crawled all over the lawn.

The couple Clarence and Madeline lived at all three Plants, #1,#2,#3.

Clarence was made Superintendent of the Operations Division, Summer 1934 at Hurricane, Utah. Prior to this time however they increased their family by a daughter, Sylvia, born August 13, 1929, and a son Wayne Hyrum born January 19, 1932.

After 25 years of service to the power company, Dixie Power Company. Clarence retired and the family moved to Overton Nevada where Clarence was superintendent of the *Overton power dist. #5.* The family lived 3 years there.

The family moved from Overton to St. George and Clarence took a job at The Apex Mines Co. and was master mechanic for one year, when the mines closed he was offered jobs in Canada and Mexico for the company but he took a job with St. George City and worked as electrician for twenty-one years until 1967 when he retired.

While in St. George the couple were very active in church and town activities. Clarence was the Secretary of the Santa Sep Ditch for fifteen years and President for four

years putting in and implementing many policies and changes.

Hardships, happiness, loving, and much struggle have pulled the couple through many a bad time. They have the admiration and devotion of all of their children and grand children and great grand children.

A Tribute to My Brother
ACIL CLARENCE JONES
by Sylvia Jones Chamberlain

ACIL CLARENCE JONES was born 5/12/19, in St. George, Utah. He was always a very obedient child to his parents Clarence Amos and Madaline Empey Jones. He was born at Aunt Nellie Harridance's home, a sister of his mother.

Dad and mother always said of all of their children Acil probably had it the hardest - as times were hard and he had to walk or ride his bike wherever he went. They always lived many miles from town when he was a child. Acil had wonderful manners, and was always so refined and had such a good personality. He was always so grateful for what he did receive. He lived away from children his own age so really didn't know anything except an adult world.

Dad told about how Acil would help him patrol lines once a month. Acil would drive the car up the line and let dad out then turn around and head back down and would wait for dad to walk the path following the power lines until he came out at the road again. - which was quite a few miles. Acil was only about eight years old and could just barely reach the gas peddle and see over the front of the car.

Acil was a smart, studious child, being an only child for nine years before Lloyd Grant Jones was born.

Acil married Barbara Tobler in Las Vegas Nevada, just shortly before he was drafted into the United States Army at the time of World War #2. He was shipped to Georgia and was in the special Armoured Division where he received his training. He was one of the first 10,000 men drafted into the service. He was 21 years old.

Acil left the United States of America for active duty and was gone five years overseas.

For one full year our family did not receive any mail or word from him as he was in the high ranking generals staff and they wouldn't let him write home because of the high secrecy material he handled for them. Mother was beside herself and finally asked the Red Cross to check thru on Acil for any information they could obtain about him. The only thing they could tell her was that he must be ok as he was not on the missing in action list.

Acil was first shipped to South Africa and worked his way up to Sicily and on to Germany.

Acil never would write any details of his experiences home to the family and wouldn't tell much even after he did return home. Once in a while he would let out some of the experiences but would not elaborate on them.

One such instance was about when their ship was bombed and he had to go over the side into the ocean. He had to swim quite a way to get to shore and when he finally got close enough to shore to see it, he had to swim through barbed wire. He was cut up real bad and could have received the purple heart at that time.

Another story he told was of how in one of the battles up at the front lines, the company only had canned cheese to eat for five weeks. He was severly injured on his face when one of the cans of cheese blew up as he was opening it one day. He was in the hospital for about three weeks from that injury.

While he was in England he played for the dances. He was a terrific trimpet player and after he returned from the service he was always playing with an orchestra for dances. He could sure make his horn talk and sing.

He made the comment often that he would sooner go back into the Army himself than to see any of his brothers go through any of that, however Lloyd Grant was drafted and served in the Okinawa War.

Acil was in the "Battle of the Bulge". Acil and Eisenhower went into Paris with top secret papers.

When Acil was around Sicily, he was hauling captives, German and Italian, prisoners all the time. On one trip with two prisoners he was in a jeep heading towards base camp with them, when a bomber flew over and the prisoners jumped out of the jeep and started fighting to see which one could get on the bottom in a gutter so that they wouldn't be killed. Acil just stood by the side of the jeep and watched. The horrors of war was on both sides.

He served with General Bradley keeping track of every branch or army, and where they were moved to. He kept up the wall map, moving the pins around, as the different companies moved, so that if any of the generals came in they could see immediately where any army unit was located.

Acil served in Headquarters and Headquarters and worked under General Bradley a four star general. All orders came from General Eisenhower.

Acil told stories about General Patten and how he was sending out scouts through the towns of Sicily so that he could advance up another block or two and Acil was going right on past them and the general, about five miles or more and picking up prisoners and delivering them back to the complex.

Acil returned to the United States and home to Utah after five years of serving in the army. He and Barbara moved to Cedar City where Acil worked for the Southern Utah Power Company. He was soon made manager and transfered to Hurricane for that area.

Barbara and Acil and their family lived in Hurricane until Acil's accident. He was working for the power company at that time. Then the family moved to St. Geoge, Utah.

Acil is buried in the St. George cemetery. His wife now lives in Grantsville, Utah and is a school teacher.

Acil left a good family and good memories for all of his loved ones. He was a good, considerate, compassionate man, and was always so thankful for his blessings.

ACIL CLARENCE JONES

ACIL CLARENCE JONES was born May 12, 1919, at St. George, Utah. His parents are Clarence Amos Jones and Madeline Empey Jones.

The early part of his life was spent at a power plant just East of Gunlock, Utah.

Later his family moved to St. George where he started Junior High School and he finished high school in Hurricane, Utah. He was baptized on June 5, 1927, at Veyo, Utah.

In December 1939, his father Clarence quit the power company and went to work as a superintendent and manager at a power district in Overton, Nevada. There Acil worked for his dad for a few years, and it was while he was there that he met his wife Anna Barbara Tobler. (Her parents were John Henry and Mary Elisabeth Stucki Tobler.)

Barbara was born on April 21, 1922, in Overton, Nevada. She was baptized on May 11, 1930. She attended her school years there in Overton.

Acil and Barbara were married on December 20, 1940, in Las Vegas, Nevada. They had four children: Clarence Acil born March 24, 1943, in Las Vegas, Nevada. Roma Kaye was born April 25, 1946, in St. George, Utah. Jon Darwin was born May 3, 1949, in St. George, Utah. Colleen was born on the 13th of July 1955.

Acil was an electrician and manager at a power company based out of Hurricane, Utah.

He died the 25th of March 1957, at St. George, Utah.

He was sealed to his wife Barbara and their children in the St. George Temple on March 29, 1958.

(an account written by Roma Kaye Jones Holt, First daughter of Acil Clarence Jones and Barbara T. Jones)

CLARENCE ACIL JONES

Son of Acil Clarence Jones and Anna Barbara Tobler Jones)

CLARENCE ACIL JONES was born on March 24, 1943. He spent most of his younger years in Hurricane, Utah. He was baptized on September 29, 1951.

After his father's death in 1957, his family moved to St. George, Utah. He graduated from high school there.

He met his wife Eulene Hoyt Daughtery in St. George at a dance. They were married on February 8, 1965, in St. George.

Eulene was born August 16, 1941, in Kanab, Utah. She was baptized July 2, 1950. Her parents are Rollan Hoyt and Wana Roundy Hoyt, of Orderville, Utah.

Eulene had been married previously but was divorced. She had three children by her first marriage which Clarence adopted on May 6, 1966. Their names are: Doreen Ann born November 7, 1960, in Salt Lake City, Utah. James Lyle, born February 2, 1962, in Merced, California. Rollan Wayne born March 23, 1964, at St. Geoge, Utah.

Clarence worked for the city of St. George at their power plant. On May 7, 1966, he and Eulene were sealed in the St. George Temple along with their three children.

On the 10th of February 1969 a boy was born to them, Acil Bruce Jones. Clarence died on August 5, 1971, near Orderville, Utah. He was buried in the St. George Cemetery.

ROMA KAYE JONES
1st daughter born to Acil Clarence and
Anna Barbara T. Jones

ROMA KAY JONES was born April 1946, at St. George, Utah. She was baptized May 29, 1954 at Hurricane, Utah.

After the death of her father in 1957 the family moved to St. George. She met her husband Jack Berdean Holt during her high school years. They were married November 29, 1963. She graduated from high school in St. George in 1964.

Her husband Jack was born on June 1, 1945, in Cedar City, Utah. He grew up in Enterprise, Utah.

After their marriage they made their home in Enterprise, where Jack went into farming with his father. He later went to work on the railroad as a section foreman and still farmed part time.

On December 5, 1964, they were sealed in the St. George Temple along with their daughter Jacquelyn Kaye who was born on June 10, 1964.

Six more children have come into their home. Troy Berdean born June 24, 1967, Cory Alan born October 15, 1968, Kevin Howeard born July 2, 1971, identical twins born May 12, 1974 - Hollie Ann and Heather Lynn and then Jennifer was born August 23, 1978.

Jack's parents were Howard Adams Holt and Verna Burnham Holt.

JON DARWIN JONES
Second Son of Acil and Barbara Tobler Jones

Jon Darwin Jones was born May 3, 1949, at St. George, Utah. He loved his early life in Hurricane, Utah where he attended his first schooling. After the death of his father, he moved with his family to St. George. He lived in Salt Lake City for a short time, then moved to Cedar City, continueing his schooling there.

When his mother received a school teaching job at Grantsville, Utah, the family moved there. It was here that Jon attended high school.

Darwin was called to serve an L.D.S. Mission to Rhode Island, New England States Mission. He served faithfully there for a two year mission.

Upon his return from the mission field, he attended the University of Utah. He is a member of the Utah National Guard.

Darwin married Rebecca (Becky) Reid on Jan. 4, 1974, in the Salt Lake Temple. He has legally adopted her daughter, Camille, who was born July 29, 1970, in Salt Lake City. He and Becky have a son, Justin Jon Jones, who was born Nov. 23, 1974, in Salt Lake City. Two more daughters has blessed their home: Melissa Margaret born April 2, 1977, and Jodi Ann born May 25, 1980, both in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Darwin is an electronic technician at the Toole Army Depot. He and his family live in Granger, Utah.

COLLEEN JONES

COLLEEN JONES was born July 13, 1955. Her parents were Acil Clarence Jones and Anna Barbara Tobler Jones.

Colleen lost her father at a very young age. She started her school years in St. George, Utah. In the summer of 1963 the family moved to Cedar City - so her mother could finish college. She was baptized on October 6, 1963. When her mother graduated from college she got a teaching position at Grantsville, Utah. Colleen spent the remainder of her school years there.

She met her husband Curtis Ackley there in Grantsville. They were married June 11, 1977, at Wendover, Nevada.

Curtis was born November 18, 1941, in Ontego, New York. His parents are Curtis Hopkin Ackley and Anna Alice Mary Spaford.

Colleen has a boy from a previous marriage, named Jere Wallace. He was born January 16, 1974. Curtis is now in the process of adopting the boy. Colleen and Curtis had a baby girl, Anna Krista who was born July 17, 1978, at Douglas, Wyoming. She died a short time later on July 29, 1978.

Curtis and Colleen have a home in Glenrock, Wyoming. He earns a living as a millright.

LLOYD GRANT JONES
(written by Rose Jeffery Jones)

LLOYD GRANT JONES was born August 21, 1927, in St. George, Utah to Clarence Amos Jones and Madaline Empey Jones.

He spent his early pre-school years at one of the three homes at the Veyo power plant where his dad worked.

Grant spent his early years mostly at Veyo and St. George, Utah.

Madaline, his mother tells the story of how close she had to watch the children because of snakes. One day she heard the sounds of a rattlesnake in the same vicinity as where Grant was playing. She hurried to find him and there he was shaking a play rattle.

Grant remembers Acil who was nine years older than himself, riding his bike or walking on top of the water pipes over the hills to go to school. When Grant reached school age the family moved to St. George, and lived in a little house that Clarence now uses for a motor fix shop.

Later the family moved to Hurricane where Grant attended school until he was ten years old. He lived in Overton, Nevada for the next two years when he was eleven and twelve years old, and attended school there.

When he was twelve years old the family moved back to St. George and he had his first experience of farming as he worked on his dads farm in St. George, Utah.

The first time he drove a car he was too small to see where he was going but determined to try - so his dad gave in and let Grant behind the steering wheel. His brother Acil refused to ride with them and got out and walked. Grant remembers he drove the car and away they went until they met with a tree.

He attended Woodward High School and Dixie High School and in the Summer he worked at the Lytle Ranch at Pioche, Nevada.

He and a friend bought and paid for a car without either of their parents knowing about it. This was while he was still too young to drive and so the parents made them sell the car before they even had a chance to try it.

After graduating from Dixie High School he wanted to join the Air Force but before he could get his parents permission he was drafted in the regualr Army. The 2nd World War had just ended and Acil was home after five long years of being over seas, and Acil said he'd rather go back for another year than to see Grant go.

Soon after being drafted in the Army he was transfered to the Air Force and became an airplane mechanic. He served over seas in Okanowa.

He came home on a ship and spent Christmas Day on it in Frisco Harbor. He was released in January 1946.

Grant returned to his schooling at Dixie College and received a certificate in Auto Mechanic and Machine Shop.

In 1947 he began work at Southern Utah Power Company in Hurricane, Utah. Acil was in charge of the Hurricane Division at that time.

On October 5, 1948, he went to the Dixie College Dorm to meet his brother Wayne's girl friend and Wayne introduced him to her roommates. One of them being Rose Jeffery from Delta, Utah.

Rose and Grant were married August 4, 1949, in the St. George Temple. That

afternoon Grant and Rose's friends and relatives took them for a merry ride in their paint covered car with tin cans and all tied on behind and more cars following. Coming back from Veyo Grant and Rose were put out of the car to walk. The friend and relatives taking off in all the cars. Grant and Rose walked up over the hill and there was their car the keys in side waiting for them. Instead of going back to St. George, they took off for Gunlock and had a nice visit with Grandma and Grandpa Hyrum Jones.

Grant and Rose and her family left for Delta to prepare for another reception the next night, after which they honeymooned by camping out in Pine Valley.

A month after the marriage Rose's mother died (leaving her seven brothers and sisters without parents, as Rose's father had been killed three years earlier in a car accident, which also was believed to have caused the brain tumor which took her mother's live.)

It was over a year later on October 7, 1950 that we were blessed with our first baby girl and she began the process of raising mom and dad. A sweet natured loving little girl named Karen Dawn Jones. Grant and Rose were sure they knew everything about raising children.

Grant worked in the Boy Scouts and also taught 4-H Clubs. He built many little cedar chests and drawers and made lamps out of juniper and red cedar. He had many hobbies including fishing and hunting and prospecting. Just before the second daughter was born he collected gem stones, cut polished and did the silver work for several rings and necklaces.

Sandra Lyn Jones was born Dec. 23, 1953. Rose came out of the hospital depressed at missing Karen's third Christmas. Sandra sencing this cried a lot breaking the couples bubble of knowing about raising children. Sandra soon became a lovable and sweet little girl and has always put everyones wishes before her own.

When T.V. came to St. George and Grant put up a T.V. antena on top of a power pole and the family had TV (the 3rd family to have it) in Hurricane. He took up another hobby of repairing T.V.'s and radios.

It was five-and one half years before another sweet determined little girl blessed their home. On may 15, 1959, Kathy Rose Jones was welcomed with more patience and understanding. She always knew just what she wanted and would only cry when anyone said a cross word, teaching her sisters not to argue and helping bring up mom and dad. When she was a few months old Grants brother Acil was killed in an automobile accident. Melanie, Grant and Roses fourth daughter arrived three years later on May 27, 1962. She was such a good baby Grant and Rose felt they wouldn't have minded at all if she'd been twins. That is until she learned to crawl, then she was into everything. She was always climbing high on everything, and today at seventeen she still has her goals high. She loves to sew and to teach special or retarded children. She has a special nack with all children and hopes to have a Eternal family of her own. One of the things that helped in her setting on goals happened when she was only twenty-one months old. On February 24, 1964, almost fifteen years after Grant and Rose were married they were blessed with their first boy. The power office put a big sign across the office letting everyone know "Grant and Rose have a Boy", and every one knew before even his sisters. He was a special child named Aaron Lloyd Jones. He spent his first day in the air lock then the incubator the fifth day he and Rose went home. A week later Rose called the doctor. He slept four or five hours then would eat and cried for a minute then he was back to sleep. He wouldn't look at anything. The doctor said "teach him". Here Grant and Rose needed all the patience their four daughters had taught them over the years and thus began the process of teaching to look, to move and as he grew they had Melanie show them how to roll over and then each time before anyone picked Aaron up first they had to move each arm and leg and turn him over in the same way Melanie had rolled over. He was over a year old when he finally did it by himself. (Oh what joy) Then started the process of teaching him to crawl again. Melanie crawled and

then would move Aaron's arms and legs the same way. It was the first day of school, when he slowly followed his mother to the front room as she was doing work. He was finally crawling. They were so happy they announced it at the Jones reunion the next Monday, Labor Day. It was such a thrill.

Grant had become the local agent over the Hurricane Division, working thru the Cedar Division. He put in long hard hours every day.

Grant and Wayne bought LaVerkin Creek land and became weekend farmers and learned some of the pioneering of reclaiming the land.

The first time the family went to LaVerkin Creek, little Sandra looked up at Grant and said, "I thought farms had dirt not rocks", and rocks they had and they rebuilt the ditches with pick and shovels.

In November of 1965 Grant went to Chicago to chaperone the 4-H boys who went from Utah. He was still teaching Boy Scouts and 4-H, at the same time. The night he left for Chicago, Aaron said his first words momma and daddy. It was the first time they had left him with some one else and he didn't know anyone.

Aaron learned to walk when he was two years old. This amazed the doctors. Aaron started nursery school and traveled to Cedar with a neighbor who also had a boy his age.

Karen had graduated from high school and was working in St. George. Rose was expecting another child. Melanies teachers heard all these reports from Melanie and decided she was a real story teller. Well she checked up on the fact that Rose was expecting, that she (Melanie) had a sister in St. George working and that she also had a brother going to school in Cedar City, and was made a believer of truth by Melonie when she found that Melonie had told the truth and not a far fetched story.

Marlow was born January 16, 1969. He always said he had three mothers, even tho Karen left when he was a month old, to start beauty college in Cedar, when she was home she and Sandra took him over and took him everywhere. He was really a joy to the family, and taught Aaron many things. When Aaron was eight years old the school gave him a special test which told us he couldn't learn to read. But he already knew how to read, and once he learned something it stayed with him. He was baptized at eight years old and made a deacon at twelve and passed the sacrament, at fourteen he was ordained a teacher. He is now fifteen and likes mechanics and wood work and has many friends.

On August 4, 1972, Grant's and Roses twenty-third wedding anniversary a third son joined their family, - a grown up one this time as Karen Dawn married Clynton Louis Ence of Cedar City. Two years later Karen and Clynton were parents of a cute baby named Travis Ence on June 19, 1974. The first grandchild of Grant and Rose.

On Grant and Rose's twenty-fifth wedding Anniversary Grant ordained Clynton an Elder and Clynton blessed his son Travis - August 4, 1974.

January 23, 1976, Sandra Lyn married Dennis Dale Stout in the St. George Temple and Karen and Clynton and Travis were sealed for time and eternity, at that time to.

July 15, 1976, Karen and Clynton had another baby boy they named Nathan Curtis Ence. He was a peace loving baby.

Orion Dennis Stout arrived on October 24, 1976, a son of Sandra and Dennis Stout.

A year later October 15, 1977, Kathy Rose married Lynn L. Excell in the St. George Temple and at this time all the married family attended the ceremony that day.

This making fifteen years with all boys, the time was for boys still as Dennis and Sandra had another little boy named Troy Duard Stout.

Grant and Rose now had two sons three son-in-laws and four grandsons and it was time for a granddaughter, Jennefer Rose Excell born to Kathy and Lynn Excell on January 11, 1979.

Our lives have been happy and full with many blessings and much to be thankful for.

KAREN DAWN JONES and CLYNTON LOUIS ENCE
(Daughter of Lloyd Grant and Rose Jeffery Jones)

Born October 7, 1950 in St. George, Utah. Karen Dawn Jones was born just before the deer hunt. Was blessed by her father on December 8, 1950. Baptized December 6, 1958, by James Ronald Colman.

Lived and attended schools in Hurricane, Utah. Graduated from Hurricane High School. Moved to Cedar City to attend Hair Styling College. Worked after graduation in Cedar City.

Met Clynton (Clint) Louis Ence at a dance in November 1969. Married in Hurricane on the front lawn of parents home, by Dennis Beatty, on August 4, 1972. Clynton Louis was born on June 11, 1950, in Cedar City, Utah. Blessed on June 12, 1950, by James Heywood, he was not expected to live thus the haste. He was named after his two grandfathers, Clynton Syrett and Louis Ence. He went to school in Cedar City where he graduated from Cedar High School in 1968 and then attended Southern Utah State College for two years.

Karen and Clynton had been married six months when they bought their home, and had many happy hours and some unhappy ones fixing it up and making it a real home.

Clynton works at Coleman, where he is a receiving inspector for the company. Karen works at the Beauty Supply.

Almost two years after we were married we had a prize package which turned our lives for the best. On June 19, 1974, we had our first son Travis Clynton Ence. He was born with bright red hair, at 4:01 p.m. in Cedar City. He was from heaven but his red hair was from "Clints" mothers side of the family. What a hand full he was - he never liked to sleep or eat. It seemed he was always crying.

Eleven days after Travis was born, Clint lost his younger brother Kurt. We were all very upset and our little son could feel this unhappiness and was all the more hard to handle. It was a trying time for all of us, but our son helped us through the rough spots as our love grew.

On August 4, 1974, Clint was ordained an Elder of the LDS Church by my father Grant Jones. Clint named and blessed our son Travis. This all happened on my dads and mothers Twenty-Fifth wedding anniversary and our second wedding anniversary. At Christmas time Travis learned he could move his walker and get the pretty lights and balls off the tree. And at ten months he walked which made him the happiest kid in our home.

On Jan. 23, 1976, Sandra my sister and Dennis Stout were going to be married in the St. George Temple. Clint and I thought we should also mark this date in our book of rememberance so we were married at the same time in the temple and sealed for time and eternity. Then Travis who was then nineteen months old was brought in, he was beautiful in his white outfit and his little face lit up as he saw his parents and grandparents waiting for him. He was sealed to us for time and eternity. My sister Kathy Rose was able to get her temple reccommend so that she could tend Travis in the Nursery before the sealing.

In Cedar City on July 15, 1976, we had another son, Nathan Kurtis Ence. He was named after the angel Nathan and his Uncle Kurtis that had gone to heaven eleven days after Travis was born.

Nathan was an "Angel". He slept at night

ate good and didn't cry very much. What a surprise after his brother Travis. On Sept 26, 1976, he was blessed by his father in Cedar City and his grandparents came from Hurricane to be with him.

"Nate" as we call him had a lot of fun scooting on his tummy and didn't start to walk until he was fourteen months old. Since then both our boys have grown up some, and have so much fun together.

They don't always understand us. We love our boys and try to explain life to them as we learn about it ourselves.

We feel blessed at this time to have our parents to help us. Our church to guide us and our children to love us.

Memories By
KATHY ROSE JONES EXCELL

Daughter of Lloyd G. Jones and Rose Jeffery Jones.

I was born May 15, 1959, in Cedar City, Utah. I weighed seven pounds nine and one half ounces, and was the third daughter of four girls and two boys born to Lloyd Grant Jones and Rose Jeffery Jones.

When I was three my mother and dad brought me home a baby sister. They named her Melanie.

At the age of five I ventured out into the real world and entered Hurricane Elementary as a "Kindergarten Baby".

For the next seven years I attended Hurricane Elementary School. The high points of going to school seemed to be about the middle of May when we had a dance festival and all of the classes preformed in two dances, and so at that time I would always get a new dress, socks, undies and shoes.

When I was five mom and dad brought home my first brother. They named him Aaron Lloyd Jones.

When I was ten I got another baby brother and they named him Marlow Grant Jones.

I graduated from sixth grade and entered the school across the street, good 'ol Hurricane High School, as a seventh grader. I was in Jr. Band and I played the trumpet.

My oldest sister Karen Dawn married Clinton Louis Ence.

In my Junior year my other sister Sandra, married Dennis Dell Stout.

My summers during 7th, thru 11th grades were spent working at the Lamplighter cleaning rooms and earning my own spending money.

In nineth grade I was going with an Indian student by the name of Larry Tolino. His former girl friend Alberta Main was going with Lynn L. Excell. On Senior Administration Day (a day when the seniors take over the school for one day) Lynn taught my english class. During the class he called me to his desk and said, "We ought to drop Larry and Alberta and us get together." I was too embarrassed to say anything so I returned to my seat.

As a Junior and Senior I was a Tigerette. I started working at the local Dairy Freeze in Hurricane. Lynn and his best friend came in alot. Thus we started to date. We went steady during the summer and about Christmas he gave me a promisary ring. On Feb. 27, 1979, we were engaged.

In May 1977 I graduated from Hurricane High School.

On October 15, 1977, Lynn L Excell and Kathy Rose Jones were married and sealed in the St. George Temple.

We bought and lived in a mobil trailer and made it our home.

For a period after our marriage I managed the Sears Roebuck Store at Hurricane.

Lynn became Chief of Police at LaVerkin. At this time we were expecting our first child. At 12:37 a.m., January 11, 1979 our beautiful seven pound-ten ounce little girl was born in the St. George hospital. Her name is Jennifer Rose Excell.

We are now buying our first home, and will be living in LaVerkin, Utah.

(Lynn has no middle name just the initial L so there isn't a period after it. His birthday is September 15, 1956. We were both born in Cedar City and both graduated from Hurricane High School.)

Some Remembered and Some Retold Rememberances

SYLVIA JONES CHAMBERLAIN

I was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah, on August 13, 1929, which was a Tuesday, to goodly parents Madeline Empey and Clarence Amos Jones.

I remember having a good childhood with much love and attention from my wonderful mother and father and being treated like a princess by my good brothers Acil, Grant and Wayne.

I remember just a little of the terrible pneumonia I had when I was about three years old and how tender my mother always was to me, carrying me around on a pillow and staying with me day and night for three weeks, after every doctor in St. George and even the C. C. doctors had given up hope on my living. I remember having my lungs tapped and the terrible hurt when the doctor would hook me up to the pump-to clean my lungs, not being able to breath, or catch my breath for a long time after the pumping was completed. I know it was through the loving attention from both of my parents that I am here today, and their prayers and strength on my behalf.

I received my early schooling in St. George and Hurricane. Dad worked for the power company and after he had 25 years in with Southern Utah and Dixie Power Co. he made a move to Overton, Nevada where he was over the whole division of power down there.

While we were in Overton, we made many trips up to St. George as mothers father Heber Fielding Empey still lived there. I remember Grant and I having our tonsils out at the same time in St. George, and what a wonderful feeling it was to lay in my grandfathers huge brass bed on a feather mattress. Altho it only lasted for a while because I started bleeding so bad the doctor had to pack my nose full of cotton and I was so sick for quite a few days. Grant however enjoyed prompt recovery and was soon out playing.

I attended early grade school while we lived in Overton Nevada. The sand dunes, and irrigation ditches for our swimming hole were the things I enjoyed most that I can remember about my life in Overton. I can still see the sand castles that we would roam around and play in all day long, in my minds eye. Always remembering the caution from mother about sidewinders and staying off the railroad tracks. I still see the little Japenese family of farmers my father would always stop to see down by the "Mead Lake." On one such visit my mother was along and the little Japenese lady offered us all a piece of fresh baked cake-my mother took one look at the flies and messy yard and accepted the piece of cake but would bite off a bit then spit it out in her handkerchief. My mother was and had always been a very tidy, clean person.

My oldest brother Acil was drafted into the service while we lived at Overton. He was among the first of 10,000 men drafted into the second world war. Before he left for the service he and Anna Barbara Tobler of Overton, Nevada were married at Las Vegas.

My family moved back to St. George where dad worked for Apex Mining Co. I attended Woodward High School and graduated, then went on to Dixie High which was combined with Dixie Jr. College and graduated from there in 1946.

During my schooling at Dixie I met Quinn Chamberlain from Orderville, Kane Co., Utah, who was attending school at Dixie to. I decided he was for me. We were engaged

about October of 1946 and were married in the St. George Temple, September 23, 1947. We left the next morning for school at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. During the summer months we would return to Swain's Creek and employment at Crofts Lumber Co. Mill where Quinn was the bookkeeper. During the winter Quinn worked part time at the Grand Central Stores and attended the University of Utah full time. He worked at many part time jobs during our schooling years in Salt Lake. One winter we lived in Magna, Utah and I went to work at the local drug store. We would make maybe one trip home a year to see our parents. I remember of never having my drivers license until just before one of our trips home. Quinn let me drive and I guess I about scared him to death as I drove over eighty miles an hour and he was setting on the edge of his seat all the way down highway 89, which was really dippy, and over one of the dips when he didn't come down as fast as the car he hit his head on the top of the car and that was the end of my driving for that trip.

Our first son was born October 4, 1949, in St. George hospital. Quinn and I were still living in Salt Lake attending school at the U. but I had gone home to have the baby. Ryan Quinn Chamberlain was what we named our first baby, and my grandfather Hyrum Jones blessed Ryan when he was only a few days old. He was blessed at my parents home. Ryan had trouble keeping his food down. We tried everything for his formula even to goats milk, but he would spit it clear across the room after eating his bottle. Finally the doctor gave him some drops to dialate his stomach and he was pretty good after that. I was nervous and I'm sure that must have had something to do with the effects on Ryan.

Quinn graduated from the University of Utah, June 13, 1950, with a B.S. Degree, Accounting Major from the School of Business.

We promptly moved to Cedar City where he was given a good job with Columbia Iron Mining Company at Iron Mountain. We lived in a duplex apartment on two hundred west and about three fifty six south. Ryan always had trouble with sore throat until we had his tonsils out when he was three years old. He was always a happy child and so easy to get along with. Much the temperment of his good father. He has always been a peacemaker and a very deep thoughtfull son.

Madelyn our only daughter was born June 25, 1952, at Cedar City. She was so small that we had to leave her in the hospital for three weeks after her birth. We lived only a half block from the hospital and so it was easy for me to check up on her every two or three hours. She has always been a sweet girl and always been such a help to her parents. She brought much happiness with her when she came to our family.

Ferl our next son was born, March 9, 1954, in Cedar City. We only had him for a short time before we moved into our new home in Cedar City. He was a very active baby, walking by eight months, teeth by two months, climbing all over everything by three months. You could always see the elf - in his eyes as we would always try to outguess him. He was always a good baby but very independent.

Curtis our next born son came on May 19, 1958. Born at Cedar City. He brought much happiness to us as our last child. Always a very good baby and a very thoughtfull child as he grew up. His brothers and sister adored him and his wish was their command.

All of our children attended the Cedar City schools and the College of Southern Utah. They were active in all affairs, and clubs, and all of the boys were active in athletic sports. Madelyn was more into the musical section of everything, playing the violin, piano. Ferl also played the piano and organ and violin.

When the children were all in school I went to work outside the home. Working at a grocery store doing ordering and banking part time and working at Cedar High School as Secretary to the Principal from 1967 to 1969. At present time I work at the School Board Office as payroll clerk, Secretary and Bookkeeper.

Quinn and I have been blessed with wonderful caring parents who raise us with good and true values of life and a love for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Our sons and their sweet wives and children and our daughter and her wonderful husband and their children have brought home to us so much happiness and many things to be thankful for.

Quinn has worked as a bookkeeper for U. S. Steel for twenty seven years.

He has had many hobbies and goals since our marriage, always working and on the go.

Quinn has served as ward clerk for many years, and has also been in the Elders Quorum Presidency.

Quinn and Sylvia have been married thirty years. The four wonderful children have increased the blessings with three daughters-in-laws and one son-in-law and nine grandchildren.

QUINN CHAMBERLAIN
[Husband of Sylvia Jones)

Quinn was born at his grandmother Chamberlain home in Orderville, Kane County, Utah, on July 20, 1921. He was delivered by his grandmother Blackburn who was a midwife.

In his youth he was a "Boy Scout", "Tribune Carrier", "Theatre Machine Operator" "Basketball, Tennis, and Band Player" "and Private Pilot". He graduated from Valley High School in Orderville in 1939.

Attended Dixie College from 1940 to May 22, 1942 when he graduated from the division of Physical Sciences, Associate in Science, and after his graduation went to Glendale California and worked in a machine shop to June 1943.

Quinn took the Navy Oath on July 2, 1943, and reported for active duty in the Navy. He served two years nine months and fourteen days in the U.S. Navy.

Quinn returned to Dixie College to do post graduate work. There met Sylvia Jones.

RYAN QUINN CHAMBERLAIN
(son of Sylvia Jones & Quinn Chamberlain)

Ryan Quinn Chamberlain was born in St. George, Utah, October 4, 1949. He was blessed by his great grandfather Hyrum Jones.

Ryan received his Eagle Scout Award and Duty to God Award.

He received his endouments and served a two year L.D.S. Mission in Northern Argentina.

Met and Married Karen Jane Lee of Panaca, Nevada. Karen was born: April 5, 1953. Married in the St. George Temple April 27, 1972.

Children: Amber Lee Chamberlain, born Jan. 22, 1973. Kimberley Chamberlain, born July 27, 1974. Michael Ryan Chamberlain, named after the angel Michael, born May 14, 1976. Nichole Chamberlain, born Dec. 27, 1978.

They live in St. George. Ryan and Karen are active in church. Ryan is the manager of Safeway Meat Department. Karen attended hir styling college at Cedar City prior to their marriage.

MADELYN CHAMBERLAIN LISTON AND
LARRY GRANT LISTON
(daughter of Quinn and Sylvia Jones Chamberlain)

Madelyn Chamberlain, born 25 June 1952, Cedar City, Utah. Blessed 27 September 1952.

Madelyn Chamberlain was named for her grandmother, Madeline Empey Jones. Attended schools in Cedar City. Went to S.U.S.C. on full scholarship. Met Larry G. Liston. Larry served a mission in England for the L.D.S. Church.

We were married on July 7, 1971, in the Logan LDS Temple. The winter before we had met in Cedar at College. Larry is originally from Orem, the son of Verdin and Marie Hall Liston. He was born March 3.

After our marriage we lived in Washington, (the state) while Larry worked in the forest. Then we moved to Logan where Larry graduated from Utah State University, in agriculture.

Heather our first was born August 10, 1972, in Provo, Utah. She is a very sweet girl always happy and willing to help her parents. She is now in the second grade and one of the top students. She has just began piano lessons and has taken dancing since she was three years old.

Brooke our second born daughter was born December 29, 1974, in Provo, Utah she was our special Christmas gift a little late. She is a real joy to our family also, very pleasant. She is taking dancing and singing lessons at the present time.

Spencer was born July 30, 1978 (Spencer Larry) in Payson, Utah. Being the first boy of the family he is really enjoyed and loved by his dad and two dodding sisters. Of course his mom thinks he's extra ordinary too.

We have spent every summer since our marriage working in different National Forests. This is a special time for our famil; to be close to one another as well as close t nature. Larry does construction for th forest service building and maintainin trails, building boat ramps and campin facilities. We have lived in California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon and the State of Washington.

Larry also picks pinenuts commercially with his family in California and Nevada. His main job is caring for fifteen to twenty migrant workers each season. This has been very educational for us all.

Our home is in Payson where we live on a forty acre farm. During the winter we build homes in the Provo and Orem area and also do a little farming on the side.

CLARENCE FERL CHAMBERLAIN
(son of Sylvia Jones & Quinn Chamberlain)

Clarence Ferl Chamberlain was born March 9, 1954, in Cedar City, Utah. He was named for his grandfather Clarence Amos Jones.

He attended schools in Cedar City and College of Southern Utah.

Ferl met and married Tina Louise Bringard, in Cedar City at the Enchanted Gardens, on November 8, 1976.

Tina Louise was born in Salt Lake City, on September 17, 1958. Ferl is a brick mason by profession.

They have one son Sheridan Cole Chamberlain born August 4, 1977, in Cedar City, Utah.

Sheridan Cole was blessed by his grandfather Quinn Chamberlain, and is the apple of his eye. Sheridan calls his grandfather "Poppa". When he started to talk at an early age he couldn't say grandpa. He is so much like his father, on the go every minute and when he was a baby he couldn't be bothered with crawling he started right out on the run.

CURTIS HANS CHAMBERLAIN
(Son of Sylvia Jones & Quinn Chamberlain)

Curtis Hans Chamberlain was born May 28, 1958, at Cedar City, Utah. He was named for his grandfather Hans Chamberlain who lived in Orderville, Utah. Curtis attended schools in Cedar City and attended Southern Utah State College.

Curtis is a tile layer by profession. He met Bonnie Banks while attending school and they were married at the Enchanted Gardens Cedar City, on March 18, 1978.

They have a daughter Tiffiny born September 11, 1978. She is such a sweet little bundle. When she was born she didn't have a fully developed stomach and had to stay in the hospital at Cedar City for a while.

Bonnie was very tender with Tiffiny and would feed her every two or three hours until the baby finally could keep her food down.

Tiffiny was blessed by her grandfather Lee Banks in Cedar City, Utah.

WAYNE HYRUM JONES

Third child of Clarence Amos and Madaline Empey Jones.

I, Wayne Jones, was born January 19, 1932, at St. George, Utah. My early years were spent in St. George, Overton, Nevada, and Hurricane, Utah

I met Elma Kaye Workman in the fall of 1950, and we were married January 4, 1951, in the St. George Temple. Elma and I both finished that year attending Dixie College. I then went to work for Southern Utah Power Co. in Hurricane.

Our first son was born October 11, 1951, in St. George, Utah, we named him Karl Wayne Jones. He was blessed January 6, 1952, baptised October 31, 1959. During the summer of 1953 I was transferred to Cedar City, Utah, and the family lived there for the next 16 years.

Linda Kaye Jones was born September 7, 1953, at St. George, Utah. She was blessed December 6, 1953 and baptised December 2, 1961.

Soon after moving to Cedar City I was called to serve as a scout master in the 6th Ward, a job I loved and tried to do a good job of.

Brent Lee Jones the third child was born on November 23, 1957, at Cedar City. He was blessed on February 2, 1958, and baptised on January 1, 1966.

Annette Jones, the fourth child was born April 7, 1959, blessed May 31, 1959, and baptised May 6, 1967.

I took a trip to the national Jamboree in Colorado Springs and took my scout troop with me in the summer of 1960.

David Alan Jones was born August 16, 1963, in Cedar City, Utah, and was blessed October 6, 1963. The baptism of our fifth child took place October 9, 1971. During these years I served as a Stake Scout Leader, Cub-Scout Master, and District Committeeman for Scouting and MIA/YM Counselor. Elma has served as Primary teacher, Relief Society Secretary, as a Counselor, MIA/YW President, Counselor in Primary and Sunday School Teacher.

Our baby, Sue Ann Jones, was born February 14, 1968, in Cedar City, Utah. She was blessed March 31, 1968, and baptised February 28, 1976.

January 1, 1970, I was transfered back to Hurricane to work for California Pacific Utilities (the same company but under a new name), and we moved into a new home in LaVerkin, Utah. I was called to serve as Elders Quorum President. Karl, the oldest child was married to Jewel Nielson, November 13, 1970, in the Manti Temple.

Elma was called to be Stake Cub-Leader in 1970 and counselor in Primary in 1971. At present (1979) she is serving in the Junior Sunday School and is Homemaking Class Leader in Relief Society. I am presently serving as the Stake Scout Leader at LaVerkin.

Linda Kaye Jones was married February 9, 1972, to David Holdaway in the St. George Temple.

Brent Lee Jones served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Fort Lauderdale Florida Mission leaving December 1976 and serving a two year mission.

KARL WAYNE JONES
1979

Karl Wayne Jones was born October 11, 1951, the first child of Wayne Hyrum Jones and Elma Kay Workman. He graduated from Cedar City High School in May 1969. He then joined the Utah National Guard doing his 6 months training in Georgia. After returning home he met Alta Jewel Nielson (born January 30, 1950) from Greenwich, Utah. She was going to the Cosmetolgy College in Cedar City and lived in the apartment above Sullivan's Cafe. Karl was a cook in the same cafe. On Friday the 13th of November 1970 they were married in the Manti Temple.

They made their home in Cedar City where Karl continued his studies at C.S.U. and Jewel worked at Brenda's Beauty Salon. Their first child, Scott Karl, was born February 11, 1973, in Cedar City, and in 1974 they moved into their new home. On December 19, 1975 the second son was born, Jeffrey Wayne, in Cedar City.

Karl had been unemployed for about 1 year when he got a job as lineman for the St. George Power Co. It was a bad decision to make but they put the house up for sale and in August of 1976 Karl moved to St. George staying in a small trailer next to Grandpa and Grandma Jones'. It took 9 months to sell the house and during that time the third son was born, Eric Newel, on February 11, 1977 in Cedar City. After selling their home they moved to Washington, Utah in June of 1977. They rented until their new house in Middleton, Utah was finished, moving in it February 1, 1978. On July 8, 1979 their first daughter, Christy Lynn, was born in St. George, Utah.

LINDA KAYE JONES HOLDAWAY
1980

I was born 7th September, 1953, in St. George, Utah, the daughter of Wayne Hyrum and Elma Kay Workman Jones. I was blessed and given my name on December 6, 1953, and baptised a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on December 2, 1961, in Cedar City, Utah.

I met David Holdaway in High School and we dated during our Senior year at Hurricane High School, where we graduated in 1971. David Joined the National Guard and went to boot camp in July 1971 and returned in November of that year. In the meantime I attended SUSC in Cedar City for one quarter. We became engaged in September that year, and we were married in the St. George Temple on February 9, 1972. We lived in a small trailer home in LaVerkin.

Our first child, Royden David, was born on January 10, 1973, and in November of 1974 we moved our trailer to Cedar City where David worked as a clerk.

Our second child, Charlene, was born in St. George on February 7, 1975. We bought our home in Cedar Valley in January 1976. Kaylisa was born in Cedar City on June 28, 1977, and blessed in the Enoch First Ward on August 7, 1977. Royden had been blessed March 4, 1973 in the LaVerkin Ward, and Charlene was blessed March 2, 1975 also at the LaVerkin Ward.

On January 1, 1978 we moved to Toquerville, Utah and David went back to work in St. George as a carpenter. Royden started school in August of 1978. Keri Ann was born in St. George on Mothers Day, May 13, 1979, and blessed July 1, 1979 in the Toquerville ward.

David, my husband, was born November 3, 1952 at Salina, Utah, and baptised February 4, 1961 in the Hurricane 2nd Ward. We were endowed and married on February 9, 1972. He is still active in the National Guard and both of us are active in the church and hold responsible positions in the Ward.

1986 UPDATE
CLARENCE AMOS AND
MADELINE EMPEY JONES
by Sylvia Jones Chamberlain

Dad was very weak and quite ill after he had his heart attack (Spring of 1975). He had other medical problems. He had breathing problems and needed oxygen now and then — and couldn't breath if he went to any higher altitudes. Thus he never could go to Cedar City to stay, or in the mountains that he enjoyed so much. His eye sight was also failing him and so to get around away from home he would be picked up by one of his children or grandchildren and taken where ever he wanted to go.

Mostly he wanted to be outside - to either the farm at Toquerville or the farm at 'Berry Springs' Quail Creek. This farm property he had received as a trade from the City of St. George when they wanted his 19 acres of land located two blocks south of the Temple on Main Street. (The City wanted his property for a ball park). All of us kids would meet at the 'Farms' and work, with Dad as the 'boss' of the outfit. On occasion Mom and the ladies with the children would end up a days work with a good cook out.

Many happy hours were spent together at the 'Farm' and even the littlest and the youngest of the grandchildren would take the hand of great grandpa Jones and be his eyes. He walked with a heavy stick cane painted white - which he also used as a shovel, hoe, or rake. Dad had developed cancer of the prostate gland and had surgery at the Cottonwood Hospital in Salt Lake City. His bones and frail legs would hurt but that didn't stop his pace when he was at the 'Farms' planning and organizing the group of us.

Mother would go along on the *outings* until her health became a problem. She developed diabetes and was hospitalized for a few weeks. Up until this time Dad and Mother were pretty well able to take care of themselves, however, once a week I would shop for groceries and do a weeks cooking, cleaning, etc., and everyone pitched in and helped with the yard care and would do what was asked of them or what needed to be done to support the folks desire of staying in their own home together.

After Mother was released from the St. George Hospital in June 1981, she needed an insulin shot every morning before breakfast. Her eye sight had already failed as a result of the diabetes so Grant, Wayne and I (Sylvia) made a schedule for each month from then on, each taking turns coming to the folks home and staying over night - getting up each morning and giving Mother her shot of insulin, fixing breakfast for both Mother and Dad and trying to take care of their needs for the day before we would leave. With family cooperation we further organized so that we had grandsons and grand daughters dropping in for lunch or during the day time to check up on their needs and pass the time with them. Much love was given and received — as I can never remember any of Dad or Mom's children or grandchildren ever coming into my folks home without giving each Dad and Mom a hug or kiss. And as always they were asked if they (the visitors) wouldn't like something to eat or drink.

Dad was pretty active until about a year before his death on Friday, October 14, 1983. He was laid to rest in the St. George Cemetery. Mother continues to live in her own home and scheduling is still being taken

care of by her children, grandchildren and even some of the great grandchildren — as they have taken turns coming to her home and visiting after school for a few hours to fill in her long afternoons.

The life long teachings of our dear parents of tolerance, loving, sharing, consideration, and willingness to work together is one of the blessings we've received from our wonderful parents. What a beautiful heritage we've all received.

Note: (by LaVerne) Sylvia mentioned what a great joy it was to her Father when his 1908 school notebook and a letter he had written during World War I was found. Karl told me he began to read a verse from the notebook and Uncle Clarence finished the verse from memory. It is a priceless treasure. The notebook, which has been photographed and is included in this history, was found in the Pine Valley Chapel during remodeling a few years ago. The construction worker who found it wanted to keep it but after realizing the sentimental value it had for the family finally gave it to Karl, where it is in good hands (he and his wife, Jewel, will treasure it always).

It is in good condition for having been rolled up and tucked inside a partition wall for nearly 80 years. The book is remarkable in many ways: it gives a good example of the teaching methods of that day and definitely gives us a view of the personality and character of the writer. His work is creative yet shows his willingness to follow instructions. The beginnings of many of the noble traits he developed later in his life are here: neatness, intelligence, the desire to excell, his respect for the teacher and other students, a mind that was clean and eager to learn, imagination, and ambition. The date would have been only two years and a half after the death of his beloved mother and I thought as I read his story of Alice and Nellie how he must have been thinking of his own mother's sickness.

His letter to his cousin Ruth (Chadburn), the weather news, the bear story, etc. show some of the interests of Pine Valley at that time.

Autn Madge and Uncle Clarence are among my earliest memories. They were always kind, hospitable, caring, and never too busy for me. Uncle Clarence often picked Acil and me up at the top of the hill when we attended school in Gunlock. I took it for granted then, but now realize that many of the things they did were not convenient for them (like the time I was scalded and it was Uncle Clarence who met the doctor half way between the plant and St. George to bring medication). My father seemed always to look up to and respect this older brother who was a positive influence in his life. In fact, it was Uncle Clarence who recommended him to the Power Company where he worked for 43 years.

I will always remember the pleasant sound of his voice and the twinkle in his beautiful brown eyes.

UPDATE AS OF DATE JULY 26, 1986
HISTORY: ACIL CLARENCE AND
ANNA BARBARA TOBLER JONES

Acil Clarence Jones was born on May 12, 1919 to Clarence Amos and Madeline Empey Jones. He was the only child they had for ten years. Most of his early years were spent at the Southern Utah Power plant, located between Veyo and Gunlock, Utah. According to Grandma much of his days were spent listening to his mother saying, "Sh-h-h-h". This was so Uncle Vaughn could sleep as he had to work nights. He had one cousin, LaVerne Jones (Hirschi) to play with until he entered first grade in Gunlock. Then, he had to walk 3 miles to and from Gunlock to attend school. In the winter, when there was snow on the ground, he would walk to the edge high bank of the Santa Clara River, where the water pipe went down to create the power, and he would slide that long pipe to the river bottom. After school, he had to reverse the process, only this time he would have to climb the hill before trudging back to the plant #3.

I'm not sure when they made the move to St. George. But I do know that he was very lonely and often asked his mother to get them another baby. In fact, one time when they (he and his mother) were passing the hospital, he asked his mother, "Mom, if you can't get us a white baby, then get us a little Indian baby."

I think, because he was taught at a very early age to be quiet, it made him a very good hunter and fisherman. These two activities brought him much happiness and peace in his lifetime. He could be very uptight about something and go up in the mountains to do either of these sports and come home relaxed and happy.

He was also a very talented musician and could play an extremely good trumpet. All his life he was playing one instrument or another in the band, orchestra or solo. I believe he did have lessons on the trumpet, but he learned to play the clarinet and saxaphone on his own.

Acil lived in Hurricane for some years, where I'm sure he played in the band. It was in Hurricane that he graduated from High School in 1937.

From Hurricane, he started to school at Dixie College, where he excelled in music, and also academics. He also was Drum Major for the Dixie College Band. He could really twirl a mean baton. He kept that skill all his life.

Acil did not finish his two years at Dixie. He quit when he had just one quarter to go and he would have had his Associate Degree. As he later told me, he had made up his mind what he wanted to do with his life and saw no reason to continue wasting his time on other areas.

His goal in life, he decided was to be a power man like his Dad before him. So he went straight for his goal. Quitting college, he sent away for a correspondence course and worked part time with his father. Every lesson he sent in came back with an "A" or "A-" on it. By this time the family had moved to Overton, Nevada, where he entered into my life.

I, being Anna Barbara Tobler, according to the church and Barbara Tobler according to my birth certificate. My father was John Henry Tobler and my mother was Mary Elizabeth Stucki. I was baptized on May 11, 1930. I graduated from Moapa Valley High

School in May of 1940.

As I understand now, it was December when the Jones family moved to Overton. But it was Spring when I first became aware of the fact that there was a new elegible young man in our town. The first time I heard about him (from my sister) was that his mother was making a crocheted bedspread for each of her children. I flippantly said, "Well then, I guess I'll have to marry him as that is the only way I will ever have a crocheted bedspread." How little we know! When I first really met him, he was playing in the orchestra, as usual! As I understand it, it was the piano player that got him to join as she had a deep crush on him.

I had been born and lived all my life in little Overton, so didn't know much about how to handle new young men from the big city of St. George. But I was certainly attracted to him. Soon, he asked to walk me home from a Band Concert. From then on it was pure magic. On the following December 20, 1940 we were married in Las Vegas, Nevada. (We told our parents our plans but did not ask them to go with us.) Following the ceremony, we had a short honeymoon to Los Angeles, California.

One month later the United States of America held their first drawing for young men to serve their country for a year's training so that if needed they would be prepared to defend their country. Guess who's number was third out of the hat? You guessed it! Acil Clarence Jones!

Acil left for his year's training in the Army on January 20th, 1941. Just a month to the day from the time we got married. When he first entered the Army he earned sixteen dollars a month and he sent ten of that to me. I used it to buy him a nice wrist watch for his twenty second birthday on the twelfth of May.

I was ill that year and had to have an appendectomy so Acil was allowed to come home about six weeks early. Around the 1st of December, I think. Then on the 7th of December came Pearl Harbor and in no time he was back in the service. The 7th of December will long live in my memory!

Meanwhile, my parents had moved to Boulder City, Nevada and I went with them. I got a job working behind the soda fountain in the Drug store and saved my money. Then in June of 1942, knowing that they had raised the soldier's wages and that he would be getting some back pay, I borrowed some money from Dad Jones and put it with my savings to take a journey to Fort Benning, Georgia. I stayed in Columbus and Acil stayed on base, but still managed to spend much time with me. It was a wonderful six weeks and we had a lot of fun. Then came the news that Acil was being shipped out. We knew not where!

The next I knew, he was in Ft. Bragg, North Carolina (near Fayetteville) and had a week's leave. He wanted me to come back there so that we wouldn't waste any of the precious time allowed him. Once more I made the trek East and we had seven short days together. That was the last time I saw him until his discharge in June of 1945.

As it turned out, Acil was headed for the invasion of North Africa. When he started out in the Army, he was a foot soldier. But it didn't take him long to be assigned to driving the officers around in a jeep. From there, being in headquarters Company, he was soon given the job of writing up the orders for the different companies and then deliver them himself to the men who needed them. His Division was the Second Armored Division, known as "Hell on Wheels". His office was in a tank and he liked his job because he hoped he would not have to kill anyone.

After the U.S.A. had conquered North Africa, they went on into Sicily. But after securing that, instead of going into Italy, they were sent to England. There they waited for sometime until at last they invaded Normandy!

Acil had many close calls during his service. Three times his tank was destroyed, but all three times, he was elsewhere. God was with him! Many times their tank was surrounded by German's only the

enemy was not aware of it. Twice he was injured and could have applied for the Purple Heart, but refused to do so because so many men were scrambling to get one for every little scratch they received. But he was awarded many medals and ribbons. So many that his chest and sleeve were almost completely covered. In fact when they inscribed his tombstone, they wrote me a letter and said that it was impossible for them to put on it all of his decorations or awards so they had to choose just three.

After they had secured Berlin, Germany, Acil was on the second transport ship to leave for home. He arrived in Hurricane, Utah, where I was living on the 30th day of June, 1945.

Three months after Acil sailed for North Africa, I gave birth to our first son. I named him Clarence Acil after his Grandfather and Dad. We had agreed before on what to name him should it be a boy.

When Clarence was eight months old, I went to work in an airplane factory welding tail pipe sections for airplanes. Then, not wishing to leave my baby any longer I quit and came back to Hurricane, Utah, where my parents were living. I was still there when Acil came home from the service. He immediately was rehired by the Southern Utah Power Company and we moved to Cedar City. Soon he was asked to head the Dixie Division of the company and we moved to Washington. While in Washington, our second child, Roma Kaye was born on April 26, 1946.

Our next move was to Hurricane where they finally settled the headquarters for the Dixie Division of the Power Company. It was here that two more children joined us. Jon Darwin being born on May 3, 1949; and Colleen on July 13, 1955.

Acil worked long hours for the power company and I'm sure they are not aware of this fact. But he got up at four o'clock every morning to get a couple of hours practice on his music before he went to work at six a.m.

Twenty months after the birth of Colleen, Acil was killed while at work. It was a terrible shock and the whole family grieved for him.

After Colleen started school, I went back to College, completing my degree in three years. Getting a job with the Tooele Co. School District I moved my family (with the exception of Clarence and Roma Kaye, who had married Jack Berdean Holt in November of 1963.) to Grantsville, Utah, where I taught school for 17 and 1/2 years. During this time, Darwin graduated from the Grantsville High School and then attended the College of Southern Utah for a year before going on his mission to the Massassachutes Boston Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He spent two years there under the inspiration of Paul Dunn, who was Mission President.

In 1973, Colleen graduated from Grantsville High and in July married David Kay Worthington. Too soon after that Darwin married Rebecca Lynn Laursen on January 4, 1974. In August of 1976, Colleen, Jere (pronounced Jerry) and I were in a bad car accident. I was in the hospital for 61 days and missed the whole school year. For the next two years I tried to teach but was too ill to continue. In 1979 I was hospitalized again and for a while was in and out of the hospital. I have been on disability since that time.

In May of 1985, after twenty-eight and one half years of being a widow, I met a fine man with all the qualities I had been looking for (only I didn't know it) and we were married on the 16th day of November 1985 by his son and my Bishop in West Valley City, Utah. We now reside at 41 North Center, Wellsville, Utah 84339.

UPDATE AS OF DATE JULY 25, 1986
CLARENCE ACIL JONES
[son of Acil Clarence and
Anna Barbara Tobler Jones]

CLARENCE ACIL JONES was born on March 24, 1943, a little over three months after his Dad went overseas to fight in World War II. For the most part his early years were spent in Hurricane, Utah. He was Baptized there in the South Ward on September 29, 1951. After his Father's death in 1957, his family moved to St. George, Utah. He was a very fine musician and played the cornet in the Dixie High School Band and in the concert orchestra. He also played in many trios and duets. He wouldn't play solo because he was too shy. He graduated from High School there and went two quarters to Dixie College.

After that he joined the Army National Guard and was an active member until illness struck him.

He met his wife, Eulene Hoyt Daugherty in St. George at a dance. They were married on February 8, 1965 in St. George, Utah.

Eulene was born August 16, 1941, in Kanab, Utah. She was baptized July 2, 1950 in Alton, Utah. Her parents are Rollan Hoyt and Wana Roundy Hoyt, of Orderville, Utah.

Eulene had previously been married to Lyle Abelbert Daughterty. To this union were born three children: Doreen Ann, James Lyle and Wayne Rollan. Their children were legally adopted and sealed to Clarence and Eulene in the St. George Temple after their marriage was solmnized in the aformentioned Temple. The sealing was done on May 7, 1966. Lyle Adelbert Daugherty was born on October 31, 1940 in Minnesota. Doreen Ann was born November 7, 1960 in Salt Lake City, Utah. James Lyle, born February 2, 1962 in Merced, California. Rollan Wayne born March 23, 1964 at St. George, Utah.

For a time Clarence worked for the city of St. George at their power plant. Then, later, he worked for the R.E.A. managing their Dixie Division.

On the 10th of February 1969 a boy was born to them. They named him, Acil Bruce Jones. The only grandchild to carry his grandfather's name.

After a long illness, Clarence died on August 5, 1971 in Orderville, Utah. He is buried in the St. George Cemetary.

Since his death, Clarence's wife has remarried to Charles Dean Hepworth on December 11, 1974. To them was born a boy on October 19, 1976 in Page, Arizona. Charles Dean Hepworth was born July 5, 1943 in Orem, Utah.

At this time, Clarence has three grandchildren. Jessica Lynn (born to Doreen and Andrew Browne) on December 2, 1983 in St. George, Utah. Susan Lea, born to James and Connie Hiatt Jones on November 4, 1984. Daniel Bruce, born to Bruce and Maureen Rose Kenelly Jones on October 15, 1985. Both of the last two babies were born in Page, Arizona.

Clarence had also had one son, Rollan Wayne, fill an eighteen month mission in the Portland, Oregon Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was a successful missionary (August 1984 to February 1985) and had many people baptized into the church. Wayne also made a very good name for himself in High School basketball. Both of those things would have made his Dad very proud of him.

JON DARWIN JONES
[second son of Acil Clarence and Barbara Tobler Jones]

I was born on 3rd of May, 1949, in St. George, Utah. We lived in Hurricane, Utah until my father's death in 1957. After which we moved to St. George, Utah. Mother went back to school to get a teacher's certificate and in the Fall of 1963 we moved to Cedar City so she could finish her education. After Mother's graduation from College in 1964, we moved to Grantsville, Utah, where Mother got a job teaching school. It was in Grantsville that I spent my High School days lettering in both football and track. It was also at this time, with the encouragement of my Uncle Wayne Jones, that I received the Eagle Scout Award. I graduated from high school in May 1967 and went to college at the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City. After one year, I was called on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and I spent the next two years serving in the New England States and the Maritime part of Canada.

In the Fall of 1970, after my return from my mission, I went back to College at the University of Utah. In 1972, I joined the Utah National Guard. It was after my return from active duty in 1973 that I met my wonderful wife, Rebecca Lynn Laursen, through a room mate of mine. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on January 4, 1974. My wife was a widow when I married her and our daughter, Camille, who was born 29th July 1970, in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, became mine when I adopted her in 1974. I went to work for Tooele Army Depot in 1974 as a power guard equipment mechanic where I am still employed. On November 23rd, 1974, our first son, Justin Jon, was born at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. Melissa was born April 2, 1977. Jodi was born May 25, 1980. Mathew was born April 26, 1983.

We are living in Salt Lake City and are raising our children in the Taylorsville area. My wife, Rebecca Lynn was born March 29, 1949, in Gooding, Idaho.

ROMA KAYE JONES HOLT
[1st daughter of Acil Clarence and Barbara Tobler Jones]

Roma Kaye Jones was born April 1946, at St. George, Utah. She was baptized May 29, 1954 at Hurricane, Utah.

After the death of her father in 1957 the family moved to St. George. She met her future husband, Jack Berdon Holt, during her high school years. They were married November 29, 1963. She graduated from high school in St. George in 1964.

Her husband, Jack, was born on June 1, 1945, in Cedar City, Utah. He grew up in Enterprise, Utah.

After their marriage they made their home in Enterprise, where Jack went into farming with his father. He later went to work on the railroad as a section foreman and still farmed part time.

On December 5, 1964, they were sealed in the St. George Temple along with their daughter, Jacquelyn Kaye who was born on June 10, 1964. Eight more children have come into their home. Troy Berdon born June 24, 1967, Cory Alan born October 15, 1968, Kevin Howard born July 2, 1971, Identical twins born May 12, 1984 - Hollie Ann and Heather Lynn, and then Jennifer was born August 23, 1978. Jack's parents were Howard Adams Holt and Verna Burnham Holt.

Our last baby girl, Heidi Marie was born June 3, 1981, and the baby, a boy, was born February 22, 1985. We gave him the name of Nathan Jack.

Our oldest daughter, Jacquelyn Kaye (Jacie), graduated from high school in 1981 and then went to the Utah State University for a year. She then transferred to BYU where she attended one semester. She entered beauty college where she graduated in January 1985. She married Shawn Hurley on August 2, 1984 in the Salt Lake Temple. They are presently making their home in Salt Lake City where Shawn is completing his education at the University of Utah in business and finance. His parents are Gerald S. Hurley and Dianna Hunt Hurley of West Jordon, Utah.

COLLEEN JONES ACKLEY

Colleen was born on July 13, 1955 in St. George, Utah. She was the last child to be born to Acil Clarence and Barbara Tobler Jones. She was much adored by her family as it had been six years since they had had a baby. Her Father worshipped her and took her everywhere he went if it was humanly possible. That love was returned by this small baby. She was only 20 months old when her Dad was taken from us, and she grieved every day of her life until she started school at five years of age. Colleen kept insisting that she was going where her Dad was and she really didn't understand why she couldn't. After she started school, it was much easier for her and she soon ceased to cry for her Father.

When she started Kindergarten, her Mother started College. She spent the first two years of school in St. George and the third grade in Cedar City. By then her mother had finished college and taken a job in Grantsville, Utah. She started Fourth grade there and finished her education, graduating from the Grantsville High School.

During her last year of high school, she met David Kay Worthington and they were married on July 17, 1973. On January 16, 1974 a baby boy blessed this union. He was named Jere Wallace. This marriage didn't last very long and they were divorced.

She met Curtis Hopkins Ackley II while working at National Lead Corp. near Grantsville, Utah. They were married on June 11, 1977, at Elko, Nevada.

Curtis was born November 18, 1941, in Ontego, New York. His parents are Curtis Hopkins Ackley and Anna - Alice May Spafford. On December 11, 1978, Curtis adopted Jere Wallace.

Colleen and Curtis were blessed with two more children. Anna Krista Ackley who was born on July 17, 1978 in Douglas, Wyoming. She died a short time later on July 29, 1978.

On April 9, 1980, in Casper, Wyoming a baby boy was born to them. He was named Christopher Curtis.

Curtis Hopkins Ackley III is a son from a previous marriage of Curt's. He came to live with them when he was thirteen years old. His birthday in January 15, 1971. At present they are living in Casper, Wyoming.

JUNE 1986 UPDATE ON
GRANT AND ROSE JONES FAMILY

Grant and Rose live in Hurricane, Utah, where he keeps busy farming. Since he retired from his supervisor job with Utah Power and Light on March 1, 1983, he wonders how he ever found the time to work and 8 hour shift for them along with everything else he does. Grant along with Wayne and Sylvia and their families have taken turns for fifteen years staying at their parent's home at night (and many hours during the day) to care for them. Before the death of their father, the boys took him to the farm every Saturday that he was able to go (he loved this even though he sometimes got very tired, it was what he wanted to do). Their Mother's diabetic condition has caused blindness and they stay with her to give her daily insulin shots along with caring for her other needs. Rose now works at Graff Merc.

Their daughter, Karen Dawn, is married to Clinton Louis Ence and lives in Cedar City. They have four children: Travis Clinton Ence born 6-19-74, Nathan Curtis Ence born 7-15-76, Tyson Lloyd Ence born 12-4-80, and Deric Bladen Ence born 4-4-82. The following is Karen's update in her own words: On December 1980 we had a 9 lb. 1 oz. boy whom we named Tyson Lloyd after his Grandpa Jones (Lloyd Grant). And the name fits him well. The Ences' all say he is our Jones boy. Soon after Tyson was born I became pregnant again. Tyson had been real sick during my 8th month so I had been taking him with me to the doctors office. Clint and the boys had gone with me to the doctor's office, after which we were all going for an ice cream cone. Tyson choked while we were there after a shot they had given him and stopped breathing. Clint and the doctor were trying to get him breathing again. It seemed forever before he did. (Nathan who was 4 1/2 years old at this time came up to me and said, "I know Tyson is going to be alright because I prayed to Heavenly Father".

They then flew Tyson to Salt Lake City than night and Clint and I drove up. Things turned out alright, but I don't know what I would have done without my family. Melanie and Mom were right there to take over while we went to Salt Lake. Clint, Oscar and a friend Gerald Prince gave Ty and me each a blessing before we left. I don't think I could have made it without it.

Oscar and Melanie were not married at this time. Four weeks later we had our fourth boy on April 4, 1982. He had black hair and alot of it. We named him Deric Bladen after his Grandfather Ence (Donald Bladen).

Kathy and Lynn were blessed with a little girl just before Deric was born. Deric and Heather were blessed to same day. Dad and Mom and everyone came up to see Deric blessed then we all went to LaVerkin to see Heather blessed. Heather is as blonde as Deric is dark, but they look alot alike although people say that Deric looks like his Grandpa Ence.

Clint quit working Coleman Co. soon after Deric was born and began selling insurance. He also found employment at Skaggs Alpha Beta, so he is busy.

Ty and Deric have just finished pre-school together, they had alot of fun in it. At first they fought over the same girl friend but soon found their own girl friends and

things worked out between them. Travis will be going into 7th grade next year and Nathan in to 5th grade. Tyson will be in Kindergarten. Deric, I hope, will be in pre-school again. The kids sure are growing up fast. It is nice and they have been fun.''

1986 UP DATE FROM
KATHY ROSE JONES EXCELL:

On March 26, 1982, at 3:17 a.m. we received our second beautfiul daughter. She weighed in at 6 lbs. 15 ozs. She has blonde hair and deep blue eyes. We named her Heather Dawn Excell. Both of our daughters were born in St. George, Utah. Jennifer Rose Excell 1-11-79 and have brought alot of love and happiness into our home.

Last April (1986) my husband, Lynn Excell, was appointed Chief of Police for the combined Hurricane-La Verkin Police Department. This was truly an answer to our prayers.

In August of this year (1986) we are expecting our third child.

SANDRA LYN JONES was born December 23, 1953 in St. George, Utah, the third daughter of Lloyd Grant and Rose Jeffery Jones. One time we were at Grandma's house when it snowed. We asked if we could go outside and play in it. Grandma said, "No, you will catch cold" so I replied, "Dad, let's go home where we don't catch cold playing in the snow".

We had a dog named Giner that I loved very much. We were together alot. When she died of old age, it was the hardest thing I had ever gone through. I kept track of her grave for years.

I went to Hurricane Elementary and graduated from Hurricane High in 1972. I then became a dental assistant for Dr. Hamilton where I still work from time to time.

I married Dennis Stout on January 23, 1976. Our first baby was born October 23, 1976, Orion Dennis Stout. Troy Deward Stout was born February 5, 1978. Bryce Jones Stout was born December 9, 1979. Makay Jones Stout was born January 16, 1983. Bryon Jones Stout was born January 30, 1985.

Orion loves working on computers, helping his Grandpa on the farm and three wheeling. In Cub Scouts he has Bobcat, Wolf and Bear. Troy enjoys building huts where ever he can, working on computers, three wheeling. In the Cub Scout program he has his Bobcat. Bryce enjoys playing games on the computer and three wheeling, along with playing with friends. Makay loves being with Grandpa more than anything, and likes to play with and take care of Bryon. Bryon is full of energy, loves to run and play with his older brothers.

MELANIE JONES HULET: I was born May 27, 1962, in St. George, Utah, to Lloyd Grant and Rose Jeffery Jones. I weighted 9 lbs. 3 ozs. Some of my first memories are of spending alot of time out-of-doors. When I was about two years old, I remember riding in my stroller and looking over the Grand Canyon.

My baby brother, Aaron, had arrived a few months earlier. We have always been the best of friends. I could always understand him when no one could.

At five I went to Hurricane Elementary School. One day, I had on new clothes and was real excited for that day, so I was skipping down the street and fell right in a ditch, then cried all the way back home. Marlow was born when I was 7 years old. I wasn't old enough to hold him and couldn't ever get a turn it seemed. We all loved him so much.

When Aaron started school I would play with him at recess and see that he didn't get teased, thus I became a tomboy. When I started High School, I was able to take one class period per day to work with Aaron's teachers as an aid. I really enjoyed it.

I was also involved in dance, Tigerettes, choir, stage band, and my senior year I was a class officer and also an officer in four other organizations. When I graduated in 1980, I received a Sterling Scholorship in Homemaking from my school, also, one from the Business Women of Hurricane for caring about my brother. The next Fall, I went to Cedar City to SUSC and lived with Karen and Clint. School was challenging and Clint and Karen made it fun!!

In March of 1981 I got an apartment of my own and worked three jobs. From 8:30 to 7:30, four days a week, I worked at Coleman's, weekend mornings I worked at Lamplighter as a desk clerk, and weekend evenings at Lyndon's Ice Cream.

Spring quarter of 1981, I met Oscar Raymond Hulet. He was in a religion class and my friend and I hated to see him come because he would walk in wearing his basball hat, T-shirt, hightop tennis shoes and began to ask the deepest questions when we were having trouble understanding the regular lesson. In the summer, he came to my house with a friend and said they were my home teachers two or three times. I don't know if they really were or not.

On October 7, 1981, Oscar came to my door and told me he had come to take me skating. I said, "No". He said, "I'll be back to get you in 15 minutes, so I went. On January 9, 1982, we were engaged to be married, and on May 14, 1982, we were married and sealed in the St. George Temple. We spent our honeymoon in San Francisco. I worked at Coleman's, then later for Smart "N" Sassy Jeans, designing. I really enjoyed the work and have continued to pursue it by teaching others to make jeans at home.

On July 12, 1984, Oscar Jason Hulet was born at 9:21 a.m. weighing 8 lbs. 1 oz. and 21 1/2 inches long. He is a night baby. For the first three months he never slept until 4 or 5 a.m. Still he is awake at least once every night. Jason is a busy little boy, he loves his daddy, and they work together with tools. His initals are OJH the same as his great grandfather Hulet who thinks the world of him. Jason is the 5th generation of first sons named Oscar. He loves his Grandpa Jones because he takes him in his truck with the dog to see the moo cows and feed them hay sandwiches. My husband, Oscar, graduated from Cedar City High School in 1978, and from SUSC with a degree in business administration and minors in building construction and industrial arts in June 1986. We will be living in Sunset, Utah as Oscar will be working in Ogden, Utah at Anderson Mills.

MARLOW GRANT JONES: Marlow was born January 16, 1919. The 6th child of Lloyd Grant and Rose Jeffery Jones. He weighted 9 lbs. and was 23 inches long. He has four older sisters and one big brother. He always said he had three mothers, his oldest sister, Karen, being 18 years and Sandra 15 at the time of his birth. Now he thinks he has 5 mothers, with Kathy and Melanie.

He didn't go to pre-school as he sat with his mother while she taught Aaron his numbers and ABC's. Marlow learned them so early in life the main thing he needed to learn in kindergarten was getting along with other children. As before he had been content with his sisters and Aaron. In second grade he was a favorite of his teacher because he was so nice and quick to learn.

Marlow broke his arm at the age of two on a play horse. He was active in cub scouting and in scouts. At age 14 he broke his knee on a scout snow tubing trip. He earned his Eagle Award at age 15.

He attended High School at Hurricane High and has one more year to go, needing only his senior English to have all his required classes. He works at Albertson's and is now head bagger.

UPDATE JULY, 1986
SYLVIA JONES CHAMBERLAIN AND
QUINN CHAMBERLAIN

The years have been good to us, as our happiness has increased with the joy of our children and grandchildren's happiness and achievements. We now have 14 grandchildren - all more precious than gold or gems to us.

QUINN retired from his job with United States Steel in 1982. After 33 years as an accountant. He is now enjoying working on the 'Farms'. Quinn is very active in Church affairs, being finance clerk and Ward Clerk for the past 11 years. He has been through four bishoprics during the last 11 years. He enjoys hunting trips with his sons since retiring. He enjoys activities in the out-doors, camping and riding horses. Quinn is a very kind, tolerant person and is known as the ''grandfather'' by many of the smaller children on our street in Cedar near our house.

SYLVIA: Is still working at the Iron County School Board offices in Cedar City as a bookkeeper-Secretary. I have enjoyed my job for 19 years. I spend much time traveling and in St. George. My hobbies are many and varied such as knitting, tatting, sewing, quilting and ceramics. I love walking and swimming every day as physical activity.

Our family has a traditional Christmas reunion annually. All of our immediate family and their kids come to Cedar City about a week before Christmas. Quinn and I cook and arrange this reunion months before December. Santa Claus is invited and brings good gifts to everyone. We have our family prayers and a large dinner. The children present talents and a program. Videos are taken and replayed each year. Everyone looks forward to this good tradition.

RYAN AND KAREN [LEE]
CHAMBERLAIN:

Ryan still is the manager of the meat department at the St. George Safeway store. He also works for the Washington County School District as a custodian. Ryan loves the great outdoors - likes riding his horses, enjoys fishing and hunting.

Karen has been employed the past few years selling patio furniture, nursery plants, and swimming pools. She is active in church activities and has taught Sunday School for years. She has many hobbies - and is one of the best cooks and candy makers. Ryan and Karen have four children:

AMBER LEE is a great help to her family. She is a good student and loves to dance, sing, and is an accomplished swimmer.

KIMBERLEE is an artist in her own right. She seems to have an eye for design and color. She is full of laughs, smiles and fun. She loves to swim and skateboard.

MICHAEL RYAN is the ball player of the family. He is outstandingly strong at any athletic activity. He is a very thoughtful boy, and loves to create with his hands.

NICHOLE is our happiness girl. She is a very sharing person. Nichole loves swimming, roller skating, and painting and drawing pictures.

SHORT HISTORY OF LARRY AND MADEYLN CHAMBERLAIN LISTON

LARRY was born March 3, 1946, in Orem, Utah, to Verdin and Marie Hall Liston. He attended grade school and high school in Orem. He attended Southern Utah State College for one year before leaving for a mission to London, England from 1967 to 1969. Upon his return from his mission he attended Utah State University for a year, but preferred the smaller college atmosphere so returned to SUSC. During the summer time he would work on ranches or build trails for the U.S. Forest Service.

MADELYN was born on June 25, 1952, in Cedar City, Utah, to Quinn and Sylvia Jones Chamberlain. I spent happy years growing up in Cedar City. Larry and I met at SUSC in the winter of 1970. Larry was majoring in animal Science and I in elementary education. We spent alot of time hunting for arrowheads and antiques. We were married in the Logan Temple on July 7, 1971. It wasn't our choice of temples but it was the only one that was open during the summer months.

We lived in Washington until Fall where Larry built trails. Then we returned to Utah State University where Larry graduated. For the next few years we spent our summertimes building trails in California, Utah, Arizona, Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. We saw alot of land in that time. The kids loved it, too.

We also lived on a farm in Genola for a year, but sold it and bought a smaller one in West Mountain, Payson, Utah, where we now live. We have beef cows and a dairy herd. Larry has also been a contractor, building homes and remodeling them which is what he is doing at present. We have also been commerical pinenut wholesalers. Larry and his brothers take migrant workers out into Nevada where they harvest pinenuts then sell them to wholesale distributors.

Our children are very active and talented.

HEATHER was born August 10, 1972, in Provo. She is a very responsible person. She plays the flute, sews, and is a great cook, She likes to swim, read and ride horses. She plays the piano and violin.

BROOKE, our second daughter, was born December 29, 1974, in Provo, Utah. She is happy and full of energy. She is a clogger and also plays the flutes. She cooks, swims, roller skates, rides bikes and loves football.

SPENCER, our only boy, was born July 30, 1978. He likes to work with his Dad in the fields, feeding the animals or helping him with the building. Spencer is a singer and is not afraid to stand and sing. He is very pleasant and good natured, and caring about others. He is a good public speaker.

LACY was born April 28, 1982. She dances and sings and is so good to help tend her little sister. Lacy is full of giggles and love. Melinda is our baby born July 26, 1984. She is the apple of everyones eye. She is a very active happy baby.

We are enjoying the lifestyle that we live in the country and are thankful for the good healthy children that we have and also for our heritage.

UPDATE ON CLARENCE FERL AND TINA LOUISE BRINGARD CHAMBERLAIN

FERL works as a brick mason, designing and laying fireplaces are his speciality. He loves hunting and fishing, and the mountains. And goes camping often with his family.

TINA LOUISE is a very fine wife, mother and housekeeper. She loves gardening - loves to read and to teach her children the love of reading.

SHERIDAN COLE is a good student and a quick learner. He is a bouncy, bubbly boy. His smile makes him stand out in a group. He was born August 4, 1977, Cedar City, Utah. His grandfather, Quinn Chamberlain, baptized and confirmed him September 1, 1985.

SHILO AMELIA is our 'happy' girl, always smilling and loves to talk and be talked to. A very 'dainty' little lady. Shilo was born September 15, 1980, and was blessed by her grandfather Quinn Chamberlain.

FERL TYREE was born September 29, 1984, in Cedar City, Utah. He was blessed January 6, 1985 by his grandfather Quinn Chamberlain. He is a very active boy - always good natured.

UPDATE ON THE FAMILY OF CURTIS HANS CHAMBERLAIN

CUTIS is self-employed as a tile layer. He is a very thoughtful father. He loves fishing and hunting and camping. Curtis is an accomplished cook.

TIFFANY is the 'eager helper' always wanting to help someone. She is the peacemaker of the family and is eager to learn. She loves swimming, rollerskating and drawing pictures.

CURTIS TRENT was born October 16, 1981, in Cedar City, Utah. He is always on the go and is making friends easily.

WAYNE HYRUM JONES
[update to July 1986]

Wayne was born January 18, 1932, St. George, Utah, at 306 West 300 North, in a two room adobe house (where his parents later built their new home). He moved to Hurricane at an early age and can remember moving several times around Hurricane and once to LaVerkin. From there the family moved to Overton, Nevada, where he lived for about three years. The next move was back to St. George, Utah. He attended elementary, Woodward Jr. High, and Dixie High School in St. George, graduating in 1950. He attended one year at Dixie College.

Wayne has always been a worker. During his junior high days, he started working for the telephone company and worked for them for three years, summers he was life guard at the St. George swimming pool, and worked part time at McCoards Station. He worked one shift as short order cook at Jensen's 91 Cafe, and at Lee Cox's Texaco Station. When he was 11 years old, Unchle Hy Empey got him on at the Virgin Dome oil drilling, where he worked two summers, making $15.00 a day in cash and $5.00 in stock. While in Overton, he remembers bunching tomato plants making a couple of dollars, then blowing the money. He would do any type of work that would earn a nickle. After finishing one year at Dixie College, he tried three different work areas and finally chose Southern Utah Power Company in 1951, where he worked in Hurricane until the summer of 1953 when he was transferred to Cedar City until January 1970 when he was again returned to Hurricane. In the meantime, Southern Utah Power had been purchased by California Pacific Utilities and later they were bought out by Utah Power and Light.

He remembers, as a boy, the only oiled street in St. George was highway 91 (now known as St. George Blvd.). He lived in the section of town known as 'Sand Town' and the play area was the street.

When he was 12 he started in scouting and at 14 became an explorer and started the air scout program where he earned his Ace Award. In 1954 he was asked to be scout master of Cedar 6th Ward, and thus began the most rewarding, enjoyable, exasperating, memorable period of his life as scoutmaster to as high as 70 scouts. At this time he worked along with the boys to earn his Eagle and two Palms, and to be elected to the order of the Arrow, where he became a leader for southern Utah. He retired as scoutmaster in 1963. After this he served as the District Committee as Commissioner over Cub Scouting and exploring, receiving his scouter key and extra miler award. In LaVerkin, he has been scoutmaster, chairman of the troop committee, called as stake leader, Hurricane Stake, then to the High Council where one of his responsibilities was scouting. At this time he was put back on the district committee and served in that capacity until Hurricane Stake was divided. He was then called back to Hurricane North Stake High Council again over scouting. He worked until the summer of 1983 and was then put back as chairman of troop committee. In the fall of 1983, he was appointed Executive Secretary to the Bishop.

In the fall of 1949, Wayne met and fell in

love with Elma Kaye Workman of Hinkley, Utah. She was attending Dixie College. They were married January 4, 1951, in the St. George Temple, continuing with school the remainder of that year. Elma graduating from Dixie College in June that year. Wayne started for Southern Utah Power in 1951 at Hurricane where he worked for a year before being laid off when the men formed a work union. He worked for Hutchings Electric for 5 months. When the union was organized and accepted he was offered his old job back.

In 1957, we purchased a lot and trailer at 296 North 1100 West, in La Verkin, Utah, where we built a house a section at a time in the following years. These years were a mixed up time - busy and rewarding. Elma worked as a primary teacher and visiting teacher, secretary in Relief Society for two years, counselor in MIAYW, counselor in Primary and substitute Jr. Sunday School.

The dead end street we lived on was a joy, the neighborhood was full of kids of all ages and the kids were busy, active, and in and out of mischief.

Our children:

KARL WAYNE JONES was born October 11, 1951, in St. George, Utah. Karl and his wife Jewel have five children: Scott, Jeffery Wayne, Eric, Christi and Teresa.

LINDA KAYE JONES was born September 7, 1953 in St. George. She and her husband, David Holdaway, have 6 children: Royden David, Charlene, Kayline, Kerri, Toni, and Randy Wayne.

BRENT LEE JONES was born November 23, 1957, at Cedar City, Utah. Brent has one daughter, Cassi. Divorced Wendy Wadsworth.

ANNETTE JONES was born April 7, 1959, at Cedar City, Utah. She and her husband, Vance William Bishop, have 3 children: Shenna, James, Justin Wayne.

DAVID ALAN JONES was born August 16, 1963 at Cedar City, Utah. He and his wife, Shanna Sullivan, have two children: Christopher, and Jenna Lynn.

SUE ANN JONES was born February 14, 1969. She married Ronald Stratton May 3rd, 1986.

HISTORY OF KARL JONES AND FAMILY

Karl was born to Wayne and Elma Jones on October 11, 1951 in St. George, Utah. The family shortly moved to Hurricane, and then to Cedar City, Utah. During Karl's formative years the family lived in an apartment at 179 North 800 West in Cedar City where he began his boxing career by knocking out his Dad's two front teeth. Karl started school at the Cedar West Elementary, during this time, the family bought a building lot at 296 North 1100 West and started to build a home, this is where Karl will remember and spend the rest of his school days, he attended Jr. High and Cedar High School, where he graduated in 1969. Karl took an active part in high school football and wrestling, which won him a scholarship in wrestling at Southern Utah State College (SUSC) in Cedar. After graduation from high school Karl joined the Utah National Guard in August of 1969, and spent his basic training and AIT at Fort Gordon, Georgia, Karl returned to Cedar City, February 1970. Karl is still part of the Utah National Guard and is presently scheduled to retire from the Guard in September 1989.

Karl attended SUSC where he was studing electronics and met his wife Alta Jewel Nielson who was attending Evans Hairstyling College at the time. Jewel was the youngest of five children born to Newel and Mildred Nielson of Greenwhich, Utah. Jewel was born in Salina, Utah on January 30, 1950.

Karl and Jewel were married in the Manti Temple, on Friday, November the 13th, 1970. They started their family by having a boy, he was born on February 11, 1973 in Cedar City, Utah. They decided to name him Scott Karl Jones, after his father.

The second child born to Karl and Jewel was a boy, born in Cedar City, Utah on December 19, 1975. He was named Jeffrey Wayne Jones after his grandfather, Wayne Jones.

The third child born was another boy, born February 27, 1977, in Cedar City, Utah. He was named Eric Newel Jones after his grandfather Newel Nielson.

During this time Karl had quit school to find a job to support the family, he had worked as a car salesman at Tri-State Motors, furniture salesman at Leigh Furniture, also at the Ace Hardware in Cedar. Karl and Jewel had bought their first home at 1101 Lunt Circle in Cedar City. Karl become unemployed at this time and was looking for work, this process lasted for over a year. The iron mines had closed and there were not many jobs in Cedar. Karl's father, Wayne, set up an appointment for him with the City of St. George Utilities, as an apprentice lineman for the power department.

Karl started work in St. George on August 17, 1976 for the power department, this continued a long line of linemen in the Jones family, starting with Clarence Jones, his sons Acil, Grant, and Wayne, and grandchildren of Clarence's Clarence Acil, and Karl Wayne have all become linemen and worked in the power industry. Fortunately for Karl with three boys and Jewel vowing that until there are some girls in the family, that the family will continue to grow larger and larger, the next child that Karl and Jewel has was a girl, born July 8, 1979 in St.

George. She was name Kristi Lynn Jones. This was so exciting to have a girl that Karl and Jewel had another girl, born August 5, 1983, named Teresa Ann Jones. She also was born in St. George, Utah.

During this time of expansion for the Jones family, Karl continued to work for St. George Power Department and on January 2, 1986, Karl was made Power Superintendent of the St. George Power Department, which grandpa Jones had helped build while he was a lineman, and retired from the city.

LINDA KAYE FONES HOLDAWAY
1986

Linda Kaye Jones was born in St. George, Utah on September 7, 1953 to Wayne and Elma Workman Jones. We lived in Cedar City and I grew up in a neighborhood with a lot of friends. We started out with a small trailer house and Dad added to it until it was removed and we had a nice big house. The kitchen was big enough to play ping-pong in it until we scratched Mom's new cabinets.

I went to North Elementary and Cedar Junior High. During High School I was active in chorus and in the school play. After we moved back to LaVerkin, Utah, I met David Holdaway. We dated during our senior year and in June that year we graduated from Hurricane High School, David and I were married on February 9, 1972, in the St. George Temple.

We set up housekeeping in a small house trailer in LaVerking. Our son, ROYDEN DAVID, was born on January 10, 1973, in St. George, Utah. David had to build a crib in the hall of the trailer because the bedroom was not big enough. Dave changed jobs and we moved to Cedar City where we moved in an apartment on January 1, 1975. It was larger and Royden had a bedroom.

On February 7, 1975, CHARLENE HOLDAWAY was born in St. George, Utah. We had her in the apartment only a few hours when she developed an allergy to the wool carpet and we had to move back into the trailer. Carlene slept in the crib and Royden slept on the couch. It didn't take long until we got a new home in Cedar Valley. KAYLISA was born on June 28, 1977 in Cedar City, Utah. She was a tiny petite little girl with big blue eyes and could wrap everyone around her little finger.

In January 1978, Dave went back to work in St. George and so we bought another mobile home and set it up on Grandpa Jones' farm in Toquerville, Utah. This time we had three bedrooms.

Royden started school in Hurricane elementary that Fall. We started our own bus stop at the top of the lane.

KERI ANN was born on Mother's Day, May 13, 1979, in St. George, Utah. Keri's addition to the family made the trailer become crowded and so we built an addition to the trailer, giving us three new rooms. As Keri became older she became my real live 'Care Bear'.

TONI was born on December 15, 1980, also in St. George. She was allergic to synthic fabric and so everthing I used for her had to be 100% cotton. The Ward held a big baby shower for us and really helped us out.

The next year was a bad year, as Keri hurt her hand, Toni had spinal meningitis and Royden fell through a window and cut his face. We spent most of our time in and out of the hospital and doctor offices. But then things could only go up.

RANDY WAYNE was born on October 1, 1983 in St. George, Utah. He weighed in at over 9 lbs. and looked like he was ready to play football. When he was 18 months old, Randy took a stroll on the highway above our home and a California couple picked him up and took him to Cedar City and turned him over to the police. He was gone for about three hours. We must have turned over every rock and kicked every bush on the farm. We sure were glad to get him back.

DAVID ALAN JONES
1986

David Alan Jones is the fifth child of Elma Kaye Workman and Wayne Hyrum Jones. He was born August 16, 1963, in Cedar City, Utah. He started his chooling in Cedar City attending kindergarten and first grade there. The family then moved to LaVerkin, Utah and David finished school in Hurricane, Utah, where he graduated in 1981. David was active in High School sports, music, and also earned his Eagle Scout Award.

David entered the work force after graduating by becoming a teller at Dixie State Bank. He attended Dixie College. Dave left on his mission August 19, 1982. He served a successful mission in the Mississippi Jackson Mission, covering parts of Mississippi and Louisiana. After his mission he returned to work as a teller at Dixie State Bank and was later promoted to loan adjustor. David married Shanna Sullivan, who was born September 9, 1961 to Camellia Hattie Carter and Robert Urie Sullivan of Washington, utah. David and Shanna were married July 7, 1984 in the St. George Temple. They are the parents of one son from her previous marriage, CHRIS - TOPHER RICHARD CORLETT JONES, born February 10, 1983, in St. George, Utah, and their duaghter, JENNA LYNN JONES, born February 13, 1986 in St. George, Utah. David and Shanna were sealed for eternity in the St. George Temple on September 28, 1985. David upgraded his employment by taking a job as a loan processor at Zions First National Bank in January 1986. David and his family are currently living in Washington, Utah.

BRENT LEE JONES
1986

Brent was active in football, baseball and track where he broke records at Hurricane high School in the 440 and also at Dixie. He graduated from High School in 1976 and in December of that year he left for the mission field, where he served in the Florida Fort Lauderville Mission. After returning from his mission he married Wendy Wadsworth January 4, 1980, in the St. George Temple.

He had worked in St. George, Cedar City, and Hurricane and lives in LaVerkin. He attended a gunsmith school in Denver, Colorado. On June 15, 1983, he divorced and he has custody of his beautiful little daughter, CASSI JONES, who was born June 28, 1981.

ANNETTE JONES BISHOP
1986

Annette, the daughter of Wayne and Elma Jones, was born on April 7, 1959, in Cedar City, Utah. She attended Cedar North Elementary through 5th grade and Hurricane Elementary for 6th grade. She graduated from Hurricane High School in 1977 and that Fall entered Evan's Cosmetology College in St. George. After graduating and passing the State exams, she went to work at Steve's Beauty Shop in Washington, Utah, where she worked for three years. She met a young man named Vance William Bishop and they were married August 21, 1981 in the St. George Temple.

Vance was born December 30, 1951 in Delta, Utah to Vance and Ruth Bishop. He graduated from Delta High School in 1970 and went to BYU for one year. After one year of college, he left to serve a mission in Spain. Upon returing home, he went back to BYU where he graduated with a Masters in Public Administration. He worked as the City Manager in Washington, Utah for three years. Shortly after they were married, they moved to Delta where he worked for Delta City for 1 1/2 years and then went to work at the Intermountain Power Project in 1984.

Their first child, SHEENA ANN, was born June 1, 1982. She got her first brother, JAMES WILLIAM, on February 18, 1984, and brother number two JUSTON WAYNE, was born as her 4th birthday present on June 1, 1986.

SUE ANN JONES STRATTON
1986

Sue Ann is the sixth child of Wayne and Elma Jones. She was born February 14, 1968 in Cedar City, Utah. The family moved to LaVerkin when Sue was two years old where she attended elementary, middle school, and Hurricane High School, where she graduated in 1986. She participated in girls athletics. Her freshmen year, she lettered in volleyball and basketball. Somewhere along the line she injured her knee and had to have surgery so she decided not to play in sports anymore, just sit back and relax. That was alright until she became bored and started working at the Best Western Lamplighter Motel in Hurricane. She worked there for two summers. On February 14, 1986 Ronald Kay Stratton proposed to Sue Ann and she accepted. They had been dating for a year. On May 3, 1986 they were married in the LaVerkin 2nd Ward Chapel and are currently living in LaVerkin at Gateway Trailer Park.

William Vaughn Jones Family

Section IV



Brad & Diane Holt Family
Nicole and Zachary



Coley



Coley and Dad



Coley



Zach

William Vaughn Jones Family



Toni and Danny



Corey - Matt
Kristi - Amber - Lana Jo Holt



Pamela and Matt Jessop



Matt and Pam Jessop



Pam and Marilyn



Ben, Matt, Stepen
Marilyn, Pam, Kathy



Vaughn Jones and Milton Bowler
after a basketball game



Belle Leavitt 1920



Six Generations
Susan Leavitt - Alice Holt - Kathy Bess -
Marilyn Brown - Belle Jones
1974 Baby Trent Bess



Dean, Joyce, Carolyn, Lance,
Billie Jo, Farrell, Laurna, Linda



Linda DeMille



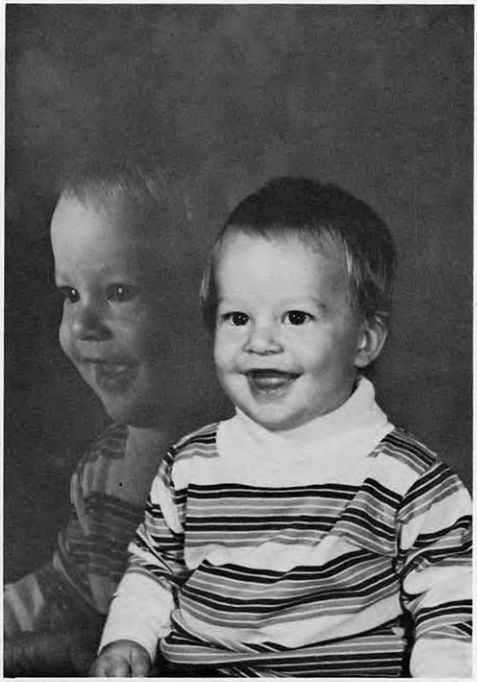
Billie, Lance, Linda, Farrell, Carolyn,
Laura, Joyce, Dean



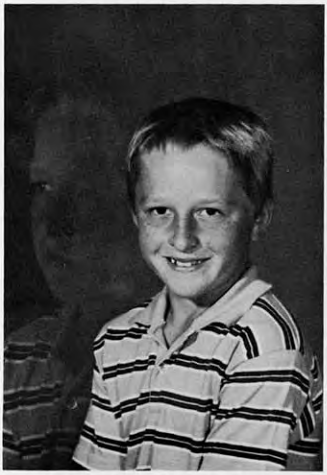
Kyla Jo DeMille



Kathy and Stephen Wilson
1983



Tyson Wilson
1985



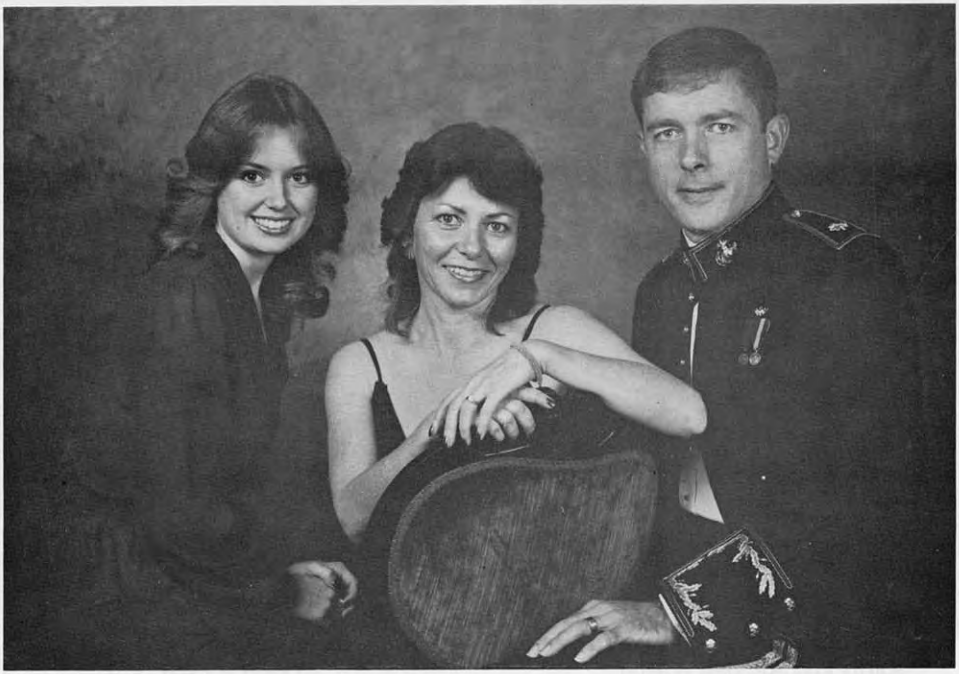
Kody Bess
1986



Justin Bess
1986



Trent Bess
1986



LeRene - Lana Kay - Paul Nickelaus



Stephanie, 7-4-86



Stephanie, 2 months, 7-18-86



Shane LeFevre



Shane LeFevre



Joyce, Shane, Dean LeFevre



Dean and Joyce DeMille LeFevre



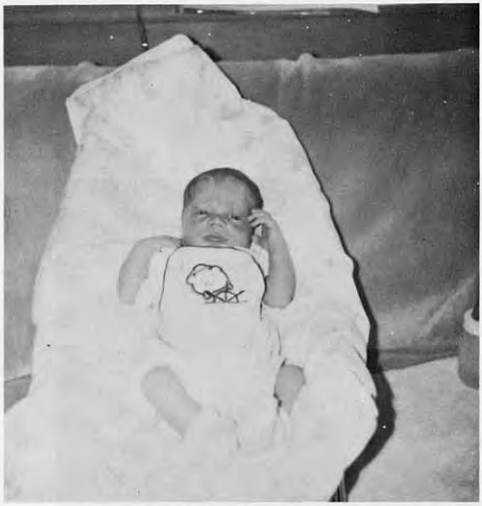
Kayla Jo DeMille



Laura Kay DeMille



Lance and Billie Jo Wright DeMille



Jared Lance DeMille
July 1986

William Vaughn Jones Family



Chris, Julie, Keith and Garry
Angela, Nancy holding Annie, Chester,
Mary holding Garry, Jr.
Daniele, Linda holding Janniele and Krissell



Keith and Mary Jones Family
Lorin and Ferral Jones Family
(standing) L to R Royce Jones, Lorin Jones,
Mervyn Vennion, Kevin, Tina holding Brendon,
Jill holding Alex, Trenton, Tiffany, Ferral,
Kristine holding Mickey, Thoa holding Rusty,
Russell



Heather Hirschi



Hollie Hirschi



Kassi Hirschi

William Vaughn Jones Family



The Keith Hoff Family
All of Maurine and Keith's Family except
Joan's children. Taken July 1, 1985

William Vaughn Jones Family

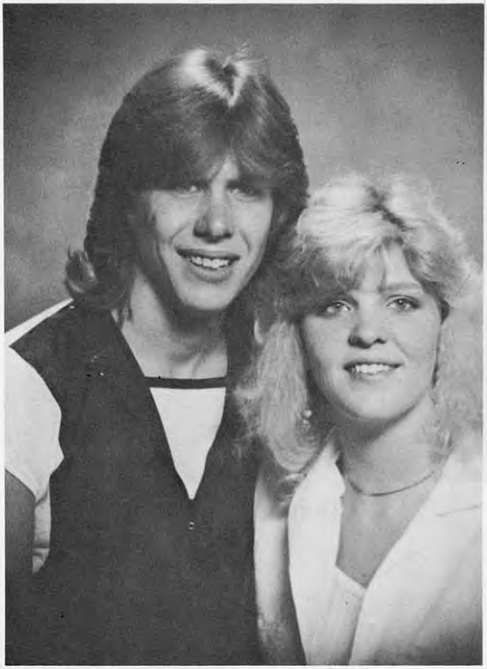


The Scott Hirschi Family
Kassi, Lee Scott, Glenda, Scott, Jace, Kandi

William Vaughn Jones Family



Joan, Stacy, Ted,
Shelly, Danny



Brian and Shelly
Green Huchingson



John Jacob Green
born January 8, 1986



Keith and Mary Jones



Julie NaDean Jones and
Cal Darrow
June 6, 1986
married in Mesa, Arizona Temple



Vaughn Jones Plot
Veyo Cemetary
Maurine Hoff, (mother), Bella Jones
and Keith Jones

A Missionary Farewell

Announcing
The Mission Call of
Sister Linda DeMille
Called to serve in the
Brazil Brasilia Portuguese Speaking Mission.
A Farewell will be held:
Sunday, June 23, 1985
at 9:00 a.m. in the
Cedar Stake Center
(Cedar 19th Ward)
155 East 400 South
Cedar City, Utah
Please Join Us



William Vaughn Jones Family



Vaughn and Belle Jones
May 23, 1922



Harradance Nursing Home where
LaVerne, Alice, Maurine and Lorin were born.



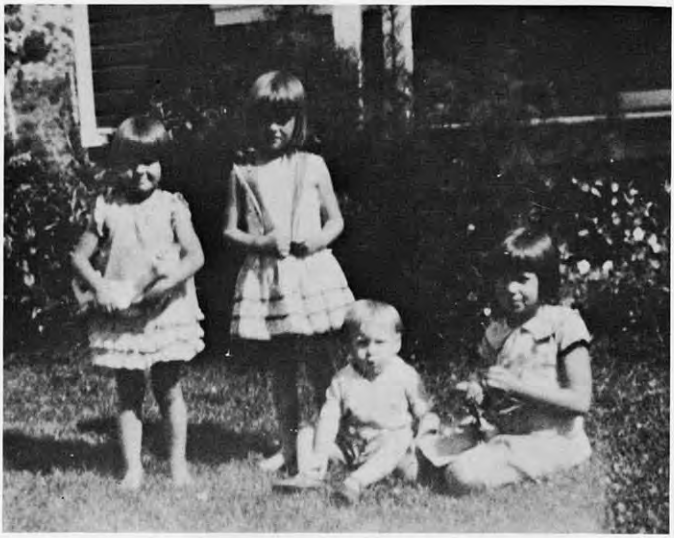
Vaughn at Controls #3 Plant



#3 Hydro Plant - located between
Veyo and Gunlock, Utah



#3 Hydro Plant, just completed
Alice, Vaughn holding Maurine, LaVerne



#3 after grounds were planted
Maurine, Alice, Lorin, LaVerne

Vaughn Jones Family



Alice, LaVerne, Maurine, Lorin



Keith Jones



Isabelle Leavitt Jones with her
two sons: Keith and Lorin



Vaughn and Belle with 3 month old
Heather and Hollie Hirschi



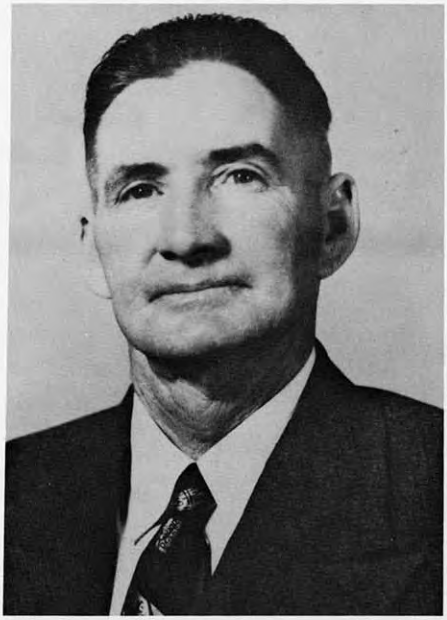
Lorin, LaVerne, Alice, Maurine, Keith
September 1969



Nancy LaVerne Jones Hirschi



Keith, Lorin, Maurine, Alice, LaVerne
with mother Belle Jones, 1977



William Vaughn Jones



Bishop Vaughn Jones with great-grand-daughters, Heather and Hollie, on the day he blessed them in Idaho Falls, Idaho



Nancy LaVerne Jones Hirschi and
Leland Squire Hirschi, World War II



Isabelle Leavitt Jones



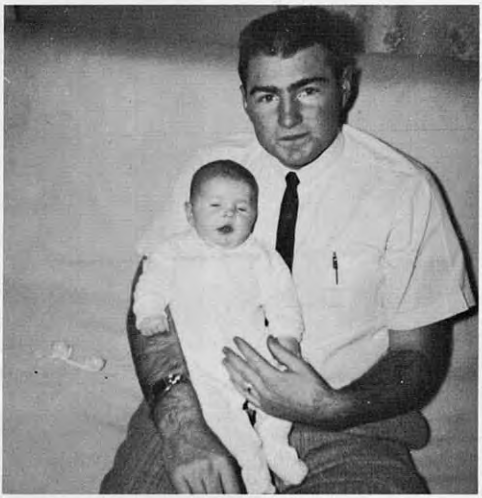
Belle Jones at family home in Veyo



Nancy LaVerne Jones Hirschi riding "Cindy"



Gloria Jo Jones Hirschi
1978



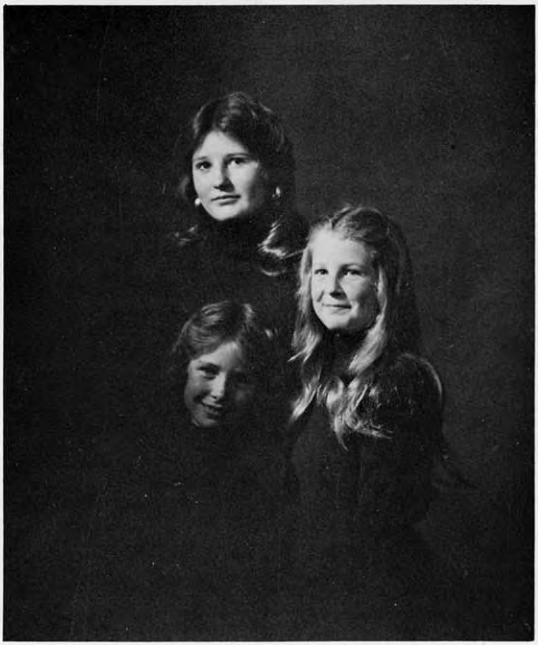
Richard with 2 month old
Terece Hirschi, Boise, Idaho



Terece (5 months) with Richard, Boise, Idaho



Richard Hirschi



Terece, Hollie, Heather Hirschi



''Twins'' Hollie and Heather Hirschi



''Twin Cousins'' Nancy Empey, Kandi Hirschi



Barbara Hirschi and Bridesmaids (Lana Holt on right)



Barbara, Kim, Lisa, and Nancy Empey



Lee and LaVerne Hirschi, Kim and Cliff Christensen,
Lila and Clark Empey, March 1982



Clifford and Kimberly Empey Christensen
March 12, 1982

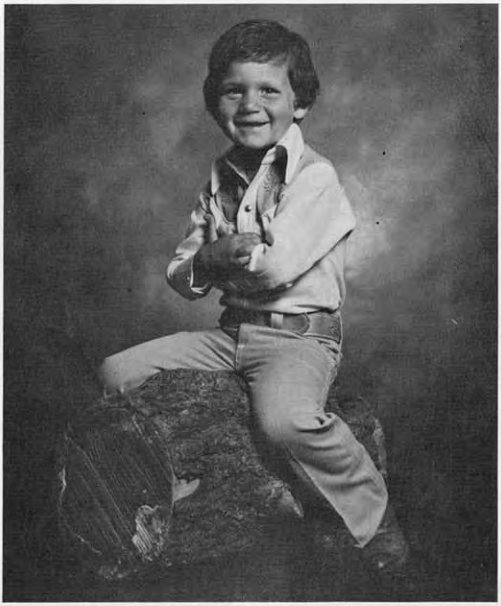


Lisa Jo Empey

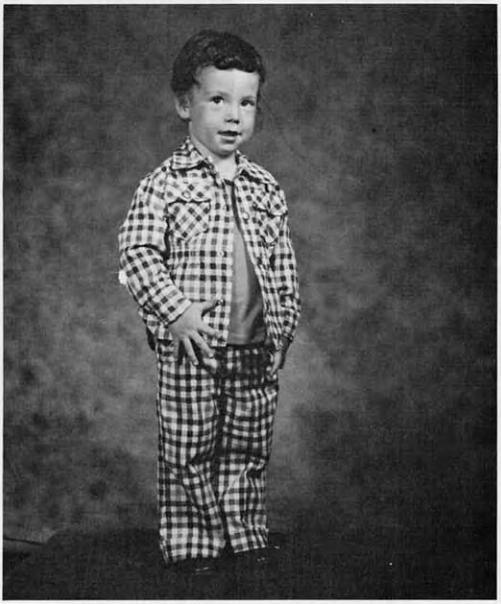


Lisa Jo Empey, Kimberly Empey Christensen, Nancy Empey
(front) Melanie Watkins

Vaughn Jones Family



Lee Scott Hirschi



Courtney Empey

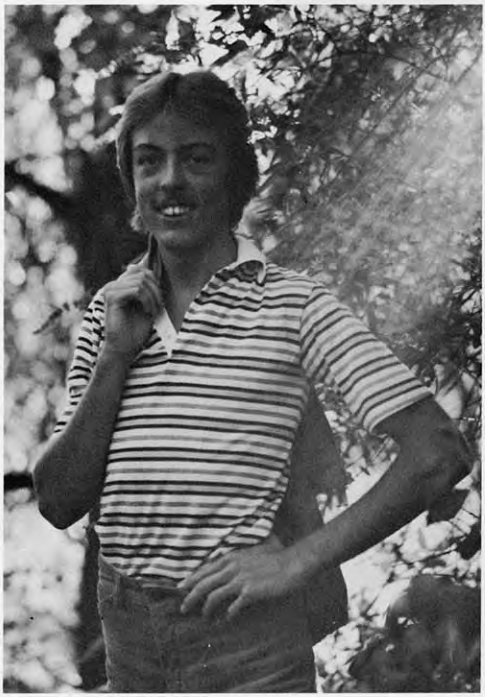
Vaughn Jones Family



Nancy, Randy, Lisa, Melanie,
Barbara, Mel, Kim, Courtney



Melanie Walkins



Randy Watkins



Mel and Barbara Watkins



Glenda Milne and Scott Hirschi wedding line
October 1965





Scott Hirschi
before and after first haircut

Vaughn Jones Family

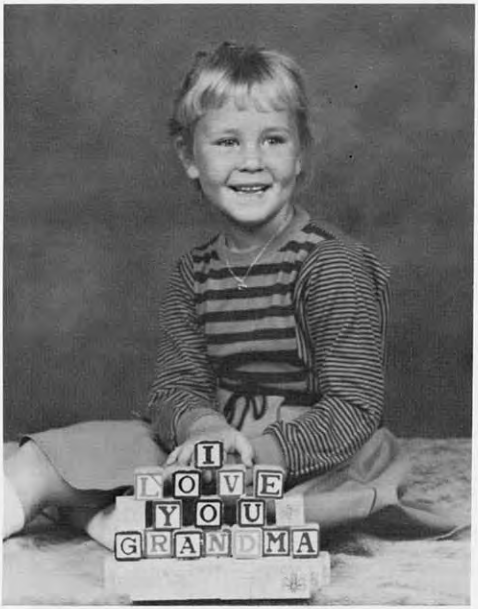


Kandis Hirschi

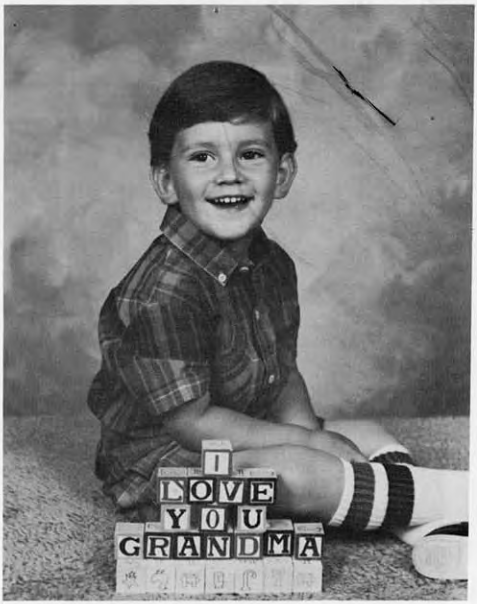


Kassi Hirschi

Vaughn Jones Family



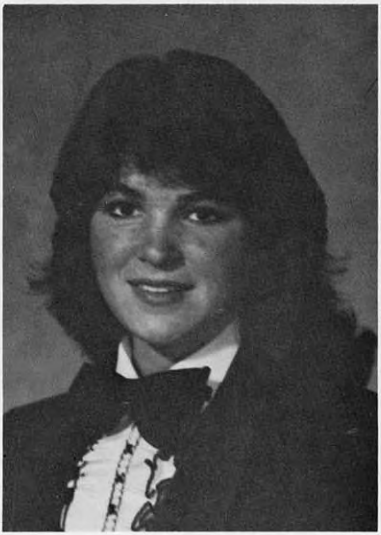
Melanie Watkins



Jace Hirschi



Jason W. and Nancy Empey Porritt
March 29, 1985, St. George Temple



Lisa Empey



Merlyn K. Holt and Alice Jones Holt



Alice J. Holt



Danny Merlyn Holt 1953

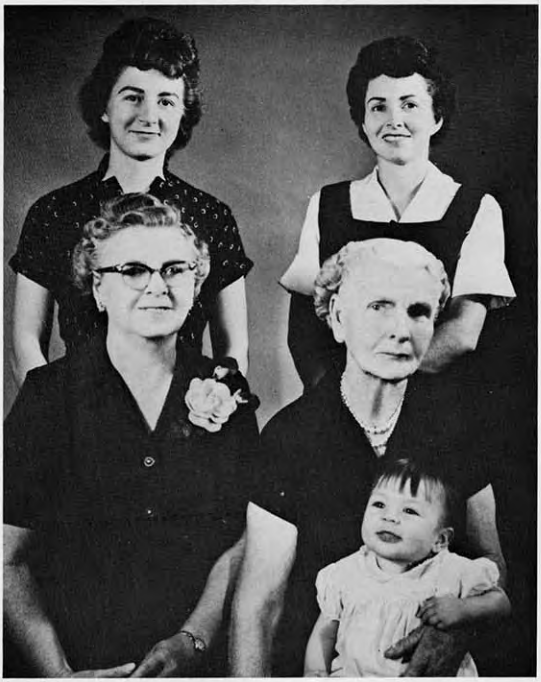


Alice J. Holt 1943

Vaughn Jones Family



Alice Jones Holt



''5 Generations''; Carolyn Holt DeMille, Alice Jones Holt, Belle Leavitt Jones, Susan Burgess Leavitt and Joyce DeMille



Carolyn and Marilyn Holt



Danny M. Holt



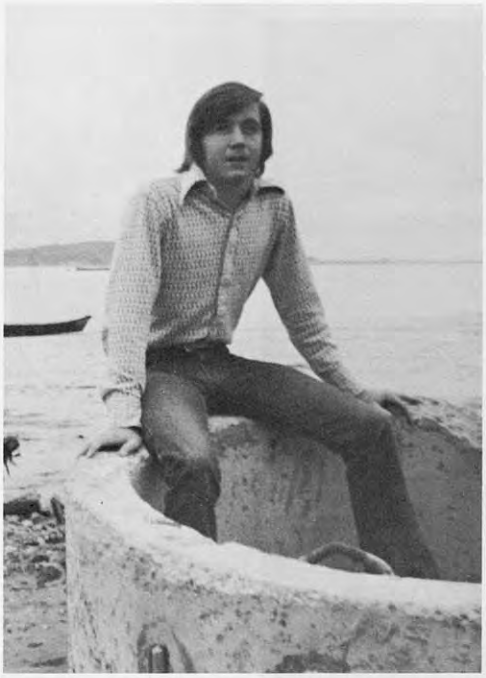
Kim Layne Holt



Danny, Kim, Brad, Kelly Holt
Christmas 1965



Kim and Danny Holt





Kim Layne Holt





Ben and Marilyn Holt Brown



Trent, Kody, and Justin Bess



Kathy and Pam



Elder Danny M. Holt



Brad and Alice Holt



Danny and Toni Holt Wedding



LaRene Fullerton



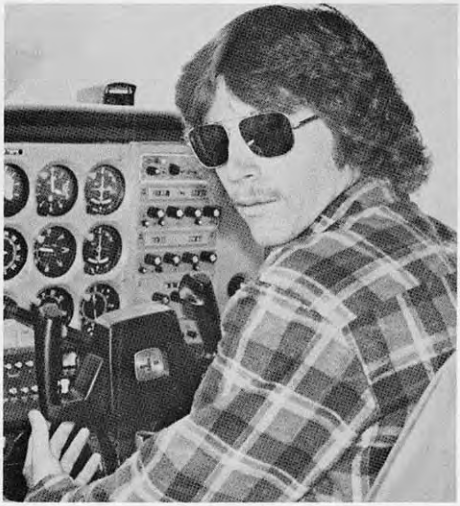
LaRene and Kurt Olbeter



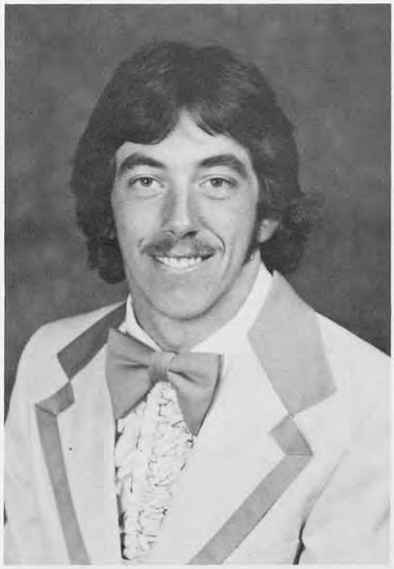
Brad, Kelly, Danny, Kim



Kim Layne Holt



Brad Holt



Kelly Holt



Kimberly Kay (Kimi) Holt



Savannah Jo (Sami) Holt



Kimi and Sami Holt

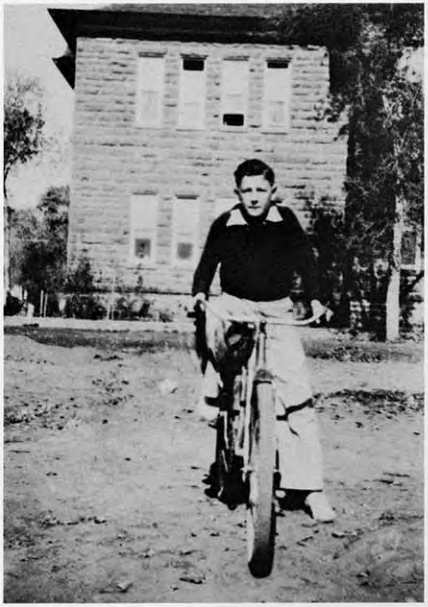
Vaughn Jones Family



Maurine Jones Fawcett Hoff



Robert, Brent, Joan Fawcett



Robert Joseph Fawcett
Junior High School



Maurine Jones and Robert Fawcett



Keith Hoff

Vaughn Jones Family



Robert Wayne Fawcett



Robert and Marlie Fawcett



Brenda and Barbara Fawcett

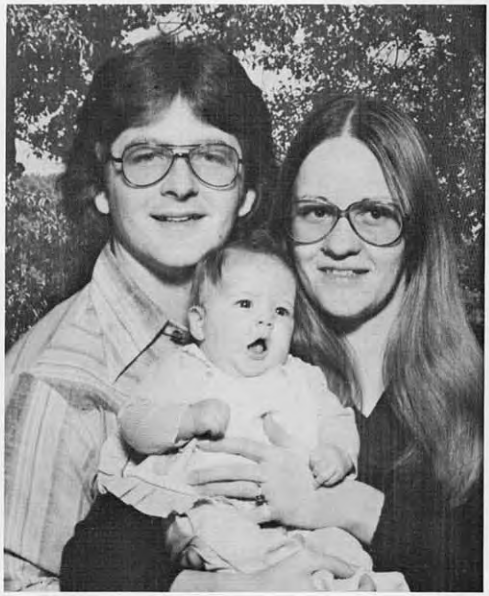


Joan Fawcett Anderson and Vance Anderson



Val Hoff Thomas and Richard Thomas

Vaughn Jones Family



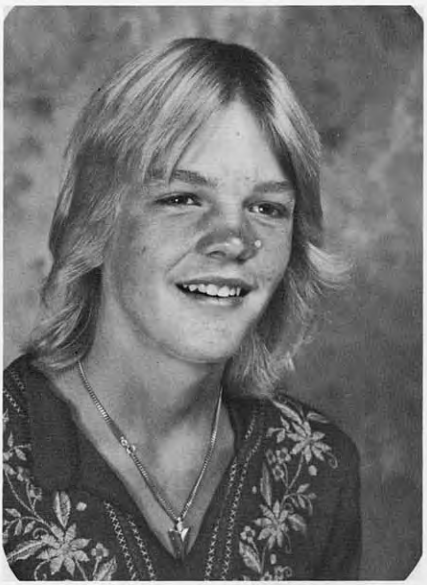
Brent, Sue, and Brandi Belle Fawcett



Brandi Belle Fawcett



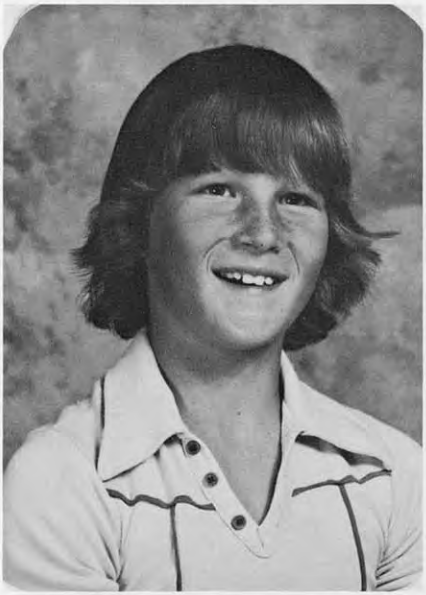
Cody Fawcett



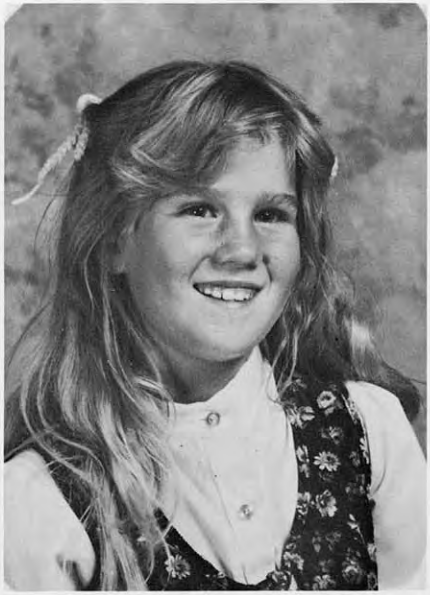
Ted Vaughn Green
1979



Shelley Lynn Green
1979



Danny Elden Green, Jr.
1979



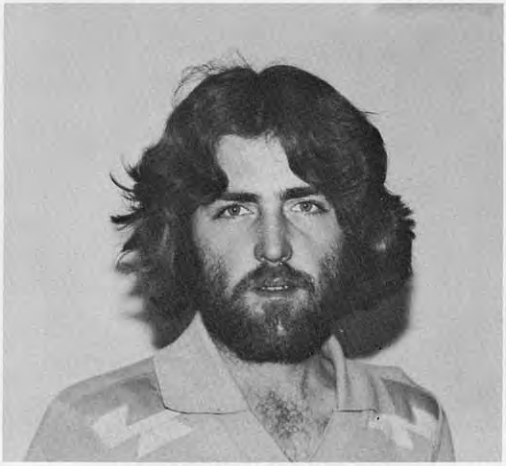
Stacey Nina Green
1979



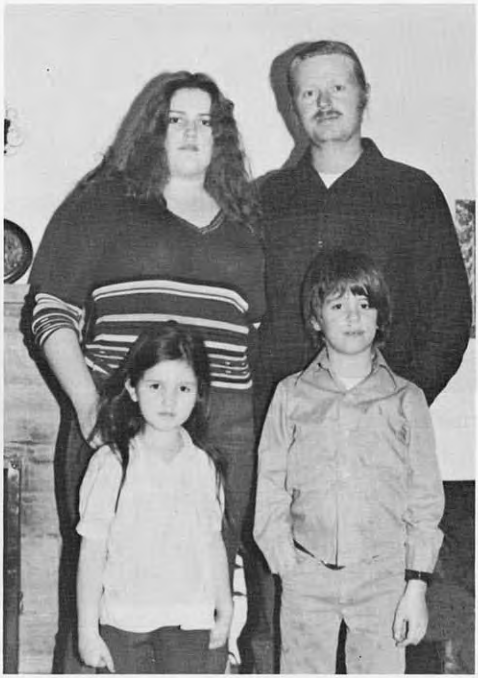
Ed Keith and Maurine Hoff
1979



Val, Merlene, Maurine, Keith, Clyde Hoff



Clyde L. Hoff, 1979



Merlene Hoff Peck and Bolton Peck
Bolton Jr. and Teresa

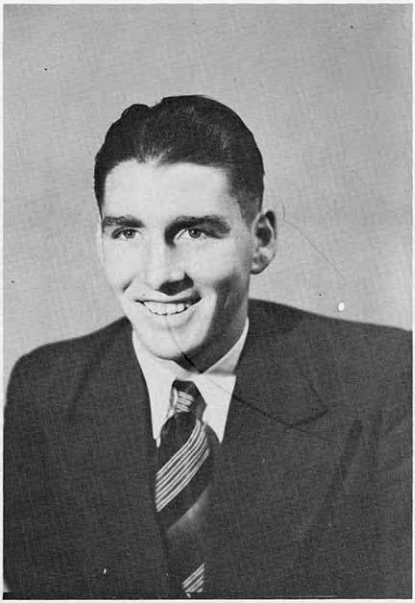


Richard and Val Hoff Thomas
Brian and Laurie



Ted & Angela

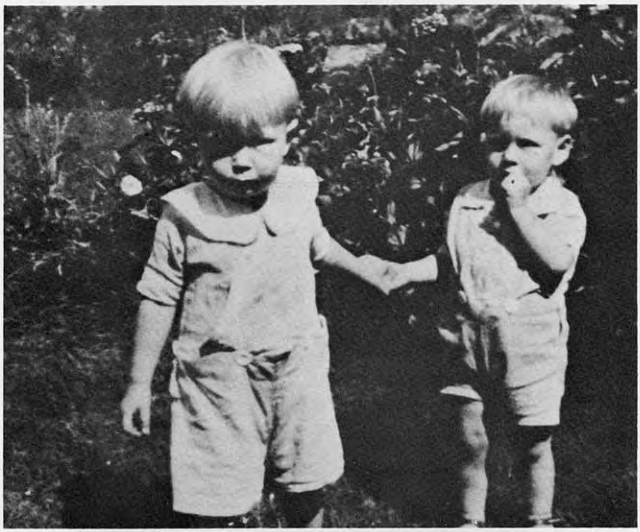
Angela and Ted
have chosen
Saturday, July the Twenty-first
Nineteen hundred and Eighty-four
as their Wedding Day.
Their Parents
Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kline
and
Mrs. Joan F. Green
and
Mr. Dan E. Green
would like you to share their happiness
at a reception that evening
Seven to Eight-thirty p.m.
419 Diagonal
St. George, Utah



Lorin Vaughn Jones



Lorin Vaughn and Ferral Leavitt Jones wedding

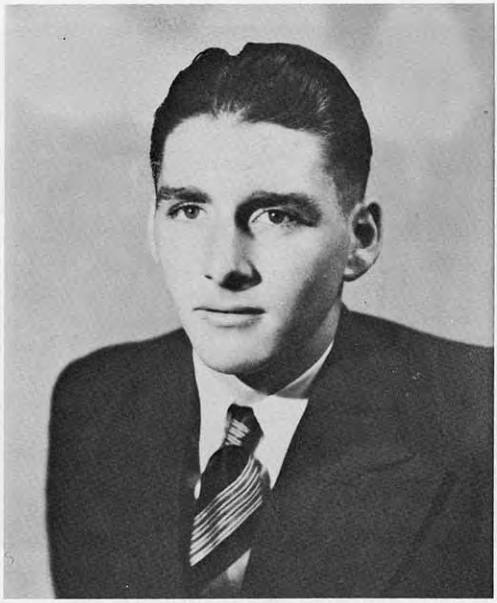


"Cousins" Emerald Seitz and Lorin Jones



"Friends Forever" Lorin Jones and Emerald Seitz

Vaughn Jones Family



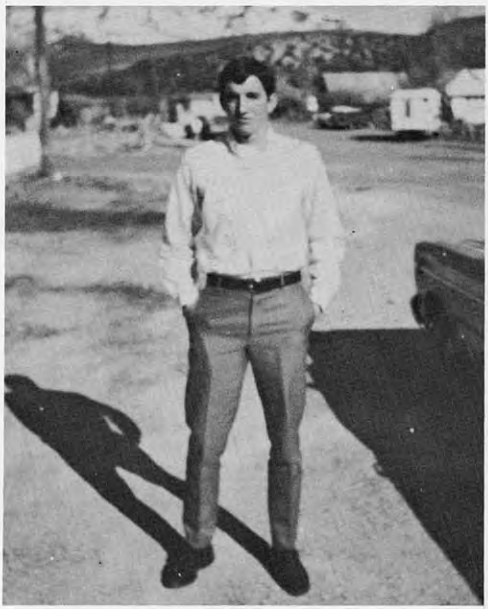
Lorin Vaughn Jones



Lorin, Russell, Royce, Ferral, Kevin, Kristine



Russell Lorin Jones and Ut Thai Phanm (Thao)



Russell Lorin Jones



Lorin Vaughn Jones and Kristine Jones



Tiffany Kristine Jones



Keith Jones school days



Hyrum Keith Jones serviceman



Hyrum Keith Jones and Mary Nadean Smith wedding

Mr. and Mrs. H. Keith Jones

and

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Darrow

are pleased to announce

the marriage of

Julie NaDean

and

James Calvin Darrow



Friday, the sixth day of June

Nineteen hundred and eighty-six

Marriage to be solemnized

in the Arizona L.D.S. Temple

Vaughn Jones Family



Keith, Nancy, Mary, Gary, Julie



Nancy Belle Jones, age 4



Gary Jones and Linda Erickson Jones



Linda and Gary Jones family, Dannielle and Krissell



Hyrum Keith Jones
1978 Davis Dam



Nancy Jones



Chester Keith 15 months



Keith Jones family



Angela Jones



Julie and Angela Jones



Angela Jones



Krissell Jones



Nancy Belle Jones

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES

Autobiography of
WILLIAM VAUGHN JONES
Sept. 9, 1942

I was born January 7, 1900, at Holt's Ranch, Washington County, Utah. At that time Holt's Ranch consisted of about five families, but has since been abandoned. The irrigation water used there now being used farther out on the desert instead of at the mouth of Holt's canyon; which is about six miles east of the present town of Enterprise, Utah.

I was the third child in our family, the others being Ellis Wilson, now in Veyo, Utah; Clarence Amos, who owns a home in St. George, Utah, but at present lives at Overton, Nevada, where he is manager of an R.E.A. light and power district.

Next after myself is Alvin Alfred, who now lives at Enterprise, Utah, where he owns a store. Another brother, Joseph, died a few weeks after birth at Pine Valley, Utah, where he is buried.

We moved around and lived at several different towns in Washington and Iron Counties until I reached the age of ten years. Some of the places I remember well, but others I was too young to remember much about.

I remember an event which took place while we were living at Hebron when I was not quite three years old. An earthquake came while we were at the table eating the noon meal. My mother picked me up, high chair and all, and placed me out in the yard because part of the house, which was of brick, started falling.

My brother Alvin was born at Holt's Ranch Nov. 19, 1902, two days after the quake.

I remember going back the following spring, to Hebron, with my father to plant on the lot where we had lived, one can still see the pile of brick which had been shaken from our house during the earthquake.

The old town of Hebron was abandoned when the town of Enterprise was started.

I remember living at Gunlock, Grass Valley, Modena, and Pine Valley, before I was six years old.

Mother died June 12, 1906, when I was a little over six years old, leaving father with four small boys to look after in addition to making a living.

During the next few years we lived with several different families; most of the time Alvin and myself living with one family while Clarence and Ellis were with another family. We seldom saw father during this period of time because he worked for B.J. Lund at Modena and had to stay on the job in order to pay for our keep.

During this time I remember living with a widow, Lydia Holt, at Gunlock, with my Uncle Arthur Westover at Grass Valley, and with Mary L. Hunt at Gunlock. She was the divorced wife of my mother's brother, Alfred Hunt. She later married my father, becoming my step-mother. We had known her as "Aunt Mary" before her marriage to father, and with her consent continued to call her "Aunt Mary" after their marriage.

Aunt Mary had four children when she married father as follows: James W.; Martha, who is now Mrs. Benjamin R. Chadburn living in Veyo, Utah; Beatrice, now Mrs. Lee Leavitt living at Gunlock; and Evelyn, now Mrs. Dell Bennett living at Ogden, Utah. Her husband was accidently killed about three weeks ago in a sugar mill.

After father married Aunt Mary, they had two children: Jacob M., now living at Pioche, Nevada; and Velma, who is now Mrs. Melvin Farnsworth living in Ogden, Utah. So in addition to three living brothers,

I had one half-brother and one half-sister, one step brother and three step sisters.

My first year of school was at Gunlock, but I only went a few weeks, being ill the rest of the winter. The following winter I went to school at Modena and the next at Pine Valley. From then until I graduated from grade school we lived at Gunlock, our home standing where the present school house is. I didn't go to high school but have taken correspondence courses during the past twenty years.

After about twelve years of age, I worked away from home during most of the time I wasn't in school. After graduation from school, I worked away from home most of the time. I worked for quite a number of farmers around the county and spent some time at other jobs.

As my husband, Bishop William Vaughn Jones, didn't complete the account of his life that he began writing on September 9, 1942, I will attempt to record somethings pertaining to his life, that I think might be interesting and beneficial to our posterity.

In doing this, I will try to be as accurate and impartial as I can. However, coming from the pen of a devoted and loving wife, somethings may seem slightly more colorful than they actually were.

Written by Isabelle L. Jones

MEMORIES OF MY HUSBAND

My first recollection of William Vaughn Jones (my dear departed husband) was the winter of 1909 and 1910, at Gunlock, Utah, where we both resided with our families and attended the same school. I remember him as a neat, studious, well behaved boy, who stayed in his seat and did the lessons well. I never remember him clowning around and wasting time as many of the boys did. He had a brilliant mind and a good memory, was always prepared with his lessons and participated well in his classes.

When he graduated from the eighth grade according to his teacher (Henry Graff) he graduated with a 98% average - the highest in the county that year. He learned so well the things taught in District School that he had a good basic education. He loved to read and study and continued learning throughout his life. After our marriage he took an electrical course by correspondence and applied the things he learned and excelled in this work. He also bought a typewriter, studied the course and became a good typist.

I became reacquainted with Vaughn when my parents and family moved back to Utah after spending five or six years in Mesquite, Nevada. We moved to the pioneer settlement known as Glen Cove, now Veyo.

By this time we were both in our teens and soon became attracted to each other. Our first date was, I think, during the Christmas holidays of 1916. We both enjoyed dancing and that was the main source of recreation in that day. As I lived in Veyo, which is seven long, rough, miles from Gunlock where he lived, we didn't see each other often. Sometimes the Gunlock boys would come in a wagon or buggy and take a group of us girls to Gunlock for a dance.

My grandparents, Edward W. and Eletheia Bunker Leavitt lived in Gunlock and always made us and our friends welcome. In order to avoid traveling at night, we usually went one day, attended the dance, and returned the following day. On one occasion when several of us girls were going to Gunlock, with our dates for a dance, we had an accident. The white topped buggy we were riding in tipped over on the long, steep, hill - luckily we weren't injured. After that, my father remarked that he didn't mind our going if Vaughn or someone responsible would be driving. He knew Vaughn was reliable and could be trusted to attend to driving and not be goofing off.

During the next few years we dated occasionally and sometimes went steady for awhile. Much of the time, I was away attending high school and he where he could find employment, so we both dated others. He was a clean, exemplary, young man and never tried to take liberties with girls or tell shady stories.

By the summer of 1921, we were both mature enough to know that we loved each other, although we never told each other we did. I considered him the most charming

and intelligent young man that I knew and dated. I realized that he possessed all the qualities of noble manhood that I most admired and desired in the man in my life.

It wasn't until he took me to a dance in the summer of 1921 that I realized fully, just how special he was. It may have been the love I could see in his beautiful, expressive eyes. His every look and touch told me that he loved me but he failed to say that he did. However, a few days later, I recieved a letter, expressing his love. He told me that he had loved me for a long time and must know if I loved him. My prompt reply assured him that I did love him.

From that day I have never loved or had any personal interest in any man but him. There were a few times during the years that he had been unjustly jealous of some little incident, but I can truthfully state that I still love him and have always been completely faithful and true to him.

Although he passed away nearly eight years ago and I have had many lonely hours and have longed to be near him, I wouldn't call him back, if I could, to continue suffering as he did those last six months, that he lived. I feel that as a noble Bishop, he had a calling beyond this sphere of action, and that he will be there to greet me when my work here is completed. I have no desire to marry again. I am content and try to be happy, looking forward to the time when we can be together again forever.

He provided me with a good, comfortable home, sufficient income and most of all, such a dear, wonderful and loving family. I sincerely appreciate the good lives they are living and their many, many kindnesses to me, their father, and to each other.

One of the finest compliments my husband ever paid me was on the last day he was able to speak, three days before his death. He was trying to tell Lorin and me where he had been and whom he had seen the night before. He stopped and looked directly at me and told me he wanted me to continue doing just as I had been doing, letting me know that he approved of me and the things I had been doing. That is exactly what I have tried to do.

He always had a keen sense of responsibility, was a good efficient worker and earned the respect and admiration of those for and with whom he worked - always doing his share and more.

In July, 1921, he secured employment in the quarries at the Gyp Camp, near Moapa, Nevada, with White Star Plaster Company. Although the extreme heat and working conditions were bad and he was often lonesome and sometimes depressed, he remained faithfully with his job, coming home only three times from July 1921 to May 1922, when we were married. He was saving his money so that we could buy furniture and other things we needed to set up housekeeping when we got married.

Most of our courtship was by correspondence. His letters, some which I still have, were always a joy to get but never the mushy kind; he sometimes told me how very lonesome he was for me. And in closing he said he would always love me and to take care of the girl he loved.

His one bad habit was smoking cigarettes, which was very displeasing to me. In fact, it was the one and only request I made of him, when he proposed, was that he quit smoking. I had my heart set on a temple marriage when I married. I knew that unless he kept the word of wisdom, he could not get a temple recommend. Although I loved him very much and wanted to be his wife and be with him always, it would have been a terrible dissappointment had the ceremony been performed any place other than the temple.

He did quit smoking and we were married May 23, 1922 in the St. George Temple, by David H. Cannon for time and all eternity. I regret that he later went back to using cigarettes for some time with neither my consent or approval. There was nothing more I could do about it - but as the Serenity Prayer says, I quote, *"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."*

My parents had a nice reception for us and we also had a wedding dance which was customary at that time.

Five days after our marriage, my husband began working for Dixie Power Co., as a hydroplant operator. He was hired for four months but continued for forty-two years and seven months or until he retired at the age of sixty-five years.

It was at #2 Power Plant that we established our first home together and became a family unit.

We shared a company house with Vaughn's brother Clarence and family. We purchased a new bed, springs, and mattress and a round dining table. The table we are still using after all these 56 years. With these and a few pieces of used furniture we set up housekeeping. Although we had little in worldly goods, we didn't owe a dime to anyone. We were comfortable and I doubt if we could have been happier had it been a palace. That whole first year seemed like a glamorous honeymoon. It was such a joy just being together after all those months not seeing each other.

I enjoyed keeping house and using the new quilts and other things I had made for my trousseau along with the nice wedding gifts we received. I found keeping house, cooking, etc. for the two of us was really a breeze after doing for a large family as I was used to doing.

A few months after our marriage, we purchased a used Buick car. Neither of us had ever driven a car, so we had some happy, exciting experiences, but Vaughn soon learned and loved to drive and became a good driver.

July 1, 1923 was the day our precious little daughter arrived. She was a beautiful, healthy babe, with lots of dark hair and a very fair complexion. I don't know how a baby could be more loved and wanted than she was. She brought a bit of heaven into our home. Vaughn wanted her named for his mother, Nancy Jane Hunt Jones, who died when he was six years old. We named her Nancy LaVerne but have always called her LaVerne.

She was the first grandchild of my parents Lemuel S. and Susan Isabelle Burgess Leavitt. The first granddaughter on the Jones side of the family; and the first great grandchild of my grandparents, Edward W. and Eletheir Bunker Leavitt.

Our second child arrived on March 9, 1925; another beautiful little daughter which brought much joy to our home. We named her Alice.

The following July, when Alice was four months old, my husband was asked by A.L. Woodhouse, President of the Power Co., to move to number one plant and be the foreman there. This plant was situated four miles southwest of Veyo, near the forks of the Sant Clara and Moody Creeks. I'm sure Mr. Woodhouse had discovered not only Vaughn's capability, but also his dependability. My husband was aware of the fact that his plant was really a headache. The machinery was old and some part constantly in need of repair in order to keep it producing power.

Mr. Woodhouse promised him that if he would be the foreman and straighten out the kinks there, that he would be the foreman of the new Sand Cove Plant which was under construction.

This job was a challenge which Vaughn accepted and although he sometimes worked around the clock to complete a repair job, he solved many of the problems there and kept it producing until the new Sand Cove Plant was complete. Number one plant was then dismantled and moved to Gunlock.

At that time the plants were all manually operated and required an operator to be with the machinery constantly. The operators were required to work seven days each week; no days off with pay, except a ten day vacation each year.

We remained at the plant for two years and during that time another beautiful little daughter came to bless our home. She was born July 16, 1926, almost a month premature. She was small and delicate for awhile but after the first few weeks began to grow and develop normally. We named her Maurine.

The Sand Cove Plant came into production in June 1927. The Company was in the process of building three nice cottages of four rooms, a bath with an attractive front porch, to house the operators. However, the

houses were not completed until July, so Vaughn was there a month before the houses were completed enough for him to move me and our children.

We really enjoyed this nice, new, comfortable house, especially as it was the first time we had had a house to ourselves. Always before we had shared a company house with another family.

When we moved here the yards were covered with rocks, sagebrush, and odds and ends of building material. During that first year we cleaned up the yards, made sandstone walks, planted trees, hedges, lawns, and flowers. As these grew it became an attractive place to live.

My husband was fortunate in being able to keep his job with the Power Company all during the depression years, although wages were cut.

In November, 1928, my husband was exposed to the flu when he went into his brother Clarence's house while they were ill. Three days later he became very ill with it. Then each of our children got it. Then I, too, contracted it. I was seven months pregnant and with the responsibility of caring for my ill family, I became extremely ill. I have always felt grateful to our Heavenly Father that I didn't lose my baby, and that I recovered and was permitted to live to raise my dear children.

As a child my husband had an extended illness; it was feared it might be consumtion, the disease that took his mother's life. I'm so grateful to our dear, kind, Heavenly Father that he recovered from whatever he had and has enjoyed fairly good health most of his life. He was subject to attacks of bronchitis which usually accompanied a bad cold or flu and caused him to have a harsh cough. His coughs were always alarming to me. If I could get him to spend some time in bed I could usually break it up with mustard plasters along with other home remedies. In his later life the new antibiotic drugs were very helpful in combating his coughs and colds.

Our eldest son was born Jan. 28, 1929, in St. George, Utah, at the Harridance Maternity Home at 1 a.m. He was a beautiful healthy baby, normal in every way. He weighed nine pounds, had dark hair and eyes and was the delight of the family. We named him Lorin Vaughn.

Each summer we looked forward to our annual vacation. Vaughn always managed to have a good car as we traveled extensively throughout the western states. We enjoyed visiting the national parks a number of times, also some large cities such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, and others. We attended three World Fairs: the San Diego in 1935; the San Francisco at Treasure Island in 1940; and the Seattle Fair in 1962. We especially enjoyed the trip to the Seattle Fair as we traveled with Lorin and his family from Stockton where we met them. Our grandson Robert Fawcett accompanied us and we had a wonderful time. We spent most of a week in the Seattle area. On the return trip, we visited our grandson, Richard Hirschi and family at Boise, Idaho, and Maurine and her family in Salt Lake City.

Our second son and fifth child was born Dec. 29, 1932 at 4 p.m. at the McGregor Hospital in St. George, Utah. We named him Hyrum Keith but have always called him Keith. He was a beautiful, healthy babe and very good natured. Although I had some complications following his birth, he never caused any problems either while I was in the hospital or after we came home. We were especially happy to have another son, making us a family of three daughters and two sons.

We enjoyed very much our family of lovely children and have tried to provide them with a happy, secure home. To enjoy not only the necessities of life but to help them develop an appreciation of culture and refinement, with a desire to get an education. We taught them to pray and to strive to live the commandments of our Heavenly Father that they might gain a strong testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The summer Keith was a baby, 1933, we painted and fixed up our small home in Veyo and moved there before school started in September. Vaughn still worked at No. 3

Plant, so we kept our house there which contained most of our furniture until our new home was completed within the year, except the bathroom, which was later completed.

We hired A.R. Bledsoe, a good carpenter, who lived in Veyo to do the major part of the building. Vaughn then finished it except for the lath and plaster; which we contracted to the Cheeney Bros. By September 1934 we had it painted inside and out, with new floor coverings, etc. At that time we purchased some new living room furniture and a few other things needed to make it comfortable.

We were all really happy to be living in our nice, new home in the center of town where our children could attend school, church, etc., without so much traveling.

Soon after moving into town, Vaughn was promoted from foreman to supt. of all four hydro plants in Washington County, with headquarters here in Veyo. There were three hydro plants on the Santa Clara and one on the Virgin River at LaVerkin. The job was a big responsibility for he was on call 24 hours a day. He was confronted with many problems but handled them efficiently for almost 30 years or until he retired at age 65 years.

After moving into Veyo, my husband held and magnified many positions of responsibility in our church and also several civic assignments. Among his earlier callings was in the Sunday School Presidency - the MIA and Elders Quorum President. At that time it took the Elders from Gunlock, Pine Valley, Central and Veyo to make up the quorum. During the time he was President, the quorums sponsored a full time missionary. Dances and socials were held regularly, with food sales, etc., to secure funds to keep the missionary. When sufficient funds were not available Vaughn and secretary Joe Neilsen paid it out of their own pockets. Vaughn managed these dances so we always attended.

When my brother in law Andrew N. Seitz was sustained Bishop of the Veyo Ward Feb. 9, 1936, my husband was sustained as ward clerk.

My father, Lemuel S. Leavitt, was Genealogical chairman for the Veyo Ward for many years. Meetings were held regularly with outlined lessons. Teaching the importance of and how to keep records correctly, research and other phases of genealogy work. My husband was class leader and many of the meetings were held in our home. It was at this time that we began our "Books of Remembrance".

June 8, 1937, was a tragic day for many of us and one I will never forget. On that day my brother in law, Bishop Andrew N. Seitz, was electrocuted near Pinto, Utah. He was employed by the power company and was in the process of trimming limbs from large cottonwood trees that extended over the power lines. He was high in a tree and when he cut a large limb, it fell onto the high voltage line. The other end of the limb fell against Andrew, making a direct contact, killing him instantly. After all efforts to revive him failed and he was pronounced dead, my husband took him to the mortuary in St. George in our car.

It fell my lot to break the sad news to his wife, my dear sister Lila. This was perhaps one of the most difficult things I ever had to do. Lila was eight months pregnant and had three small children. She had had poor health all during the pregnancy, so that we actually feared for her life. Her baby girl arrived on July 4, 1937, less than a month after her husbands' untimely death. The baby was given the name of Iona, which her father had chosen for her.

Our ward was reorganized soon after Andrew's death. His first counselor, George A. Chadburn, was sustained Bishop. My husband continued as ward clerk until May 1942, when he was sustained as a counselor to Bishop Chadburn.

October 3, 1943, my husband was sustained as Bishop of the Veyo Ward. He served in this capacity for nearly nine years to June 1952.

During the time my husband was Bishop the boundaries of the Veyo Ward was extended to include Central as they had lost their ward sometime earlier. At present the permanent residents of Pine Valley, Dammeron Valley, and ranches, who are members

of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints also belong to our ward.

In the spring of 1937, our eldest daughter, LaVerne, graduated from the eighth grade and was ready to attend high school. At that time there was no school bus service between here and St. George, so it was necessary for her to stay in St. George, where we paid for her room and board. By the time the school bus service started, our two eldest daughters LaVerne and Alice, were married and Maurine was a senior in high school. However, the school bus did help us so that our sons could live at home while attending high school.

I'm sure it was always gratifying to Vaughn that both our sons chose vocations in electrical work, that being his chosen profession. They both worked in this area, as hydro operators, for several years before going into other states for employment.

Lorin went to California in 1955; where he was employed by California Electic Co. near Bishop, CA. There he operated the steam plants at both Riverside and San Bernadino for the same company. He continued studying electrical correspondence courses until he got his degree in Electrical Engineering. After about ten years in California he moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, where he worked as a dispatcher until Jan. 1, 1976, when he was promoted to Assn't Power Supervisor.

Lorin married Ferral Leavitt and they are the parents of four lovely, progressive children: Russell Lorin; Melvin Royce; Kristine; and Kevin Vaughn. They also have one granddaughter, Tiffany Kristine. Kristine is at present serving a mission for our church in the Atlanta, Ga. area.

Keith was employed as a hydro operator in this area when he was inducted into military service during the Korean conflict. He and his wife Mary were residing at the Sand Cove No. 3 Plant when his call came. We had expected that he would probably be inducted during the year but at that time it was a shocking surprise. He was stationed at Fort Ord, Ca., for his basic training.

After a couple of months we went to see him and Mary later got an apartment at Pacific Grove and stayed near him until July. We were thankful that his orders were for Germany instead of Korea.

He spent a year and a half there in the 2nd Armored Division, *"Hell on Wheels"*. He applied himself well and made remarkable progress, was a sergeant before his release. When he returned a job was waiting for him. (That was the company policy for employees who were called into military service.) He was later transferred to Cedar City, with the same company. There he received some valuable experience with meters and relays, in addition to operating both the diesel and steam plants there.

After several years there, he was offered employment with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation in Montrose, Colorado working with meters and relays, etc. They bought a nice home there where they resided until 1972. He then bid for and got a transfer to Boulder City, Nevada, with the same company where they now reside. They are the parents of three wonderful children: Garry Keith, Julie Nadean, and Nancy Belle. They also have two darling grand daughters: Krissell Marie, and Angela Jones.

We are also happy with each of our three lovely daughters. Nancy LaVerne, our eldest, has a charming personality, is kind and considerate of everyone and has been especially good to me and her father. She is a devoted and dedicated Relief Society President of the Veyo Ward. She owns and operates a successful business in St.George. She also has a Stake assignment at the Genealogical Library every Saturday. She married Lee Hirschi and they are the parents of three outstanding children: Richard Lee, Barbara Jean, and Scott, who have given them eleven lovely grandchildren. They are Terece, Heather, Hollie, Kandis, Lee Scott, and Kassi Hirschi, Kimberly, Nancy, Lisa, and Courtney Empey, and Melanie Watkins.

Alice is married to Merlyn Kay Holt; they reside in LaVerkin, Utah. She is an attractive, friendly person and an efficient,

loving mother. At present she is employed part time in LaVerne's shop in St. George. In years past she was employed as a teller at Zion's First National Bank in both St. George and Hurricane. She has taken a nurse's aid class and after graduating was employed at the Dixie Memorial Hospital. She is the mother of seven children: Carolyn, Marilyn, Lana Kay, Danny M., Bradford R., and Kelly Mark. A son, Kim Layne, died a few years ago of injuries from a car accident. Alice also has nine grandchildren: Joyce, Linda, Lance F., and Laura Kay DeMille, Katherine Bess, Pamela Gibson, Alice LaRene Fullerton, Corey Merlyn and Mathew Layne Holt. Also two great grandsons, Trent and Justin Bess.

Maurine, our youngest daughter, is also a charming, lovely person. She is married to Edmund Keith Hoff and they reside in Salt Lake City. Her first marriage was to Robert J. Fawcett. They had three lovely children: Robert Wayne, Joan and William Brent. They have given them eight grandchildren: Brenda, Barbara, Brandi Belle, and William Cody Fawcett, Ted Vaughn and Shelley Lyn Anderson, Danny Eldon, and Stacy Nina Green.

Bob, her first husband, died June 19, 1957, after being confined to a wheel chair for five years. After his death she completed a business course at Stevens-Henigers Business College. She has had employment as a secretary much of the time since completing the course.

August 19, 1960, she married Hoff and besides raising her three children, she has also raised his three children: Val LaRee, Clyde Logan, and Merlene Hazel. The girls are both married. Val has two children, Brian Richard and Laurie Thomas. Teresa Merlen Benetiz is Merlene's daughter.

Maurine has had a very busy life - raising two families but has always held and magnified as important calling in the church in either a Ward or Stake capacity.

Between the time my husband was released as Bishop of the Veyo Ward in 1952, and when he was called to serve in that capacity a second time in 1962, we were called to serve for two years at the St. George Temple Vistors Center. We enjoyed this calling and met many interesting people. He also served as a Stake Missionary for a couple of years and was also Ward Clerk in our ward.

During the time my husband was bishop he organized and sang in the first choir in the Veyo Ward. He performed many ordinances such as priesthood ordinations, baptisms, confirmations, blessings and marriages. We have recorded twenty-five couples that he married during the seventeen years that he was bishop. He conducted and participated in many funeral services; he also did many temple endowments and sealings by proxy for the dead.

My husband was very interested in and helped promote the organization of the William Ellis Jones family and served as an officer in that organization for a number of years.

In 1957 my husband and I typed, arranged and published the personal journal of his grandfather, William Ellis Jones. We financed the project and had seventy-five copies printed, costing $150.00. The booklets were offered for sale at $2.00.

Although my husband recorded but a limited amount of his life, he does have an interesting Book of Remembrace. It contains his pedigree chart, family group sheets and many priceless documents, such as his two Bishops' Certificates, graduation, marriage, and priesthood ordination certificates. Dates and pictures of where, when and by whom he was baptized and confirmed. Also, pictures of the power stations where he was employed for more than forty-two years. A beautiful tribute our son Lorin, wrote and read at his retirement party. The Power Company presented him some nice fishing equipment and a lovely certificate of appreciation for his long years of loyal, faithful, conscientious service.

Years ago I made a project of tracing his line of divine authority to the Priesthood. This includes pictures, names and dates of those who ordained him to both the Aaronic and Melchezidek Priesthood and their line of authority; also the general authority who ordained him a Bishop on two separate

occasions. His book also contains his entire funeral service.

I am so thankful that my husband retired at age sixty-five although the company asked him to stay a couple of years longer, as that would have been his normal retirement date. (The company was late in taking retirement insurance.) He did have a few good years before his health began to fail.

One of my husbands favorite hobbies was collecting and reading good books. He subscribed for several newspapers and magazines, especially the Church publications and read from them each day. He prized the standard works of the church and books written and published by the General Authorities and occasionally read a novel. I think his favorite books were historical and scientific. Before he passed away he had accumulated a good sized library. Since his passing I have given many of his books to members of our family whom I thought would read and appreciate them.

In July 1962, my husband suffered an accident that could easily have been fatal. He started down the steep steps from the top of the gulch to service the warm spring pump 40 feet below. One of the top steps broke and let him fall. He landed on an old tree stump, breaking several ribs and bruising him up rather badly. After some delay, and in much pain, he finally climbed back to the top of the gulch to where he had parked his pickup. He then drove home. We took him to the hospital where he was treated for shock and his other injuries.

After his retirment, he did a lot of work around our chapel such as planting trees, shrubs, etc. in landscaping of church grounds. He painted the roofs of both the chapel and the Relief Society buildings and helped paint the exterior of both buildings. He was in charge of and did the lions share of getting the concrete slab installed at the rear of the chapel; which is a nice recreational area. Another project that he was involved in was carpeting the Relief Society building and class rooms.

On September 2, 1969, we had recorded our *"Voices of Remembrance"*.

After my husbands retirement from the power company, we enjoyed hunting indian arrowheads. This proved to be a delightful hobby. We enjoyed roaming the hills and other places in search of them. These I framed and hung in his office where we could all see and enjoy them.

Another hobby that took us into the hills was collecting choice rocks of different colors and formation. These we arranged on top of our food storage cellar Our knowledge and appreciation of rocks and all nature increased as we pursured this hobby. With his new pickup we had good transportation.

We were happy and congenial most of our marriage life, but I regret that there was a period when my husband became very arrogant, inconsiderate, and indifferent. As a result our marriage was for that period on very shaky ground and without the patience and the help of the Lord, could easily have been destroyed.

My husband was honored at the William Ellis Jones Family Reunion in 1969. A meeting was held in the Veyo Ward Chapel. Jacob and Clarissa Jones were in charge of the reunion that year. Our son Lorin was assigned to give a tribute to his father. Then I and each of our children along with some others were given an opportunity to express our love and appreciation of him. After the reunion a lot of pictures were taken of different groups of our family. As a family, we cherish and sincerely appreciate these pictures and tributes as that was the last reunion he was ever able to attend.

Within a year after his retirement he began having bowel problems; which at first were only uncomfortable but as it progressed became very distressing. Although he went to his doctor fairly regularly, his real trouble wasn't discovered. By 1969 he was noticably losing weight. Then he began having vomiting spells, severe chills, which were followed by high temperature. It wasn't until he had a chill in the doctor's office that the doctor seemed alarmed. He then prescribed antibiotics and scheduled x-rays. The x-rays showed an obstruction of the colon and it was all ballooned out back of

the obstruction. We then got an appointment with Dr. E.R. McKay, a colon specialist in Salt Lake City for May 12, 1970. Lorin drove us there and stayed with us until after his father had seen Dr. McKay. Before he left for Las Vegas, he gave his father an inspiring blessing.

After extensive tests Vaughn was hospitalized in the L.D.S. Hospital where he was treated and prepared for surgery. All our family, the Veyo Ward, and many in our stake were fasting and praying for him.

Surgery revealed the fact that the tumor had ruptured. He had peritonitis and was given a colostomy. He was in intensive care and seriously ill for the first week after his surgery.

Soon after this surgery he had what was either a spiritual manifestation or a near death experience. I quote: "August 27, 1970 - Today my dear husband, Bishop William Vaughn Jones, related to me a most impressive spiritual manifestation that he experienced soon after his serious surgery last May.

He has a number of times tried to relate it to me, but due to the emotional effect it had on him, was unable to do so.

I want to note here that in spite of the seriousness of his condition, his mind was keen and alert. He was never one given to imaginations or hallucination, etc.

Regardless of whether it was a spiritual manifestation, a vision, or a near death experience, the impact on him was terrific, and still after almost four months is so vivid that he weeps in trying to speak of it.

It began, he said, with him lying flat on his back, with his feet upright. He was in a hospital bed in a room filled with similar beds, occupied by other patients. As he lay there a long line of men filed past the foot of his bed. As they passed, they each affectionately caressed his toes. Then the scene shifted and his bed was being slowly wheeled down a long corridor. As he looked he saw two men standing at the head of his bed, one on each side. He recognized one as his father, Hyrum Ellis Jones. His father had the kindest most loving expression he had ever seen. The other man was his grandfather, William Ellis Jones. Although he had never seen him in life he was familiar with his picture.

Together they laid their hands on his head and gave him a blessing. He can, he says, even now feel the weight of their hands on his head.

As the bed continued along the corridor, other men placed their hands on his head and told him that numerous persons were praying for his recovery. He doesn't recall the names of all the men but among them were: Bishop F.C. Holt, Bishop Jeter Snow, President Harold S. Snow, and others. From the manifestation he was assured that his life was being spared at that time."

During my husbands long and severe illness, we both received many spiritual blessings and gained the needed strength to face another difficult day.

Three weeks after this first surgery he had improved enough so that he was discharged from the hospital, with an appointment to enter the hospital again on July 7th for further surgery. Lorin flew into Salt Lake and drove us home on June 4, 1970.

He was so very happy to be at home but soon became so ill that he was hospitalized in St. George for a couple of weeks. He failed to gain the strength needed for another trip to Salt Lake City by car. So we chartered a small plane which took us there on July 7, 1970.

Three days later he had more surgery. It was then found that he had cancer. It had advanced to the point that Dr. McKay was doubtful if he would live to leave the hospital. I won't begin to relate all the ups and downs he had during the next few months but besides surgery, everything possible was done to arrest the malignancy.

After more than six difficult weeks at the hospital, he was released on August 20th. Maurine took us to the airport where we boarded the plane for Cedar City. LaVerne was waiting for us there and brought us on home.

My husband attended Sacrament Meeting on Sunday August 31st in his wheelchair. He seemed to enjoy the meeting but was very exhausted afterwards. That night he

suffered a stroke that partially paralyzed his right side. As a result he was not able to keep his September appointment in Salt Lake. By October he had gained some so we took him back for more radiation treatments and more surgery.

After a difficult month he was released on November 3rd; Lorin came and brought us home.

His condition continued to worsen and ten days later, November 13th, he quietly passed away at our home in Veyo.

The long vigil was over and although I calmly closed his eyes in death, my heart was near breaking. These many months of his illness, I was beside him almost constantly, praying and doing everything I could for his comfort and well being. Now that he was gone the light seemed to have gone out of my life and it was difficult to think of facing life without him.

I will quote a few lines I recorded in his funeral book. "My husband, Bishop William Vaughn Jones, was an intelligent, dignified man with high moral standards. He loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and had a strong testimony of the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He prized highly his membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He gave freely of his time, means and talents to the building up of the kingdom of God on earth. He was a man of great faith, was devoted and diligent in performing his duties in the many different callings he had in the Church. He was never too busy or too tired to come to the aid of anyone in need. He loved life, his family, home, and the challenge each day offered. During his long and severe illness, he was a patient sufferer, always trusting in the wisdom and love of our kind, wise Heavenly Father."

President Metcalf came for and prepared his body for burial. Together as a family we went to the mortuary and chose a beautiful casket for him. The viewing at the mortuary was scheduled for Sunday evening, November 15, 1970 from seven to nine p.m. and another at our home Monday, November 16 before the funeral services. Five hundred eighty-seven persons signed the funeral book.

The beautiful funeral service was held at 2 p.m. in the Veyo Ward Chapel. The chapel, class rooms, and Relief Society Building were packed with relatives and friends who came to pay their respects to a great and good man.

All our family were present for the services. Our handsome grandsons were the pallbearers.

The florals consisting of fifty-eight beautiful arrangements were taken care of by our lovely grand-daughters under the direction of Barbara and Joe Empey.

Ben and Marilyn Brown printed the lovely funeral program with his picture on them.

Our son in law, Lee Hirschi, dug and prepared the grave where he was lovingly laid to rest in the Veyo Cemetary.

Lorin took the pictures and gave a beautiful tribute to his father in the funeral service.

Kevin marched with me to and from the chapel.

We have a beautiful double tombstone placed to mark his grave. Each year since his passing our children and most of the grandchildren have met here on Memorial Day to honor him. The past three years we have held our family reunion here the Saturday before Memorial Day.

In Honor of Her 80th Birthday

ISABELLE [BELLE] JONES

Isabelle (Belle) Leavitt Jones will be honored on her 80th birthday November 28, 1981. Relatives and friends are invited to an open house to be held from 3 to 5 P.M. at the home of her son, Lorin Jones, in Veyo Utah (two story home directly across street north from the new LDS Ward Chapel).

Sister Jones was born November 26, 1901, a daughter of Lemuel S. and Susan Burgess Leavitt. She boasts a pioneer heritage as all of her grandparents (or great grandparents) came to Utah as a result of the Mormon exodus. She attended school in Utah and Nevada, graduating from the Dixie Academy. Married William Vaughn Jones May 23, 1922 in the St. George Temple. Her husband was serving his second term as Bishop of the Veyo Ward at the time of his death, November 13, 1970.

Always active in her church, she has served in many positions of leadership, including President of the Relief Society, Primary and MIA. She currently serves as secretary to the Relief Society and is noted for her beautiful penmanship and neat records. She still cares for her well landscaped yards and raises a garden each summer. She has made hundreds of beautiful quilts as gifts for her family. She continues to remember each of her 100 decendants on their birthdays and at Christmas time.

Her children are: Mrs. Lee (LaVerne) Hirschi, St. George; Mrs. Merlyn (Alice) Holt, LaVerkin; Mrs. Keith (Maurine) Hoff, Salt Lake City; Lorin Vaughn Jones, Las Vegas, Nevada; Hyrum Keith Jones, Phoenix, Arizona. Sister Jones has 3 living brothers: L. Glen Leavitt, St. George; E. Leo Leavitt, Veyo; Kenneth A. Leavitt, Monroe, Utah. Her 6 sisters are: Vilate Webb, Hurricane; Lila Seitz, Dallas, Texas; Verna Cottam, St. George; Dorothy Bledsoe, Provo; Hazel Bracken, American Fork; and Emily Lytle, Veyo.

NANCY LaVERNE JONES HIRSCHI
July 1976

Sunday, July 1, 1923, was a warm day in St. George, Utah, some people even thought it was hot. The temperature reached 111 degrees. I do not remember the day, but I have been told that I was born at 8 A.M. that morning. My father, William Vaughn Jones, was there with my mother, Isabelle Leavitt Jones, and had been holding her hand through the long delivery. Attending the birth was Dr. D.A. McGregor, with Sister Harradance assisting. Shade trees and the thick abode walls of the Harradance Nursing Home was the only protection from the desert heat.

A few weeks later, my father brought my mother and me home to Dixie Power Plant #2, twenty miles northwest of St. George. Here we shared a house with Uncle Clarence, Aunt Madge and my cousin Acil Jones. The plant, about 2 miles northeast of Veyo is built of large rocks cut in squares and cemented together. It is situated at the foot of a high hill over which the pipeline runs water into the plant to generate the electricity. The water eventually runs back into the Santa Clara River.

When I was a month old a huge flood came down the river. My parents heard the roar of the water and were able to wrap me in a quilt and walk across the pipeline high above the stream. After my mother and I were on high ground, daddy went back down, turned the plant off to protect the equipment, opened the corral gate so the milk cow could save herself, and again climbed the pipeline to where we were. From the hillside they watched the flood sweep through the house and plant, covering the clothes on the line with layers of mud. This plant is still in operation and the high water mark may still be seen about 3 ft. high on the inside walls of the plant.

Later another house was built on the hillside and our family moved into it (40 years later this same house was sold to my brother, Keith, and taken in sections to his lot on Cedar Mountain where it was rebuilt). The plant is now fully automatic and no one lives there.

Our next move was the old #1, a plant located between Veyo and Gunlock and again on the Santa Clara River. Here we shared a house with Joe and Gladys Nielson and their three daughters. The Nielson's youngest daughter, Elsie, was born on the same day as my baby sister, Alice, I do not remember Alice's birth on March 9, 1925, or that of Maurine on July 16, 1926. I do remember an incident which took place shortly before Maurine was born. After attending a movie at Gunlock we were traveling home and when we reached the Moody Creek found it was running high. Daddy must have thought the car would make it through but instead it stalled in midstream. Daddy first helped Mama and Alice to shore, and then waded back through the flood for me. The part that has always stayed in my mind is that of Daddy carrying me in his right arm, holding onto the hood of the car with his left hand, and then wading on several more feet to the bank. I was not afraid eventhough the water was swift and muddy. I do remember thinking how strong and brave Daddy was.

The other experience I remember at this plant was much worse. I was barefoot and running as fast as I could on the hot sand, whenever there was shade I would look over my shoulder to see if I had time to cool my

feet before Daddy caught up with me. He had a willow and would 'tingle' my legs whenever he was near enough. It seems I had decided to visit a neighboring farm to play with Geneva Jones, which was definitely not permitted.

My next memory is the summer I turned four. We moved to the new Plant #3. It became a beautiful place, with three new white homes and the plant built in a row. The canal came out from under the plant where it was deep and swift but soon widened out and made a turn and ran in front of the homes. My mother chose the house farthest from the plant. It was nice here, Uncle Clarence, Aunt Madge and their sons Acil and Grant lived in the house next to the plant. Uncle Alvin, Aunt Thelma and their daughters Maxine and Iris lived in the middle home. Daddy and his brothers landscaped, with a large lawn covering the area between the homes and the stream and around the plant. A hedge separated the front and back yards, my mother had roses planted along the fence and myrtle grew wild under the front porch. A walkway of sandstones was laid from the plant to each house and before long the trees had grown tall enough to give good shade.

Grandpa Jones (Hyrum Ellis Jones) often walked from Gunlock to the plant to visit us, his black and white dog 'Bob' came with him. He was always glad to see us and I remember him telling Mama what a good cook she was, and how cool our milk was. The cooler was in a tree in front of the house and was covered with burlap which was kept damp.

Many rattlesnakes were killed around our homes and we were constantly warned about the snakes and also the danger of the stream of water. None of us were drowned or snake bitten, but the summer I was five there was a bad accident. I was scalded when I reached for something on the shelf of an old fashioned electric range and my arm hit the handle of a pan of boiling water. More real than the burns is the memory of my Mother cutting my new 4th of July dress and slip right down the back. I have heavy scars over part of my body but none that show when properly dressed. I was in bed about a month and Mama changed the bandages every other day, carefully pouring olive oil on to ease the pain of removing the bandages. She was very careful and there was no infection. After the burns began to heal, mama would carefully tickle her fingers over the bandages.

A most exciting day occured when a GE refrigerater and cabinet radio were delivered to our home. It was almost magic the way the refrigerator could freeze ice cubes and ice cream, and from then on we really had cold milk. The radio had two doors that opened to show the controls. The election of 1932 is the first I remember and as I listened to the radio I hoped that Roosevelt would win because that was such a pretty name, it sounded like a rose.

Sometimes when Daddy was on shift at the plant, Mama would let me take his tray over. She always had the tray fixed nice with a white linen napkin over the top. She was very particular to prepare foods that Daddy liked. On one of these trips, Daddy had me stay awhile to tell me about the book he was reading. It was about astronomy. He showed me the different planets in the book explaining their location in relation to the moon and other planets. Then we went outside and found each of the planets in the sky, Saturn with the ring around it, Mars the nearest to earth. Never has any teacher taught me as much about the universe as he did that night. Recently when men landed on the moon, I remembered our conversation and understood it better. Daddy was good to me when I was permitted to go inside the plant, but very strict because it was so dangerous. He had books, the newspapers and usually a little treat. I read the funny papers at first and later more of the paper.

When it came time for school, I lived with Grandpa and Grandma (Lemuel and Susan Burgess Leavitt) in Veyo. Two of my aunts, Hazel and Emily, and two uncles, Leo and Ken were still at home. Ken and I started the first grade together. They were all so good to me, in fact I went through that entire school year without doing one thing wrong.

Can you believe that? It must be true because not one cross word was spoken to me and I was held up as a shining example for my Aunts and Uncles. I was praised for my bravery for going into a dark room to turn the lights on for Leo and Ken. When Grandpa pulled my first tooth he called the whole family to watch, saying *"See LaVerne doesn't cry"*. Grandma reminded Emily every morning that I didn't cry when my hair was combed. They all had me thinking I was some kind of Royalty. Mama had made me such cute school dresses, my favorite was of red Indianhead material. It is a wonder they didn't all hate me with all the bragging Grandpa and Grandma did on me, but if they resented me it never showed and we have been best friends ever since.

My teacher was Ardyce Bunker and at the end of the school year she gave a prize for the best girl student and the best boy student. Leo and I won the prizes but I don't remember what they were. During this first year in school one of the highlights of my week was when Daddy came up to get the mail. He always dressed neat with his boots polished and he would pick me up and take me to the store. When I came home with a sack of old fashioned cone chocolates I was really popular. I did go back to the plant for weekends and holidays.

The summer I was seven, Daddy taught me to swim in the Sand Cove Reservoir. It was new and clean then not mossy like it is now. My sisters and I had many special places to play at the plant. There were the marble stairs quite near and sandy washes. I still remember the tree where Buttercup (our cow) is buried. We had playhouses near our home. The main thing that worried us when we went looking for birdnests (we didn't rob them just watched for them to hatch) were the white faced range cattle that roamed the area. They had horns and I was afraid of them.

Acil and I went to school in Gunlock when I was in the second grade. There was only a trail down the Gunlock hill, so the father of one of us drove us to the top of the hill and we walked down across the Santa Clara River and on into town. After school we called from the plant at Gunlock and by the time we could get to the top of the hill one of our fathers was there to pick us up. My second grade teacher was Mary Wadsworth, I liked her and we often had lunch together. We would share the lunch Mama had sent with me and then Miss Wadsworth would buy us candy bars.

The third grade was back in Veyo. I had an excellent teacher, LaRue Leavitt Christian. She insisted that we learn our times tables and other work. School was a little harder that year, but I have always been grateful to her for teaching so well.

Sometime before this I had a brother, Lorin, born Jan. 28, 1929. Lorin always seemed very grown up for his age, Mama called him her little man, and that was the way I remember him. He talked early using the bigest words he knew and seemed very important.

When my younger brother was born, daddy took Lorin with him alot and we girls stayed with Mildred Empey who had come to the plant to take care of us while Mama was in the hospital. After one of Lorin's trips with Daddy he told us the new baby was going to be named Geese. We questioned him repeatedly but he insisted that was the name. What a relief when we finally found out it was Keith.

The winter Keith was born, Alice, Maurine and I were going to school in Gunlock. This year seemed rather unhappy to me. The worst thing was that Mama nearly died and had to stay in the hospital for a long time. I sometimes overheard the grownups talking, saying such things as *"She is getting weaker everyday"*. I worried about this although I never admitted to myself that she might not get better, but I knew that Daddy's mother had died when he was just 6 years old, so I knew it could happen.

Keith was born during Christmas Holidays on Dec. 29, 1932. When school started after the first of the year, I hurried that first day to get there ahead of Alice and Maurine so I could report to the teacher knowing she would write the news on the blackboard. Sure enough, Miss Cox started the news

items out with my news, I will never forget how proud I felt when she started with a beautiful L and I'm sure I was beaming as she finished my name expecting her to write that I had a baby brother, but the next words were Alice and Maurine and then the news about our brother. I must have really been selfish, not wanting to share this news. Our teacher was LaRue Cox and she taught the four lower grades, we were known as the 'little room'.

Joe and Gladys Nielson lived at the power plant in Gunlock and they were good to us. We used the power company phone in their house to call #3. I remember getting pre-christmas treats from Gladys, and Joe carried us and his daughters over the river when the bridge had been flooded out. He once stepped on a slippery rock in the water and fell, breaking his ankle. This didn't slow him down much, he just made himself a knee crutch and continued to do his work with the cast on his ankle. He had started to build steps up the black hill when I was in the second grade and sometime during my fourth grade he finished them, so we didn't have to use the winding trail anymore.

I have a vague memory of the trip to Grand Canyon when I was small, but I remember very well a trip we took when I was seven. We visited Salt Lake City, Yellowstone Park, then across the salt desert to Reno and on to San Francisco. We traveled down through California, saw the giant Redwood tress of Sequoia and Yosemite National Park. A bearing in the wheel went out near the end of the trip which upset Daddy a great deal.

The next year I was in the big room (four upper grades) and had a man teacher, Lewis Christian, (his wife taught me in the third grade). He was a very nice teacher and had filled a mission for the Church and taught us a little religion along with our other studies. Somehow the older grades were not as much fun, I liked school and was interested in learning, but the boys were meaner, throwing snowballs or gravel with their flippers. Then too, I found that quite often the girls paired off and were friendly with only one person. Sometimes one of my friends wanted me to be only their friend and not talk to the other girls. Then about this time I discoveredthat I couldn't carry a tune, before that I had sung in a group thinking that I sounded just as fine as anyone. The teachers sometimes hit the boys when they disobeyed and quite often the boy would go home and tell his mother and there would be words between the teacher and the mother. One day, Alice Chadburn hit Donald Horsley in the face causing his nose to bleed. He went home crying and Alice was worried sick the rest of the day afraid his mother would punish her.

We had been living through the great depression, but I was not really aware of it. I knew many families were having a difficult time, but our home always seemed so secure that I had nothing to worry about. Daddy worked continously for the Power Co. so we did not suffer. We were not able to attend church regularly while we were at the plant but a few times we went to Gunlock, I was very impressed with the Gunlock Ward. Bishop Bowler asked each high school student who was home for the weekend to report on how they were enjoying school, and most of them gave good talks. The music always seemed extra pretty too.

I lived with Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Charlie Bledsoe while I went to high school in St. George. Their three year old son, Bobby, and I were great friends and I liked to take him to the school playground and other places. My Mother went with me to register and then we went shopping for some new clothes. I loved school especially history, business courses, english and sewing. Two teachers that I enjoyed and have always remembered were Beth Schmutz, who taught english and drama; and Newell R. Frei who taught World History.

I met Lee Hirschi through a girl friend, LaVerde Chadburn. LaVerde and I had been to the library studying and on our way home we met Lee with another boy that LaVerde knew and they walked home with us. She lived about two blocks farther away than I did. I still have "The Washington County News" that Lee sent me during the 1937 Christmas Holidays. He worked for the

paper after school and on Saturdays. At Valentine time he gave me a heart shaped cake, and on Easter we went along with another couple to Zion National Park. After we were married we lived in Salt Lake for a short time in a one room apartment sharing the bathroom with three other apartments. There was a washing machine in the basement that everyone used (a conventional type not an automatic). Lee worked for Maxfield Service on 2nd West and So. Temple and we lived about two blocks south on 2nd west

The first nite we were married Lee took out his billfold and gave me his money, and he has been doing it ever since. He always brought his paycheck home and I paid the bills. I liked to keep records and appreciated his trust in me. After he went into business for himself I just naturally started to keep the records and do the office work. I did do quite a bit of studying and also took a course, a college accounting class. Whenever I needed help I either read until I found the answer or talked to an accountant or an attorney to get the help I needed. I am truly grateful for the experience of working with my husband in business and for the many wonderful people we met.

Lee served in World War 2, stationed at Fort Worth and El Paso, Texas. He was at the White Sands Proving Ground, N.M, when the first V-2 rocket was fired. The war years were terrifying. It was something that I never thought could actually happen. I was rocking Barbara, who was less than a month old, when the news came on the radio. Many of our friends did not come back and some who did had been badly wounded.

While Lee was in the service I lived in the basement apartment of Walter and Leah Cannon's home. They were very good to us, and we continued to live there for about two years after Lee came home.

When Scott was nine months old we moved into the first house we had ever had, before that we lived in apartments with other people in the same building. It was almost heaven, a large lot with beautiful shade trees, an orchard, flowers, and we raised a garden. The house was roomy with a basement which served as the first Ace Plumbing & Heating Office. In June 1950, Lee's Mother married and moved to Salt Lake we rented her house and moved there (652 East 100 North). Lee had already built a small building on her lot to store his equipment. We later made a trade with her for the property and added more buildings.

I love the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and feel so thankful for having been born into the church. Over the years I have taught in Sunday School when Val McArthur was Superintendent, I taught the nursery class in Primary when Annie Jennings was President and the Blazers when Wilma Kemp was President. I worked in MIA teaching the Beehive girls when Lee's Mother was president and also when Mary Bowler was president. I have enjoyed Relief Society much more than any other organization, serving as a class leader, and this month I was set apart as President of the Veyo Ward Relief Society. We have had our membership in the Veyo Ward since 1963.

I am very proud of my nine grandchildren, seven girls and two boys. I have three very special children: Richard, Barbara and Scott. Each have made worthwhile contributions to the Church and their communities. They were good students and have been successful in their various endeavors. I love them more than I can ever say and appreciate the love they show for me. One principle that I believe is very important is that of integrity, paying debts promptly and honestly, and I am proud that all three have this characteristic. These three children are alike in some respects but have very different personalities. Richard has always been very happy and outgoing, making friends where ever he goes. He likes people and always remembers anyone he has met. He loved to travel as soon as he could walk and has a remarkable sense of direction. He could go to the grocery store at age three, remember several items and could count the change correctly. There weren't enough challenges to meet his interests and energy.

Barbara was a most pleasant surprise!!! I would have been happy with just an average baby girl, but to get one as beautiful as she was, more than I expected. She had thick dark hair, large dark eyes, and the sweetest little face. Not only was she pretty but she was good natured, sleeping all night almost from the first. She has always been very creative in dancing, sewing, or decorating and does a beautiful job. Scott was welcomed into our family with much love (Barbara immediately forgot that she had ordered a girl, although later she sometimes dressed him up in some of her dancing costumes). Right from the beginning Scott wanted to be home and his dad sometimes said he was a 'mama's boy', which was just fine with me. Until Barbara was old enough to tend him he cried if I left, in fact he cryed as soon as he saw a babysitter coming. He has a most affectionate nature, loving and kind (to animals as well as people). He is much more reserved than Richard or Barbara and is a perfectionest in all he does. Richard loved sports, especially baseball, but Scott had a habit of coming home right after school and helping me in the plumbing shop. We had a good time together and he learned the fittings and other supplies which helped him later in his own plumbing business.

Richard married Gloria Jo Jones (no relation but a mighty good friend), Barbara married Joseph Clark Empey (another good friend), and Scott married Glenda Milne (my friend and a perfectionest like Scott). These three couples have given me the following grandchildren, listed according to age: Terece Hirschi and Kimberly Empey both 14, Nancy Empey 10, Heather and Hollie Hirschi (twins), Kandi Hirschi and Lisa Empey 9, Lee Scott Hirschi 5, and Courtney Empey 3. I don't mind getting older with the rewards of grandchildren like these. Their virtures would fill a book so I better not start on that.

Next to my grandchildren, my favorite hobby is reading. I love to read especially history, autobiographies, church books, magazines and newspapers. The best outside hobby is that of horseback riding. I learned to ride and to saddle a horse when I was 30. My first mare was 'Meg', she was named for Princess Margaret of England who was making headlines at that time because she wanted to marry a commoner Peter Townsend and Queen Elizabeth would not give her permission. Meg was a bay, well trained and dependable, but she was old when we bought her. We bought 'Cindy' when she was three, a beautiful black filly with a white star. She had plenty of spirit, power steering, and is sure-footed in the roughtest country. I always stay on when others lead their horses in rough terrain. Lee and I rode over Pine Valley Mountain several times, with the Sheriff's Posse, with Tone Lytle, and with Andy and Steven Holt. It is just lovely on top of the mountain with little green valleys surrounded by high timber. The deer come out in the evening, and one moonlight nite Lee and I sat up in our sleeping bags to watch a herd of deer, there were some of the largest antlers I have ever seen. I have enjoyed riding so much, there is no better way to see the country than on horseback. Lee gave me a custom made saddle when I first got Cindy, it was made to fit her and also to fit me (a nice padded seat). Cindy turned 27 on May 2, 1976, and is beginning to go gray so I don't ride her as much as I used to.

I find it difficult to express my appreciation for the many blessings I enjoy, many more than I deserve. I have good health, a wonderful family, prosperity, and membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. How grateful I am that my ancestors recognized the truth, accepted the gospel and immigrated to this country. My sisters, Alice and Maurine, and my brothers, Lorin and Keith are very dear to me as are their families. Each one of my neices and nephews are a pleasure to know. I hope that through this book I may know my cousins better and that we will be always united as a family.

History Update - Oct. 1979

Since 1976 history has been made in our

family. Two darling little granddaughters have been added to the seven I already had; first in June 1977, Kassi Hirschi arrived in answer to many prayers offered by Scott and Glenda and their family. She is a tiny petite little doll with the sweetest smile and she stole our hearts as soon as we saw her. I had the great priviledge of being able to take care of her in the St. George Temple nursery until her parents were ready for her in the sealing room. Her sister Kandi and brother Lee Scott were there to witness the sealing and were very impressed, they were born in the Covenant but Kassi was heaven sent to be adopted and sealed to them as a family.

The second little blessing is Melanie Watkins born July 29, 1978, in St. George, Utah, to Barbara and Melvin Wallace Watkins. She is very pretty and has quickly learned many smart tricks. Barbara and Mel were married Oct. 2, 1976, and merged her family of three girls and one boy with his one daughter and one son. Mel's daughter, Rhonda, is married to Arnold Tait and they have a son, Travis. Mel's son, Randy, is a fine boy (good-looking too) and he fits in with Barbara's children as if he had always been their brother. Randy is one of Melanie's favorite people, she can get him to do most anything with that sweet little way she says 'Randeeeee'. In fact the whole family is her most appreciative audience, cheering her on as she learns something new. Mel is very good to Barbara and the entire family and has generously forgiven us for a rather cool reception he received at first. I think he now realizes that I become so attached to my son and daughters in law that I have difficulty adjusting to any change. He works real estate, is an excellent provider, a great cook, a wonderful father, and is very considerate of all our family. We still haven't decided who is going to win our bet on the color of Melanies eyes, apparently she does not want either of us to lose so she keeps changing the color whenever she changes the color of her clothes. To be truthful I can't remember what Mel and I bet but I think it was a dinner and he has already given me several of these.

Next month will mark the 9th anniversary of Daddys death and I have missed him everyday. It isn't that I am worried about him for I know that he is serving where he is and that his spirit has sometimes been permitted to be with us on special occasions. I felt his presence the Sunday Scott blessed Lee Scott. This was the first time one of my children or granddchildren had been blessed without Daddy blessing them or standing in the circle. As each of the grandchildren have been blessed, baptized or confirmed I have felt that Daddy was with us in spirit. Both Mama and I felt his presence the day I was set apart as Relief Society President. That day I had the honor of having my son, Scott. and my brother, Lorin, assist Bishop Pace as he set me apart for the calling.

I am going to add a few incidents that give a little insight to Daddy's personality. I spent quite a lot of time with him during the last months of his illness, something for which I well always be thankful. At times I would feel so sad about his condition and yet whenever I entered his room there was a comforting spirit within the room (whether it was his bedroom or a hospital room), and I felt the power of the Priesthood which he held. In fact I felt better when I was with him than anywhere else, and he and Mama actually comforted all of us rather than us comforting them. Even the last day of his life when he could no longer speak he was still able to convey messages with his eyes. His concern was not for himself but for me. I will always be grateful that his illness did not effect his mind, his eyes remained alert and clear right to the end. The courage with which my Mother met his sickness and death is typical of her in every aspect of her life. If everyone lived the way she does there would be peace and harmony throughout the world. Her religion is a part of her, she is a living example of love, keeping the commandments without queston. She is generous to a fault remembering each of all her posterity on birthdays and at Christmas time, usually with quilts or other gifts made by her own hands. She always sends us away laden with gifts of food from her garden or storage. She will not find fault

with anyone and expects the best of others. The last lines from one of her many 'Thank-you' notes are as follow:

I ask no praise for my life's work, Your love is all I need. Just knowing your filling your niche in life, Is honor and praise indeed.

We are very fortunate to have the recordings 'Voice of Remembrance' of both daddy's and mama's lives. It was done in 1969, just a little more than a year before his death.

I am so glad that many of my grandchildren will know my Mother, and glad too, that some of them will remember my father.

When daddy was very sick I went into his room and when he opened his eyes, I told him that Nancy Empey wanted me to be sure to tell him that she had won 'Most reverent girl' award that day in Primary. I'll never forget how his eyes lighted up --- he loved Nancy Empey -- but I also think he loved the sound of her name. While he was sick, Barbara's children always prayed for him including the blessing on the food. It had become such a habit that after his death for sometime they continued to pray for him.

Another incident that happened when Nancy was about two, took place in the 5th Ward Chapel, Barbara was leaving the chapel when Nancy caught a glimpse of Uncle Alvin sitting in the foyer, she pulled away from Barbara and ran, throwing her arms around Uncle Alvin thinking that it was her Grandpa. Uncle Alvin had never seen her before so was a little puzzled and as soon as he spoke she knew it wasn't her grandpa and felt shy. Daddy and Uncle Alvin do have a strong resemblance, except Uncle Alvin is taller.

When Terece and Kim were nearly four years old Barbara went to Boise to spend some time with Richard and Gloria. At first Kim and Terece would have a fight once in a while but their mothers would always stop them fearing that one might get hurt. Finally Barbara and Gloria decided the next time they started to fight they would just let them have it out. So when the next fight started the mothers sat down and laughed and laughed, then laughed somemore --- the two little girls were evenly matched and after they had had a good fight they must have decided it wasn't much fun because that was the end of their fighting. They also caused some trouble in Junior Sunday School, it seems they just couldn't bear to stop talking to each other, even when the Bishop sat between them they just leaned over and continued their visiting.

All the older granddaughters take music and/or dancing lessons (usually the piano). They all like sports especially the grandsons and I am justifiably proud of them.

July 1980

Once again I need to update my history, and this time I must record thesaddestevent of my life. My first son, Richard, was found dead last Nov. 14, 1979, near the Dixie College Campus in St. George, Utah. He had been missing since early Monday morning of Nov. 12, and those two days and nights of not knowing where he was or what may have happened to him were the longest I have ever known. As soon as his body had been found I insisted that Lee take me to see him, and as I kneeled down beside him touching his cold hand --- A most peaceful feeling came over me, as though he had spoken these words "Mom I am alright don't worry". I have continued to be blessed with reassurance that he is indeed "Alright" and continuing his work in another sphere. This is not intended to mean that I have not missed him for I have more than words can tell. He accomplished much here on earth, his mind was always so quick to learn and remember, he had traveled extensively throughout much of the world, met and made friends with thousands of people all of whom he could recognize and remember by name. His ability to do this often surprised people whom he hadn't seen for a long time or had met only briefly and also accounts for some of his success in business.

I am proud to have been his mother and I love Gloria, his wife, dearly and the three beautiful granddaughters they gave me (Terece, Heather, and Hollie). Time may lesson our sorrow but there will always be an

empty place. Before last November, I did not think I could bear the lose of a child, but my Father in Heaven has sustained me and given me the courage to go on. Our family will never be quite complete again on this earth, but we will meet each day with a smile and try to do our best, just as Richard would want us to do. One of my first thoughts was "Richard saw Grandma Nancy before I did". I am sure my dear Father who Richard loved so much, has taken him in his arms and will be with him. Richard's body was laid to rest at the foot of Daddy's grave in Veyo, as a request Richard had made some time ago.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unfold the pattern,
And explain the reason why
The dark threads were needful,
In the weaver's skillful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver,
In the pattern that he planned.

Author unknown

Why

A Prayer: (in part)
O Father, help me understand,
and know the reason why
The boy that Thou dids't give to me.
So early had to die;
The Answer: (in part)
Then grieve not for the one that's gone,
Nor let your heart despair;
For God in wisdom called your son,
To work for him up there;
The prison gates to open wide
For those who died in sin,
And through repentance them to guide
Again to worship Him.

Let this then be your answer, why,
And let your heart rejoice,
For unto God they do not die;
Who answer to His voice;
But walk with Him in realms of love,
Where all the righteous be.

Be comforted, for there above,
Thy boy will welcome thee.

Rey L. Platt

RICHARD LEE HIRSCHI
Age 38

Rather than starting at the beginning of my life I am going to start with today and work back through the years.

In my present job with Formac- a division of McKession & Robbins Drug Co. I do a great deal of traveling. This is fun to a certain extent, I miss my family as my job requires that I am away from home 22 out of every 30 days. The area I cover is a large square from Nephi, Utah to Nogales, Arizona, on the south, Needles California on the west, and Gallup, New Mexico on the east. The job I do is very rewarding as I do a lot of consulting work helping other dealers make money. As I get older, I feel the money I receive is good but will never replace the things I like most. I have often wondered why as a person gets older they finally realize that the most important thing in life is the happiness of their family. I am not going to go into details about my work because after being in it for over 14 years I still don't understnd it 100%.

In Nov. 1974 I went to work with my brother, Scott, and worked behind a desk, doing payroll and general management. After 2 years neither Scott nor I could stand having me around the office. I learned a valuable lesson here; don't go into business with relatives or try to switch trades in your middle years. St. George has been very good to me and will always be home. We moved recently into the first new home we have had built to our specifications. Other homes we have owned were nice but designed by others.

In the years prior to returning to St. George I had the normal drive of every Hirschi to go out and make every dollar I could. With age I soon realized that the most important things in life are my family and the church. My family is number one and the church number two. I feel lucky that I discovered this before getting older. Each day I look forward to doing the things that need to be done. It took 16 years to get to the point of knowing and understanding where my true values are.

Before moving to St. George we lived in Denver, Colo., Los Angeles, Ca., Salt Lake City, Utah, Idaho Falls and Bosie, Idaho, while I was with McKesson and Robbins. At each location I met many people and had experinces that helped me grow as a person. While I was working for Firestone we lived in Ogden, Utah and Rupert, Idaho.

At age 20 I made the best decision I ever made, that of marrying Gloria Jones. She has made every day worth working for, and has given me three beautiful daughters: Terece age 15, Heather and Hollie ages 11. I hope that they will grow up to be as lovely as their mother. Gloria is really a super person, wife and mother.

Both my parents have been a dominate factor in my beliefs, and I really appreciate them. I had the opportunity of living with my grandparents for 6 years and form some of the opinions that make me who I really am. As I look back, almost my total married life has consisted of working to get the finer things in life, now that we have them I again realize thay my family is the important key. If at a later date you read this, please remember only one thing; money cannot buy happiness it comes from the enjoyment received from your family, spend time while you are young and enjoy your children. For some reason the Lord has looked down on me to insure that we always have what we

need.

I feel very lucky to be a part of the Hircshi-Jones families. I have a very positive attitude and always hope and pray for the best.

Looking back over my life many high points stand out, one was at age 19 when I was spending time at Dixie College and working in St. George filling station. There I met many people and that is what I enjoy most. Even as a teenager I knew that helping other people was my goal in life. At age 18 I wrecked my car, but both my grandparents and parents seemed to understand that I never did have the halo over my head that I thought I did. I had many happy experiences during my high school years and made lasting friendships, there were also some heartaches, mainly the usual ones of not liking the girl that liked you and the other way around. Now I have a teenage daughter that will have to go through that stage.

The key people in my life are Gloria and the girls, my parents and my grandparents. For some reason my grandfather was always the one who didn't get mad when I was late bringing his car home after dates in either St. George, Enterprise or Kanab. He was the type of person any one could depend on for what ever they needed. If I did the chores he would let me take the car. He is the one who taught me to drive (on the #3 power plant road). No one has that kind of patience anymore. If I made a mistake we would just start over again. Even to this day, I can't understand why he was so patient with me, even more than he was with his own wife. My grandmother kept him going with all the tender loving care a wife could give and then some. Each of grandpa's children were special in their own way, and would go out of their way to please him. If anything he showed a little favoritism to Lorin, his oldest son, who even now treats me like a son. Keith was the rebel without a cause and without grandma's loving help and later his wife's (Mary) help I don't know where he would be. He has a super family and enjoys them and I know he has the happiness he wanted. He is more like my brother than uncle. He, Mary, Gloria and I have had a special relationship, and we always look forward to seeing them.

Grandpa and Grandma's three daughters: LaVerne, Alice and Maurine are really special. I am just a little one sided because of my mother but Alice and Maurine are also like sisters and friends to me. From these two uncles and two aunts I have some great cousins.

As I look back I see my grandpa Jones always taking me to the store for treats which he liked almost as well as I did. He did have a few unusual habits, "No one could ever touch his paper until he was through with it". This habit has carried over to his sons and to some of his grandsons including me. Grandpa raised sheep, a few calves and pigs, and one milk cow (when I milked I received 20c per day for spending money). There aren't many people around anymore who will raise the meat, butcher it and cut and wrap it. I feel that the most important facts that my grandfather taught me were: 1- Thrift, 2- Self-reliance, 3- Being honest in your dealings. He was trusted throughout the County and at one point decided to run for county Commissioner and went from door to door asking for votes. He didn't win, but in my eyes he was O.K. now don't get this wrong, even though he was a Bishop for many years, he on occasion used some heavy language for a Bishop.

My years in High School were very enjoyable. I made first string pitcher on the high school team and traveled to several towns in Utah and Nevada with the team. I also played football and held school offices. School work was always easy and without patting myself on the back I was just an average kid who grew up in St. George and Veyo. For some reason I was big for my age in school and I hope I wasn't the school bully but I know I was some of the time.

One time a friend and I had been smoking barkies and we even stopped and ate onions so our parents wouldn't know. But guess what, I received a beautiful spanking from my mother with a fly swatter. I tried to keep the fly swatter hidden but my mother always

found it. I could outrun mama, but my Dad gave me a few spankings which I deserved. Maybe I didnt have enough, I see things differently now that I have children of my own.

My first job was with Dixie Bottling Co. in St. George. I'll never forget how excited I was on paydays and they had used my very own Social Security Card. This was at age 10, 11, 12 and 13. Even before that, I used to pick wild asparagus and sell it door to door. This was good for 25c to 50c (a show with popcorn plus change left over). I have always had some money in my pocket, sometimes selling seeds or picking up empty pop bottles.

Whenever my mother would let me sleep over to my friend, Bobby Picket's house, we would divert all the traffic off what is now St.George Blvd. on to Tabernacle Street. Today we would spend the night in jail for doing something like that. I was going to tell how we did it, but it might give younger people some ideas and they already have too many when it comes to getting in trouble. We would swim early nearly every day at the Squires pond, sometimes as early as March while there was still a little ice on the pond. We swam in the nude, and one day some boys brought a girl up to the pond while we were swimming so we couldn't get out. I just did a 'moon dive' and picked a handful of mucky mud off the bottom and threw it at the girl. She was pretty dirty and left crying. The boys that brought her up decided to swim after we left, so we grabbed their clothes and left them on the yellow line on St. George Blvd. Their bikes ended up in the top of the tree in front of my grandmother Hirschi's house and some of the fathers had to help get them down. It may not be funny now, but it was then.

During breaks from Woodward or Elementary School we would go up to either Rex's or the College Cove (both long gone) and set ashtrays under the pin ball machines where we could build up enough free games to keep us out of trouble for several hours. Some times we would sleep down to the City Park (when mom thought I was staying with a friend) and we made sure no one there got any sleep.

During the middle fifties Grandpa Jones had one of the first TV sets in the area and I often had kids at school ask if they could go up with me and watch Howdey Doody and American Bandstand. I took them a few times but we had chores to do and needed to work on Saturdays. Even before this, Grandpa would invite Lorin, Keith and me to listen to the fights on his radio. This radio stood about 5 feet high and could pick up stations all over the west. Grandpa was a real fight fan and this has carried over to many of his family. The closeness during the fights was good, but after the fights grandpa would always cut Lorin, Keith and my hair. Pull, I'll never forget, for someone who knew all about power you would think he could sharpen up those hand operated clippers.

During the past year I have had the opportunity of attending several different churches (when I am away from home on Sunday I just drop in the nearest church) such as Catholic, Southern Baptist, Methodist, and in comparing them with ours I know that we are right. So it is a good feeling to know that I didn't waste the first 20 years of my life attending everything the Church offered. I had a Mother and Granddad who made sure of that.

At this point in my life I have no regrets about any day of my life.

GLORIA HIRSCHI 1979

"SHOPPING CAN BE FUN," that is if you stop at the ABC Shop in Kemp Korner. The zany, fun-loving owner, Gloria Hirschi isknownfor her sunny personality, and it is reflected in the cheerful, friendly atmosphere of her shop.

Gloria has been the owner and manager of the ABC Shop at 35 North 100 East for the past two years, with three years previous experience helping LaVerne Hirschi with the marketing, operating and managing.

Toquerville, Utah is Gloria's home town. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Jones. Gloria is married to Richard L. Hirschi of St. George and they have three lovely daughters: Terece, 18 and twin daughters Heather and Hollie, 12.

Graduating from Hurricane High School, Gloria continued her education at Hollywood Beauty College where she received honors in hair styling. Her cosmotology experience brought her back to St. George to work before she was married. She has also had secretarial experience in insurance and schools.

Gloria assures us that it would take three pages to summarize where they have formerly resided, as her husband's successful career has moved them to various parts of Idaho, Utah, California and Colorado.

Active in community and religious affairs, Gloria has especially expressed her love of music. She has involved herself with such a variety as ushering for the Utah Symphony to Ward and Stake positions in music. In California, she served on the school board committee to select the music taught in the school district. You do have to watch out for this young lady, however. In her Bloomington Ward she was known to cut off a gentleman's tie when he wasn't singing.

It was in Denver, Colorado where Gloria had her first experience in merchandising, working with her sister, Lorena, in her Fashion Fantasy dress shop and learned to love the business. Upon returning to St. George to make their permanent home for the family, Gloria immediately became involved with the ABC Shop.

Creative, imaginative and very successful in her business, Gloria exhibits a natural flair for this line of work. Her ideas have definitely been talked about in St. George, especially the "midnight madness" that has happened in Kemp Korner the past three years.

At the present time, Gloria is an active member of the St. George Area Chamber of Commerce and Vice-President of the Retail Merchants' Association.

Though her children and business are Gloria's biggest loves, she finds time for her music, reading and gardening whenever possible. In spite of her busy schedule, she always has time for a cheerful greeting and a smile.

MY HISTORY

I, Heather Hirschi, was born on January 13, 1967, at 8:09 PM. I was born in the LDS Hospital and was the first twin. We were 10 minutes apart. Her name is Hollie and they thought she was sick so the doctor came back, but she was okay. It was 35 degrees outside when we were born. I am the middle one of two sisters. My dad is Richard Lee Hirschi and my mother is Gloria Jo Jones Hirschi. My big sister is Terece, she was born December 10, 1961. My dad was born November 17, 1939, and my mom on March 12, 1940.

When I was older, I ran away twice. The first time was when I was over to my friend's house in Salt Lake City. My friend's mom got mad so I went home but the door was locked so I went to my other friends house. When my mom got home she went over to Mrs. Hox's and she didn't know where I was, so she went looking for me. She even called the police, but she found me! The second time was when Terece and her friend were going to a game, I wanted to go so I followed. We crossed a bridge and I stopped to look at some ducks. After the ducks left, I turned around and I couldn't find Terece, but my mom saw me and took me home.

I was blessed on March 5, 1967, by Bishop W. Vaughn Jones (my great grandfather), in the 25th Ward in Idaho Falls. I was baptised on 22 February, 1975, by my dad in the Bloomington Ward in St. George, Utah.

The very best Primary teacher is Ann Horlocher in the Merrie Miss A class. We had a daddy day party and Merrie Miss mom party, too. We also got to celebrate the 100th year of Primary. In Sunday School, I was giving a talk when I was about 5 or 6 and everytime I would say something I would flip my hair and everyone laughed and I was embarressed.

I started school at 3 years. Mrs. Larson was our teacher for pre-school. Some of my best friends are: Nikki Ashman, Sally Larson, Staci Albert, Sue Hox, Kandi Hirschi, Leslie Larson. My favorite teachers are: Mrs. Cabage and Mr. Cox.

My mom's mom is Josephine Jones and her father is Marvin Jones. My dad's dad is Leland Squire Hirschi and mother Nancy LaVerne Hirschi. All my grandmas and grandpas are really nice, they have done so much for me. They give me everything, and I love them alot.

I played baseball and we were in second place, but if we beat the Super Jets we will be tied for first place. I played basketball and we won. I also play the piano.

Heather Hirschi 1977

THE TIMES OF MY LIFE
By Barbara Hirschi Empey Watkins
October 10, 1979

DAYDREAMS.....

When I was a young girl, I used to lie on the front lawn and look up at the great, wide, beautiful sky and lazily dream of the life ahead of me. I fantisized about becoming a great prima ballerina, and about how I would be off dancing in New York, Russia, Paris or some other far away place. I liked to visualize what my future husband would look like, dream about the children we would have, what they would look like, what we would name them, how we would raise them and of the many trips we would take together as a family. I was wrong about only one of those dreams, but then who knows, my life isn't over yet!

MOM, DAD, RICHARD AND I.....

A cold Monday, November 10, 1941, just three weeks before Pearl Harbor, was the day that my father and mother first laid eyes on me. My beautiful mother, Nancy LaVerne Jones and my good-looking father, LeLand Squire Hirschi, were then living in Cedar City where my father had employment, and so my birthplace was the Cedar City, Iron County Hospital. My mother told me that I was a big surprise to her because I was a girl. My father was one of six boys and two sisters. Also, since I had a two year old brother, Richard Lee, waiting at home, she felt sure that she was destined to a family of all boys. Perhaps this feeling of happiness of my being a girl has mirrored a reflection onto me. I feel that if I were given a choice in the pre-existence of whether to be a male or female, I definitely would chose to be a girl. Perhaps I should have entitled my autobiography *"I Enjoy Being a Girl."*

My brother Richard was born exactly two years, less one week, my senior. (His birthdate is November 17, 1939). When I was a baby, my family lived in Salt Lake for some time before coming to St.George. My memory starts in St. George when we lived in the old Cannon house basement. On the top level lived the Dr. Lorenzo McGregor family. Their daughter, who was my age, and I spent many lazy days playing together.

THOUGHTS ON SCOTT.....

On July 11, 1947, when I was five years old, my little brother Scott was born. Grandma Jones took me to Veyo for a couple of weeks while Mom was recovering from his birth. I'll never forget the first time I saw her after being away for two weeks. Her hair was messed up. . . .my mother's hair was messed up!!

Although I loved Scott very much, I can remember being very put out that I had to tend him all of the time. My father and mother were beginning a very successful plumbing business then and Mama spent alot of time working as Daddy's secretary in the plumbing business. I can remember only a couple of times when I didn't really enjoy having Scott around, although I liked to tell my friends that he was a pest. On Saturday afternoons, I would bathe him, comb his hair, put clean clothes on him and I would take him in my hand as we walked down to the Saturday matinee. We would watch Captain Video, Gene Autry or Roy Rogers and I would be just as proud of him as if he were my own child. That may have influenced me later on in my life, when I would dress up my own three darling, daughters all alike, comb their hair in long

flowing ringlets, and take then hand in hand down the street to note all of the admiring glances. Wow, do I get "all puffed-up" with pride when I think of those times!

SCHOOL DAYS.....

As I began kindergarten, I realized that I was taller then most of my classmates and thus I was rather shy and afraid. My mother would take special efforts to see that I was well dressed and she made most of my clothes. I always felt very pretty with my hair neatly combed, bows at the ends of my long, dark braids, and I thought I probably had the prettiest dresses of any of the girls. My mom told me that because she never had many clothes as a child, she wanted me to have all of the clothes I desired. I bet she wished she hadn't said that when my teenage years came along!

I began dancing lessons early. Dancing was always a special outlet for me. It gave me a feeling of creativity and self-expression and made me feel as though I were floating. I was in many dance recitals and Mom made many costumes for me, or she would have them made. Ballett was my first love and often I dreamed of being a ballerina.

BARBARA JEAN.....

I hated being called Barbara Jean, and very seldom was I called that before my days in school. When I began school, I found that Barbara was the most popular name for girls. I had to go by Barbara Jean, because there were about seven other "Barbaras" in my class. They would have to go by Barbara Ann, Barbara R., Barbara P., or Barbara Mae. Why couldn't I have been named Nancy?

ITCHY FINGERS.....

Richard and I seemed to have itchy fingers as we would watch Scott diligently save his money--nickles, pennies, dimes and quarters--and put them in his piggy bank. Every other night, Mom and Dad would take our little brother Scott and go to the drive-in movie. They would leave about dusk and return after the movie. Richard was supposed to stay home and tend me. As soon as Mom and Dad left, Richard and I would rob Scott's little piggy bank. We then mounted Richard's bicycle where I would sit on the front bar. My legs would get so cold! We were off to the movie downtown at the Dixie Theatre. We would pay the "borrowed" ten cents fee to get into the movie. About a half hour before the end of the movie, Richard would nudge me and say *"Barbara, it's time to leave and get back home before Mom and Dad get back from the drive-in."* I'll never know how Richard always was sure of the time we should leave. This continued for about a year. One night we came home too late, and our adventure came to an abrupt end. At the age of eight or ten, then, I had seen every movie in a year's stretch, yet I never knew how the movies ended.

SPECIAL SUMMERS.....

At the tender age of five or six, I spent a wonderful weekend with Jeri Lynn McGregor. I had begged my Mother and tried to persuade her for hours to let me go for a weekend at McGregor's Pine Valley cabin. Finally, I convinced her and we were off to spend a weekend in the cool mountain air, to ride horseback, find new trials in the tall pine trees and to spend a happy time laughing and giggling together as young children do. Toward the evening, I began to feel sick. I ran a temperature and I had cold chills. Jeri Lynn's father, Dr. McGregor, decided that the best thing for me was a shot of penicillin. Upon hearing this, Jeri Lynn and I hid for what seems like several hours from that hypodermic needle. Finally, he found us. My fate was inevitable.

Each summer, Grandpa and Grandma Jones would invite us grandchildren to spend a little vacation at their home in Veyo. My first cousins, Marilyn and Carolyn Holt, who were just four months older than I, and sometimes Lana Kay, their little sister, would join with me in our vacation. What wonderful times we had! In the evenings we would sleep in the top veranda on the west side of Grandpa and Grandma's house. We would visit, giggle, eat too much of the

penny candy we had bought at the store, and tickle one another's backs. We got very little sleep on vacation nights. I am sure Grandpa and Grandma were kept from having a good night's sleep too, but I am so thankful for those good times spent in Veyo. Those times bring such happy memories--the long rides in Grandpa's pickup, the trips to the store to buy candy, the delicious dinners that Grandma would cook. I can still smell the homemade bread, and taste the mashed potatoes and gravy, corn on the cob, fresh from her garden. Grandpa and Grandma Jones are the kind of grandparents with whom all children should know. They had a knack of making one feel at home, and that you were something special. As a little girl, I sat up on Grandpa Jones' lap and looked deep into his eyes. Somewhat surprised, I said, *"Grandpa, I can see myself in your eyes."* Grandpa smiled. He always remembered my saying this. Even at Grandpa's funeral, this comment was used in reference to the fact that Grandpa always had his grandchildren in his eyes.

BRIEF NOTES.....

The plumbing business was becoming very successful, and so in order to become closer to Daddy's plumbing, we bought his mother's (Oliver Squire Hirschi's) home and built her another, a couple of blocks away. It's quite ironic, but in a couple of years we again bought my dad's mother's home when she moved to Salt Lake and we moved into it. While living on Highway 91 near the hustle and bustle of big trucks up and down the highway. Daddy built a very high fence (six or seven feet) around the plumbing business and around our home. I think he thought it might slow me down. The high fence could easily be climbed, however, even while wearing several bouffant petticoats, a long, full-length formal, nylons, a girdle and spring-o-lators. It was amazing how fast I learned to gracefully slide over that fence and go off to some dance or ball game, or down to the Polar Bear for a thick chocolate milk shake.

SOME SAD TIMES.....

When I was about 11 years old, and Richard was 13 Richard moved and went to live with Grandpa and Grandma Jones. Even though I can remember tear-stained eyes from his pulling my long braids. I missed not being raised with Richard. Although it wasn't the most ideal situation. I believe that Richard had the best of both worlds in being raised one half of his childhood with our immediate family and the other half with his wonderful grandparents. An extremely sad time of my life was the illness and passing of Grandpa Jones. Another emotional time was that of the automobile accident which killed my little brother's girlfriend, Martha Ann. This hurt Scott badly.

BAD LANGUAGE.....

"Oh, shucks!" While we were living by the plumbing company, we were fortunate to live next to a wonderful family. They also had a daughter near my age, Sharon Bennett. They were a good influence on Scott and me. We went to church with them most every Sunday. Scott, living around Daddy, was prone to use a little bad language. Mr. Bennett, being Stake President, decided to set a good example for him. He told Scott that whenever he had the urge to swear to just say *"Oh, shucks!"* Scott used that expression for several years

CATS.....

How we can love cats so much as children and dislike them so much as adults is one of the wonders of this world. As a young girl, my cats were my best friends. Grandma Cat (I called her that because she had so many litters of kittens--much to the dismay of our adult neighborhood) was my favorite. Then, there was also Blackie, who was my mother's least favorite. Blackie insisted on sleeping with me every night, regardless of how she had to get into the house. My parents tried to nail the screen, they hired carpenters, we did a number of things to try to keep Blackie out of my bedroom. Somehow, though, Blackie was smarter than

all the rest. She insisted on sleeping with me at night. I think Blackie found a new home as she was taken off in the family car to a place that was less convenient for her. Grandma Cat had been with me for years and began to get very old and was unable to hear very well. One day, Bud Dalton, one of Daddy's plumbers, accidentally drove over Grandma Cat and flattened her. It took me several weeks to get over my mourning, and Bud felt terrible because he knew how much I loved her.

One time when I was tending Scott, I had quite a scare. Mama was doing some shopping at the "Honk, Honk." That was a mobile grocery store which would visit our neighborhood once a week, much to the delight of the children. I was supposed to be tending Scott. One of our many cats had climbed upon the shed in the back of our yard. I told Scott to climb upon the shed in order to rescue the scared cat from this high place. As he bent over to get the cat, he fell off the shed and broke his arm. I was pretty scared to go to the "Honk Honk" and tell Mama that Scott, who I was supposed to be diligently tending had just broken his arm.

TALL GRASS.....

Scott and I and other children in the neighborhood loved to play in the tall grass each Saturday and Sunday. That was the name we had given the property next to ours that had tall grass growing above our heads. We played many, many happy hours in tall grass. We also played many times on weekends on the Red Hill, about a mile north of our home.

SOME HAPPY CHRISTMASES.....

Scott had a new clubhouse. Across the door it said, "Scotty's Clubhouse." I had the honor of being the den mother to him and some of his other little friends. Around the clubhouse was a little fence, and one special Christmas, Santa brought Francis. Francis the burro, was the perfect pet for Scott and me and we took turns feeding him in the morning and in the evening and sitting on his back. We were the envy of all of the children in the neighborhood, because of Francis. Later on, however, Francis turned out to have dangerously snappy teeth and he was taken to the great donkey heaven in the sky. One of my most memorable Christmases was the year Santa brought me a brand new sewing machine, and because sewing has always been one of my most creative and likeable hobbies, this was a special gift. To this day that machine certainly has alot of mileage! Another special Christmas, I received a tall china cupboard, filled with beautiful china and crystal. I hope to keep this as an heirloom and hand it down to my children someday.

HIGH SCHOOL.....

I loved school and I loved to be involved in alot of the activities. One that stands out is the high school competitive assembly in which we won first place. That year, I was a class officer and had much to do with working with the assembly. Then, the following year, I was an officer in the Jetettes, a precision marching group. One drawback about belonging to the Jetettes was that about five o'clock in the morning, horn honking could be heard in the front of area houses and sleepy eyed girls rushed to practice. It was all worth it, though, when we looked sharp as a tack while marching at the famous Cedar-Dixie football games.

ODD JOBS.....

My first job was at the Diary Queen as a carhop. I certainly earned that top salary which was 75c an hour. Boy, did my feet hurt after working an eight hour shift, with getting an ice cream cone here and a foot long hotdog there. Later I worked for Bob and Nettie Pickett and the Polar Bear, with a big increase in pay to 85c an hour. It was very convenient because the Polar Bear was just two houses away from our house, and if I got home late, the next morning I could be up and ready for work in about five minutes. While working at the Polar Bear, I always had much too soft a heart, for if a transient or the likes would come by and not have any money, I would feed him a hamburger or whatever and sometimes I would even take him (or her) home with me.

BOYS.....

One lunch hour when I was in the ninth grade, Sandy Dickerson and I were walking back to our classes when Joe Empey, the star football player of Dixie College, drove up in his 1948 two-toned silver ford and stopped. I thought he was probably going to ask Sandy out on a date, but instead, he asked me. I had to say, "I'll have to ask my mother first," which always embarrassed me. Joe always said, though, that he respected me for having to have parental permission before going out on a date. So, the first date I had with Joe was to the Cedar-Dixie football game. We went together for several years, even though we also dated others. We always seemed to get back together.

One other flame of my life was Frank Staheli, a return missionary from Washington. We went together quite steadily for about a year and we were engaged for the total of one day!

JOE.....

I graduated from Dixie High School in 1960, and the I spent one year working for my parents at Ace Plumbing. Joe and I were married on April 8, 1961 in the St. George Temple. I became very involved in the Church and held many jobs, which took alot of my time--maybe too much of it.

About two or three months before the wedding, Mom and I drove to Las Vegas and had one of those wonderful mother-daughter trips. We shopped for my wedding dress and other apparel for the wedding. After purchasing the most beautiful dress in town, I returned thinking that I was probably the luckiest girl in the world. Some time later, after we were married, that dress shop in Las Vegas put a picture of me in their paper and announced that I was "Bride of the Year."

Our first home was in Empey Apartments. It was located on Main Street in St. George. Our first beautiful daughter, Kimberly, was born while we lived there, on May 24, 1962. A daughter! I was so elated--partly because I had never had a sister and because I wanted a daughter so much. I could fix her hair and sew for her! When Kim was about one, I went back to Dixie College and took a speed sewing class from Donna Parkinson. I had the honor of winning the Wool Growers' contest that fall, and won a trip to Salt Lake to compete there. That same time, Joe was getting ready to go to Officers' Training School at Forest Sill, Oklahoma. He would be gone for three months. In lieu of going to Salt Lake to compete in the sewing contest there, Kim and I packed our bags and went with Joe to Fort Sill for the three months. What a turning point those three months were in my life! After always having lived in a small town, I found it was interesting to find that people were different in other areas, and I took some classes in their college. I thoroughly enjoyed that experience! We even considered going active duty and making the military a career as did some friends of ours who were also at Fort Sill. The cold weather was really different from our warm St. George climate. I liked to bundle up Kim and the two of us had fun exploring Fort Sill.

Joe's military career has been a source of pride to me, and through his ventures in the National Guard we have experienced alot of things we would have otherwise missed, we got to go to alot of exciting places and met alot of wonderful people. I was always so proud of him in his uniform. I will never forget the feeling I had when he spoke at one of our friend's funeral, Gordon Hutchings, who had died in a tragic accident. What a beautiful tribute he gave, even though it was probably one of the hardest things he has ever done. Joe enlisted in the National Guard before we were married and was promoted from Private to Lieutenant, to Second Lieutenant, to Captain, Major and is now Lieutenant Colonel. Some of our happiest married experiences were as a result of the National Guard. We made some good friends as a result of the Guard, too. The losses of Gordon Hutchings, Sergeant Mac (Brigham Keith McArthur) and Red Moss (Irwin Moss) were difficult as they were all good friends from the National Guard.

Kim was four years old when Nancy was

born and at that time we were living in our first permanent home at 520 East Tabernacle. Kim had something that I never had--a sister. When we brought Nancy home from the hospital, we were so happy with our chubby darling little baby who was a late Christmas present. She was born December 27, 1965. Of course, I named her Nancy as I wanted to name one of my children after my wonderful mother, Nancy LaVerne. She certainly fits the name.

With Joe there were some trying times, and we were separated for about a month. During this time, Nancy, Kim and I moved in with Richard and Gloria in Boise, Idaho. What a good time Gloria, her daughter Terece and I and my two children had together...sewing, shopping, cooking, eating and visiting. I thank them for letting me stay with them.

Joe and I went back together at Thanksgiving time in 1966. Lisa Jo was born the following October. Lisa had two or three names before we finally agreed on Lisa Jo. Joe was gone elk hunting when Lisa was born, and I considered naming her Elkie. She says she's glad I changed my mind. Because she was born on Grandma Susan Leavitt's birthday (I believe it was her 86th). I wanted to name her Susan. She was Susan for two weeks, but when her father took her to church to bless her with a name, we had finally decided that Lisa Jo fit her best. Joe thought that this might be his last chance to name a child "Joe".

INTO BUSINESS.....

When Lisa Jo was three months old, a very good friend of mine, Virginia Benson and I decided to go into business. We had spent alot of time on the highway between Cedar City and St. George shopping. Cedar City had the best selection of fabric at the time, and so we would drive 55 miles to do our fabric shopping. We finally decided to start a small fabric shop of our own. My mother had taught me alot about bookkeeping through the plumbing business. One day, I asked Mom if she could think of a place that we could rent to open our business. After Daddy and she had discussed it and had given it some thought, the idea of Kemp Korner Shopping Center was conceived. Originally they considered leasing out their garage building. They built five small shops to begin with on some vacant property behind Ace Plumbing. Mom decided to go into the infant and maternity business. Virginia and I began VB Fabrics and there was also a beauty shop, hobby shop and Norgetown Dry Cleaners. Now , in 1979, Kemp Korner is a very successful shopping center with approximately seventeen businesses.

Flying in an airplane for the first time was a frightening experience and yet a very exciting one. Virginia and I stepped onto our first airplane going to Los Angeles in order to purchase fabric for the grand opening of the fabric shop. That was just the beginning of many more trips to come. The fabric business turned into quite a success and was a very enjoyable venture for both of us. Virginia and I also went on a two week trip to New York--one of my dreams--as chaperones of a church group. We had a wonderful time and had many great experiences as we visited historical and spiritual spots along the way. As a result, I read many Church books and became even more interested in the L.D.S. Church. In fact, one of the research papers I worked on to obtain my Golden Gleaner Award was on the Prophet Joseph Smith. I became acutely interested in the Prophet after seeing his birthplace and other places in New York. I read every book I could get my hands on that was written about him. Several times I was asked to present my report to various church and civic clubs. Some of the other church jobs I have had are: Primary teacher, Primary Presidency Counselor, MIA teacher and MIA Counselor, Stake Counselor and MIA Stake Leader and Inservice Leader, as well as Dance Director. In 1970, I received my Golden Gleaner Award. Of all of my Church responsibilities, the most rewarding job I have had was teaching the Mia Maid girls. I became very close to them and still enjoy watching them as they grow.

In 1969, Virginia sold her portion of VB

Fabrics to me and Mom and Dad built me a new, larger shop. I changed the name to Kamelot Fabrics. Then, in 1972, I purchased an existing fabric shop in Cedar City. It was then called Acres of Yardage and I changed the name to Kamelot II. After purchasing Kamelot II, I had one of the happiest events of my life occur, that being the birth of our first and only son, Joseph Courtney Empey. What a beautiful boy he was with natural curly hair and a chubby little face! He looked alot like my brother Scott. For two days after his birth, I was so elated that I could not sleep. What happiness and fulfillment I felt! I now had a son and three beautiful daughters. He was born on an appropriate day, January 9, 1973, just two days after Grandpa Jones' birthday, which would have been on January 7. I hope this birthday boy inherits some of Grandpa Jones' traits.

While in the fabric business, one special event stands out in my mind. A beautiful teen-aged girl came into the fabric shop one morning and asked for help in picking out some material for her wedding dress. She informed me that she didn't have much money to spend and had planned to sew her own dress. We spent time picking out the materials, (lace and satin) and commenced to cut the dress out right there at the shop. She and I had pretty much made up the pattern ourselves. I knew of her previously as an outstanding girl going to Dixie College. I also knew the boy she had planned to marry a couple of weeks later. I heard from some customers later that Susan had become very ill and was in L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake with acute leukemia. About two weeks later, early one morning, the phone rang. It was Susan's future mother-in-law. She asked if there was any possibility of our going to Susan's apartment and picking up the material in order to finish sewing her wedding dress. She was expected to live only a short time, and as a final request, she wanted to see her wedding dress. Virginia and I set up both our sewing machines in our basement and we began diligently sewing. I think that because we were in such a hurry we made more mistakes than usual. We were also looking through tear stained eyes. It was toward evening before we took the completed dress to the cleaners for the final pressing. The only way that we could get the dress to Susan in time was to drive to Salt Lake ourselves. So, we drove all night and reached L.D.S. Hospital at about 8:30 the next morning. As we reached the entrance, a nurse hurriedly dressed us both in white gowns, complete with face masks. We were ushered to the fourth floor where Susan was. Immediately, Susan's fiancee saw us with the wedding dress and began to cry. Susan had lost her eyesight because of the leukemia and the treatment that she was receiving. We laid the wedding dress on the bed and I picked up her hand and told her that we had finished her wedding dress and that it was beautiful. She tried hard to look at the dress, but her efforts were in vain. Her hands touched all parts of the dress and she acted pleased that it was done. Within 45 minutes Susan was dead. She was buried in the wedding dress. This was a very spiritual experience for me and I am thankful that I was able to do something for her. She looked so beautiful in the dress.

CANADA.....

Joe, Nancy, Kim and I, about seven months pregnant with Lisa, began a glorious trip to Canada in December. We visited foru or five of the provinces in Canada. We even went to Kimberly, Canada and took Kim's picture standing by the city limits sign. We visited the Calgary Stampede which was probably the highlight of our trip and we visited the World's Fair. We rode in the parade down Calgary Street and spent fun-packed weeks seeing how the Canadians lived.

Much of our married life, Joe was gone and I was involved in other activities such as Church positions and work. We spent too little time together. He was off doing his civic duties, work, he was in business for himself with his father working as an electrician in the Empey Electric Company, Fire Chief, Captain of the St. George National Guard, President of the Lions Club

and a member of various clubs. Slowly our lifestyles completely strayed apart and it became harder and harder on our marriage. We divorced in June, 1975.

After we were divorced for about a year, I sold both fabric shops and returned to college to complete my education. During this time, I worked as a secretary for Brooks Pace at the Dammeron Corporation. Later I enjoyed working for Art Anderson at the St. George Area Chamber of Commerce. I have recently returned to Dixie College to complete my education by finishing up the few classes I need to receive my diploma in Business, which will hopefully be next June.

ON TO HAWAII.....

In August, 1976, one of the most exciting trips of my life took place. It was with Nancy and Kim. We went to Hawaii for two weeks, and what a wonderful time we had from start to finish! If I could do it all over again, and had enough money to do it, I would take Lisa and Courtney too. Hawaii--what a beautiful spot! It was just like flying over to paradise for two weeks. Kim, Nancy and I visited four islands, ate alot of fish (much to Kim's dismay), learned to speak some Hawaiian, visited the Hawaiian markets, met some wonderful people, went on many tours and visited exciting spots. We saw the Fern Grotto, Pearl Harbor, the volcanoes, the beautiful ocean and sands on the shores, Waikiki beach and more. Kim and Nancy were breathless and their faces were radiant.

OUR FAMILY GREW.....

Our new home was built on the back of the Black Hill by Hager Construction, owned by Mel Watkins. Mel would later become my husband. We were married in Las Vegas on October 2, 1976, Lisa's ninth birthday. We spent our honeymoon on Catalina Island. Overnight my family grew from four children to six, with eight of us at the dinner table. Mel's two children lived with him so Randy, then 15, and Rhonda, 16, moved in with Kim who was 14, Nancy, 10, Lisa, 9 and Courtney, 3. What a group there was at the dinner table! It was almost awesome. Imagine me with a total number of eight mouths to feed! Maybe I should go back to school and take cooking lessons! I was afraid to ask my family that question because I am sure they would agree. Mel is a much better cook than I.

Mel is a wonderful father, salesman, golfer and cook. He is quite a disciplinarian to the children, and I am glad of this. The two weeks I was in Hawaii I missed him very much as it was when I returned home that we decided to marry. His children needed a mother and my children needed a father. Though there have been some rocky times, our marriage has been good. Our family has spent many happy times at the supper table, on trips, whether shopping or vacation, and the past summer we have spent a wonderful time in our own backyard where we have added a swimming pool and landscaping. I have joked with some of my friends that we finished our backyard because we have so many daughters that we could save money by having wedding receptions there!

Mel loves to do the unexpected. This past May, we went on one of the most fun trips we have ever experienced. All of it was a surprise. Mel had bought an airplane in order to travel more readily and so the week that I quit work at the Chamber of Commerce he told me that he was going to take me for a ride in his airplane, even though he didn't have a license yet. So, early Sunday morning, we got up and decided to go to the restaurant and have breakfast before the flight. We went to the airport and admired Mel's new plane. His partner, Byron McLeese, would pilot the plane since Mel did not yet have his license. We got into the plane and headed west for quite awhile. Finally, Byron turned around and asked if we had to hurry back. We told him no, although I had promised the kids we would be back in time for dinner, if not sooner. I was also becoming somewhat worried about the baby. We continued to fly for a couple of hours and I was getting a bit nervous, although I enjoyed the flight itself. As we were about to land, I noticed the ocean in view and realized just how far we had traveled. I love the ocean perhaps more

than any other place, but I could see that it would be quite awhile before we could get home. We landed in Santa Barbara, and after tying down the plane and going in for a drink, Byron began taking suitcases out of the airplane. Both he and Mel said that we were going to stay at the ocean for a few days for a vacation. I said, "I'm sure, I don't even have a toothbrush." Mel had planned for this trip for several days with the help of Kim. While we were at the restaurant earlier that morning, she had packed all of my clothes, including my toothbrush, and had hurried up the airport road to load the luggage into the airplane before we could see her. We spent five of the most wonderful, relaxing days basking in the sun in Santa Barbara, visiting the many points of interest there and eating all the good food in the restaurants. One of the things that surprised me most was that when we got to our motel room and I opened our suitcase to see what Kim had packed, I found that she had done a good job. She even included some of her brand new clothes for her mother to wear. That meant alot to me. Even more special was the fact that when we returned home, we found the children safe and sound and the house cleaner than when we had left.

One Saturday, we decided to do just exactly what we wanted to do, as if we were still children. We started early in the morning and played two rounds of golf, went to the tennis court and played a couple of games of tennis, jumped in our pool and took a swim and finished off the day, tired as we were, with a backyard barbecue. Mel cooked, of course. My husband really knows how to cook.

We bought a van in order that we could travel with the family on vacations. The summer of '78, that being the summer that Melanie was born, we didn't want the summer to go by without a family vacation. Melanie was just two weeks old. We all loaded into the van and headed for Jackson Hole, Wyoming to spend a week. Melanie was in a little cradle right between the driver's seat and my seat, and she seemed to enjoy being with the family even at that early age. We had such a good time visiting all of the spots at Jackson Hole! When we would go into a restaurant to eat, it was necessary to push two tables together for all of us to sit as a family. Mel's face often looked desperate when the waitress would bring the bill.

FAMILY TRADITIONS.....

St. Patricks Day brings a special meal to our family. It's like no other meal the rest of the year. We have a green dinner! Everything on the table, whether food or decorations, is green. Each year it becomes quite an obstacle to fix something different that is green. I've about run out of ideas. Some of the foods are green salad, stuffed green peppers, all of the good green vegetables, green angle food cake, and green mint jelly. The children get quite a kick out of this day and dinner. We have invited many of their friends to celebrate St. Patrick's Day and to eat at our home.

The Christmas holidays are a favorite time for our family. Getting ready for Christmas is a bigger part than even Christmas day. Our family always has a big Christmas Eve dinner with turkey and all of the trimmings. We usually have it early Christmas Eve and invite Grandmas and Grandpas and aunts and uncles. We sing Christmas songs and tell Christmas stories. This is a tradition that I hope will always stay in our family. The days following Christmas, before the children return to school, we like to go to Brianhead and ski. All of the children, except Courtney, are good skiers. Courtney may be when he is a little older. They also enjoy snowmobling and just being out in the snow.

The first Christmas that Mel and I were married, Santa brought me a gift that I will always cherish. After the children had opened most of their gifts in the family room, Mel and Randy pulled out a very large box. They said Santa had delivered it in the garage for me. I opened the box and as soon as I saw what it was, I was so surprised and thrilled that I started to cry. My children couldn't figure out what would be in the box to make me cry. It was a beautiful

grandfather clock... something I had always dreamed of having.

Each September our town sponsors a Children's Parade. Hardly a year went by when I wouldn't build a float and put the children in the parade. When Lisa was two, Virginia Benson and I built a float and put Lisa and her little boy, Scotty, in the parade. We won first place. They were dressed as a little bride and groom and the theme of the float was "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young." The entire time the float was in the parade, Scotty was crying and it actually looked like he was being forced to marry Lisa. This even added to our float and perhaps helped us win the first place prize.

The children had a talent of singing well together and on occasion were asked to sing at various civic clubs or church gatherings and at family reunions. One Mother's Day, the three oldest girls were asked to sing some Mother's Day songs at Sacrament meeting. They were dressed alike in pink lace dresses, and as they stood upon the stand and sang several songs, my heart was full and I thanked Heavenly Father for the great privilege of being a mother. A favorite expression of mine is, *"I could be such a good mother if I weren't so darn busy raising kids."*

MY CHILDREN...

Kim--Kim is a little on the shy side, but very mature for her age. Her personality is the kind that everyone likes. She has turned into a beautiful, intelligent daughter and one of whom I am very proud. She is completing her last year of high school and her maturity is proven by her work at the Klothes Kloset. She is in a joint venture with her Grandma Hirschi and her Aunt Alice and has done an outstanding job with them. She receives good grades, she is dating and has many friends. She was chosen by her classmates just this past month as coed of the month. Last year, Kim and Randy had the opportunity to go to New York through the high school history department. They were able to see many of the historical spots in the United States: New York, Washington, Boston and other points of interest. When Courtney was a little smaller, he nick-named Kim his *"nutter-mutter,"* translated, *"other mother."*

Nancy--After all of the wonderful things my mother means to me, I intended to name a daughter after her. So, when Nancy was born, she was immediately given that name. She has personality plus. She is very sports oriented and likes to compete in various events. Just this last summer she won second place in a standing high jump in Salt Lake and just missed winning a trip to West Virginia. As a baby, Nancy would climb to a high place such as the refrigerator or a table and then turn around, and with a sly look on her face would teasingly say to me, *"I'll fall!"*

When Nancy was about two (and almost toilet-trained), I dressed her up all fluffly and sweet and had her ready for Sunday School. I failed to double check to see whether she had her panties on. After I picked her up from her Sunday School Class, her teacher told me that every time Nancy bent over the toy box, it was noted that she had forgotten to wear her panties! Yes, Nancy is appropriately named after her Grandma Hirschi.

Lisa--"Is there anything I can do for you?" A little 'I Love You' note on the bed or chest of drawers as a surprise--this is Lisa. Lisa is a beautiful blacked haired daughter who is talented in the departments of drawing and painting.

Courtney--When Courtney was just nine months old and parade time came around, I decided it was a good time to show off my darling bouncing baby boy. I built a float for him with the theme "Let There Be Peace on Earth." It had a great big white dove. He sat on the back of the dove and as he was being pulled down the street he waved and would smile at the crowd. He took first place in the single float division.

Courtney is a very good looking, energetic first grader. He enjoys riding his bike most of all. One day, when Melanie was about three months old, I was sitting in the living room nursing her when a knock came to the door. Someone told me that Courtney had been hit by a car. One of the most

frightening experiences of my life was driving to the hospital to see how he was. Although he was bloody, he looked wonderful to me. I could see that he was all right, even though he required a few stitches on his forehead. I just hope he'll be more careful on that bike!

Melanie--Melanie is 14 months old and an intelligent, blue-eyed blonde. She will raise her arm above her head when one of our family says, "Yeah, Melanie!" She has reasons to think she is a winner. She is a wonderful source of enjoyment and entertainment to every member of our family. Melanie made her debut one month late, as she was born July 29, 1978 instead of July 1, which is Mom's birthday. I now feel I am the mother of my own "Little Women." Instead of Meg, Beth, Amy and Jo, there's Kim, Nancy, Lisa and Melanie.

When I was seven months pregnant with Melanie, Mel and I went on a trip to Matzalan, Mexico. We enjoyed ourselves very much there, although Mel suffered somewhat from a case of the "turistas." I hope to return there when we both feel a little better.

Randy and Rhonda-- It's rather hard, but still rewarding to be a step-mother. Though I don't suceed at times, I hope that I can be a good mother to Randy and Rhonda. Rhonda lived with our family less than a year when she became engaged to be married. The time before Rhonda's wedding was very busy, with the sewing machine buzzing late at night and on Saturdays in order that I could make her wedding dress and the bridesmaids' dresses. We also made most of her wedding arrangements together. Rhonda married Arnold Tate on May 27, 1977 and she and Arnold now reside in Fredonia, Arizona with their darling son, Travis. They are expecting another baby the first of next year.

Randy is a tall, almost six foot, handsome teenager who has added so much to our family! He does alot to help around the house--keeps the lawns manicured, and is an expert swimming pool maintenance man. He always makes me feel like I'm an expert cook by the way he cleans up his plate--maybe I'm not such a bad cook after all. The opposite sex is starting to look better to him each day.

AND FINALLY.....

My life has been full, rewarding, challenging, beautiful, enduring and happy. I love my family so much. I have really had the *"good life."*

KIMBERLY EMPEY

I guess Joseph Clark Empey, my dad, was just trying to spread the word that his first child was about to be born, because at 8:30 p.m. he was nowhere in sight and mom was having labor pains. Finally he returned and took mom to the Dixie Memorial Hopsital. I was born at 10:30 p.m. May 24, 1962.

I spent my first 9 months of life in a small apartment on Main Street. I doubt that it was too clean outside because mom caught me eating cockroaches a couple of times.

We moved into a nice home on Tabernacle Street. This is where I spent most of my childhood years. I remember the day Nancy, my parents second child, was born. It was Dec. 27, 1965. I stayed with my Grandma, Nancy LaVerne Hirschi. I was so excited to have a new little sister. The day I went to see Nancy through the hospital window, Grandma Hirschi made French braids in my hair. Boy was I proud of my new little sister and my pretty hair.

About two years later, Oct. 2, 1967, Lisa Jo was born. We all loved the new addition to the family, even though I suppose my dad did want a boy pretty bad.

Mom loved having three girls. She owned a fabric shop at this time and so she sewed all three of us outfits alike for just about every occasion that you could think of. She also put ringlets in our hair every morning.

During these years I had quite a few very close friends, Stan DeMille, Valorie Bensen, and Sandy Snow were probably my best friends.

We had a large back yard with a big tree, a doll house and a large fenced in play ground. It wasn't surprising that all the kids liked to play at my house. If we weren't playing rodeo, school, or house in my back yard we were usually climbing on the red hill.

Our summer home was in Veyo. At first we just had one small trailor, later on we got a large trailor and put it right by our small trailor. I was glad because the small trailor became my own little club house. I always had Do Not Disturb signs on the doors and my art work on the walls. I soon opened "The Store", this is where I sold whatever junk I could find to Nancy and Lisa. I was very tight with what money I had and as you can tell I wanted more. I don't know why though because I never spent a cent of it, but I loved to count it every day.

I have many fond memories of Veyo. I remember things like when we used to visit great, great Grandma Leavitt, in her trailor or in her yard, and I remember sleeping out on Great Grandpa Vaughn Jones's deck and riding to the Veyo dump in the back of his truck.

The Veyo ditch was more like a swimming pool to us. We spent many hours swimming and catching polywogs in it.

Later on we moved into an older home on Main Street. Mom really fixed it up nice doing such things as drapes, carpeting and remodeling the kitchen. I loved living in that older home. I remember my yellow attic bedroom, it was just darling. Mom and Dad spent alot of time on it.

Courtney Joseph Empey, my little brother was born on January 9, 1973, it was such a special time for our whole family, especially my dad. I remember how excited he was to tell us 3 girls that we finally had a boy in the family.

I guess I never really understood why, but mom and dad got a divorce when I was 13 years old. I remember how hard it was. I just couldn't see how it could happen to my family.

After my mother and father were divorced I became very close to my mom. That next summer mom took me and Nancy on a vacation to Hawaii. We had such a good time. It was so beautiful we just couldn't believe it.

Both mom and dad remarried. Mom married Melvin Wallace Watkins on Oct. 2, 1976. Mel already had two kids of his own, Rhonda Jean Watkins age 15 and Randall Dean Watkins age 14. I suddenly belonged to a family of eight. It was a little difficult to adapt to things at first, but we soon become one big happy family.

Dad remarried on Christmas Day 1976. He married Sylvia West. She already had three children of her own, they were Kenneth Mundt, Patrick Mundt, and Maureen Mundt. I was glad that my Dad married Sylvia because we really got along good and I liked having new brothers and a sister closer to my own age.

After my mom and Mel were married for a couple of years they gave birth to a beautiful little girl. They named her Melanie Watkins, after her Dad. We all love having her in our family.

My schooling has always been important to me and I always loved going to school. In elementary school I had exceptionally good teachers. I liked all of them, but my two favorites were Mr. Verdon Hannig, my fourth grade teacher and Mr. Wadsworth, my fifth grade teacher. Some of my friends at this time were: Belle Daugherty, Kimberly Menzle, Sonja Swanson and Tara Hickman.

I attended Woodward Jr. High for 2½ years, then we finally moved into the new school, Dixie Jr. High. My favorite teacher during my years at junior high was Mr. Dennis Patten, he taught me math, algebra and was my ski club advisor.

In junior high I had more friends than I knew what to do with. We were known school wide as *"The Group"*. We had the reputation of throwing wild parties, and we were also known for eating and talking way too much. Actually we were 32 girls without anything better to do. We used to have so much fun during our lunch hour. First we would walk across the street and buy goodies at Judds, then we all sat under a big tree at the old Woodward building.

During my 10-11th grade years I could always be found in the halls of Dixie talking to my boyfriend Kirk Bracken who is from Gunlock. We went out every Friday and Saturday night, being sure not to forget our weekly visit to Paula's Mexican food restaurant. Kirk was very special to me and I'm sure he always will be a good friend of mine.

For my 17th birthday Kirk gave me a very special gift that I will never forget. He gave me a beautiful cedar chest that he had made himself.

If you didn't find me with Kirk the next place to look was always up to the Klothes Kloset. Where I was working with Grandma Hirschi and Grandma's sister Alice Holt. (I'm still working there now). I have really learned alot from Grandmas skills at business.

One exciting event that took place during my Junior years at High School begun on April 3, 1979. Randy, my step brother, Terece, my cousin, and I left for a very fun and educational trip back east. We visited Washington D.C., New York, Phildelphia, and Boston. We were able to see all the historic spots and tourist attractions. I think the thing that I learned the most was how thankful I am for my family and this beautiful town of St. George.

Now that I am in my Senior year in high school I love school more than ever. Jolene Williams and Cindy Staheli are my closest friends. They are very understanding and we get along really good. I have become alot more involved in all the school activities this year. David Hunt and I were co-chairmen of the 1980 Dixie High Homecoming week. I have also been asked to be on the points committee and I plan on joining some of the clubs at the high school this year. I have also received two very nice awards this year.

I was choosen Co-ed of the month for September and student of the week for the week of September 24th.

LISA JO EMPEY

Lisa Jo Empey thoughts on her baptism and confirmation:

The last day of January 1976 I was baptised and the first day of Feb. I was confirmed. It was my baptism day but first we listened to the music and singing. I can remember when I told my Aunt Glenda that I knew that song it was "We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet", but she didn't really believe me. I knew a lot of people who were there and I knew some other kids who got baptised like Michelle and Paul. It was all kind of scary when I got confirmed, I'll bet Uncle Scott was shaking when he gave the prayer. His hands were shaking but I don't blame him I was shaking too. Here is a picture of how it looked when I was baptised (here she made a drawing of the font).

After my Dad took me home and in a little while we went back and got Kandi, Nancy, Kim, Courtney and my Mom to go eat. He took us to Dick's Cafe and we all ate except Kandi and she did not eat very much because she was kind of scared.

Well, to get back to the confirmation I will tell who was there. There was Grandma Jones, Grandma Hirschi, Dad, Mom, Nancy, Kim, Courtney, Lee Scott, Uncle Scott, Aunt Glenda, and me and Kandi. Then there was Grandma Empey, Grandpa Empey, Uncle David LeBaron. We took a whole row and there weren't room for any more people. Both days were so busy my feet hurried but they were good days. I pray every night and hope He will guide me to do what is right forever.

Note:

Lisa had written this to herself and when her mother was cleaning Lisa's room she found it.

Baby to Bishop
SCOTT HIRSCHI
by La Verne J. Hirschi-Christmas 1983

History records July 1947 as a month of celebrating the "Utah Centennial." The Mormon pioneers, under the leadership of the Prophet Brigham Young, arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. Two other important events took place during the Centennial month: the birth of Glenda Gai Milne on July 6, and the birth of Scott Hirschi on July 11. Both were born in the "old McGregor Hospital" in St. George, Utah. These two dark-haired babies first met (on this earth) in the nursery. Neither has revealed any commitments made then. Their mothers occupied the same room and both were over-joyed with their babies. A nurse would often carry Glenda in one arm and Scott in the other. They were a cute couple even then! Aparently Scott saw Glenda's parents, Glen and Bonnie, and decided she would be in good hands until he grew up.

Scott's first home was at 172 East 300 South in St. George. His parents, Lee and LaVerne, his brother Richard, and his sister Barbara, lived in the basement apartment of the Walter Cannon home. The Cannon's bedroom was directly above his, so as soon as he made a sound, his mother picked him up to avoid disturbing them. This resulted in forming a habit of Scott's mother rocking him about half the night. Even though she was sometimes tired, she did enjoy holding him and a strong bond was formed.

Scott was a beautiful healthy baby with dark hair, large expressive eyes, and fair skin. He was chubby with dimples most everywhere. He loved to be held and cuddled by his mother and later by his sister. He liked to stay home and he disliked *baby sitters!* His morning bath was a special event sometimes with neighbors, Mrs. Cannon and Mrs. Snell, both watching. He also liked his evening rub down. (Maybe he just wanted to get out of the pretty "dresses" his mother used for the first few months!) He loved to be out-of-doors in his stroller and was taken to the grocery store every week to be weighed. (The Market Basket opened about the time of his birth, but was much smaller then.)

By the time he moved to his second home, (where the "Four Seasons Motel" now stands) his sleeping pattern (or not sleeping pattern) was a habit and he continued to call for his mother several times every night. Usually he wanted reassurance or his back rubbed or tickled for a few minutes. While living in the "Kurt" house, his father started Ace Plumbing with Bud Dalton, Shirley Booth, and Cleo Cripps as partners. The basement room served as the first office.

When Scott was almost three years old, he and his family moved to 652 East 100 North. This was the home of his Grandmother Hirschi who had just married Herman Stucki and moved to Salt Lake City.

A few months later Scott made his first "mistake." When his family woke up one morning, Scott was not in his crib and could not be found. Everyone panicked! His parents, brother and sister all went in different directions in search of him. He was located about a block away playing with Gloria Kemp in an area known as 'Tall Grass." This was a serious offense because Highway 91 (now known as St. George Blvd.) ran in front of the house. It was before the freeway was built and trucks as well as all other traffic passed on a down-hill

grade. It was a terribly dangerous location and the rule of *never* leaving home without supervision must be enforced. Scott's mother gave him the only spanking she ever gave him. (It really hurt Scott but hurt his mother more.) She then kept him in his crib all through the day, going in every few minutes to tell him he must never run away again. It must have made the right impression because he never left the house again without permission. (He claims he never was allowed to cross any street alone until he was 6 or 7 years old!)

Scott has always been kind-hearted, both to people and animals. He rescued a mouse from a cat and was deeply hurt when the "saved" mouse bit him! He said, "That was a fine thanks!" He developed a unique vocabulary which his family thought was very cute. He sometimes left letters out of words, especially the "r's" and "s's." His favorite toy was a teddy bear known as "Bukoff." His dad was known as "Wee" and his mother as "Ba-Boon." When his mother wanted to know what he was doing, he would reply, "No-sing."

Books were important to Scott. He loved to have his mother read to him. Bambi was one of his favorite, but each time she read how "man" shot Bambi's mother, he would sob. After Barbara was old enough to tend Scott, she read to him. She was like a second mother to him.

His love of animals caused him some trouble when he tried to rescue a cat from the roof of a building next door. The cat came down safely but Scott fell, breaking his left arm. He also suffered from mumps, chicken pox, and had several bad colds. He waited until he was 15 years old to have the dreaded red measles.

At the time Scott began kindergarden, Mr. Cannon (Walter) was still delivering fresh raw milk to the Hirschi home. When Scott was asked how he liked school, he replied by saying he liked everything except lunch where the milk didn't have any carbonated water in it! Mr. Cannon got a big kick out of this and several other things Scott said; in fact, they were real good friends. It was Mr. Cannon who gave Scott his first dollar by opening a savings account at the Bank of St. George (now Zion's First National.) His daughter, Ramona Cannon Schmutz, worked at the bank and she said, "Father, I thought you did this only for your grandchildren!" He told her that Scott was just as special to him as his own grandchildren.

Scott was honest. When he was about 3 or 4 years old, a rather unusual looking lady came to the door to pay a plumbing bill. After he had looked at her for a few minutes, he said, "You're not as pretty as my mother." His mother was surprised and embarrassed, but the lady was very sweet and agreed with him. A mother always looks pretty to her little boy.

Another incident that seemed funny at the time occurred shortly before Christmas one year when Scott was about 5 years old. He had been shopping and bought a hammer for his dad. He swore the rest of the family to secrecy, but when his dad came home, he insisted on giving just one hint . . . "You pound with it." Like all children, Scott loved Christmas and other special holidays. He took good care of his tops and enjoyed them, but seemed to enjoy giving even more than receiving. He has a very generous nature.

Mrs. Orton was an excellent first grade teacher who insisted that her students learn to read well. Scott needed extra practice so he and his mother would get up early in the morning for him to read. The teacher could tell if he hadn't had his morning reading and encouraged both Scott and his mother to continue the practice so he would be ready for second grade. Mrs. Orton should have much of the credit for Scott's basic learning patterns.

Again, in second grade he had one of the best teachers, Lois Wells. (She still is.) She complimented Scott often and said he was a perfectionist, always finishing anything he started to the best of his ability. Mrs. Phil (Emily) Foremaster taught him in both third and fourth grades in the new East Elementary school. She was able to bring out some acting talent and Scott played the part of Santa and several other roles during these

years. Mr. Bates taught the 5th grade and encouraged Scott to learn to play the accordion, (which he still has.) He took lessons until the teacher moved out of town the following year.

The 6th grade teacher was Arlo Hafen, another excellent teacher. This year Scott's mother and Afton Everett were home room mothers and it always pleased Scott when treats were brought. All through school he loved to take treats for his classmates on special occasions.

Scott did well in his school work and got along fine with his teachers and friends, but he did miss out on sports . . . (his older brother loved sports, especially baseball.) In his early grades, his mother was called to the school when the teacher was concerned because he did not participate in play at recess. He just watched. Later, when his mother asked him why he didn't want to play at recess, he told her he didn't want to get his clothes dirty. She tried to encourage him to take part, assuring him it would be all right to wash his clothes more often. He did learn to play more, but this may have started the pattern of coming straight home from school, changing into play clothes, and then usually helping his mother in the plumbing shop. At first he did simple jobs, but later sorted tickets, put stock up, answered the phone, helped customers, worked in the office and helped Pete Iverson in the sheet metal shop. He studied the plumbing catalogs, fitting charts, etc., all of which gave him a solid base for his profession.

During his school years, he excelled in selling, usually to plumbing salesmen and has a salesman certificate to prove it.

He had a Saturday hobby that his mother really enjoyed . . . they rode horses. His favorite mounts were "Meg" and "Zepher." He won a few ribbons for horsemanship. He went deer hunting with his dad only once. They walked up above the summer home area at Pine Valley Park where his dad shot a deer. Even though the deer was badly wounded, it kept traveling down hill. Scott followed and when his dad found them, the deer had fallen near the water (Santa Clara River.) The deer was still alive and Scott was petting and talking to it. That ended his hunting career. There was a period in his life that he wanted to become a veterinarian and care for animals.

Scott's junior high school years were spent at the old Woodward School where Grant Hafen was his favorite teacher and math his favorite class. He once confided in his mother, telling her that he didn't think he was very good looking, but that he was always going to be well-groomed. (His mother didn't agree with his opinion of his looks).

At the Junior High Graduation, (which was the last of the 10th grade to graduate from Woodward) both he and Glenda were there, but with other partners Glenda was already a beautiful young woman.

Scott had conscientiously saved his money and had never withdrawn anything from his savings account. His mother was surprised when he decided to use his savings to buy a car. At that time it was legal, after taking driver's training, to get a license at age 15½. As his Christmas present, his parents helped with the purchase of a new small car, thinking a new car would be safer and have fewer repairs than a used one. The first two weeks he was able to drive only with a licensed driver with him until he was 15½ on January 11, 1963 and received his regular license. Cars have played an important part in Scott's life, although some were sad.

While growing up, he had some special friends. Howard and Sharon Bennett, who lived next door, were older but good friends. Kent Seegmiller lived through the block and they played often, especially at 'Tall Grass." Harold Loken, whose parent came from Norway, was his good friend through 1st and 2nd grade until the Loken's moved away. His sister, Barbara, was really his best friend. She had always wanted a sister and sometimes dressed Scott in her dance costumes and called him "Mary Ann." He didn't seem to mind. Friends from the east part of town included: Stan Snow, Clark Hutchings, Glen DeMille, Craig Hammer and Randy Bowler. Scott had a special friend who lived in the west part of town....a red-haired boy named Bill Phoenix. He was

killed in an automobile accident. Bill had spent hours at the hospital when Scott had been injured in a car wreck, and he would often sit while Scott slept and was a comfort to the family. Martha Ann Crawford's death was a tragedy in Scott's young life.

Scott's church life began when he was blessed by his grandfather, Bishop W. Vaughn Jones. At Sunday School and Primary, he would not leave his mother until he was 6 or 7 years old. His mother taught the Blazer Class in Primary for four years, beginning when Richard was a Blazer. Scott attended this class and even some of the early bird breakfasts. The older boys liked him and he didn't want to go to his own class. He was quiet and reverent, never giving his mother any trouble. She was dumbfounded when he and the other boys gave a Primary teacher a bad time when they were about 11 years old. However, he did repent, learned the Articles of Faith and graduated from Primary.

Scott was ordained to the office of a Deacon by Frank Staheli, one of Barbara's best beaux. Later, Mans Jennings ordained him a priest. Stake President T. LaVoy Esplin ordained him to the office of an Elder in the Church of Jesus Crist of Latter-Day Saints. The blessing was beautiful and promised that he would become a great leader in the church (if he continued to be faithful.) His mother, Grandpa and Grandma Jones, Glenda and Bonnie were there.

Prior to becoming an Elder, he re-discovered Glenda. During their senior year in high school, he found that cute little girl he had met in the nursery had grown up. He must have known right away she was the *ONE,* Both were very clothes oriented. She was chosen "Best-Dressed Girl" and Scott was chosen "Best-Dressed Boy." Her graduation present was a diamond ring. Scott visited his bishop, Sidney Atkin, often during the next few months, preparing for their Temple marriage, which took place October 30, 1965.

The wedding reception was beautiful. The Milne's had planned the perfect wedding. After a short honeymoon to California, they moved into a small home they were buying on 700 South.

Scott continued to work in the plumbing business. He set a record as the youngest man to pass the Journeyman Plumber Test after the initiation of the Utah State Apprentice Program. Glenda was working at Bateman Pharmacy when they were married and she continued to work there until a few weeks before the birth of their first child.

Their first child, a beautiful little girl, was born on the 12th day of the 12th month in 1966. Scott later blessed her, giving her the name of Kandis Hirschi. (She usually is known as Kandi.) Glenda gave Scott his best birthday present on July 11, 1971 when she gave him a son. Lee Scott was a welcome addition to the Hirschi family . . . the first grandson after having seven lovely granddaughters.

Scott made the right decision in choosing his eternal companion. He and Glenda are both perfectionists and they love each other and their children. Glenda keeps their home sparkling clean, both inside and out. She has a decorator touch and is truly a homemaker. She teaches and protects their children, giving them loving care. (Her own mother is a beautiful example to follow.) She always looks so attractive that it isn't surprising that Scott is proud to show her off.

A lively, petite blonde-haired baby girl, born June 16, 1977 and a brown-eyed baby boy, born April 18, 1982, complete their family. Kassi is exceptionally bright, has outstanding coordination, is pretty and loving. She likes to dance and sing. Richard Jace is a very religious baby who began attending church meetings the day he was a week old. Jace was sometimes referred to as the "Youngest High Priest in the 6th Ward" because of his regular attendance at Priesthood meetings. His mom was busy being the Primary President so he went along with his dad. Jace resembles his brother, Lee Scott, who is also very active in church work and scouting. Kandi is a straight A student, plays the piano and has her driver's license.

Scott is a dearly loved son, grandson,

brother, uncle, nephew, husband and father. He is the spiritual leader of the family, following in the footsteps of his beloved Grandpa Jones. Members of his family rely on him for help of every type. His sound advice makes most problems seem simple and his generosity knows no bounds. He follows the policy of not letting the left hand know what the right hand is doing. In order to learn of his good deeds, the information must come from those he has helped. He is a man who finds time to help others while taking an active role in church and civic work, politics, and being successfully involved in business.

JOHN 13:34

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also Love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have "love one to another."

Members of his family witnessed his ordination to the office of a High Priest under the hands of his good friend, Randy Wilkinson. St. George East Stake President Truman Bowler then set him apart as a member of the High Council. After serving on the Council for a year and 9 months, he received his present calling . . . to serve as Bishop of the 6th Ward. Scott's mother has always been proud of her son, but never more so than when he was sustained and set apart as a Bishop . . . "a Judge in Israel!"

1 NEPHI 3:7

And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.

MATTHEW 22:36-40

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great "commandment."

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

On these two commandments hang all the "law and the prophets."

KANDIS HIRSCHI

I was born at 12 O'clock noon, on the 12th day of the 12th month in 1966, in St. George, Utah. I was the first child of Glenda Gai Milne and Scott Hirschi.

I can remember my great Grandpa Jones who died when I was nearly four. He spoke softly, he was kind, and seemed happy. I could tell that he loved me.

When I was 4½ years old my daddy brought my mom and baby brother home from the hospital. My brother is named Lee Scott, and he has dark hair and eyes like me. He was born on my dad's birthday on July 11th. We had just moved into our new house at 574 East 600 South, St. George, Utah. I was happy to have a baby.

My mom kept a record for me in my baby book and it says I was blessed and given a name by my dad on Feb. 5, 1967. He baptised and confirmed me when I was eight.

I walked to Kindergarten with Leslie Larson and Kerry Iverson. Mrs. Paine was my teacher and I liked school. My first grade teacher was Mrs. Allred, 2nd was Miss Campbell. In the 3rd grade Mr. Grimshaw was the teacher and in the 4th Mr. Gentry. Math is my favorite subject. Social Studies is the one I like the least, but I like school. I earned $27.00 for Multiple Sclerosis Drive for reading this year. My name was in the paper and I received a free hamburger from McDonald's.

I like music and have taken piano lessons from Joyce Hannig for three years. I like to keep my room neat and clean, my mom teaches me to keep everything clean and neat.

I love all my family. Two great grandpas died during this last year -- Grandpa Milne was 99 (the oldest man in Washington County), and Grandpa Adams was 82. Great grandma Milne is 93, she gives everything to her grandchildren and I love her very much. My uncle, Gary Milne, married aunt Jacklyn and they have 3 boys; Travis, Adam, and Dustin and 1 girl, Rebecca Amanda. Then I have uncle Kirk who isn't married yet. He works for Ace Plumbing. Julie and Kim are my aunts and Blaine is my uncle, but he is younger than I am. I have Grandpa Glen and Grandma Bonnie Milne and I love them very much.

My dad has one brother named Richard who is married to aunt Gloria, they have twin girls, Heather and Hollie, who are my age, and Terece who is older. Dad's sister is Barbara who married Joe Empey and they had Kimberly, Nancy, Lisa, and Courtney. Nancy is my twin cousin!!!

I am active in the church. I am real glad Dad and mom got married in the Temple. When my dad baptised me he did it three times to be sure it was right, then the next day he confirmed me. Mom and I both bore our testimony. Many members of my family were there.

Friends are important to me, sometimes they sleep with me, and they do alot for me. Special friends are: Leslie, Kerry, Nancy Empey, Nikki Ashman, Shelly Barlow, Kim Siler, Billie Carter, Hiedi Christensen, Hollie and Heather Hirschi, Sonya Cram, Lisa Empey, Lisa Mathews, Wendy Ward, Sue Wenzel, and Lynnette Foremaster.

I want to be an airline stewardess or a beautition, a mother with 4 children, and have a good husband, but I don't care if he isn't rich.

My family traveled to Yellowstone Park with the Gary Carter family but we didn't see a bear. We went to church near the park. We saw a moose and Old Faithful. I also liked our trip to Disney Land. The Materhorn was the most fun.

Kandis Hirschi, February 22, 1977

Brief Life History by
ALICE J. HOLT

My arrival into this world on March 9, 1925 was a cold stormy day, making it difficult for my father (W. Vaughn Jones) to get to St.George, Utah where my mother (Isabelle Leavitt Jones) was awaiting my arrival. If I had a choice in choosing my parents, I made the right choice there. They were good loving parents and so I've been told, bragged that I was a "Cute" baby. My older sister LaVerne, who was quite grown up for her age, no doubt thought I was a big nusiance. Apparently all went well for me until my mother had to wean me at quite an early age due to the fact that she was expecting my younger sister Maurine. I went on a hunger strike at that time and would only eat milk gravy, which must have been annoying to Mama, having to make it several times a day.

From pictures I've seen the cute baby look left me at about age two, when I started playing outside. My freckles got so thick, I was just one big freckle. At that time we lived at Power Plant #3, which was between Gunlock and Veyo. The three homes there were new, but it took sometime to get lawn and shade trees growing. With all the black rock and a stream close by, it was the perfect place for rattlesnakes. I don't think any of us children ever headed for the door that Mama didn't say, *"Watch for rattlesnakes."* Somehow it happened none of us were ever bitten.

The deep canal running from the power plant was quite close to our front porch. Though none of us drowned, it was the cause of a few good spankings. Then one day our cousin Emerald Seitz did get in trouble and Daddy came running jumped in, nice boots and all, and pulled him to safety.

When school days started it created some problems getting there and back. I attended Veyo School in first grade. Sometimes we stayed in Veyo, but during good weather if Daddy didn't have the day shift he would drive us. The days I recall most were the days Mama drove. She didn't have a drivers license and was rather nervous about driving, but we weren't aware that it may be dangerous to ride with her. We thought it was fun. She couldn't shift gears too good and kept the car jerking most of the time. But one thing I can say for her, she never broke any speed limits!

I went to Gunlock to school the next year. It seems that it snowed all that winter and usually we couldn't get far in the car and we'd have to walk. Somehow we were always short of mittens. LaVerne, Maurine and I would take turns, who ever had the best mittens had to carry the lunch box. On one occasion, Maurine had one of her hands frozen, so she didn't have to carry the lunch the rest of the winter.

One day as we got to the creek there was a good sized flood, so Joe Neilson (#1 plant operator) took us, along with his children across on a horse. When we came back after school the flood had gone down some so he jumped across on rocks carrying one at a time. I was last and as he jumped on a wet rock, slipped and we both fell in. He got a broken ankle and I got soaked from head to toe.

That winter is well remembered, even by my own children. As each one in turn got old enough to drive, they somehow couldn't make it a block or so to the bus stop and would ask to take the car to school. They would stand impatiently waiting, while they

heard again that their mother used to walk four miles in the snow to school. Then accept the car keys without any sign of guilt and off to school.

During that winter one week we had to stay at Gunlock with Grandpa (Hyrum Jones and Grandma (Aunt Mary). I remember sitting around the big pot bellied stove trying to get warm, and got to playing around with the poker. I got it nice and hot and touched Maurine with it. Well, I got plenty of attention for awhile, but Grandma's sharp tongue didn't help at all and I was still homesick. But Grandpa was always nice to all of us and I can remember him well on many occasions after that.

Thinking back, I suppose Maurine thought I was awfully mean to her. At one time while we had a hired girl to look after us while Mama was in St. George after Keith's birth, I hurt Maurine again, a pinch or slap or something. The hired girl tried to get me to say I was sorry and I wouldn't, so she put me outside until I would say it. I stayed out all day. But when it got time for Daddy to come home at night she let me back in the house.

After we had lived at #3 for several years, it was a real pretty place. There was the power plant, three nice lumber houses, with nice hedges and trees and a big lawn that covered all the area from the houses to the canal. Daddy and the other operators had brought in large flat rocks and made walks from the plant to each of the homes, and they took a lot of pride in keeping it beautiful. During the summer our friends from Gunlock walked over to visit us. On one occasion they were there playing. They got to playing with the cat tails that grew next to the canal. We warned them that Daddy had said he didn't want to see another cat tail on the lawn. When they were dry if you popped them over someone's head or some other object, they would spread fluffy cotton like stuff near and far. The Gunlock kids had just gotten them scattered all over the lawn when who should come out of the plant but "Daddy". It didn't take him long too find one of the little willows that grew among the cat tails and tingle my legs good. At the time I was really mad about that, thinking I didn't deserve that willowing, but then I remember there were quite a few times that I deserve one and didn't get it.

When I was about 8 or 9 years of age, Daddy built us a home in Veyo. Although it was small and not completely finished, we thought it was real nice. I don't know why we called one room the bathroom, because it was never used in that capacity until about the time I was married. It was much warmer to bath in the wash tub in the kitchen anyway. Mama always liked her pretty kitchen range, in fact when she got her new electric stove, she still used it too for a number of years. Her pretty round table she still uses to this day. Then she had a nice "davenport" that we liked to have our friends use. One thing we always did have was a nice car. Daddy liked to have the newest car in town and he used it a lot for his work, but also took quite a few trips and always had extra passengers and students when going to St. George. Somehow he never seemed to mind the gas ticket he would pick up and pay for at the end of each month at Albert Bunker's store. As he would look through the handful of bills he'd put a few aside and say, *"Mama, for the love of Mike, how could you possibly spend this much just for food?"* I think it was about 9 or 10 dollars a month. Sometimes Mama would try to get him to look at the stack of gas tickets or the ones for candy and pop to treat the guys after work, but mostly she just didn't say much.

The "depression" didn't seem to have much of an impression on me. We always had enough food and Mama made most of our clothes. My childhood memories for the most part were good ones. As I look back, there is one picture imprinted in my memory of Daddy and Mama standing in the kitchen with their arms around each other in a long kiss. Not that this was unusual because they were a loving couple. Daddy had on his usual work clothes, which consisted of dark green "britches" (as he called them) matching green shirt and knee high laced boots. Mama with a nice house dress and

apron. They were a pretty neat looking couple. I recall how beautiful they looked dancing. They let us go to most of the dances. Daddy gave LaVerne, Maurine and I a turn dancing with him too and Mama didn't have to sit out. There were always plenty of fellows waiting to dance with her.

I haven't mentioned much about my brothers, Lorin and Keith, not that there isn't plenty of things I could say about them. It's surprising, but Lorin and I actually liked each other after we were grown. But, he was in his earlier years, what I call a big pest. Seems that we used to have a difference of opinion rather often. One day when he was chasing me I luckily stayed ahead of him - around the house, in through the kitchen door and headed for the bathroom, which had a lock on the door. Seeing that he couldn't catch me, he threw a book just as I closed the door. Crash! It missed me but smashed Mama's beautiful glass towel rod.

Keith was the baby, really cute too! I tended him a lot. He was what Mama called "finicky" about eating. Sometimes she would coax him to eat and Daddy would say to quit spoiling him. If he wanted anything at night, I always heard him and got up because "I was a light sleeper." (Mama always made it sound like a compliment.) Then too it was quite handy for me since I always slept on the front side of the bed with Maurine in the middle and LaVerne to the back next to the wall. Due to me having clostraphobia (then and now) this arrangement stayed the same through the years.

Each summer we would get to go stay with some of our cousins in a different town and they in turn visited us. I happened to have a knack of bringing home each trip, whatever childhood disease was going around at the time and exposing the whole family.

In those days the girls in Veyo started going to dances by 12 or 13 years of age. We all went to the grown-up dances and thought we were quite grown-up. After graduation from the 8th grade in the Veyo school, it was necessary to move to St. George to go to school as the school buses didn't come to Veyo. Then came the hard part for our parents, paying board and room or finding an apartment and furnishing the food, etc. I lived with relatives most of the time. I spent quite a while with Uncle Tony and Aunt Emily Lytle. Tony liked to have someone to tease and Emily was just like a sister and we got along fine. After my sister LaVerne and Lee Hirschi were married, I lived with them a part of the school year. Then when Maurine started high school in St. George, we had an apartment in Albert Bunker's basement. I doubt that we cooked a good meal while we lived there, but we had bottled fruit and other things Mama sent. School lunch was unheard of then and our usual fare at noon was a hot maple bar from McArthur's Bakery near school. Since the school bus didn't run to Veyo, the county paid $3.00 for each student for transportation. Mama and Daddy furnished that and let us have the money for our monthy allowance. We were supposed to buy our clothes with it plus spending money. I remember one month I really hit it lucky. I bought a beautiful green and red plaid jacket and a dress and had change left over.

That year Maurine and I were both in Beth Schmutz's Drama Class and were cast in a play as sisters. Guess who got the mean sister part! I think we played the part good because I got ribbed by classmates for some time for being mean to my sister. I might add that Bob Fawcett, who later became Maurine's husband, was the teacher's pet. He got excused from class most every day to go to work on stage props.

In 1940 I married Floyd Sanberg and was divorced in 1942. The thing worth telling about that marriage was the birth of twin daughters on July 31, 1941. Carolyn and Marilyn were identical, very small and cute. I will tell more of them later in this history. Mama and Daddy helped a great deal with the twins and always took care of them if I was gone anyplace. Marilyn and Carolyn were quite attached to them and it has continued that way through the years.

In the summer of 1942, LaVerne and Lee wanted to do some match making and introduced me to a nice young fellow they

knew. We dated and I received a diamond ring before he was sent over seas with the military.

A few months later a good looking fellow by the name of Merlyn K. Holt moved to Veyo to work for Roy Renouf on his ranch. We were slightly acquainted from having gone to some of the same schools. We started dating about the 14th of December and shortly after I wrote a "Dear John" letter to my fiance in the service and returned his ring. On Valentines Day Merlyn gave me a beautiful 3 lb. heart shaped box of chocolates and that was extravagent for those days. Maybe that was the turning point, anyhow by spring we had decided to get married. He claims it was because he got snowed in at the cold town of Veyo.

We applied for a license and our blood tests were taken and somehow were misplaced. So after waiting a few weeks to get our license, we decided not to wait any longer, so accompanied by Dr. A.W. McGregor and his wife Bernice and Merlyn's parents, we went to Las Vegas on April 21, 1943 and were married at the Don Ashworth home by Bsp. Reed Wittwer.

We didn't have much time together at that time as Merlyn left for his navy training a few weeks later. That was the early part of June and WW II was going strong at that time. Most of the young men from our area were drafted.

Merlyn was in the navy for 2 and one-half years. One time he was over seas for thirteen months before he got a leave to come home. While he was going to Motor Mechanic School in Ames, Iowa I went by train to stay with him for about six weeks. I worked in a toy factory there as Merlyn didn't have much time off the base. My mother tended Marilyn and Carolyn as she did on many other occasions.

When Merlyn came home after his over seas duty, he had a months leave. We had so many activities that time went by in a hurry. He was then transferred to Marc Island, near Oakland, California. I joined him there for a few weeks. Merlyn tells our daughter Lana, who was born nine months later that *"he took her across the Golden Gate Bridge and I brought her back."*

During the war I had moved with the twins to St. George. When Merlyn was discharged from the navy in December 1945 we continued to live there. On February 13, 1946 a beautiful daughter was born to us, we named her Lana Kay.

In the spring of 1946 my Dad offered Merlyn a job at the #3 Power Plant so we moved there. I had spent five years there as a child so I enjoyed it and felt at home.

After a few years we moved to Gunlock so the girls would be closer to school. We built right across the street from the school and church, doing most of the work ourselves. It was comfortable and we enjoyed it and spent quite a lot of time visiting Merlyn's parents, as they were nearby.

I think I should mention that about this time Marilyn and Carolyn were legally adopted by Merlyn.

In 1952 when we were expecting a new baby we built two more bedrooms on our house. Our first boy, Danny Merlyn Holt was born July 16, 1952 on the hottest afternoon that I can ever recall. There wasn't any air conditioning in the hospital in those days. Although Danny was red and wrinkled we were proud of him and it wasn't long until he was a good looking boy.

Marilyn and Carolyn were by now 10 years old and real good baby sitters. Lana Kay was 6 years old.

Merlyn continued to work for Southern Utah Power Company and in 1955 they offered him a transfer to LaVerkin, Utah which he accepted. We moved there in April 1955. One month later on May 18, 1955 Kim Layne Holt, a handsome black-haired son was born to us.

Six months later we bought a house in Hurricane and moved there and doing the work our selves fully remodeled it. After we got it looking nice, we sold it and bought a home in LaVerkin and are still living there at this time.

Two more fine sons were born to us. Bradford Ralston Holt was born December 30, 1959 and sixteen months later, April 30, 1961, Kelly Mark Holt was born.

We had many good times while our family was young. We went on many camping trips which we all enjoyed. We went deer, antelope, and elk hunting and for a number of years had a lion hunting camp on east Zion, where we all spent a lot of time and Merlyn and the boys were guides to many lion hunters. During those years I was kept very busy taking care of my family and cooking for dudes, (lion hunters). I also gained a fairly good reputation as a "sour dough biscuit maker".

The kids always had a member of pets such as horses, burros, dogs, and cats. They also had a number of unusual ones including a monkey, coyote, black bear, baby lions, etc. For the most part I guess we were a happy family. I will try to tell more about each of the children in a separate chapter.

Later Merlyn and I had marital difficulties and were divorced in 1969.

That spring I enrolled in a nurse's aid class at Dixie College which was very interesting and I studied hard which paid off at graduation. I was hired by the Dixie Hospital and really enjoyed the work, but sometimes I had to work night shift and that was hard for me with four boys at home to take care of. After about one year there I was offered a job at Zions First National Bank in St. George and worked there for several months and then was transferred to the Hurricane Branch, where I stayed until 1972. At that time Merlyn and I tried to reconcile our differences and were re-married December 30, 1972. I might mention here that at that time Danny was on his second year of a mission to British Columbia and Alaska.

Merlyn went to work for Seward Construction and was away from home much of the time. I started working for my sister LaVerne at the ABC Shop. I enjoyed working with LaVerne and stayed on as part-time help.

On April 26, 1974 we received the painful news via telephone that our son Kim had been killed in a car accident. Needless to say it was a sorrowful time for all of us. I will tell more of this in Kim's personal chapter.

One thing to be thankful for as you read this short history, I am not going to tell about any of my serious illnesses or even of my many surgery's. 1975 and 1976 alone would make one good sized book.

In July 1978 my sister LaVerne and I decided to try a new adventure and opened a clothing store for teens and juniors called "Klothes Kloset". Her granddaughter, Kimberly Empey works with us. We have enjoyed this challenge and are hoping it will be a very successful business.

As I write the last part of this short history, I am now on an Elk hunting trip near Ephriam, Utah, where we have hunted many times. Merlyn and son Brad are doing the hunting while I cook for them and enjoy the camping. The mountains are beautiful here, with leaves of yellow, orange and red. Now all we need is a large bull elk.

Dated, October 5, 1979

A brief history of each of my children to follow.

Brief History of
CAROLYN HOLT DeMILLE
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Carolyn was born July 31, 1941, at St. George, Utah, a twin of Marilyn. She weighed 5 lbs. 12 oz. and was identical to Marilyn. She was real cute and a good baby. She was born 20 minutes before Marilyn, so I guess she thought she could boss Marilyn and tried to tell her what to do when they were toddlers. They had their own language and for the first few years talked mainly to each other.

Carolyn attended elementary school in Gunlock, Utah. While living there also learned to ride horses, could tromp hay as good as any boy, also helped Dad pick many a load of watermelons and numerous other things.

After moving to LaVerkin, Utah she and Marilyn had a fruit stand for two or three summers, and made good money for young girls.

Carolyn, a pretty brown eyed blonde could ride a horse real well and tried out one year for Dixie Round-up Queen. During the contest her horse bucked and that ruined that. She had a number of boy friends in high school and as near as I can remember had a good time. When she was sixteen, she was engaged at Christmas time to Farrell DeMille. They were married May 24, 1958, in the St. George temple.

They lived at LaVerkin, Utah, and bought a home there. Their first daughter, Joyce was born March 12, 1959, Another daughter Linda was born March 8, 1961. Then came a 10 lb. boy, Lance, January 19, 1963. Third daughter Laura Kay was born November 1, 1966. After hopefully waiting for another child, Shelly was born February 18, 1970, weighing only 3½ lbs. She lived for only 20 hours. She was delivered by caesarean section, (as were three of the other children) and due to complications, Carolyn had a hysterotomy at her birth, and was in very poor condition. I was working at the hospital at that time and was in the nursery on one occasion when Shelly stopped breathing. I gave her mouth to mouth resuscitation and got her to breathing again by the time assistance came, but hours later she died. Mr. Metcalf brought her back to the hospital for Carolyn to see. She looked like a beautiful tiny baby doll. Carolyn's grieving lasted many years.

Carolyn has had some years of bad health with back surgery, which still bothers her as well as several other operations.

Deciding they would like to live in Cedar City, nearer to Farrell's work, they sold their home in LaVerkin, and bought a lovely home in Cedar City, Utah where they are at this time.

Carolyn and Farrell's daughter Joyce was married to Dean LeFevre May 30, 1980, in The St. George Temple.

Brief History of
MARILYN HOLT BROWN
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Marilyn Holt Brown was born July 31, 1941, twin of Carolyn, and was really cute, considering she weighed only 5 lbs. 2 oz. She grew fast and had dark brown eyes and blonde hair just like her twin. Very few people could tell them apart. Marilyn was more mischevious than her sister and laughed a lot. Carolyn worried about this and tried to keep her out of trouble, but usually if one did something, the other was sure to follow.

Marilyn attended school in Gunlock, Utah in her earlier years. It was a good town for kids who liked going barefooted in the summer, going swimming in the creek or riding horses and burros. Marilyn had a lot of fun but worked real hard too. Besides helping her Dad with the farm work, she and Carolyn could take full care of their brother Danny, when he was small. They were almost eleven years old at that time. They also had a rabbit raising project which kept them busy and was good for a few laughs as they grew older.

Marilyn attended high school in Hurricane, Utah. I'm sure she could tell a number of interesting things that happened in those years, that I can't recall right now.

Marilyn was working in a newspaper business when she met and married Ben Brown. They lived in LaVerkin, Utah for several years and right next door to me.

Marilyn always helped with housework, painting or any big project that I needed help with. Also for many years she was my hair dresser and did a super good job. I have missed them since they moved to Washington, Utah where they bought a nice home several years ago.

Marilyn & Ben now have their own printing business and keep very busy at that. Marilyn's daughter Kathy was born September 17, 1959, and is now married to David Bess. They live in Idaho and have three small boys, Trent, Justin and Kody. Marilyn and Ben are really proud of those grandchildren.

Daughter, Pamela who is now eighteen graduated from Dixie High School in the spring of 1980. Shortly after school closed she went by plane to Woodbridge, Va., to visit cousin LaRene Fullerton. Since returning home she has been employed at the Short Stop Market.

Brief History of
LANA KAY HOLT NICHOLAUS
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Lana Kay Holt Nicholaus was born February 13, 1946, a beautiful baby with long black hair and big brown eyes, (even the doctors and nurses said so!) She was a happy baby, but then she had every reason to be, everyone wanted to hold her. Twin sisters Carolyn and Marilyn were almost five and they liked to entertain her. In her toddler years we lived at the power plant and everyone had to keep an eye on her to see that she didn't get in the plant or fall in the canal, etc. One summer day when Lana was about two years old, I left the girls with Merlyn and drove to Gunlock for the mail. Upon my return I found the water had been turned out of the canal and everyone available was wading through the canal in search of Lana. The search had been on for about one hour when Lana was found having a nap under the front porch. She was really puzzled over all the tears and excitment.

Lana was a happy child and enjoyed her schooling in Gunlock and liked to stay at Grandpa and Grandma Holt's. Grandpa and Grandma Jones also had their share of baby sitting.

As Lana was growing up in LaVerkin, riding horses was her favorite hobby. One day she was riding "Old Buck". Her Dad had already warned her that he didn't ride double, but when she met a school friend who said he wasn't afraid they decided to give it a try. "Old Buck" held true to his name and when I got a call to go to the doctors office, they were both there with broken arms.

That didn't slow Lana down for long, the next horse, "Old Blue" was a beauty, livley and didn't buck. She loved that horse and rode him for several years. Even though his sale brought more than he was worth, we were always sorry that we sold him. At a later date she rode Merlyn's race horse, "Ted" and he ran away with her. She stayed on okay, but when he hit the oiled road on the turn to the barn, he fell and rolled on Lana. She still has a bad knee from that ride. About that time her interest changed to boys.

At age sixteen, Lana was Princess of the Washington County Fair. She also participated in many school activities.

Lana married Jim Fullerton and was later divorced. Their daughter LaRene Fullerton was born Jan. 19, 1964.

Lana has had many interesting jobs. She with her daughter LaRene have lived in Alaska, California, Arizona and presently is living in Woodbridge, Virginia. Lana is now married to Major Paul Nicholaus. He is a pilot in the Marines with a three year assignment in Washington, D. C. They have bought a home in Woodbridge, Va. Paul is originally from California and has a home there also. They are hoping to live there or nearer to Utah in the future.

Daughter LaRene is attending high school and having a good time; Cheer Leading activities, etc.

Brief History of
DANNY MERLYN HOLT
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Danny Merlyn Holt, born July 16, 1952, was so much fun for all of us and was really happy most of the time. But had quite a temper, if things didn't go like he wanted and would cry and hold his breath until he would go blue in the face and we would hurry to revive him with cold water.

Grandpa Holt (Wilford) loved to play with "Boone" as he called him. As a result Danny's daytime naps were almost non existant. About every day just as Danny would get to sleep, here would come Grandpa leading a colt. He'd open the door and holler, "Boone, come and ride your horse."

After we moved from Gunlock to LaVerkin Danny easily adjusted and got along good at school, etc.

As he grew older, he liked to hunt and fish, play basketball, football etc. He was studentbody president of Hurricane High School and was active in all school and church activities.

He always wanted to go on a mission and was happy when he was called to the British Columbia, Alaskan Mission. The last year of his mission he was called to serve in the mission home in Bristish Columbia as their Public Relations director and later served as assistant to the Mission President.

After being home for a year he started seriously looking for a wife. Fortunately he found Toni Wilson. They were married in the Manti Temple. So far they have four children, Corey, Matthew, Kristi and Amber. They now live in St. George where Danny owns and operates Holt Dental Lab.

A Brief History of
KIM LAYNE HOLT
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Kim Layne Holt born May 18, 1955, was a good looking boy with black hair and large brown eyes. He was rather quiet and on the serious side. He was good at entertaining himself and as a toddler would play with his toys or pets for hours.

Kim liked to ride horses, etc. When he was about 6 a mean donkey threw him and broke his arm.

Kim Sanders, our neighbor, and Kim were really good friends and were practically inseparatable during their elementary school years. They trapped, fished and hunted with B-B guns, pellet guns and then 22 rifles. One time they trapped a skunk. We finally got the smell off him and his clothes except some new boots he had been wearing. I wouldn't let him throw those away. But as long as he wore them every time they got warm he thought he could smell the skunk. We used to take the boys camping a lot. One lion lion hunting trip Brad and Kelly were small and slept in the camper with us while Danny and Kim used sleeping bags in a tent. During the night a spark from the camp fire started in some grass and set the tent on fire. Danny got out with out a hair burned, but Kim's hands, arms and face were burned badly. It was a four hour trip to the hospital. He suffered a lot then, also for a number of weeks after.

Kim never asked for a bike like the other kids did, but when he was about 10 we thought he should have one. He learned to ride it at 3:00 a.m. Christmas morning and practically lived on it afterward. One day as he was headed down the road in front of our house as fast as he could get the bike to go. Danny thinking to tease him threw a piece of pipe, meaning to put it in front of him, but instead it went in the spokes and flipped Kim to the graveled road skinning him up badly, especially his face and he had to have school pictures taken the next day.

Kim really liked to hunt with his Dad and had many fun trips. One deer season we were camped at our place on the mountain and for some reason Kim who was about 13 then, didn't get to go on the hunt with them the first day and he was quite irked, so he took a gun and walked about ½ mile out of camp and shot a 4 point buck!

Later that year on a cold frosty morning he was picking nuts for a neighbor when he slipped and fell breaking the same arm again.

Kim held a number of offices in church and school. He was Freshman class president, FFA president in his senior year and played in some sports, with wrestling being his favorite.

As soon as he could get a license he bought a motorcycle, which scared me every time I saw him ride it. Then next came his beautiful Camero. He really loved that car, along with several girls about that time.

After graduation he went to Alaska and spent the summer working and living with his sister Lana there. They went on sight seeing trips, he got to see a lot of country. In the fall after he got back he went to work on a construction job in Ehpraim, Utah. In an accident there he lost three fingers on his right hand while laying pipe. This was a bad jolt to Kim. The occupations he had in mind he needed those fingers. He wore gloves so anyone couldn't see that hand. He moved into an apartment in St. George and started college majoring in Law.

About four months later on April 26, 1974,

(continued on page 474)

Brief History of
BRADFORD RALSTON HOLT
written by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Bradford Ralston Holt was born on December 30, 1959 at the Dixie Hospital in St. George, Utah. He was such a cute baby and so good natured we really enjoyed him. He had to grow up fast as his younger brother, Kelly was born when he was only sixteen months old. His crib was moved to the basement with the older boys and he didn't seem to mind. I was ill and in the hospital for about a month at that time so Brad went to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Jones and he got quite attached to them.

We didn't try to wean Brad from his milk bottle since he was so content in taking care of himself. I would prepare a number of bottles each morning leaving them in the refrigerator. When Brad got hungry he went and got his own bottle and if he didn't finish all of it would put it back in the refrigerator and go back to play.

When Brad was still small he was in a parade as "Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater." He sat in a large pumpkin with holes cut out for his arms and legs with his head sticking out the top. He was very cute and won a prize too. Later, when he was about nine years old he rode another float as Jr. King of the Washington County Fair. He sang "Up, Up with People," to win this honor.

Brad had a lot of fun in High School and played basketball, football, and was on the track team. His collar bone got broken during one football game which put him out for the remainder of the season, also ruined his first elk hunt.

He likes to hunt, fish and go camping as all the other Holt boys do. The first year he got a deer license he bagged a big horned buck that won him a nice 7 millimeter rifle with scope.

In his senior year Brad was studentbody president of Hurricane H.S. He received a scholarship to Dixie College upon graduation and attended two quarters there. Then he worked at Grand Canyon, Arizona as a Heliport Manager. Brad now has his private pilots license, commercial license, instructors license and instrument rating. He has instructed Dixie College students and others. He has lived at Kanab, Utah piloting a scenic tour plane over Grand Canyon, Arizona, during summer months.

Brad married his high school sweetheart Diane Barney at Hurricane, Utah, February 20, 1981.

They now reside at Vernal, Utah.

(Kim Layne Holt continued from page 473)

he was killed as his Camero crashed and rolled. He would have been 19 years old in 3 weeks. He was a fine son and we will always love and miss him.

I have written more about Kim than the other children, not because we loved him more but because he will not have children to write about him in the future.

Brief History of
KELLY MARK HOLT
by Alice J. Holt (Mother)

Kelly Mark Holt was born April 30, 1961 at Dixie Hospital in St. George, Utah weighing in at 6 lbs. 9 oz. His personality made up for what he lacked in size and beauty. One nurse said, "He's the first new baby I've seen that really has a personality."

For the first month of his life while I was hospitalized, Kelly had several people taking care of him, but mostly his sister Lana Kay and his Dad. They trained him pretty good too. He was the only one of my seven children that slept the whole night through when he was a baby. He and his brother Brad were close playmates and had a lot of fun together. They had a number of animal pets that they really enjoyed.

When Kelly was 4 years old he accidently let a half grown mountain lion out of a cage. He had been using the cage to trap birds and squirrels and didn't realize his Dad had locked a lion in it the night before. He put some grain in and propped the door open. We couldn't figure out how the lion got out and Merlyn caught it again a couple of days later. Four years later Kelly confessed to his Dad what had happened.

Kelly made a lot of friends in school, both boys and girls. He was class president in his freshman year. He participated in many of the athletics. He loved playing football, but had the misfortune of a broken leg at a game in Kanab. That happened just before he got his first deer hunting license, so he made that first hunt on crutches.

His senior year in high school Kelly worked two jobs plus going to school, also dated Paula White steadily. In his spare time he worked on his Camero. Kelly graduated from Hurricane High School in the spring of 1979.

On March 8, 1980, Kelly and Paula White were married at LaVerkin, Utah.

Kelly is now employed at Heritage Press, St. George, Utah.

Beautiful little daughter, Kimberly Kay, was born to Kelly and Paula August 28, 1980, at the Dixie Medical Center, St. George, Utah.

My Life

MAURINE JONES FAWCETT HOFF

The day must have been extremely hot and sultry, as only a 'Dixie' summer day can be. The little old stucco house was filled with an air of love and care as Mrs. Harridence and Dr. McGregor assisted my beloved mother in her pain. As the clock struck 7:00 o'clock on July 16, 1926, I was born into this world of goodly parents. My father, who I assume was pacing the floor awaiting the moment, do doubt upon hearing the news said, *"Oh, no! Another girl!"*

The first few years of my life were spent at the old #3 power plant of Southern Utah Power Company. These days are filled with memories of the Marble Stairs and the lone pine tree. Also, the long hot trips to the 'Saddle' and searching the creekbeds for flints. I remember seeing the dreaded rattlesnake on several of our trips. My two older sisters, Alice and LaVerne, no doubt resented having to wait for me and always have me tagging along, but I was oblivious to it if it were so and tried very hard to do all the things they did. I'll never cease to have a sick feeling in my stomach when I remember how we dared each other to walk along the almost sheer cliffs of red sandstone just north of the plant. To have fallen would have meant sure death but we were lucky, I guess. I also remember the good times we had swimming in the tailrace with Mama and Daddy, where I first learned to swim. Along side the water which ran past the front of the three houses at the plant were many cattails. We had great fun playing with them and when they were ripe we must have scattered cattail 'fuzz' all over the lawn. I remember Daddy telling us that the next kid that put any of the cattail fuzz on the lawn would get a good licking. Well, is wasn't long before there was some 'fuzz' on the lawn and you should have seen the kids scatter when Daddy came out. I hadn't put any on the lawn so I didn't run. Guess who got the 'good licking'? Yes, it was me and that was the only time I can remember of getting a spanking. I guess I had some more but I must have really deserved them for I can't remember them.

When I was in the first grade we moved to Veyo where we went to school. In the summer we moved back to the #3 plant and then stayed there that winter and went to school in Gunlock, which was about five miles from there. Daddy would drive us down to the top of the hill and we would walk down the steep hill, cross over the creek and on to the little old schoolhouse. Then at night we would walk back up the hill and Daddy would pick us up. Sometimes in good weather we would walk on home. I remember one time how scared we were when an old cow chased us up a tree. I've been afraid of cows ever since. We had good times to and from our school at the Joe Neilson's who lived at the foot of the hill at power plant #1. When the creek was high from the spring rains and runoff, the bridge was sometimes washed away. Joe several times carried us on his back across the muddy water safely to the other side so we could get to school. His wife, Gladys, was always friendly and let us warm ourselves or gave us a bite to eat on our way. I remember the cold winter when the snow was, or at least it seemed to me to be, about two feet deep. We were walking to school down the hill and I was so cold and the older kids didn't want to wait for me. I was six and

they didn't think I could walk fast enough. I lost my mitten and was crying, so when we reached Joe and Gladys' home, we stopped in there and they rubbed our hands and feet to get us warmed up a little and then we went on to school. When I got to school the hand, my left, without the mitten was frozen. The teachers rubbed our hands and feet. They called my parents and I went home. Although my hand peeled quite badly and I had to wear a little flannel mitten on it for quite a while, there were no permanent damage.

I remember the time we found a robin's nest with some little baby robins. We messed around until the mother robin was good and mad. Just then Mr. Baudino came out of his house and he always wore one of these old sun visors without a top, just the shade. The mother robin immediately went after the closest target, which was Mr. Baudino's old bald head. As I remember, he was a little angry with the Jones kids but we thought it was great fun.

After we moved to Veyo in our new house which Daddy had built for us, we became acquainted with more kids and there were some kids my own age and so Alice at last didn't have to have me tagging along with her all the time. She was good to me though, and often let me go with her friends since there wasn't too much difference in our ages. Miss Emiline Lemmon was my third grade teacher and she was a jewel and I liked her very much. Then in the fourth grade I had Miss Iva Tanner and she was also one of my favorites. However, I think my very favorite teacher was Grant Hafen. I was in the eighth grade then and I was good friends with Betty Horsely who lived next door to us. Mr. Hafen was always willing to help out if you needed extra help. He made us feel so comfortable and made us feel that we were something special. I'll never forget the time we were out playing in the snow one cold recess and Mr. Hafen was just about ready to wash my face in the snow. As he stooped over to wash my face there was a RIPP! He had to walk backward all the way down the street to his home to put on another pair of pants.

Up in the gulch was our favorite place to to take our supper and cook it. The fried potatoes and roast corn tasted so good. We all, I mean Alice, Lois, Maxine, Betty, Thelma and sometimes others, would see who could out do each other in jumping the widest place in the creek or leaping off a high rock, or going through the cave. I remember I was always 'chicken' when it came to going through the cave. I suffer from claustrofobia too much. We could spend hours hunting for squashbush gum. It makes my mouth water now to think of it.

I went to Woodward Junior High in St. George for two years then to Dixie High School from which I graduated in May, 1944. In the meantime I had gone with quite a few fellows but there was one who I knew was sort of special and so after dating him 'off and on' for about two and a half years, I married Robert (Bob) Joseph Fawcett, on March 16, 1944. I went on to finish school after we were married. That summer we moved to Pine Valley which was and still is one of our favorite places. I got a lot of experience that summer in hoeing potatoes, which we were raising, chopping wood, carrying our water and canning foods. We raised our own garden and I canned just about everything. It was quite an experience, rather new, and of course, Bob like other new husbands had to suffer the consequences of an inexperienced cook. He used to come home for dinner and say, *"Well, what's this?"* He never knew because I tried so many new things that summer. We also got to go fishing and picnicing in the canyons where it was so cool and nice even on the hot summer days. I enjoyed the company of the other ladies of the small community in my first experience of going to Relief Society and also Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. Dixie Burgess was such a help to me. She helped me with everything from washing and cooking to canning and raising a garden. I'll always be grateful to her for her patience with me.

At 12:10 A.M. on October 13, 1945, Robert Wayne, our first child was born to us. He was such a cute baby, with lots of

black hair and a little round head. He was such a thrill to us and of course his Dad knew he would be a boy and the name had been picked out far in advance. He grew well and learned to talk soon and tickled us pink with some of his cute sayings. On his second birthday he gave us a scare. He was playing up to Grandpa and Grandma's (Jones) house while I was in the house fixing his birthday cake. He loved Grandpa's new little tractor and was playing on it when he fell against the new harrowing disc which was by the tractor. It just cut the back of his head almost all the way around. We rushed him to the doctor's in St. George and had it sewed up with a lot of stitches. The cut was pretty deep and took a long time to heel. He still has quite a big scar from it.

In the early morning hours of Tuesday, September 9, 1947, our little daughter, Joan, was born to us. She weighed seven pounds and was such a doll with her little bit of reddish brown hair. She soon lost what hair she had though, from exema which produced sores on her which took a long time to cure. But when her hair came in she really made up for it, for she has plenty of thick hair today. She was a joy to have and was always willing to be mother's helper like the time she tried to help me wash and got her arm caught in the wringer. I've never seen such a flat hand and arm, but thank goodness it just bruised it and scared me to death. Then on a hot summer morning, July 9, 1950, William Brent, was born to us. He looked half grown and had a healthy set of lungs which he exercised thoroughly the moment he was born. He developed fast and was the best baby. He had such beautiful red curls that I could hardly stand to have them cut off. But he was a real boy from the moment the curls went and could always think of plenty to do. He had rhuematic fever when he was about three and we had to keep him in bed for quite a long time. However, he seems to have outgrown it now.

August 31, 1952, was the fateful day on which my husband, Bob, had an accident in a jeep. His back was crushed and caused him to be paralyzed from the waist down for the remainder of his life. After being in the Pioche Hospital one day, he was rushed by ambulance to Salt Lake City to the St. Mark's Hospital where an emergency operation was performed on his back by Dr. S.A. Wright. He was in the hospital for about nine months, and after several more operations and physical therapy he was permitted to come home. In the meantime we had moved to Salt Lake City, 365 E. 3155 So., where we were all together once more. During the time Bob was in the hospital I spent most of my time with him and the children were left with their grandparents. Joan with the Fawcetts and Robert and Brent with my parents. That was such a lonely time of my life that I was truly grateful when we were able to be together again.

In June, 1954 we had the privilege of going to the St. George Temple and being sealed for time and eternity and our children sealed to us. Then we moved back to St.George that summer and lived on a turkey farm just about three miles north of St. George. While there Bob learned to do many things while in his wheelchair. He drew the plan for a turkey processing plant which was then built by Barlocker Farms and we operated it for sometime. We did everything from catching and killing to roasting and eating turkeys. I even had nightmares about turkeys, but we were glad for the work. While we were living out there I had some trouble with one of my kidneys and subsequently, on December 11, 1955, had to have surgery in Salt Lake City for its removal. I remember I did all my Christmas shopping the day before I went into the hospital. I arrived home on December 22 and though I couldn't do all the things I would have liked to, we had a wonderful Christmas. My parents, Bob's parents, and all my friends were so good to me and did so much for me that I shall never be able to thank them enough.

One February evening (1956) I was baking cookies and had just put the children to bed and tucked in baby Ricky Page, who I was tending for Eloise and Elwood while they were in California, when the dog, old Boots,

began barking. I was busy and did not bother to see what was the matter with him. The kids were almost asleep when I checked on them and they could not possibly have been making the noise which sounded like shooting marbles against the wall. Just as I came from the bedroom, I heard a thud on the ceiling and looked up to see brown burn marks on the ceiling of the kitchen. I opened the kitchen outside door and as I looked out the whole hillside was lighted. The whole roof was on fire. I quickly got the kids outside and went to call the fire department. The ceiling in the bedroom was already falling so I was unable to get anything out. However, the fireman did a good job when they came and although quite a few things were burned I am thankful that no one was harmed.

We then moved into St. George to the big stone home owned by my folks. I don't know what I would have done without the wonderful help of my parents and friends. Not only were they standbys then but in the unhappy times which followed. For on June 19, 1957, my beloved husband was taken from me and had it not been for the Lord and his comforting Spirit and the help I received from my parents and friends, I'm sure that I could not have overcome that trial. It then became necessary for me to find something to do to earn a living for my children and myself and also to keep me from losing my mind. Bob had been almost my whole life and it was difficult to think of going on without him. I worked for a little while at Snow's Dress Shop for Althea Nelson who helped me considerably. In September I moved to Salt Lake City where I attended Stevens' Henager Business College for six months. And what a struggle! At the end of that period I obtained employment as a legal secretary for J. Royal Andreasen, an attorney. I worked there for about two and a half years. The children attended school at Woodrow Wilson Elementary and Central Junior High School and liked the ward we lived in which was Central Park.

I had been seeing quite a bit of a fellow named Edmund Keith Hoff and on August 19, 1960, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. (Not sealed. He had been sealed to his first wife Thelma Oberg, and I to Bob.) He had three children, Val LaRee, Clyde Logan, and Merlen Hazel Hoff, ages 10, 7, and 4. With my three we had a nice sized family of six. We moved to 1251 Laird Avenue in Salt Lake City where we reside at the time of this writing, June 10, 1963.

Many are the memories of happy times, sorrow, loneliners and regrets which I have not included at this time, but maybe some other time. I do want to say though how much I have enjoyed the opportunities I have had to work in the Church of Jesus Christ. I've had the privilege of working as a teacher in the Primary for a number of years, teaching in the MIA, being the Instructor director, and teaching in the Sunday School, being on the Stake Sunday School Board, and being the activity counselor in the MIA and a visiting teacher in the Relief Soceity. I have a testimony of this work and an so grateful for my parents for the opportunity of being born into the Church and for the wonderful examples which they have set for their children and others. I am grateful too, for Bob's parents, especially his mother, who has been wonderful to me and the children. I wish to express also my appreciation for my brothers and sister, each of whom I love dearly, and also my friends. I know of no one who has received more and give as little as I have.

Update on
Maurine Jones Fawcett Hoff History

I have not written anything for so long. I think since about 1964, in the way of up-dating my personal history, so I shall attempt to fill in a few gaps. It seems like the years fly by faster each one after the other. At this writing (March 3, 1977) there have been many changes in our family.

My son, Robert Wayne Fawcett, married Marlene F. Lucero on January 19, 1968, in Salt Lake City. She is the daughter of Robert and Becky Lucero and she has four sisters and one brother. Robert and Marlene have two darling girls, Brenda who was born on December 13, 1970, and Barbara who was born on August 30, 1972. Robert is employed by the Continental Oil Company and worked in Salt Lake City for a few years and then was transferred to Great Falls, Montana, where they stayed until about two years ago when they moved to Billings, Montana.

My daughter, Joan Fawcett Anderson Green, married Vance Lynn Anderson October 16, 1964. They had two children, Teddy Vaughn Anderson, born May 21, 1965, and Shelley Anderson born July 12, 1966. Joan and Vance were divorced and she later married Danny Eldon Green. They have two children, Danny Eldon Green, Jr. born April 15, 1968, and Stacey Nina Green born December 19, 1969. Joan and her family lived in Salt Lake City for several years and then moved to Ivins, Utah, where they have been the past three years. Joan works at the Dixie Medical Center and Danny has his own painting business.

My son, William Brent Fawcett, married Susan Briggs, daughter of Aubrey and Hortense Lyman Briggs, on May 24, 1969. They waited seven years for their first child, Brandi Bell Fawcett, who was born on November 26, 1976. She was born on her great grandmother Isabelle Jones' birthday. Brent and Susan live in Sandy Utah. Brent works in sheet metal for Laird Telemedia.

Our daughter, Val LaRee Hoff, married Richard Thomas on August 2, 1975, in Salt Lake City. His parents are William and Jean Thomas who live in Willoughby, Ohio. Richard and Val have one son, Brian Richard Thomas, born November 11, 1976. They live in Midvale, Utah, and Richard drives a truck.

Our son, Clyde Logan Hoff, is still single and is a mechanic in a garage. He spends most of his time when he is not working or sleeping, riding his off-the-road bikes and plans to become professional if he can. He also likes to ski. He lives in an apartment in Salt Lake City at the present time.

Our daughter, Merlene Hazel Hoff, married John Benitez, son of Thomas and Juanitia Benitez, on May 10, 1974. They have one daughter, Teresa Benitez, who was born December 3, 1974. They also live in Salt Lake City.

That makes us 9 grandchildren and we enjoy everyone of them so much. As any of you know who have grandchildren, they are all really special. We just wish that we lived closer to all of them so we could visit oftener and get to know them better.

In September 1967 I began working for the Salt Lake City Board of Education as a secretary in the office of the Superintendent of Schools. I worked five hours a day - 8 to 1 which was just perfect. But then in 1973 I weakened and took a full time job as secretary in the Personnel Service Department of the School district. I really enjoy my work but would like to spend more time at home and seeing my family.

During my working years I have tried to keep active in the church and have served as a counselor in the Primary Presidency, as president of the M.I.A. and am now teaching in that organization (Young Women) as the Laurel advisor, and Relief Society (night session) organist.

Since my last writing many changes have taken place - one of those events being the death of my dear father. He became very ill after not having felt well for some time and it was discovered that he had cancer of the colon. He underwent several operations and spent six months of intense pain and suffering until he finally passed from this life on November 13, 1970. What a great loss this has been to all of the family and especially to my dear mother who had spent untold hours caring for him during his illness, both while he was in the hospital in Salt Lake City and while he was home in Veyo. Though exhausted and her health in jeopardy, too, she refused to leave his side; having spent many hours in prayer in his behalf, as did all members of the family, sensing his every need, she cared for him as she has done through their many years together with never a thought for herself but always for him and for others. Through the years she has taught us all to love and respect Daddy by her example of unselfish devotion.

As I think about the loss of my father, I feel saddened to realize that my grandchildren, his great grandchildren, born since his passing will miss his picking them up and twirling them around and singing his "tee-deedle-dee-dee" song which we all loved so much. Also they will miss going in his pickup and getting the usual sweet treat which he always carried, or being taken to the store for a treat, or down to the swimming pool. He was a great strength to us as we grew up. At the time I didn't realize what a secure feeling it was to have a father who always worked and provided a steady income and a home for us, but as I have grown older, I appreciate so much all that my parents did for us. Our home was always peaceful and they always showed affecton for each other. I didn't know that they did not agree on every point until I was married myself. Mama always kept our home neat and clean and meals were regular although sometimes we waited for Daddy when his work kept him late. I remember from the time we moved to Veyo about the phones. We have had two phones as long as I can remember almost. We had the "power plant phone" which Daddy used to call all the power plants and the main office in Cedar City and then there was the "Bell" telephone which was used in case of emergency involving Daddy's work or for other long distance calls. Daddy was on call 24 hours a day. He worked for Southern Utah Power Company (later known as California Pacific Utilities) for 43 years. We always worried right along with Mama about the power and the dangers involved with electricity. I know that she spent many sleepless times worried about Daddy while he was working on the lines or working in the bitter cold "fighting ice" to keep the water running to the power plants, fixing the transformers, etc.

Though I don't remember them being called "Family Home Evening", we had many nights when as a family we would play cards and have candy and peanuts, both quite an infrequent treat for kids in those days. But we had more than our share, I think. Mama let us make homemade candy quite often too. And then there were her delicious pies - any kind she made was always so good. Mama and Daddy have both been such a help to me in my life. They were always there when I needed them.

I remember the trips we took together - when Alice and I went with Mama and Daddy to the World's Fair at Treasure Island, I think it was about 1940. It was a delightful trip and we all enjoyed it very much. Then I went to Bishop, California, with them when Bob was ill and I really needed the rest. They have done so much for me through the years. I have appreciated their living such honest, righteous, and exemplary lives - such generosity - Mama always seeing the best in everyone.

There are some times in my life when I especially remember Daddy. He has always

been a support and strength to me. When I was four years old I had my tonsils removed. I remember being frightened and I fought the ether cap (or whatever it is called) when they placed it over my mouth and nose. Of course, I was soon "out" and the operation was over. When I awoke everything was so blurred and I couldn't see very well, but the first thing I remember seeing which had such a calming effect was Daddy's stripped shirt. He was there and so was Mama.

The Friday night dances in Veyo - Central - or Gunlock, where ever they were held, were very special. We wouldn't think of missing one. Sometimes during the Christmas holidays a dance was held every night. Being small towns and about the only recreation available, everyone came to the dances. I guess I must have been only about 11 or 12 when I started to go regularly. Of course, Mama and Daddy always went too. It was really a thrill to watch them dance - they seemed to blend together so well. I learned to love dancing, but liked to dance with some better than others. However, there was one thing which I learned to enjoy and expect and that was dancing with Daddy. He always asked me to dance at least once during each dance, and while I don't suppose it was the greatest thing for him - it may have been a sense of duty - but for me it was special and I was always proud of the way he looked and acted. Not many of the fathers asked their daughters to dance as I remember it, so I felt honored to have such a great father.

A Tribute To My Mother
by Maurine Jones Fawcett Hoff

I want to pay tribute also to my wonderful mother, Isabelle Leavitt Jones. What a true mother she has been and is. I appreciate so much all that she has done for me. I remember many of the dresses that she made when I was small - and with three girls I imagine she made a lot through the years. We could always count on a new dress for Christmas and the 4th of July - both very special occasions to us. Mama always kept our home neat and clean and everything in order. Our meals were prepared with care and served at regular times each day. Quite a change from the casual living that some of us have nowadays. She was very handy at sewing and has made many beautiful quilts over the years. I am sure that each one of her children has received many as well as her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Her hands are always busy - never an idle moment. Doilies, pillow case edgings, tablecloths, quilt tops, handkerchieves - just about everything she has made over the years. Whether crocheting, knitting, or tatting, each item has been done with care and given with love. I shall always treasure the hankies I have with that gorgeous tatted edging. I have tried several times to learn that skill, but still have not mastered it - which makes the ones Mama gave me even more valuable because they will probably be the only ones I will ever have. I also have received a tablecloth and napkins set and a quilt of her beautiful cross stitch work as well as pillowcases and doilies. I remember well too the vegetable gardens which Mama always raised - sometimes spading the whole garden plot with a shovel (before the tractor days). She has a green thumb whether inside or outside the home. Our table was filled all summer and fall with the fresh green vegetabels raised by Mama, as well as the winter, because she always canned vegetables and fruits and made those good pickles and jams and jellies each year. I have never yet tasted corn like Mama grew in our garden at home - it was so sweet and tender and delicious. Along with her garden we had a few fruit trees and currant bushes, himalay berry bushes, and raspberries. Her flowers have always been a source of beauty and amazement to me. I believe she could plant a dry stick and it would grow into a beautiful green plant. Many times I have taken "starts" of her geraniums or other plants but I do not have the same "luck" with them that Mana does. She has given us all many shrubs and plants from her place which she has started from clippings and cuttings.

Mama is not only sensitive to plants but to people, her family and others, too. She seemed always to sense our needs and expended every effort to her power to fulfill them. She gave us full support whether it was something we needed for school, work, home, or church. The community benefited greatly from her talents too. As long as I can remember she has held several church positions at the same time. As I recall some of the positions she has held are Relief Society President, secretary, teacher, Primary President, secretary, teacher, Sunday School teacher for 30 years, and has had many positions in the MIA including Speech and Drama Director. With raising her family, caring for her garden, magnifying her church callings, helping a neighbor in need, she in addition has always studied the scriptures and done quite a lot of reading. Many of the scriptures she has committed to

memory and given numerous talks and lessons and written poems.

Mama has been a great strength to us all - her testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has never waivered - she has always tried to live the commandments of God - she is always pleasant to be around - she is always thoughtful of others - exceptionally neat and clean and well-groomed and beautiful personally - she always looks for the best in others. We could never say much that wasn't good about others because Mama would interrupt us and tells us the good things about them and their best qualities - she has a knack of bringing out the best in everyone around her.

She has strength and determination to complete whatever task she might embark upon. I shall forever be proud of her for courageously completing and passing the driver's training course and test to get her Utah driver's license, even though she was 70 years "young." Continually I am amazed at what she accomplishes each day even though her health has not been too good, she does not let that stop her from making each day meaningful and rewarding.

Both Mama and Daddy have been such great parents - always helping to ease our burdens, both while we were young and lived at home and since marrying and moving away. I feel that I have been truly blessed to be born into such a family and to have two wonderful sisters and two wonderful brothers. What more could a person ask for from life.

A Brief History of
EDMUND KEITH HOFF
written by his wife, Maurine Hoff

I would like to write a few things regarding my husband Edmund Keith Hoff. I met Keith when I moved into Central Park Ward in Salt Lake City. He was in the Sunday School Superintendency as a counselor and he and the Superintendent came over to my house to ask me to teach in Sunday School. Brother Colton introduced him and they visited for a few minutes. It was about a year after that when he asked me to go out with him. We dated for about two years before we were married on August 19, 1960.

Keith, as his family calls him (everyone else calls him Ed), had lost his wife, Thelma Merle Oberg through death in 1957 and was left with three children: Val LaRee born on July 23, 1950; Clyde Logan Hoff born on August 23, 1953; and Merlene Hazel Hoff who was born September 29, 1956. Keith's parents moved in with him and his family to care for the children.

He was born on November 8, 1925, in Georgetown, Idaho, the son of Edmund Charles Hoff and Eva Merlen Grunig Hoff. Though the family moved to Salt Lake City when Keith was only a few years old, he loved to return to the Grandparents Grunig's farm and spend his summers. From the time he was about 10 years old until he went into the Service, he would spend the summers with his Uncle Logan on the family farm in Nounan, Idaho. Many hours were spent hunting squirrels and woodchucks and fishing and hunting huckleberries. Hunting huckleberries every year is a family tradition for his parents and his uncles and their families. Keith's mother's parents were from Switzerland and one of the reasons they came to Idaho was that it reminded them of their own native land of Switzerland and many people from that country homesteaded there in Idaho.

During his school years Keith attended Oquarrh Elementary, Bryant Junior High School, and West High School. In 1943 he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps where he served for three years during World War II and was discharged in 1946. He remained in the reserves and in 1952 during the Korean conflict was again called to active duty until 1953. He served in the Pacific area during World War II being stationed in Hawaii, Iwo Jima, and Japan where he served about nine months as part of the occupation forces.

Keith attended Utah Technical College for three years and became a machinist. He worked for Chicago Bridge & Iron Co. for about 10 years and has since worked for some of the local shops including Almico, Seneca, and Ajax Presses where he worked for 13 years until they moved their plant back to Cincinnatti, Ohio. He is now employed with Eimco Company.

One of his hobbies is guns and target shooting. He loves to go hunting and is an excellent marksman. He and his friends often go up to the Police Rifle Range and target practice. He keeps a yearly membership there so he can go whenever time permits. He is also a good photographer and he pursues this hobby from time to time. He has 16 mm movie camera and his good 35 mm so he does good work and enjoys taking pictures.

Keith is active in the LDS Church and has held the position of counselor in the Sunday School, Elders' Quorum Class Leader, Counselor in Elders' Quorum Presidency, Scout Master, Deacon Quorum's Advisor, and is currently a member of the Seventies Group.

History of
ROBERT WAYNE FAWCETT
written by his mother

Robert Wayne Fawcett was born on a beautiful autumn day in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-five, October 13, in the old "McGregor" Hospital located in St. George, Washington County, Utah. He was the first child born to Robert Joseph Fawcett and Maurine Jones. He very well could have been a "columbus" child but the doctor said he didn't want to rush nature and so Robert was born at ten minutes after twelve on the 13th instead of on Columbus Day. He brought a great deal of joy and fulfillment to his parents and a handsome face. His father told me that he only had four fingers on one hand I about had a fit until he said that he also had a thumb.

After 10 days in the hospital, he was taken to his new home, the basement of the Robert Chadburn home in St. George (about 2nd North and 4th or 5th West). Robert was such a good child. We often had to make an effort to pick him up and play with him because he never cried or fussed. He would just wake up and play in his crib from the time he was very tiny. He learned to talk younger than most children and made whole sentences soon thereafter.

He lived in Pine Valley the summer of 1946 with his parents and then in the fall lived in a surplus "Army" trailer in the back of Grandpa and Grandma (Jedediah Robert Fawcett and Nina Burgess Fawcett) Fawcett's place at 176 North 1st West in St. George. During the summer of 1947 we lived in Veyo where Robert had a big orchard to roam in. Once he roamed a little too far and got out in the corral of Uncle Ben Chadburn's with his horses. He was just wandering around between the horses' legs and tails - about scared me to death until I could get him out of there.

On Robert's 2nd birthday we went up to Grandpa and Grandma's (William Vaughn Jones and Isabelle Leavitt Jones) house to bake his birthday cake. While his mother and grandmother were taking care of his little sister, Joan who was born September 9, 1947, and baking his birthday cake, Robert proceeded to explore the backyard and lot to find something to play with. Soon his mother went to look for him and heard him crying. From the sound of the cry it was apparent that something was wrong. As I picked him up blood was streaming down his clothes both front and back, and I ran into the house with him where we tried to clean him up to find the problem - he had fallen off Grandpa's small tractor onto a brand new sharp disc which had never been used. His head was cut from the ear around to the center of his neck - a most terrible and frightening sight. We sent word to the store for grandpa to come and take him to St. George to the doctor and called Marie Cottam, a nurse, to come and see what could be done. As soon as Grandpa came, we took off with him for St. Goerge, and Lottie and Al Ulrich, thinking that we might have trouble, followed us. At least they tried to follow us but could never catch us. Grandpa really "hot-rodded" it that day". Just about a mile out of town we met Robert's father coming from St. George with his little red wagon for his birthday. He too turned around and tried to follow us. The doctor put many, many stitches to close the wound and it was a struggle to have to watch Robert's misery and pain as this was done. In fact his father about passed out and had to leave the room leaving me and Hettie, the nurse to

hold him down. The doctor said if it had gone a quarter inch deeper at the back of the neck, which was the deepest, it would have killed him. We were so grateful that it was not any worse than it was and so thankful that he had not fallen on his face because he surely would have lost an eye at the very least. He to this day has a large scar but he has a lot of nice hair and the barbers are able to cover it up most of the time. It took a long time to heal up and once he fell against the bedstead and broke it open while the stiches were still in and it was so sore.

Robert was a bright and intelligent young child, learning with little effort.

Robert attended school at the elementary school in St. George located on 1st West and Tabernacle Street. He did well in school and learned to read early. He learned to play the clarinet when he was in the 5th or 6th grade. He like most of the children had the childhood diseases as they came along. He was about five when he had the chicken pox, about seven when he had the measles, and I am not sure that he ever had the mumps; although they played with neighborhood children who did have them, they didn't show much swelling, etc.

Robert has one brother who was born July 9, 1950, William Brent Fawcett, making him one sister and one brother.

On August 31, 1952, Robert's father was in a car accident along with his brother-in-law, Zug Bennett, on the road west of Enterprise, Utah. His father's back was broken and severe damage done to the spinal cord which left him paralyzed from the waist down. He spent 9 months in the hospital the first time and had a series of 16 operations and many other months spent in the hospital over the next five years. We, as a family, moved to Salt Lake City where his father could receive medical attention and lived there from 1952 until July 1954 when we moved back to St. George where we settled on a turkey farm a few miles northwest of St. George. While we lived there, Robert raised rabbits, helped in the turkey processing plant, climbed the hills and swam in the "pond" and enjoyed the open country. He had to ride the bus to get to school each day. He was a big help to his father and mother and was a good boy most of the time. I remember that he liked to play little league baseball and his father coached a team from his wheelchair. Robert also was a good marble player and played in a championship marble tournament.

After the death of his father on June 19, 1957, Robert and the rest of the family moved to Salt Lake City where I took a business course at Stevens' Henager's Business College so that I could support my family. While there we lived in a small 3 room apartment where we took turns sleeping in the bed, on the couch, and on the floor in a sleeping bag. In fact, most of the time Robert slept either on the floor or the sleeping bag. He attended Woodrow Wilson Elementary School for three years and Central Junior High School. Then on August 19, 1960, I married Edmund Keith Hoff, and the family moved to 1251 Laird Avenue in Salt Lake City, where Robert lived with his new father, his mother, his brother, his sister, and his two step sisters Val LaRee & Merlene and one step brother, Clyde.

While living there, Robert attended and graduated from East High School. He then attended Dixie College for one year before joining the Utah National Guard. He took his basic training in Fort Belvar, Virginia. He did well and was asked to stay and become an instructor in electronics. But he decided to return home and after arriving took employment with Continental Oil Company. Robert began after completing their schooling in a service station and has continued to grow and progress in his work. He was District Sales Representative for Cont'l Oil in Great Falls, Montana, for several years before being transferred to Billings, Montana, where he now resides and serves and is still working for Continental Oil.

On January 19, 1968, Robert married a very lovely and beautiful girl, Marlene F. Lucero, in Salt Lake City. He was married by his grandfather, William Vaughn Jones, and a reception was held in the Garden Park

Ward Building where many of their family and friends came to wish them well. Marlene, or Mikki as we call her, has been a choice wife and mother to Robert and their two lovely girls who are Brenda, born December 13, 1970, and Barbara, born August 30, 1972. They are both as beautiful as their mother and as handsome as their father, which means that they are both very special. Marlene is a very good homemaker, a good cook, an excellent seamstress, an artist, and a great mother and wife. She has won recognition and awards for her art work as well as scholarship. We are very fortunate to have her as part of our family. Her father is Robert Lucero and her mother Becky Lucero. She has one brother and four sisters.

Robert has always had to take his share of the responsibility and he was a great help during the years that his father was ill and during the time that I was alone. He had always been a second father to his brother and sister and willing to help when help was needed. He has a great many special qualities which make him a very special person who is admired by all who know him. He has the ability to succeed in whatever he field of life he sets his course. I know that his father would be proud of him as I am for being the kind of person he is.

History of
JOAN FAWCETT GREEN
Written by her mother, Maurine Hoff

On the 9th of September, 1947, a beautiful, 7 pound, baby girl was born to Robert Joseph Fawcett and Maurine Jones Fawcett. She was born in the McGregor Hospital in St. George, Utah. She was a healthy baby with a little brown hair and lovely fair skin. She was a very good natured baby and easy to care for. She grew well and except for losing her hair because of eczema when she was a few weeks old, she adjusted to life very well. She joined a family of one brother, Robert Wayne Fawcett, who was two years old, and then later about 3 years younger brother, William Brent Fawcett.

The first few months of Joan's life were spent in Veyo, Utah, and then before Christmas that year the family moved to St.George to a little house down by the Temple. The basement room which was used for a bedroom had no heat in it and got rather cold. Joan would go to sleep about 5:30 or 6:00 in the evening and, I guess because it was so cold, would sleep until morning at which time we would give her a bottle which had been warmed in a bottle warmer and she would go back to sleep until we got up. I think that must have had an effect on Joan because as she grew older she didn't like to wear a coat. She would go outside to play and the first thing off would go her coat. Even if her legs were blue she would not keep it on and in those days little girls wore dresses so their legs were not covered either. Joan seemed to be immune from most of the childhood diseases. I think she had the measles but she played with many kids who had the mumps and chicken pox and didn't get either of them. In fact, her small pox vaccination was never effective until she was 12 or 13. She seemed to have a natural immunization against many of the prevalent diseases.

Joan moved with her family to Pine Valley in the summer and back to St. George in the winter. Most of the time was spent in St. George and there Joan and her cousin, Trudy Bennett, spent a lot of time together. They became such pals and sort of grew up together the first few years. They spent some time with their Grandmother and Grandfather Fawcett, Jedediah Robert Fawcett and Nina Burgess Fawcett, who lived at 176 North 1st West in St. George.

When Joan's hair grew back in when she was little it was beautiful honey blonde color and was thick and pretty. Most of the time her hair was curled and she looked darling. Many of her clothes were made from feed sacks, but they were colorful and she liked them. Her father worked for St.George Hatchery and later for Barlocker Farms so sacks were available for clothing, dish towels and quilts.

A couple of days before Joan was to enter kindergarten, August 31, 1952, her father was in an accident in a jeep and had his back crushed which left him paralyzed for life. He required medical attention in Salt Lake City, but since Joan was to enter kindergarten she stayed with her Grandmother and Grandfather Fawcett to start school. Her father was in the hospital for about nine months and it was not until February, 1953, that Joan and Robert moved to Salt Lake City. Brent had been up there since Christmas of 1952. It was another few months before her father could join the family at the home we lived in at about 4th West and 3200 South.

Joan attended school at the Woodrow Wilson Elementary School in the Granite

School District in Salt Lake City. She made friends easily and got along well. She was a member of the Eldredge Ward where she attended church until the Lee Ward was organized and then she and the family went to that ward.

Her father, though paralyzed and in a wheelchair, had progressed by the summer of 1954 so that the doctors released him to return to St. George. So in July of 1954 the family moved to a turkey farm about 3 miles northwest of St. George. Joan with her brothers enjoyed having room to run about and hills to climb. She enjoyed hiking in the hills, playing in the red sand, and swimming in the pond, and avoiding scorpions and snakes of which there were many. The home that Joan and her family lived in caught fire in February of 1956 and was damaged both by fire and water, so the family moved in to St. George in a home owned by Joan's grandfather and grandmother Jones, William Vaughn Jones and Isabelle Leavitt Jones. Though the home was located in the southwest section of town, Joan and the family continued to attend the First Ward because there were no steps for her father to get over in his wheelchair.

Joan attended the West Elementary School and she became good friends with many in that area; however, her closest friend seemed to be Yvonne Aldrich who lived just across the street.

After the death of Joan's father on June 19, 1957, the family again decided to move to Salt Lake City where her mother could attend business college and support the family. In Salt Lake City Joan lived at 275 E. Claybourne Ave. and then later at 275 East 27th South. She again attended Woodrow Wilson Elementary School and Central Park Ward.

After the marriage of her mother to Edmund Keith Hoff on August 19, 1960, Joan moved with them to 1251 Laird Avenue where she attended Roosevelt Jr. High School and East High School.

Joan married Vance Lynn Anderson and they had two children, Ted Vaughn born May 21, 1965, and Shelley Lynn born July 12, 1966. They were divorced and Joan later married Dan Eldon Green. They had two children, Dan E. Green Jr. born April 15, 1968, and Stacey Nina Green born December 19, 1969. At the present time they live in Ivins, Utah.

Joan was an adorable child with large pretty eyes and a beautiful complexion. Her hair though blonde when she was little later became brown. She brought her parents a great deal of joy and happiness. She like most children, of course, got into the normal amount of mischief. One day while I was washing she got her arm caught in the wringer. It scared me to death and had rolled almost to her shoulder before I could think to stop the machine. You've never seen such a flat little arm (she about three). Thank goodness it only bruised her arm and didn't tear it.

I remember once she and Trudy had taken some bubble gum (I think it was) from the store and Trudy's father, "Zug," being chief of police took the two of them over to the jail and locked them in. It didn't last long but they learned the lesson well. That was the first time and the last time they ever took something that didn't belong to them.

Joan has always been a lovely and personable girl, with a great deal of strength and ability to adapt. She has always been dependable and diligent in her work and is a good mother to her four children. She is a person of whom I am very proud, and she has brought a great deal of joy into the lives of her family and friends.

In addition to Joan's brothers, Robert and Brent, she has two stepsisters, Val LaRee and Merlene, and one step brother, Clyde L. Hoff.

History of
WILLIAM BRENT FAWCETT
written by his mother
June 16, 1977

William Brent Fawcett was born July 9, 1950, in the McGregor Hospital in St. George, Utah. His parents were Robert Joseph Fawcett and Maurine Jones Fawcett, and he joined the family of one brother, Robert Wayne Fawcett, and one sister, Joan Fawcett. He weighed 8 pounds and 12 ounces and had slightly red curly hair. Because of the color of his hair his father often called him "Red".

Brent was a happy child and good natured. He was healthy and grew well. The family lived in a duplex at about 6th South and 6th East in St. George until Brent was about two at which time they moved to a house on 1st North and 1st West. While living there Brent's father was in an accident which crushed his back and he was required to go to Salt Lake City for medical attention. Brent stayed with his grandmother and grandfather Jones, William Vaughn Jones and Isabelle Leavitt Jones, in Veyo while his mother was in Salt Lake with his father. In December Brent stayed in Salt Lake with his mother in an apartment close to the hospital; then in February the family moved into a house in Salt Lake City at about 4th East and 32nd South.

Brent's father was released from the hospital in May and came home to be with the family. During that summer of 1953 Brent got rheumatic fever and was required to stay in bed for several months. Since his father was also in bed most of the time, they became great pals and it was easier for him to stay down because he had company. For several years he was not able to go swimming or get in any water. Every time he got wet he would have another bout with rheumatic fever. It did effect his heart some, but as he grew older it improved and he doesn't have too much of a handicap.

Brent attended the Eldredge Ward in the South Salt Lake Stake and then later the Lee Ward when it was organized. He made friends and enjoyed living each day.

In July of 1954 the family moved back to Southern Utah to a turkey farm about three miles northwest of St.George. The farm was a good place for the children. Brent found many things to do there including climbing the red hills, playing in the red sand and watching his brother and sister swim in the pond. He also enjoyed roaming the hills and watching the turkeys being processed. One day he decided to drive the jeep. We were inside the poultry processing plant where I was working by the window eviscerating turkeys when all of a sudden the jeep came backing into the wall of the plant. I became even more upset when I saw that Brent was driving it. He was only about 4 years old and when we ran out he screamed and cried loudly - not because he was hurt, thank goodness - but because it scared him as bad as the rest of us. I think that was the last time he tried to drive a car until he was old enough.

While living at the poultry plant, Brent started to go to kindergarten. He, like his brother and sister, walked out to the highway to catch the bus to go to school. He went to Elementary School in St. George and he always did well in his school work and got along well with his fellow students and teachers.

After the home at the farm caught fire and was damaged, the family moved into St. George in a home in the southwest part of town. While living there, Brent attended

the West Elementary School and the First Ward even though we were living in the Second Ward.

Brent and his father were very close. From the time that his father was hurt and was in a wheelchair, Brent spent a lot of time with him. He would ride on this wheelchair with him and help with anything that he needed. Brent developed a great empathy for people because of his association with his father. He could sense his father's need almost before anyone else because he was with him so much and sort of grew up with his handicap.

After his father's death, Brent and the rest of the family moved back to Salt Lake City where his mother attended Stevens' Henager Business College so she could earn a living for the family. Brent then attended Woodrow Wilson Elementary School for the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th grades. He went to Primary and Sunday School in the Central Park Ward which is located at 3rd East and 27th South. He lived just across the street. While living there, with his mother working, Brent would be home from school before she would and so he would go over and work in Mr. Peterson's shop every day after school and on Saturday's. Brent learned to work very early and has always been a good worker and dependable in whatever he chose to do. He learned to work with machinery and many other valuable things which have been a help to him in his later life.

In August of 1960 Brent's mother married Edmund Keith Hoff and the family moved to 1251 Laird Avenue in Salt Lake City. There Brent was joined by two step sisters and one step brother Val LaRee Hoff (Thomas), Clyde Logan Hoff, and Merlene Hazel Hoff (Benitez). Emerson Elementary School was where Brent attended the rest of his elementary school and then on to Roosevelt Jr. High and East High School.

While in junior high Brent began working for Dee's Restaurant after school and on weekends. Then later he worked both at Dee's and at the Sizzler for a while. He was always busy. While he was still in grade school he used to have a Deseret News paper route which got him up at 4:30 every Sunday morning rain or shine and he delivered every day after school also. He was capable and dependable and delivered his papers on time and in good shape.

He worked at the Sizzler as assistant manager and then later as manager. He was transferred to Sun Valley Idaho where they stayed for about two years, they meaning Brent and Sue. Brent married Susan Briggs daughter of Aubry and Hortense Lyman Briggs, on May 24, 1969, in Salt Lake City. While they were living in Sun Valley, they bought a mobile home. Later when they returned to Salt Lake City, they moved their home to Sandy, Utah. Both Brent and Sue worked for Laird Telemedia - she in the electronics division and he in the sheet metal division.

After waiting about seven years, they finally were expectant parents, and on November 26, 1976, a beautiful little girl was born to them. She was born in the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City. Since she was born on her Great Grandmother Jones' birthday, November 26, she was named Brandi Belle in honor of her. She is a beautiful and adorable child and has brought much joy and happiness into their home. Sue is a good mother and Brent is a good father so she should be well taken care of by her proud parents. Recently they sold their mobile home and moved to a new home in Magna. Sue is not working now thatshe has home responsibilities and Brent is still working for Laird Telemedia. He is also a part time Customs Officer for the government at the Airport.

Brent is a handsome and friendly person. He likes people and gets along well with everyone. He is sensitive and considerate and generous to a fault. He has a bright intellect and is successful in whatever he decides to do. He is a person of whom we are proud and of whom we expect great things.

History of
SUSAN JOY BRIGGS FAWCETT
Aug. 1, 1977

I, Susan Joy Briggs Fawcett was born August 5, 1950, in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. My parents were Aubry B. Briggs and Hortense Lyman Briggs. I have three sisters; Bonnie Lee Briggs (Williams), Merril Jane Briggs (Higgins), and Audra Colleen Briggs (Denning.) I also have two brothers: Aubry Lyman Briggs and Robert Kevin Briggs. I was born at 10:45 P.M. and weighed 6 pounds 4 ounces.

Our family lived at 155 Garden Avenue. My brother and sister were only fifteen months older than I so we pretty much played together. When I was about five, the summer before I was to start kindergarten, on the 23rd of July 1955, I went to play with my friend, and when I left to go home I was crossing 2800 South State Street and a car driven by a 16 year old went out around the car that had stopped for me, speeding by the way and hit me. I hit his front head light with my face and lost a few teeth and cut my face up but I was lucky I didn't get hurt too bad. I started kindergarten that fall.

I attended Woodrow Wilson Elementary School. I had a friend named Val LaRee Hoff who is now my sister in law. She moved when her father remarried and moved. I was quite hurt we were such good friends. When I was 11 years old I went to a swimming meet and won third place in the back stroke. Colleen and I walked to Granite High School every day to go swimming, and when we were old enough to baby sit, we would go swimming down at the Motel down the street. I attended Central Junior High School, and then to Granite High School for about a month. My parents sold their home and moved to 13th East and 13th South, there I attended East High School and saw Val LaRee in my Glee Class and what a surprise it was! I met Val's brother Brent and started dating him when we were juniors in high school. I graduated in 1968, and went to Cameo Beauty College. On May 24, 1969, I became Mrs. William Brent Fawcett.

In 1971 we moved to Sun Valley, Idaho, lived there for 18 months and moved back to Salt Lake City. We moved our mobile home back, then sold it to buy a new one. The day we moved into our new mobile home, Oct. 4, 1974, my father passed away. It was a very sad time for me, I loved him so very much.

On November 26, 1976, a lovely baby girl was born to us. We named her Brandi Belle Fawcett. She was born on her great grandmothers birthday and so named after her. She is the 26th great grandchild. Brandi has brought a lot of happiness to our lives.

VAL LaREE HOFF THOMAS
Oct. 13, 1979

I was born July 23, 1950 at St. Marks Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah to my mother, Thelma Merle Oberg and my father, Edmund Keith Hoff. At first my mom didn't want me because I was a girl (my mom had been taking care of my cousin LaRee and she was a real terror) my mom thought I might be the same. After a day she decided girls weren't so bad and decided to keep me. My first home was a house at 2870 Blair Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. I remember that I had a fun childhood.

One day my Mom bought a whole crab and she and I went out in the big field in back of our house, sat on a rock, and ate the crab, it was really good. I went often to see my Grandma Eva and Grandpa Ed Hoff, they lived in and managed "The Place" apartments. I stayed a lot of week ends with them and other times when my brother Clyde Logan and my sister Merlen Hazel were born.

I went to Woodrow Wilson Elementary School from Kindergarten thru 4th grade. On April 27, 1957 my mother took her life, she was going through a bad depression caused by hormone inbalance after childbirth. She hadn't been taking her medicine. My Dad came home and I was taking care of Clyde and Merlen, I told him Mom had gone to the library. Dad went outside for a few minutes and when he came back he called grandma and grandpa Hoff. They came to the house then an ambulance came to take my mom because she was dead. All the neighbors came in the front yard to see what was going on. Then I went to stay with friends of our family, George and Ruby Duncan and their kids, Pam and Hartwell for a couple of weeks. When I came home Grandpa and Grandma Hoff had moved in to take care of us.

When I was in the 4th grade I had my tonsils out and it was fun having all the ice cream and popsicles I wanted.

In August just after my 10th birthday Dad and my stepmother were married. When they got back from the honeymoon, Dad, Me, Clyde, Merlen, our new Mom, and new brothers Robert and Brent, and new sister Joan, all moved into our home at 1251 Laird Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

I went to Emerson Elementary School from 5th through 7th grades. Every spring all the grades would get ready for the Spring Dance Festival. Each grade would learn 1 or 2 dances, then we would perform the dances for our families and friends who would gather on the bleachers at the school playground. I went to Roosevelt Junior High School for grades 8 & 9 and then on to good old East High for high school. In my junior year (11th grade) I was 16 and could start dating, it was fun going to the prom and other dances.

After graduating from East High in June of 1968 I went to Cameo Beauty College for a year. While I was going to Cameo I developed a skin disease, eczema, on my hands, which made it bad for me to give permanent waves and shampoos. I finished school anyway and took my State Board Test and became a licensed cosmetalogist (beautition). I went to work for one of the "House of Sherman's" beauty salons in Salt Lake City as a manicurest. I didn't make enough money so I went to work at a shoe repair where one of my friends worked, but soon got tired of that job. Then decided to work

at a sewing factory so I went to Salt Lake Trade Tech. College for a month, then went to work for LeVoys Lingerie Factory in Aug. 1971.

The last of July 1974, I met Richard Hunt Thomas with whom I fell madly in love. We were married a year later, on August 2, 1973 at the home I had grown up in from age 10. It is also the home my brothers and sisters were married in except Clyde who isn't married yet.

Richard and I are very happy. We have two children, Brian Richard Thomas our handsome son was born November 11, 1976 and our darling little girl, Laurie Thomas was born May 18, 1978. We are waiting for our third child to be born in March 1980. We bought an older home in Sandy, Utah in June of 1977 that Richard has been very handy at fixing up and we are quite comfortable.

MERLEN HAZEL HOFF PECK
Oct. 9, 1979

I am 23 years old, born Sept. 29, 1956, in St. Marks Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah. I am the youngest of three children, an older sister named Val LaRee and an older brother Clyde Logan. I am the daughter of Thelma Merle Oberg and Edmund Keith Hoff.

Our family lived on Blair Street in Salt Lake City. I do not remember my mother, Thelma, because she died when I was six months old. Val was six and Clyde three. After the removal of her thyroid she became very deeply depressed and took her own life on April 27, 1957. Shortly after her death friends and relatives tried to divide us children but my father wouldn't hear of it. It was then my Father's parents came to live with us. Their names are Edmund Charles Hoff and Eva Merlen Grunig Hoff.

My grandparents took care of us for three years until my father met Maurine Jones Fawcett who also had three children: Robert, Joan and Brent. We all moved to 1251 Laird Ave. in August of 1960. My grandparents still live near us and we see them often.

Two years later I started school at Emerson Elementary and attended school there through the sixth grade. I loved art most and music too. I adored horses and practiced drawing them until they finally looked like horses. I started violin lessons the summer before the fifth grade. I hated to practice unless my mom (Maurine) would play the piano with me. She always made it more fun. When I was in the fourth grade our class put on an Art Show, it was big enough that the principal called the newspaper to cover it. My drawing of "Boats on the Beach" took second place in the drawing competition, but the picture the news man took of me didn't turn out, so it wasn't in the paper with the other kids.

I attended Roosevelt Junior High from seventh through nineth grades, from 1968 to 1971. Little did I know what peer pressures were until I got into Junior High. The new morals were going strong and so were drugs and drinking, it was hard for me to resist the temptations of it all. While I was in the 9th grade two of my best friends and I were busted for possession of marijuana. Mom and Dad and the rest of the family were hurt by it and it hurt me to see them hurt. That wasn't the end of it, I got into worse things and my grades, schooling and family were suffering. I was so rebellious that nothing mattered to me even though I knew I was hurting the people I loved most. No matter what I did wrong Mom and Dad were always there for me to turn to. When I didn't know what to do, they never turned me away or refused to listen

I finally made it to good old East High School, but in the 11th grade I was introduced to a guy named John Benitez. Nine months later, on May 10, 1974 we were married. Little did I know the hell that lay ahead. We were married for 4 years if you could call it marriage. The only good thing that came out of it was my beautiful little girl, Teresa Merlen Benitez, she was a comfort to me through the hard times. She was born Dec. 3, 1974 at Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah.

In January, 1975 my daughter was blessed and named at my old Ward (Garden Park Ward) where I grew up. On the way to the church we were pulled over by a police officer for an expired inspection sticker, John had other small traffic counts against

him so they hauled him off to jail. During the time we were married he was in and out of jail so many times that I was beginning to think it was his favorite pasttime and second home. After finally realizing that one woman wasn't enough for John along with everything else, I then decided to divorce John. John moved to Idaho and I thought it was over but he returned to haunt me again.

My best friend, Regina Ewing, told my sister Val about my new troubles with John, so Val's husband, Richard, introduced me to a man named John Bolton Peck. Bolton has a 7 year old son named Bolton Alexander Peck, we call him little Bolton. On April 6, 1979, Bolton and I were married. We have been married now for six months and haven't had an argument except for once. It seems that no matter what financial problems or other troubles we have nothing effects our relationship. For the first time I am happy, and we are looking forward to a happy life together.

Autobiography of
LORIN VAUGHN JONES

I, Lorin Vaughn Jones was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah, on the 28th of January, 1929. I was the fourth child and first son of William Vaughn Jones and Isabelle Leavitt Jones. It was fortunate for me to be born into a family of loving, devoted , and spiritual parents and three giggly, fun-loving, teasing sisters; and later a brother I could tease. We were living at Power Plant #3 at the time, which was located seven miles southwest of Veyo and two miles east of Gunlock, Utah. The power plant construction was completed shortly before I was born, so the four families living there had much work to do to develop the area and scare off snakes, lizards, coyotes, badgers, tarantulas and other wildlife that inhabited the surrounding area. The whole encampment was in a picturesque setting in a canyon surrounded by a majestic sandstone mountain on the north which we called "The Marble Stairs," a black lava mountain on the east, a series of sandstone mountains covered with pines called "The Saddle" to the south and a canyon full of cottonwood trees, oaks and junipers to the west.

The basic survival training was essential because there were so many extremely interesting and dangerous things to do; such as stand near the tailrace and smell the spray and watch the foam come churning out from under the Pelton Impulse Turbine and then when the plant tripped off, it was fun to watch the water come gushing out, blowing rocks, water and debris a hundred feet down the canal. It was fun to slip inside the plant and hold your hand over the 12 inch wide leather belt which seemed to sing a little sizzling song as it drove the exciter at 2000 RPM, and after your hand was charged up with static electricity it was more fun to touch somebody's ear and have them jump and scream as the little static arc snapped on their ear. If that didn't scare your friends, you could take them around in back of the water wheel housing and have them put their hand up to the "vacuum hole" which felt like it was going to suck you into the turbine.

The acre of green grass, umbrella, cottonwood and poplar trees, and long green hedge made a miniature "Garden of Eden" and I'll never forget how beautiful it was. Birds singing in the daytime and frogs croaking at night and the smell of fresh mowed grass all mixed in with the constant and steady buzzing and humming of the turbine and generator was all so peaceful and relaxing that one could be lulled into sleep anytime of day or night. Almost every memory I have as a child living at Plant #3 is pleasant and serene.

I remember making roads through the brush and rocks for my little red wagon, of my sisters throwing a quilt over me and sitting on the edges, laughing as I went crazy with claustrophobia; of my sisters going to school in Gunlock and having to walk down the steep hill because there was no road; of how upset and concerned Daddy and Mama were when Maurine's hand was frozen from walking in the snow.

Many experiences were shared with my cousin Emerald Seitz. One day we ventured down the canyon for about a mile and when we returned, we were asked if we saw anything interesting and replied, "we almost saw a rattlesnake!" Another exciting day was when we started a fire in a

stove inside an abandoned dug-out cellar. As the fire got hotter and bigger, it set the cedar roof poles on fire and we were lucky to escape with our lives as the whole cellar burned and collapsed. Our good luck ran out as we came back to the house and received a spanking for playing with fire.

My three sweet sisters, LaVerne, Alice and Maurine were such cute little girls with their square cut hair and bangs, long brown stockings that hooked to something up under their dresses and seemed to always bag at the knees. Mama always kept them looking so neat and clean in their homemade jumpers and pinafores. I often wondered how they could be so cute and yet be so mean with the only little brother they had. After all, their little brother had a pair of steel toed high-topped shoes, and a two inch wide leather belt and a pair of "Big Ben" suspenders which all added up to make him the best dressed kid in camp. The curly hair my sisters gave me with the old heated curling iron didn't look too bad either.

The years at Plant #3 passed all too quickly and plans were made for a new home in Veyo. Daddy and Mama purchased a lot with an old house from Uncle Cliff Leavitt and soon the new house was started. I remember the large pile of lumber stacked up for the new house; which represented most of the family savings up to that time. The foundation was made with black lava rocks and concrete. The framing was done, mostly by Mr. Bledsoe, a carpenter, and the plastering was by Bert Cheeney. How beautiful the new shiplap siding looked with the fresh coat of linseed oil and white paint. One day during construction, Daddy stepped back off a saw-horse onto a large spike nail. I remember the pain and the boot full of blood and how Mama sympathized and nursed his foot. Another time during construction, Daddy was trying to remove a form-board from around the concrete chimney and it wouldn't come out. Finally, he had to swear at it to get it to move. Up until then, I figured I was the only one who the "town kids" had taught those naughty words to. When our house was finally completed, and the old one torn down or moved, the Joneses had the nicest house in town.

Everything was progressing so fast those days, I couldn't believe it--moving into town in a new home, getting new friends, sisters having parties and etc., but the big event was when my little brother Hyrum Keith was born December 29, 1932. Mama was very sick for a long time after that. Our little baby was the cutest one I had ever seen, he didn't have much hair but had fat little cheeks and with three sisters he got spoiled quickly. I was sure glad he turned out to be a boy because I needed someone on my side against three sister. Even with a four year age difference, Keith and I had a lot in common and had many good times together. I did tease him a lot and he wondered many times if I was really his friend. One time he had a little black baby kitten which he seemed to like better than about anything in the world. If I got mad at him for some reason, I would always threaten to kill his cat. The fact is that I liked the cat probably better than he did, but I always used it to get what I wanted. One night, while I was milking the cow, the little kitten came out to have me squirt milk in his mouth, and while standing there drinking his milk, the cow picked up her hind leg and stepped right on top of the kitten. It crushed the cat and it soon died and I have never felt more dejected, because I knew Keith would think that I killed his cat on purpose. As I remember it, he wasn't nearly as upset about the cat as I was.

Time kept marching on and I made many friends in town and began to find out that I had led sheltered life at the power plant. Even kids smaller and younger knew more dirty swear words, how to cause trouble, and more about everything than I did. This "lack of education" didn't seem to hurt me in my school work. I liked everything about school except the fights, and I hated violence of any kind. I did well in school and had straight A grades throughout grammar school.

In the summer time, I always looked forward to working on Grandpa and Grandma Leavitt's ranches at Veyo, Diamond

Valley, and Ox Valley. I worked hard and learned a lot from Grandpa and Grandma and Uncles Glen, Jim, Leo and Ken. It was really fun for a small boy to run the tractors, trucks and teams, but I hated to milk cows and open wire gates. It seemed like I was always slow in saying "Gatelures" and ended up opening all the gates.

Growing up in a small town and knowing everyone so well had many advantages and some disadvantages. I believe a person develops a deeper empathy for people by sharing their joy and sorrows through close association, in a small community. The social activities consisted of candy and popcorn parties for the younger groups and Saturday night dances for the adults. My older sisters helped me learn to dance and I have always enjoyed all social activities.

Mama and Daddy helped all of us to develop socially by taking us on trips to Yellowstone, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and many other interesting places which made us the best travelled kids in town. How envious some of the other kids would be as we told them about not being able to sink in the Great Salt Lake and how the Geysers exploded in Yellowstone and about the heavy traffic and beaches in California.

As I grew up I wanted a bicycle more than anything else in the world but we didn't have enough money for one and since a war was going, new bicycles were not available. Mama and Daddy realized how much I wanted a bicycle and Daddy told me he had $20.00 and if I could find a bike for that amount, I could have it. I searched each store in St. George and finally found a rebuilt one, but the cost was $45.00. Mr. Moseley finally agreed to take $20.00 down and the balance later. I was so happy that I rode the bike all around the streets in St. George that night and couldn't wait to get home and show off my new bike. I now realize how much my dear folks sacrificed to give each of us kids the good things of life that we thought we needed.

I will always be indebted to my parents for the love and concern they gave me. Mama always had a happy and smiling disposition and made our home so comfortable and secure that I always got homesick if I was away, even for a day. Daddy always provided a good living and kept our living standard above that of others and I appreciated the confidence he placed in me by giving me responsibility. He allowed me to drive the pickup starting at about 10 years of age and taught me about the power plants, electricity and construction methods which have been a great help to me throughout my life.

Those years through the 1930's moved so fast that many of the experiences of those years are rather vague. In 1937, it started to snow in Veyo on Christmas day and the unusually large flakes soon covered the ground and it kept snowing until there was about three or four feet of snow on the ground. Then the winds came and drifted it. I remember how it was drifted from the top of our garage across the street, on down into the field and we could walk over the top of the garage, over fences and cars because of the high drifts. The CCC Camp was located in Veyo with several hundred young men stationed there and they dug roadways through the drifts so some equipment could get through the streets.

A movie man would come through Veyo once a week and for a dozen eggs, a squash, or a quarter you could see the latest adventure of Zoro, Gene Autrey, Roy Rogers, or Tarzan, which ever the man happened to have that week.

Mama and I once built a chicken coop from some old lumber and chicken wire that was laying around. It wasn't much for looks but we did raise some good chickens in it. We always had a cow available for the family dairy requirements and sometimes a calf and every year we fed out a hog to provide meat for the family.

As I grew up and progressed through the grades at school, it finally came time to start junior high school in St. George. This meant riding the school bus twice a day over a rough, gravel washboarded road. The transition of going to a larger school was quite a shock and it was really my first exposure to large groups, different social

casts, and school classes that changed every hour. Many of us from the small towns weren't equipped to deal with the problems and freedom of high school and several of my friends dropped out of school because of it.

At sixteen years of age I thought I needed a car and wanted to buy a 1928 Model A Ford from Milt Holt for $160.00. Daddy wasn't nearly as thrilled with the idea as I was, and probably didn't want me to have it. However, he gave me a few suggestions as to how I could arrange to get it. So, I borrowed the $160.00 from Uncle John Bowler at 6% interest and bought the car. It had originally been a roadster coupe but now had the top cut off at seat level and had only fenders on the rear half. It proved to be a good car and we had a lot of fun with it. It also gave me some mechanical training while trying to keep it in repair.

While growing up and going to school, I went with several girls and had some really good times, especially at the simple parties we had about every week. It was usually a popcorn, candy, chicken supper or corn roast with games played such as "Old Mother Hubbard," "Spin the Bottle," "Hide and Seek," "Treasure Hunt," "Prisoners Base," and sometimes "Post Office."

In the summer of 1943, Uncle Alvin offered me a job on his farm in Milford, Utah at $60.00 a month plus room and board. I enjoyed the work with tractors, teams and big electrical water well pumps but got terribly homesick. Most of my earnings were spent on train fare from Milford to Modena, riding the mail truck to Enterprise, then eating several "Bowler Specials" at the soda fountain while waiting for a ride to Veyo.

I also worked at the Saucer-5 Ranch in Central, building barns, houses, sheds, fences. I worked at the "Smith" Ranch located three miles north of Veyo and built several structures there. I worked for Roy Renouf at the Truman Ranch and built a new barn and several other buildings. I worked for James F. Cottam in Veyo, starting out at 50 cents a day plus dinner and a swim in the Veyo Pool.

I always worked enough in the summer months to have $100 to $200 in my bank account by the time school started. It certainly did come in handy to walk right into Wadsworth's Fountain and order an ice cream sundae and then write a check for $1.00 and get 65 cents back in change.

I remember going to Hurricane one time for a football game and having to ride in an open truck. After the game on the way home, we passed the "Y" and were laughing and having fun while traveling down the road, at about 50 MPH when I had a very strange feeling come over me and I realized we were to have a serious accident and I could visualize how, where and when it was to happen. I tried to figure some way to protect myself and the only thing I could think to do was to lie down on the floor of the truck bed. As we approched the accident area, sure enough, the front tire blew out and we rolled off the road down over some sandstone ledges. The truck crushed several kids as it rolled down the hill. Fortunately, I was just rolled out of the truck onto the rocks. The large heavy sideboard came off and landed on top of me which made it difficult to get up but I was very thankful to be in one piece because many of the kids were seriously hurt and one young boy next to me had a leg cut off and died within a couple of hours. I thanked God for the advance inspiration and have always felt that it came as an answer to Mama's prayers in my behalf.

World War II was the most prominent event from 1941 through 1945 and it was sad to see the young men of the area go into the service and some of them never returned. I'll always remember December 7, 1941. It was Sunday and we were just starting Sunday School when Aunt Martha Chadburn came running to the Church and said the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor and were expected on the mainland very soon. Everyone left the church immediately and went home to listen to the radio, to get guns ready and find out what really had happened. This began a very tense era which changed everyone's life style. Food, gas and many other products were rationed

and some completely unavailable. New cars weren't available from 1942 to 1946 as well as many other things. Mama joined other women in conserving shortage items and helped knit sweaters and other clothes for the soldiers.

One of the first casualties of the area was Garth Cottam who was a fighter pilot. He was reported missing in the Pacific Ocean early in the war. Then word was received that Rulon Bracken was killed during the D-Day invasion in France. Lloyd Chadburn died while in the Navy. There were others who I knew that did not return from the war, but these were the closest to me.

Emerald Seitz and I took a trip to Los Angeles in August of 1945 and I remember while there the excitement when it was announced that Germany had surrendered. We were on the Greyhound Bus returning to St. George when the word came and an all night street dance was held in St. George that night to celebrate.

The post war years took many adjustments on everyone's part to return to routine living. The Saturday night dances and other social events were continued and I really enjoyed them. I dated many girls during those years but in 1946 I fell in love with a very special girl, Ferral Leavitt and after about a year, asked her to marry me. We set the date for February 28, 1947 and started our plans and all efforts to get ready for the day. We rented an old house from Ferral's grandfather, John H. Bowler, for $10.00 per month and for several months before we were married, spent many hours painting, papering and collecting furniture to set up housekeeping. By February, it was ready and we were really proud of our orange-crate furniture, old woodburning cook stove, a sink with only a cold water faucet piped inside and an old "two holer" 75 yards from the house. We were married by Dad, Bishop W. Vaughn Jones, on February 28, 1947 in Aunt Lila Seitz's living room. A reception was held in the Veyo Ward Chapel that evening, and we received many beautiful gifts from our many friends and relatives. We honeymooned in a borrowed mobile home in St. George but couldn't wait to return to our freshly painted bungalow in Veyo. I still had three months of schooling ahead of me and it was very scant living those months, but we were happy and in love and enjoyed every minute of it. I worked on Saturdays for Southern Utah Power Company and earned $24.00 a month. After school was out, I got a job on road construction at $7.00 a day which seemed very good. We were remarried and sealed in the St. George LDS Temple on February 18, 1948. In May of 1948, I started to work full time for Southern Utah Power Company and worked there until June, 1951, when it appeared that reduction in operators would force me to find other employment. Alma Jones and I went into Nevada looking for work and found good jobs at the Hawthorne Naval Ammunition Depot. I quit my job in Utah and moved to Fallon, Nevada and commuted to Hawthorne each day. It was soon apparent that it was too far to drive each day and I had a chance to return to Southern Utah Power Company which we did in July, 1951. Those years in Veyo were such happy times. One was the rebuilding of our home which we had bought from Grandpa Bowler for $1,100.00 (a house and 12 acres) and paid off at the rate of $26.00 a month.

On September 17, 1948, our first son was born and we named him Russell Lorin Jones. He was the smartest and quickest baby that was ever born and with both sets of grandparents nearby, I'm sure he must have been spoiled. We imposed our preconceived ideas of child rearing upon our cute little boy which probably had him confused at times, but we enjoyed our baby boy more than words can tell. On July 28, 1950, our second son, Melvin Royce Jones was born to us and he, too, was a husky, good natured baby who soon learned that he must do everything as well as his big brother and especially to defend himself. It was always so interesting to watch those two boys grow up together and enjoy each other.

On October 28, 1954, our third child and first and only daughter was born and we named her Kristine Jones. It was obvious from the very first time we saw her that we

had been blessed with a special spirit. She has always radiated love and sweetness to everyone around her.

During those years in Veyo from 1947 to 1955, we were actively engaged in the church and civic affairs of the community and served many positions in the Church. In 1953 I was called to serve as First Counselor in the Bishopric with E. Leo Leavitt as Bishop and Ashby B. Chadburn as Second Counselor. Jack A. Seitz was Clerk. I was involved in designing and installing the new water system for Veyo as well as many other projects to improve the community.

In November, 1955 I took a job with California Electric Power Company in Bishop, California and we sold our lovely home in Veyo for $5,000.00 and moved to Bishop, California to live in a company house. We wern't happy living in someone else's house, and made plans to transfer to Southern California in the Steamplant Division. We moved to Grand Terrace, California in August of 1956 and I worked at the Highgrove Steamplant. In November of that year we bought a home in Loma Linda, California and moved there. I transferred to the new San Bernardino Steamplant which was nearby, and then in February, 1958, we purchased a beautiful four bedroom home in Redlands, California. We lived there until April, 1964 when we moved to Las Vegas, Nevada after accepting employment with Nevada Power Company.

We enjoyed many interesting expereinces and developed some life long friendships while living in California. I was called to serve in the Branch Presidency in the Bishop Branch and in the Bishopric in the Redlands Ward. Ferral also accepted many callings including Relief Society President, Primary President and M.I.A. President.

While living in Loma Linda, we were expecting a new baby and were excited about it. I wanted to help deliver the baby and had plans to do so; however, Ferral's pains started about 4 a.m. on October 25, 1957, and I took her to the hospital and then went back to check the kids and by the time I returned, she had delivered a husky 10 lb. 2 oz. baby boy. We named him Kevin Vaughn Jones, after his grandfather Jones.

Life was busy, full and interesting with all the activities we had going, with four children growing up, being active in the Church, going to San Bernardino Valley College, working hard on the job and running several rental houses. We never seemed to get too far ahead financially, but had a beautiful home in the most prestigious part of town, always had one or two new automobiles, nice furniture, frequent vacation trips, good clothes, food and all the other comforts of life. We enjoyed the little league baseball games, ballet dancing and all the other activities of a growing family.

In 1958 I finally completed my studies and received my electrical engineering diploma after about ten years of study. The hard study and previous experience, as well as a desire to advance in my work, paid off with frequent job promotions. My hydro-electric experience with Southern Utah Power Company had made it possible to move into a good hydro-operator job with California Electric Power Company. It was a difficult decision to leave the hydro plants and go into the steamplants which meant a pay cut of $155.00 per month, and at a time when the family was just approaching the "expensive years." But the opportunity for advancement was obviously in the growing steam-production department, so move we did. My first job there was Operating Assistant which was basically handling the fuel, water and any other odd jobs to be done at the plant. In a couple of months I was made Auxiliary Operator, and shortly afterward transferred to the new San Bernardino Steamplant on the start-up crew. It was interesting to watch the plant being built a piece at a time, and learn every system verbatum. By the time the plant was ready for de-bug, shakedown, and stretch-out, I was completely familiar with every operation. The unit was started up with very few problems. It was exhilarating to man the controls and roll up a multi-million dollar precision turbine-generator and all the associated auxiliary equipment and realize the response of the complex control system. It certainly gave a sense of power and

importance. After the starting of Number One and Number Two units at San Bernardino Steam, I transferred back to Highgrove Steamplant. In about 1958, I had an opportunity to transfer into the System Operations Office as a Substation Operator. This job gave me exposure to the total operations of the system and I worked both in the San Bernardino and Victorville Substations. This job carried the responsibility of dispatching the sub-transmission system and operations of the stations. After a few years of hard study, hard work and a good performance record, I was appointed to the supervisory job of System Load Dispatcher and then had the responsibility of the entire system operations. The system at that time consisted of the ten hydro plants in the Sierra Mountains, one unit at Hoover Dam, six steam units, two small hydros in the San Gorgonio Mountains, transmission lines stretching 850 miles through California and into old Mexico and numerous substations and lower voltage lines.

On January 1, 1964, the California Electric Power Company merged with Southern California Edison Company, and plans were made to close the Dispatching Office in San Bernardino. I was offered a choice to Supervision jobs such as Chief at Victor Sub., Chino Sub., Walnut Sub., or transfer to the Dispatching Office in Alhambra, California. Any of them would have required a move by the family to be close to the job, and I had a chance to go to work for Nevada Power Company as System Dispatcher and decided that would be the best move for our family. On April 1, 1964, I started with Nevada Power Company and worked as Dispatcher until December 31, 1975, when I accepted the position of Assistant Power Supervisor in charge of System Operations. This caused quite a change in our family routine, after working shift work for 29 years, the "8 to 5" routine, required some adjustment on our schedules. The new job was very interesting and challenging and I found that it is quite different to deal with individuals, other utilities, intangible political aspects and make constant decisions involving large sums of money, than when operating mechancial and electrical equipment which have predictable results. On October 1, 1979 I was appointed Power Supervisor-Manager of System Operations for Nevada Power Company.

Through the years, we have always traveled a great deal which has helped us all appreciate our country more. There have been some outstanding vacation trips which I would like to record.

In 1962, we left Redlands and traveled up through California to Stockton where we met Mother and Dad and Robert Fawcett and then traveled to Seattle, Washington for the 1962 World's Fair. We rented a house from an LDS family and really enjoyed the week at the fair as well as the trip back. On the way up, we got separated at the freeway interchange at Grant's Pass, Oregon and had a couple of anxious hours before we both checked in at the local police station and got back together again. This was before the advent of C.B. radio.

In 1972, we took a trip to Hawaii with three other couples: Leo and Rena Leavitt, Lyle and Joan DeLange, Jack and Dorothy Thuet and really had a good time touring the islands of Oahu and Kauai. In 1973, Leo and Rena Leavitt, Ferral and I took a trip to Mexico City and enjoyed the pyramids and the culture of Mexico.

In 1974, we, as a family, took a tour of seven countries in Europe. We were all able to go except Russell and Thao, who were working in California. We toured Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. This was the highlight of all our family trips. It was so interesting to see their eyes light up and to hear the comments of our kids as we saw the great places of history. It was a trip everyone dreamed about and we're so thankful that we could enjoy it as a family.

I have had the privilege of traveling over much of the world and most of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Some has been for vacations and personal reasons, and much has been related to my job which, in recent years, has required a considerable amount of travel. There are meetings every

month which usually require traveling. It is not unusual to catch a plane in the morning to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque, Salt Lake City, El Paso, Reno, Denver or some other city in the Southwest, do a day's work and return that evening. My air travel the past few years amounts to about 200,000 miles by commercial aircraft. I enjoy travel, people, and the challenge of helping to determine the destiny of the electric power networks in the Western United States. I have served on numerous committees associated with the electric utility industry such as: American Power Dispatchers Association, Western System Coordinating Council, Southwest Area Off-Frequency Coordinating Committee, Colorado River Resources, North American Power System Interconnection Committee, National Electric Reliability Council, Southwestern Area Coordination Group, Arizona Power Pool, California-Nevada Power Pool, and others.

My job has also allowed me the privilege of continuing my education and I have attended several universities, including Iowa State University, University of Missouri, Stanford University and California Polytechnical College.

I have been most fortunate to be able to accomplish most of the goals and ambitions I have desired in life and have found that each accomplishment comes only after considerable effort on my part. That is one reason I appreciate the old axiom that nothing good comes easy or there is no free lunch. It would be impossible to mention all the goals I have set, but will mention a few: How to ride a bicycle, a horse and a bull at the rodeo, own and drive a car, own my own home, own farm property and animals, marry a good woman and raise a good family, graduate from high school, earn an Electrical Engineering Degree, become proficient in construction techniques and building, gain mechanical knowledge to repair my own cars and equipment, become successful in my career, hold responsible church positions, be active in civic affairs, manage business affairs to be financially productive, own real estate and rental property, own a boat, learn to water ski, climb mountains, fish, hunt and other outdoor activities, be a good husband, father and grandfather and learn to fly an airplane.

In 1977 I decided it was time to learn to fly before I became too old to pass the medical and etc. I approached this challenge with one thought in mind and that was to learn everything I could about flying, weather, etc., or not do it. I attended ground school and then took my written FAA exam and then began to take lessons in the aircraft. I was not the typical dare-devil student, but was only interested in learning the capabilities of myself and the aircraft. After about 20 hours of dual instruction, I started my solo work and soon had passed all the requirements and received my pilot's license. There were only two situations during training that were critical and I guess I was lucky to come through them. The first came on my first cross-country solo trip. A severe storm developed and tested my ability to keep the plane right side up. It also tested the strength of the aircraft. That was one time I was really glad to get back to terra firma. The other situation developed while out practicing stalls and maneuvers one morning. As I approached stall speed, I unknowingly flew into a turbulent air mass coming off a mountain, which fliped the plane over and put it into a severe spin. I gave it the usual spin braking routine, but the plane refused to respond. My first impulse was to panic because the ground was getting very close very fast and I accelerated toward it at 180 knots and the spinning sensation was distorting my face from the extra G's. Fortunately, I remained calm and once again applied the spin break routine and that time, the plane responded and I pulled out of the dive just a few hundred feet from the ground. Needless to say, I had all the flying I wanted for that day. Since then, I have had many enjoyable flights and have flown about 12,000 miles as pilot in command.

Russell grew up fast and graduated from Western High School in Las Vegas and went to Dixie College in St. George. He quit college to work and before returning to

college was drafted into the Army for two years. He decided that enlisting for three years, he could get the training he needed for an occupation. We were saddened beyond words as our son left for the war-torn Viet Nam area; but thankful that he returned safely. After his army term expired, he took a job with the Civilian Communication Contractors and stayed an additional one and one half years. During the war he had many narrow escapes and lost all of his personal belongings several times. While in Viet Nam, Russell fell in love with a sweet Vietanamese-Chinese girl named Ut Thai Phanm (Thao). They were married and she came home with him. She has learned our language and has adapted to the ways of this country very quickly. Russell took a job with Hughes Aircraft in Los Angeles and is now in the Research and Development Department of the satellite program. They live in their new home in Simi Valley, California.

Royce, our second son, graduated from Western High School and attended UNLV, Dixie College, and Utah State before deciding he'd had enough education to launch into the business world. After working for others for about a year, he bought a 7-11 Store in Las Vegas. On November 28, 1975, he married Jill E. Sneed of Las Vegas, and in June, 1976, they moved to St. George. They are living in their new home in St. George. On April 17, 1977, Jill gave birth to a beautiful baby girl who they named Tiffany Kristine Jones. She is our first grandchild and we are really proud of her. On June 6, 1979 in St. George, Utah, Jill gave birth to our first grandson, Trenton Royce Jones.

Kristine grew up all to quickly and graduated from Western High School and attended UNLV and then graduated from BYU in only three years. On March 6, 1975, she married Steven K. Moore in the Manti Temple and they continued to live in Orem, Utah. Tragedy struck on December 6, 1975, when Steven was killed in an airplane crash near Beaver, Utah while on duty with the Utah National Guard. Kristine moved home to Las Vegas and worked at Vegas Village Credit Union for a year and then accepted a mission call to the Atlanta, Georgia area where she served for one and a half years.

Kevin also grew up too quickly and progressed through school. He went to BYU for three years. He has worked in Seattle, Washington two summers where he has held jobs in construction, painting, air conditioning, and others. Kevin's pleasant disposition has always made it a pleasure to be around him and we are proud of his accomplishments. He is presently serving a two year L.D.S. Mission in South Africa.

Automobiles have always been such an integral part of my life that I would like to make a record of the memories of some of them for my own benefit. The 1940 Chevrolet sedan of Mother and Dad's was the best car in Veyo at that time, and I felt extremely privileged and important when Daddy would allow me to borrow the car. We reached an understanding that if I complied with all the other requirements and did the chores, I could take the car one night a month. Generally I took good care of the car and respected the mileage limitation but a few times, Dad wondered about the accuracy of the odometer when I would drive from our house to the Veyo swimming pool and come home with 200 miles added to the reading.

My first personally owned car was the 1928 Model A Ford mentioned earlier in this writing. The second one was a 1935 Chevrolet rumble seat coupe which we bought shortly after we were married. It was in a sad state of repair, but who cared--we bought a quart of blue paint and painted it with a brush. Thereafter, it was known as "Blue Moon," but we had lots of fun in it. Many times we threw an old army bed in the back and drove to Pine Valley to spend the night in the cool, tall pines. Life's requirements were simple for a newly married couple so much in love. We were oblivious to the complex problems of the rest of the world.

Our next auto purchase was a real "hot" 1934 Ford V-8 sedan. It had much more power and performance than the others we owned. One day, while Ferral and I were

traveling from Plant #2 to Veyo, we noticed a tire and wheel pass us and go down the road a hundred yards before it hit a fence post and stopped. The road had been so rough we hadn't realized it was a wheel off our '34 Ford which had passed us.

In 1948, we bought a 1936 Chevrolet flat truck from Moroni Bowler. It had a four speed transmission which came in handy for plowing through the snow in the winter to get to the power plants. The winter after Russell was born, Ferral would bundle him up and go to work with me for 24 hours rather than stay home alone. It was cold riding in the truck without windows or a heater and several times we got stuck and had to put chains on. One trip, the snow was so deep we had to leave the truck about a mile west of Plant #3 and walk to Gunlock carrying a three month old baby with us. When I returned a couple days later, I found the truck pushed off the road and buried in a snow bank. The county "cat" had come along cleaning the road and when the "cat" tried to push the truck, which was frozen in the snow, it broke a spring and did other damage. Our little truck was never the same after that, so in 1951 we proceeded to trade it in on a brand new Ford Custom Sedan. The new Ford was a beauty, "robin-egg blue". The car payments were $110.00 per month which was quite a sum of pay out of $300.00 a month wages. We had finally realized a life-long dream of buying a new car.

Our next trade was for a brand new 1953 Ford sedan, six cylinder with overdrive. It was painted tan on the bottom half and a copper brown on top. It turned out to be an extra good car and got 26 miles to the gallon of gas. In 1956, we traded it on a 1956 Ford Fairlane in two-tone green. It was a deluxe model with self-seeking radio tuner and V-8 with automatic tramsmission and many other extras.

In 1958, we traded the Fairlane in on a 1958 Chevrolet station wagon. The extra room was great for our growing family but we never really enjoyed driving it. We drove it 125,000 miles, so it had to be a good car.

A good deal came around on a repossessed 1960 Dodge Dart two-door sedan which we bought for $1,600.00. By 1963, we had tolerated the Chevrolet and Dodge about as long as we could, and traded for another Ford sedan. It was corinthian white and was such a pleasure to drive that we drove it 115,000 miles. In 1966, we bought another Ford sedan (green) which was a good car, but the four-barrel carburetor could never be adjusted for good mileage; still, it lasted for 125,000 miles. In 1968 I bought a Volkswagen sedan which wasn't unusual, but the way I bought it was quite unusual. On my way to work one day, I passed a VW dealer, and a pretty little blue VW caught my eye. I went in and asked the salesman how much it was. He quoted the figure of about $3,000. for which I wrote him a check and drove the VW onto work. Ferral was a bit upset to think I would just stop in and purchase a car like you would a loaf of bread.

In 1969, we leased a red LTD Ford and six months later ordered a 1970 LTD which turned out to be the best car we ever owned and we now have 130,000 miles on it. In 1971, we bought a new Ford pickup and found many uses for it, including hauling all of the material for our new house in Veyo. It has been a good truck and we now have 120,000 miles on it. We now have a 1978 Thunderbird and a 1979 Mustang. We always enjoy our automobiles and take good care of them. I have done all of my own repair work since 1950 and we have always had a dependable vehicle to go places when we wanted to. I have driven about 1½ million miles with no serious accidents and only a few minor violations. Automobiles have been an integral part of our lives and we have always enjoyed them. During the years I mentioned above, I also purchased many other vehicles, some of which I repaired, painted and resold for a small profit.

At this point, I would like to direct my writing to my lovely wife, Ferral. For over thirty years now we have lived and loved together and have been as one. Ferral was born in St. George, Utah on 28 May, 1927 to Howard Melvin Leavitt and Lottie Bowler.

They lived in Gunlock where her father was a farmer and rancher in that area. They owned the ranch located in the bottomlands of the Santa Clara River just east of where Tobin Wash enters the river and about one mile northeast of Gunlock. In 1931, when Ferral was four, her father took acute appendicitis, which ruptured and he died in the St. George hospital, of infection. From that time on, Ferral spent a good deal of time with her grandparents, John H. and Lasina Bowler, and sometimes with her Aunt Metta and others.

It was when she was living with her grandparents in Veyo that I first remember seeing her. Ferral was about eight or nine years old a cute little knock-kneed girl wearing long, brown saggy-kneed stockings. She, being one and one half years older than I, put her in a completely different social group and, as result, I didn't pay any attention to her one way or the other. When we both grew up to high school age is when I really became acquainted with her. She was always happy and laughing a lot, and a super basketball player. We went to many dances, parties and school activities in the same group but dating different partners.

In 1946, Ferrals parents sold the farm in Gunlock and moved to Veyo where they purchased the Veyo Mercantile from Lewis and Mildred Bowler. Lottie had met Albert August Ulrich who had been assigned to the Veyo CCC Camp. He was a native of China, Texas, located near Beaumont, Texas. Al is really the only father Ferral ever knew and he was always kind, considerate and concerned about her welfare and she loved him as her own father.

The Veyo Mercantile was located directly across the street from our property, so I got to see Ferral quite frequently, in fact, made it a point to see her often. Al always chided me about hoeing all the weeds in the garden directly across from the store but letting the other areas of the lot grow wild. This was true because I had fallen in love with Ferral and took advantage of every opportunity to be near her. I'm not sure she was particularly interested in me, because a year and a half age difference at that age creates quite a social barrier. I soon started to ask her for dates and we were very compatible and had lots of fun together. We dated for several months and finally, one night after careful consideration and rehearsal, I asked her to marry me and she accepted. We set the date for February 28, 1947, and I presented her with a "mail order" diamond ring. I didn't have enough money to completely pay for the ring, so Dad loaned me $50.00 which he never did allow me to repay.

We were so anxious and in love that the time from December to February seemed to pass very slowly. Marrying Ferral was probably the best decision I ever made. Her strong character, ambition and "bull-headed" disposition seemed to be what I needed to motivate me. We have made an excellent combination and accomplished most of our goals in life, primarily that of raising four wonderful children. I thank God for the privilege of having Ferral be the mother of my children and providing the kind of home she has through the years. Most of the family and home responsibilities were hers, because I was working shift work and was away in the evenings much of the time.

We have had some differences of opinion many times and some rough spots in our marriage, but the successes and happy times have overshadowed the unpleasant times. Once again, I praise Ferral's strong character for overlooking my weaknesses and motivating me to better works.

One of the many physical accomplishments we have done together is to build a new home in Veyo. Ferral worked her heart out on it. Several years ago, we decided to build a retirement home in Veyo. On July 3, 1975, we broke ground and did remarkable that summer with the help of our kids and others. By September, 1975, we had a two-story, 2200 square foot house framed up, roofed, windows in, sheathing on and all sealed up, ready for winter. In the summer of 1976, we completed the exterior, porches, car port, storage area, driveway, and septic and water systems. During the winter of 1976 and 1977, we completed the plumbing

and electrical work, and during the summer of 1977 completed the interior. We now enjoy living in our beautiful new home on weekends. It was quite an accomplishment for spare time work to get it completed in just a little over two years. Much quicker than the orginal ten year plan. Once again, I give Ferral much of the credit for her constant drive and hard work.

I want Ferral to know of my love for her and thank God for the privilege of associating with such a beautiful person for the past thirty-two years.

Writing an autobiography is a challenge and makes me aware of how limited I am in documenting my true feelings. It makes one more fully realize the plan of eternal life and how futile our few years upon earth would be if it were to end at that point.

I'm thankful for my heritage and for the privilege of living in this great United States of America. I feel a close affinity for all of my family and relatives and want each of you to know my love for you. May I have the courage to live worthy of all my choice blessings.

Personal History of
RUSSELL LORIN JONES
October 1979

I was born September 17, 1948 in St. George, Utah. Given the name Russell Lorin Jones, I was the first child and son of Lorin Vaughn and Ferral Leavitt Jones. Dad and Mom were living in Veyo, Utah where Dad worked for Southern Utah Power Company. The next couple of years, I spent a great deal of my time dirtying diapers and seeing what kind of mischief I could get into. On July 28, 1950 my brother Melvin Royce was born. I would imagine my first impression of him was "who is the strange, little, plump, baldheaded person Mom and Dad have brought home?" Little did he or I know the relationship that would develop between brothers.

Life in Veyo was great for me while growing up. My friends and I always had new places to explore, clubhouses to build, horses and calves to ride, fruit orchards to sneak in to and fresh melons for the club house get-togethers.

On Ocotber 28, 1954 our sister was born. Kristine was so cute when she was brought home. Little did she know what was in store for her, having two older brothers.

The following year, our family moved to the Sierra Nevada mountains, west of Bishop, California. Dad went to work for the California Electric Power Company at a power plant high in the Sierras. The winters were cold but I didn't mind because I was continually having so much fun playing in the snow. The family and I had many exciting and injury-related sleighing experiences and we have movie pictures to prove it! During the summer I made my first attempt to establish a small business. I set up a small road side stand, selling bait and lemonade to the vacationing fisherman. I enlisted my brother to help catch the grasshoppers and dig for the worms, but his ambition was not keeping up with the demand. Although he did a very good job of drinking the merchandise and spending the profits. About a year later, we moved to Grand Terrace in southern California where we rented an apartment until Mom and Dad found a home to buy in Loma Linda. We lived in Loma Linda for two years before moving to Redlands, California.

While we were living in Loma Linda, we acquired another brother, Kevin Vaughn Jones. He was born October 25, 1957 and now our family was complete.

Redlands was an eventful period of my life. I became involved with cub scouts, boy scouts, little league, church activities, school activities, etc. The school's summer breaks were especially exciting with family vacation, church and scout outings and time spent with Grandparents. Royce and I spent several weeks with Grandpa and Grandma Ulrich in Fallon, Nevada. We were at an age in which getting along was more abnormal than normal. Grandpa always had some work for us to do to keep us out of trouble. We would help harvest the hay, irrigate, plant the garden or help dig the water well. But Grandpa and Grandma always allowed enough time for us to go fishing, hunting or camping. Sometimes Grandpa even allowed more time than Grandma particularly wanted. That same summer I spent some time at Grandpa and Grandma Jones. Grandpa always had some odd jobs that needed to be done and he always provided me with some extra spending money for doing the jobs. I would ride with Grandpa to the power plants, doing a little hunting and munching on his nic-nacs all the way. Whenever we returned, Grandma, at a moment's notice,

had a delicious meal, with choice of dessert, ready to eat.

While living in Redlands, I finished elementary, junior high and a half of a year of high school before Dad accepted a new position with Nevada Power Company in Las Vegas, Nevada. It is always difficult to leave friends, but the move to Las Vegas was an exciting step. I always did enjoy the wide open spaces and the Las Vegas area certainly had plenty. I found a part-time job while going to school. In my senior year, I wanted to buy a car. Dad and I found one--a '57 Chevy--a very popular car at the time. With Dad's mechanical know-how, he had it in top shape in no time. In June, 1966, I graduated from Western High School and enrolled in UNLV. I lasted one semester before transferring to Dixie College. Being disenchanted with college after a couple of quarters, I dropped out and went to work in St. George.

Due to Uncle Sam's need for people in the Armed Services, I was inducted into the Army in April, 1968. I was sent to Fort Ord, California for Basic Training. During my initial processing at Fort Ord, I enlisted for an additional year in the Army in exchange for an electronics school I wanted to attend. The two months of basic training was a lonely and isolated time during my military service. We were never allowed beyond our barracks perimeter other than for our daily training exercises. I was promoted to squad leader about three weeks into my training, which relieved me of many duties. The greatest moment of my training was the visit Dad and Mom and Uncle Wayne and Aunt Lucy Leavitt made to see me.

Upon completion of Basic Training, I was sent to Fort Gordon, Georgia to attend an electronic instrument repair school. After completing six months of schooling, I received orders sending me to Okinawa. Okinawa sounded like some exotic distant land--almost an adventure of sorts. Once in Okinawa, I was assigned to an Electronic Instrument Calibration Unit. I traveled to various areas of Southeast Asia for two month periods and then once again returned to the field. I had the opportunity to visit Guam, Phillipines, Japan, Thailand, Tiawan and Vietnam. Prior to leaving Okinawa to the United States for discharge, I was offered a job in Vietnam with ITT working on the country's communication sites. Still thinking about the job offer, I was sent home and discharged from the service in April, 1971. After three weeks of thinking and investigating the job offer, I returned to Vietnam with ITT. I went to work in Qun Nhon which is in the central part of South Vietnam. Four months later I met my wife to be, Pham Thi Ut, working on the same compound. We went together a relatively short period of time before we married in January, 1972. "Thao", her nick name, has three sisters, three brothers (one brother died while in the army and one died of some unknown illness). Her Father died when she was 14. Her mother and family are still living in Vietnam. Our experiences, considering the circumstances, were, for the most part, quite enjoyable.

There is one experience I will probably never forget because it reminded me so much of my boyhood. One evening, I was relaxing out on my third story apartment terrace, watching the evening activities of a Boy Scout Jamboree. Several hundred scouts were seated around a high bon fire singing songs. The atmosphere changed abruptly when explosives were tossed into the fire. How lucky we are to live in a country like the United States!

In October, 1972, Thao and I returned to the United States. Dad and Mom had organized a fabulous welcome home for us. Thao was quite concerned about how well she would be accepted by my family. I could not ask for a more perfect family. Thao was accepted instantly with loving support and affection.

We were married a second time in Las Vegas at Dad amd Mom's on October 14, 1972. We rented an apartment in Las Vegas for three months before I found permanent work with Hughes Aircraft Company in El Segundo California. For the last seven years, I have continued to work for Hughes and have enjoyed my work.

JONES NAMED TO CHAMBER POST

St. George - Royce M. Jones, president of the Dixie Sunshiners, has been named the new Chamber of Commerce Executive Vice-president by a search committee of city and chamber representatives, replacing outgoing vice-president Art Anderson.

Jones will serve as both the chamber vice-president and the Industrial Development Representative for the City of St. George and Washington County, the positions held by Anderson who is retiring Oct. 31 for reasons of health.

The search committee, composed of officials including Mayor Grey Larkin, city staff members, Chamber president Ben Stout, and other local officials, sifted through 45 mostly in-state applications before voting last week for Jones.

Employed at Sunland Chevrolet, Jones is a past owner of the Dixie Amusement and Vending Company and Pioneer Supply and has worked as a booster for the chamber of commerce.

"His committment to the community" was a prime consideration in his appointment, Chamber President Stout said. "Royce lives here because he wants to."

Stout said that although "there were a lot of good applicants," Jones was given the nod because "of his dedication to working with the chamber and community." "He has a lot of energy and enthusiasm," Stout added.

Jones will work with Anderson in learning all the responsibilities in his position throughout October, Stout said.

Born in Cedar City, Jones attended school at Dixie College, the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, and Utah State University.

Married with two children, he also serves as the Cub Master of the 6th Ward Cub Scout Troop.

Jones will assume a helm position over development in the city begun under Anderson such as the new industrial park and the Dixie Plaza shopping mall.

Stout said the majority of the applicants were from the county area, but several applied from Salt Lake and two from out of state.

CHAMBER HAS NEW SECRETARY

Visitors seeking information are greeted with an especially bright smile when they stop into the offices of the St. George Chamber of Commerce and encounter Jill Jones, the new executive secretary.

Jill, who has replaced Lani now in Durango, Colorado with her husband, has only been in St. George for a short while. A bride of nine months duration, the wife of Royce Jones, Jill was born in Long Beach, and spent much of her childhood in Haywood and Pleasanton, California.

Later, she went to Quito, Eucador with her parents and attended the American school there. This is where her interest in Spanish languages originiated which has resulted in Jill becoming a Spanish major. She has attended the University of Hawaii and was an exchange student in Mexico through a University of Arizona program and graduated from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas last May.

Her husband Royce is the grandson of Vaughn Jones, Veyo and has many relatives among the Jones and Leavitt families in Washington County.

The young couple met in Las Vegas when Jill's employer at the Sahara Hotel, where she was a P.B.X. Supervisor introduced them. Jill was employed for a total of six years with the hotel, both in the telephone room and the convention sales department.

JILL E. JONES
May 29, 1976

It has been six months and one day now since I've had the honor of becoming a Jones.

During that short time, we've had a lot of major family occurances. First of all, a wedding, an ordination to an elder, a job promotion, in addition to surgerys, and the passing of those dear to us. These are just a few of the occurances that I recall immediately. They don't even touch surface to life's daily "ups and downs" that have been experienced in such a short time.

During the past six months, I've seen a family who has met strife with courage and rejoiced together in happy events. I've seen a family who has welcomed a new wife with more kindness and understanding than I ever imagined possible. I've become part of a family who shares in each others happiness and becomes even stronger in difficult times through immense faith. I've joined a family who realizes that we're all human and accepts me as I am.

I've been welcomed into a family that maintains a sense of humor and a family that constantly seeks guidance from our Heavenly Father.

All of these assests haven't been acquired overnight. It has been years and generations of good training and understanding that have led me to feel such a love for all of you.

If more families could have the compassion, sense of humor, and hard-working instincts that the Jones Family has, things would be undoubtedly much easier in the world.

But since the entire world cannot possess the last name and have the traits of the Joneses, we will just have to be content to be the Joneses. Everyone else will have to try and keep up with us!

My Life History
KRISTINE JONES

I was born on October 28, 1954 in St. George, Utah -- the third child and first daughter of Lorin Vaughn and Ferral Leavitt Jones. At that time my family was living in Veyo, Utah where my father was employed by the Southern Utah Power Company. I do not remember too much of my childhood there, since we moved to California when I was just a year old. My first recollections of California begin in Loma Linda, even though we had lived in other towns previously. I remember my brothers' friends who lived across the street. All of them enjoyed teasing me to see who could get me to cry first. My brothers, Russell Lorin and Melvin Royce, probably remember much more, but the next eventful time I can remember was when my mother came home from the hospital with a new baby, Kevin Vaughn. He looked so red and wrinkled, but we loved him just the same.

From Loma Linda we moved to Redlands, California where life (or at least memories) really began for me. Our address was 1315 West Palm Avenue and we had a huge orange grove right across the street. My best friend lived nearby and we were together constantly. We both went to Smiley Elementary School and were always in the same class. Together we aspired to be the hopscotch champions of the school and the neighborhood -- we succeeded!

I loved school and all of my teachers. Probably the hardest concept I learned upon starting school was to read without moving my lips. For some reason I could not get that through my head. After I finally realized what the teacher meant, I took off reading and haven't stopped since. Reading is my favorite hobby and I read at every opportunity. In fact, reading was the main reason I chose teaching as my profession. From the first grade, I wanted to be a teacher.

When I was in the third grade I broke my wrist. One afternoon my brothers were giving "free" airplane rides and I found out that I didn't know how to land. My parents were not home, but my brothers took care of me until they got home. On another occasion my brothers and I were out sliding down our sloped lawn on huge pieces of cardboard. It began to get dark and everyone went in, except me. While on the way to the house, I tripped and hit my head on a brick planter. At first, I didn't know what had happened, but when the shock wore off, the pain hit and I ran crying into the house. I must have been a sight with blood running all over my face and the look on my parents' faces was enough to tell me that they were scared too. They rushed me to the doctor wrapped up in a big blanket, my dad carrying me all the way. The doctor sewed up the hole and said it would be just fine, but my parents were pretty worried. I am sure accidents like those are harder on parents than on children.

We moved to Las Vegas, Nevada when I was in the fourth grade. It was exciting to move, but I was sure we would have to live in a hotel since that was all I'd ever seen of Las Vegas. Surprisingly enough, the city had houses and we found a beautiful home on Reba Avenue. Making new friends and seeing new places is always exciting, but leaving my best friend behind was difficult. We wrote each other for years afterward.

My parents enrolled me in Paul Culley Elementary School and the first day there

was great. The kids were friendly and I didn't have any problems making friends. It was so nice living in Las Vegas because we were so much closer to Veyo and our grandparents. We traveled to Southern Utah fairly often and stayed with Grandpas and Grandmas. I can still see Grandpa Jones sitting in his favorite chair, one leg hanging over the side. He was always in his work clothes and always had so much work to keep him busy. Grandma Jones was a miracle worker! Without knowing we were coming, she would whip up a feast in no time at all. No matter who came, or when, she always had plenty to feed them. Probably the most outstanding quality in Grandpa and Grandma Jones' is that the Church was not a separate place, something to do on Sunday; it was everything and everyone in their lives. They had that special talent of showing love for family and friends and God totally and completely -- no matter what they were doing. Their example has touched more people and changed more lives than they will ever know.

Life in Las Vegas was fun and action-filled. I was always kept busy with school and church activities. In fifth grade I was privileged to represent our school at the ground-breaking ceremony of a "teen center", an activity center, and felt it an honor to meet the major and other city officials. The junior high years kept me busy and happy, especially when I realized that the boys I liked, liked me. I was asked to go to the ninth grade prom and was even more thrilled when I got to go. Neither of us could drive, so his parents took us and we had a good time dancing and talking.

I was never the "boy-crazy" type, but did enjoy going out and meeting new people. As the school years went by I became even more involved with church and school activities and seemed to spend very little time at home. Among other things I was Beehive, MIA Maid, and Laurel Class President and represented our stake in planning a regional youth conference. It was probably one of the busiest times of my life with meetings at least once a week for six months preceding the conference, besides many other commitments. I also became involved with the "Youth for Community Pride Committee" in Las Vegas. Five teen-agers representing our high schools, traveled to Reno to coordinate activities for the State of Nevada. Afterward we discussed other community projects and I stayed on the committee until I graduated from high school.

In my spare time I took and gave piano lessons. I always enjoyed playing the piano and it was especially exciting to teach younger children how to play. Quite often I played in recitals at church and school.

After high school I went to Brigham Young University to work on my Bachelor of Arts degree in English. I loved school and had great roommates who sometimes kept me away from school work. Once started in college, I decided to finish as soon as possible, so I went to school all year around for three years. While in college I became engaged, but realized that he was not the "right" one. Shortly after becoming "dis-engaged", I met Steven Kirk Moore, a roommate's friend. After a short time of knowing each other, I knew he was the one I was going to marry. We became engaged on August 24, 1974. I was never happier than when we were married March 6, 1975 in the Manti Temple and sealed for time and eternity. It was a beautiful ceremony and I certainly felt the Lord's presence.

After we were married we lived in Provo, Utah where Steven worked for Christiansen Brothers Construction Company as apprentice carpenter and I attended BYU. All of our friends and relatives had been very generous and we had everything necessary to set up housekeeping.

In August of 1975 I graduated from BYU with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English, qualified to teach high school English and German. It was a great occasion with our family and friends there.

The next big event in our life was when we bought our home in Orem, Utah. I was driving down a street and noticed an "open house" sign, so stopped and looked in. After Steven got off work, we went looking again and decided that that was what we

wanted. Actually, my husband had always spoiled me and hated to refuse me anything. So, just as soon as we could, we moved into our home, just in time for my birthday. It was the greatest birthday present I had ever had and we couldn't have been happier.

Our life together ended on December 6, 1975 when my husband was killed in an airplane crash. He had gone to National Guard drill in Beaver, Utah for the week-end and had flown to Fillmore, Utah to teach an ammunitions class. On the return flight, they were flying too low. An air current caught the plane causing it to crash into a mountain and all four passengers were killed.

Only through the love of my Heavenly Father, family, and friends was I able to endure the shock and sudden separation from my husband. Although the Lord may test us in many different ways, he always compensates with greater feelings of love. Though times are difficult, I know that the Lord is with me.

I am currently serving a fulltime mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Georgia-Atlanta Mission. The Lord continues to bless me through His church and I want to bring this happiness to the people in the South.

Although I have lived only a very short life, I have lived a very full one and have certainly been blessed.

KEVIN VAUGHN JONES

On October 25, 1957 I was born in Redlands, California. My mother is Ferral Leavitt Jones and my father is Lorin Vaughn Jones. I am the youngest of four children, two brothers and a sister. When I was born my family was living in Loma Linda. Soon after that my family moved to Redlands where I spent the first few years of my life. I enjoyed our home and family life which we had. Before I knew it I was old enough to begin school. My first year of school began in Smiley. I enjoyed school and made a lot of friends. That same year my father received a job in Las Vegas. Then I had to say good-bye to my friends I had made in Redlands for the past six years.

With the move to Las Vegas I was put into a new school called Paul E. Culley. It was hard for awhile because I had no friends, but soon I forgot about Califonia and had many friends in Las Vegas.

While attending Paul E. Culley I had some major events happen in my life. On November 6, 1965 I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Looking back I can see why that event was one of the greatest events in my life. It began a chain reaction of events of my life as a "Mormon."

Also, I began my musical talent while at Paul Culley. In fifth grade I began to play the clarinet. I continued with it until I graduated from high school. I was involved in all the school bands. With this involvement I was associated with many concerts, parades, half-time shows and many contests. I received a lot of joy as I participated in these events thru my schooling years.

At the age of 12 I received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained a Deacon in the Church. This began my service as a Priesthood holder in the Church. I began to develop my leadership qualities when I was called to be the Deacon's Quorum President. Also, at this time, I began my involvement in the Scouting Program. Through the Scouting Program I learned many things and enjoyed the many campouts that we had. I worked on each rank of a Scout until on Sept. 26, 1972. I received my Eagle Scout, the highest award in Scouting. I also received the Duty to God award which is given from four years of faithful service to Scouting and Church.

At age 14 I was ordained a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. I also had the opportunity of being the President of that Quorum. At this time I was attending Garside Junior High. I was enjoying all the joys and sorrows that a Junior High Boy usually enjoyed.

Then, before I knew it, I was attending Western High School. Many things happened while I was in High School. At 16 I was ordained a Priest. This gave me more responsibility, but also more joy as I served the Lord.

Also at age 16 I received my driver's license. Even before my birthday I had bought an old 1965 Mustang which was my car when I received my license. Soon I grew out of that car and decided to buy a 1969 Mustang. To afford these cars, I worked after school and on Saturdays at Albertson's grocery store. I started at very low wages, but left three years later making very good money.

Then, in 1975 that day came. I worked for it for 13 years. I graduated from Western

High school with Honors. I always thought it would be a happy day, but it was sad because I had to say good-bye to many of my friends I had collected over 13 years.

In that same year, about 3 weeks after graduation, I began my first college term at Brigham Young University. The next 3 years brought many experiences of joy and sorrow. My college life was one of hard work, but a lot of fun while doing it. I took subjects from English and Accounting to Wood-working and Bowling. Then, one day I got a letter in the mail that changed my future completely.

One day, after much preparation, I received a call to be a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and to serve in the South Africa Johnannesburg Mission. On November 16, 1978 I showed up at the Mission Training Center in Provo, Utah with my short hair, white shirt and tie, ready to serve the Lord for the next two years. I am now serving in South Africa in Cape Town. I have found missionary work to be the most challenging and most rewarding thing I've ever done in my life.

The richest blessing I have had in life is to have the parents I have, with brothers and a sister also to help me in my journey through life. But most of all to have a loving Father in Heaven that has helped me to enjoy life the way I have. I'm thankful for the privilege of being a Jones. Also to have the name of my father and his father.

Kevin Vaughn Jones

HYRUM KEITH JONES
Thanksgiving 1980

I was born Dec. 29, 1932. My parents are William Vaughn and Isabelle Leavitt Jones. I was named 'Hyrum Keith'. Hyrum being after my grandfather, Hyrum Ellis Jones. My early memories were happy ones surrounded by my family, an older brother and three older sisters. I did get probably more than the usual amount of attention. Our family life centered pretty much around religion and one of my earliest memories was that we always knelt on the floor with our head on our chair in prayer before we ate breakfast in the morning. I have many, many memories of my early life, but one of the most memorable ones was one night when I was about three years old. My father and mother and I were at Sand Cove Reservior checking the water level. It was about dark when we went to the car and the car would not start so we pushed the car as far as we could, but it still would not start. So we had to walk home. My father or mother carried me a good share of the way, taking turns. It was pitch black and we traveled approximately five miles. This is a long walk for most people especially in the dark, carrying someone.

Another incident that I remember well. I again went with Daddy to check the water level (I was three or four years old), we had parked on a bridge over the canal. After we checked the water levels, we started to get back into the car. My father went to the left side and I went to the right side, when I opened the car door it swung open with the handle turned straight down I was unable to hang on, and fell into the canal. It was in the spring and the water level high and very swift, and for several seconds I remember being under the water and swept down the stream unable to gain my balance, and get my head above water. My father heard the splash and came around and dragged me out. The thing I remember most about the incident was I think he was happy he had got me out but he was rather disgusted that I was dripping wet inside the car as we drove home.

Our house was built in the early days of the depression and we did not have an inside bathroom like we had had at the plant. We did have running water at the kitchen sink, but with a two bedroom home and five children there was a little bit of crowding for sleeping quarters. I remember that my older sister, Alice, used to take care of me most of the time, particularly at night. If I had to go to the bathroom or something, she would always go out with me. One night, in the summer, on one of these trips, Alice and I were on our way when I looked up and saw a man standing near the cellar. I said to my sister, "Oh, look, there is a man"!!!She half dragged me back into the house, screaming to wake up our parents. My mother jumped out of bed, running with a broom or a shovel (I can't remember which) up through the cornfield chasing the man. Luckily for the guy, he got away.

My oldest sister, LaVerne, was always the lady, very proper, as she is today. Her personality doesn't seem to have changed over the years. My next oldest sister, Alice, as I mentioned before, helped with the responsibility of taking care of me most of the time. After LaVerne and Alice left, my youngest sister, Maurine took over the responsibility. However, I was a little older then and may not have required quite as much personal attention. My brother,

Lorin, and I fought quite a bit with him usually getting way the best of it. He was four years older and much larger, and he always had big hard toed boots that he liked to kick with, so he usually came out very well.

I attended school at Veyo in a two room school house with the first four grades in one room and the 5th through the 8th in the other room. I enjoyed my first few years of school. My first grade teacher was Miss Prince who was a very beautiful young lady with whom I fell quickly in love. But her attentions went to someone else, and after two years she married, so I had a replacement teacher. After completing my 6th year in Veyo we were bussed to St. George where I attended 7th grade in Woodward Junior High. After graduating from the 10th grade at Woodward I attended Dixie High School.

While I was in junior high and high school I spent my summers working on the farm of my Uncles Ken and Leo Leavitt. We did heavy farm work, although there was some time for pleasure, and I dated several young ladies. But the summer of 1951 I met a sweet young thing named 'Mary NaDean Smith'. We dated for about a year and a half and were married on Feb. 7, 1953. We moved into a home at #3 Power Plant where I worked for Southern Utah Power Company.

Mary and I definitely had dreams of spending the rest of our lives with the power company, but that wasn't to be. Shortly thereafter, I received a call from the military. In March I was drafted into the U.S. Army. I was shipped off to Fort Ord, California for basic training and Mary went back to live with her Grandmother Andrus in St. George. Later, Mary joined me for a couple of months in California while I was in training. We enjoyed what little time we had together, walking on the beach at Pacific Grove, and at Carmel and all of the Monterey area. It was very beautiful at the time. Mary moved back to St. George in July and on July 31st I completed my basic training and to top it off, Mary gave birth to a son, Garry. Two days later, I came home for a short leave before being shipped to Germany to finish my military career.

Hyrum Keith Jones

Written by his mother Isabelle L. Jones in 1962

December 29, 1932 was a day of rejoicing in the W. Vaughn Jones family, for on that day, I gave birth to a beautiful brown eyed, healthy 7½ lb. baby boy. When he was placed in my arms and I was assured that he was healthy and normal in every way, my heart filled with gratitude for the miracle of birth. However, I was aware of the great responsibility that was mine to care for, teach and guide him in the path that would ultimately lead him back into the presence of our dear Heavenly Father.

Although, I had some complications following his birth, he was an extra good baby and never caused any trouble.

He was born in the Washington County Hospital in St. George, Utah.

After leaving the hospital we went to our home at the #3 Power Plant, where we resided, seven miles southwest of Veyo. There he became acquainted with his parents, sisters: Nancy LaVerne, Alice and Maurine, and his brother Lorin Vaughn; who all loved him and enjoyed his association.

We chose to name him Hyrum Keith after his grandfather, Hyrum Ellis Jones, a good kind man who loved the gospel.

When he was eight months old, we moved from the Power Plant to Veyo into a small house we owned there. That winter of 1933 we built our new home, where I still reside.

Keith was a much loved and well adjusted child, grew and developed normally and was the delight of our family. He was a happy, affectionate youngster with a keen sense of humor and was very fond of his pet dog and cat.

After completing elementary in Veyo, he attended high school in St. George. He was always handy in Woodwork and made a few nice pieces in both wood and plastic. He played the trumpet in the Woodward Band.

As a young man he attended church regularly and earned Individual Awards for five successive years.

He enjoyed playing all different ball

games and played them all rather well, but basketball was his favorite. When there were not enough boys for a team in Veyo, he sometimes played with a team in St. George.

As a young man he dated a number of young ladies, but it was to the lovely, charming Mary NaDean Smith to whom he gave his love. After a courtship of more than a year, they were married Feb. 7, 1953. After a short honeymoon, they moved into a Company house at #3 Power Plant, where he was employed as a hydro plant operator.

Keith was inducted into the U.S. Military service in March, 1953 (During the Korean conflict). He received his basic training at Fort Ord, California. When his orders came for overseas duty, we were thankful that they were for Germany instead of Korea. Arriving in Germany, he was assigned to the 2 D Armored Division (Hell on Wheels). There he took his work seriously, worked hard and attended Leadership School at Baunholder and graduated July 30, 1954 as a Corporal. And a few months later he became a Sergeant, which is an excellent rating considering the time he was in the service. He returned home safely in March 1955 and looked just wonderful.

Soon after his return home he began working again as an hydro operator at #3 Plant. In November 1955, Lorin and his family moved to California. Keith bought his nice home in Veyo, where they spent the next few years.

Both Keith and Mary were very active in the Veyo LDS Ward. Keith was president of the YMMIA, General Secretary in Aaronic Priesthood and Financial Clerk for Bishop Lewis Bowler. He was also secretary and treasurer of the Veyo Culinary Water Ass'n.

They were happy here in Veyo and felt quite secure in his employment until the power company made #3 plant automatic and began eliminating regular operators. Although, Keith's seniority placed him ahead of some operators he accepted a job in Cedar City at the steam plant with the same company.

After renting for awhile, they bought a home in Cedar City, where they resided until they moved to Montrose, Colorado, where he was employed by another power company.

They are the parents of three lovely children: Garry Keith, Julie NaDean and Nancy Belle.

GARRY KEITH JONES

I was born July 31, 1953, at Pioneer Hospital in St. George, Utah. At the time, my father, Hyrum Keith, was in the Army stationed at Pacific Grove, California. My mother, Mary NaDean (Smith), was living in St. George with her grandmother Andrus. The day after my birth, my father arrived for a five day leave before leaving for Germany.

During the 18 months my father was overseas, my mother and I lived with her grandparents, but we frequently made trips to visit other relatives. I'm sure I enjoyed all of this, because when my father came home he said I was the most spoiled child in Washington and Iron Counties.

After his return from Germany, my father worked for the Power Company. We lived at the #3 hydro plant and at a house in Veyo while Dad worked at the plants. The house in Veyo was right across the street from the Veyo store, a choice location for a small boy. My parents say I spent a lot of time at the store getting to know everyone since eveyone who lived in Veyo came to the store sometime or other. My days there were numbered though. I had gotten into the habit of charging things and when my father found out, I was confined to my own yard.

In 1957 we moved to Cedar City. My father was still working for California Pacific Utilities, but he was going to work at the diesel plant. We lived in the house there at the plant until 1958, when we moved into town to a house on 400 North Street. Dad was working at different plants in the area and I was going to school at North Elementary. My sister Julie, who had been born in 1956, kept Mom quite busy. Dad was also a volunteer fireman in Cedar. Many times during the night or at supper, Dad would be up and gone almost before any of the rest of us had heard the siren. I became used to it in a while until one night in 1962.

When I heard the fire alarm, I sat up to watch Dad go tearing through, trying to pull his clothes on. He was gone for sometime before I noticed that the alarm was still going. I got out of bed and when I went by the window, I saw a strange red glow. At first I thought our house was on fire and I ran outside to where Mom was standing. From there I could see that the glow was coming from uptown. The fire lit up the sky like a sunset. After a few hours Dad came home to change clothes, since his were soaked through. We got Julie up and wrapped Nancy up and all drove over so we could see. An entire block was on fire and even from a few blocks away I could sense the power and destruction of the fire. I hadn't quite learned my lesson though. A few years later while playing with some matches, I started a fire in the vacant lot across from our house. My family jokes about it now, but I still keep a cautious eye on any flame.

We lived in Cedar about eight years. I had a very happy childhood. Lots of friends and activities kept me very busy. I was baptized and confirmed there and also ordained a deacon. My youngest sister, Nancy, was born at the the old Cedar City Hospital. While we were adjusting to a new sister, and trying to do everything possible in as little time as possible, Dad was preparing for a big change that would greatly affect all of us.

In the early spring of 1965, Dad got a job with the Bureau of Reclamation in Montrose, Colorado. Julie, Nancy, and I stayed with

relatives while Mom and Dad drove to Montrose for the final interview. When they returned and told us we were moving, we were excited, sad, and scared all at the same time. We all planned for it and talked about it, while Dad was living in Montrose trying to find a place for us to live. I was still surprised, however, when I came home from school one day to find a large truck backed up to our door. Saturday morning we were driving north and my sisters and I found out what moving really meant leaving.

The first few days in Montrose were hectic. We unpacked and tried to get everything arranged. Then we rearranged and then rearranged the arrangement. The first few days I slept on a sleeping bag on the floor. Soon Mom and Dad bought themselves a new bed and moved their old one into my room. It was the first time I had had a room to myself since my sisters were born and I was very happy even if the room was painted pink. In a short time I had made friends at school and knew my way around town and Montrose became home. Soon I was in high school and attending seminary. I played trumpet in the band and got some parts in the school plays. Like most other teenagers, I did all the usual things and some that weren't so usual. But I learned from my mistakes so it all came out well in the end. Overall it was a very happy time but there are always some sad times, too. One of those times was when my uncle, Kelly Bennett died. Then there were the trips to see Grandpa Jones when he was sick. Seeing him those last few times really shook me up. He was always so active and doing something every minute, that to see him lying in bed was quite a shock each time I saw him. During the many times I stayed with Grandma and Grandpa, I was always amazed at all the things Grandpa was doing or planning to do. I could tell many stories about all the special things we did or that happened to us, but I'm sure this book will be full of them. The things that really impressed me were the things he did every day. He was a carpenter, mason, electrician, spiritual head of the family, and much more. I spent as much time in his office looking at his many books as I did anywhere else. He was interested in almost everything. To me he was about as close to perfect as a human can get. He was self-reliant, self-sufficient, close to God and earth. I was sorry he died but glad that he was no longer suffering. Two years after Grandpa died, I graduated from high school and entered college at Colorado Western College in Montrose.

I worked at a taco take-out franchise and went to school in between shifts. During this time I met Linda Erickson. She worked with me and went to school while living with her grandmother. It was quite a stormy courtship, but she was as stubborn as I was, and I soon lost my heart to her. A few months later we moved to Boulder City, Nevada. I went back to see her twice and she came to visit here once. I was working as a delivery clerk at Valley Bank. I met many nice girls but never dated them as I was holding out for Linda. We finally decided to get married since our phone bills were draining our savings. During the Christmas weekend in 1972 I flew to Denver and gave her an engagement ring. Trying to arrange a wedding over a phone is an experience I'll never forget. We finally got it all together and in February on Saturday the 17th, 1973, we were married in the Montrose Ward Chapel. Since I had to be back to work on Tuesday, we left that afternoon for the long trip home. Linda was sick with the flu and by the time we reached the small house I had rented for us, I had the flu also. During the next week we had used about a case of cold remedies. We recovered shortly and had gotten our little house arranged and were settling into married life.

By our first anniversary, I was promoted to a reader-sorter operator at the bank and Linda was working at an auto parts store in Boulder City. We soon bought a house and were busy fixing it up. A month after we moved in, Linda told me she was going to have a baby. The next few months we worked and saved our money to prepare for our baby. I was still working for Valley Bank, but had moved to I/O control, then I

was promoted to computer operator. On Sunday night, November 17, 1973, our daughter, Krissell Marie was born. I went into the delivery room. It was a very special experience for both of us. Things kept going along fine for me and Linda began to take the missionary lessons. It was a special day when Linda was baptized and confirmed a member of the church. It seemed that we had started all over again together and we're still working toward our final goal.

Each day brings us new joys and problems. We work as a family on everything and even Krissell gets into the act. Right now Linda is working part-time as a clerk and bookkeeper for a hardware store. I'm now senior operator at Valley Bank and Krissell is growing like a weed. We all keep moving forward and are growing in the church, trying to make the best of our lives.

JULIE NADEAN JONES

A typical warm May 16 Dixie Day I came into this world. It was during lunchtime, I suppose that is why I enjoy food so much. I was given the name Julie NaDean Jones. I was born to Hyrum Keith Jones, youngest son of William Vaughn and Isabelle Leavitt, and Mary NaDean Smith, oldest daughter of Chester Judd Smith and Pearl Andrus.

Living only a short time in Veyo we moved to Cedar City when I was 1½ years old, where we lived for nine years. We made trips to Veyo almost every weekend it seemed. Visiting Grandpa and Grandma Jones was always fun. It is a wonder the rock garden survived our visits.

One of the highlights of the trips would be when Grandpa would give us all a ride up to the store in the back of his truck and let us buy whatever we wanted. In those days a quarters worth of candy could really fill a sack. He'd even let us buy a pop and twinkie if we wanted. It was always fun to go with him. Our trip to the store usually took place after a good nuturious well balanced meal prepared by Grandma. Veyo is like a second home, I never felt unwelcome or like a stranger. Grandpa was always behind our ideas of going down to the Veyo Pool. After swimming those great pronto pups were devoured. My little sister Nancy Belle was born February 8, 1961. Garry and I went to stay with Grandpa and Grandma for a couple of weeks. I got homesick and then Garry got to go home because he was in school. I wanted to be with my new little sister, but my mother really didn't need the helpful hands of a 5 year old just returning from the hospital. Each night Grandpa and Grandma would do their best at consoling me as I sat on the bed crying to go home. It was odd because I loved being there but I just didn't want to miss anything that was going on at home. I was sure I could be a great assistance to my mother. Valentines Day was a blessing Grandma and I made cookies all day long, I'm sure it didn't usually take her quite that long but Grandma let me do everything I could do, or thought I could do. When Grandpa got home we had them all decorated and ready. We even put coconut on some of them because I love coconut. Grandma had put in more than an eight hour day. After dinner we gathered all my valentines and cookies and Grandpa drove us all over Veyo. I think I went to every house there. When we got home everyone brought valentines to me, it was so exciting. However, I think they had been put up to it, well some of them anyway. It was time to return home to Cedar and I was excited to be going home ready to be a big sister. Traveling was a real treat with Grandpa and Grandma. Grandpa had all sorts of goodies tucked away. Just as the ride seemed a little long he would bring out another treat.

My childhood was filled with happy fun times, teary times, and dramatic times. Always surrounded by family, it seemed there was always a cousin, or Aunt or Uncle around. A big change came when our family moved to Montrose, Colorado, I felt my life was over at 9 years of age. All my friends, all our family on both Mom's and Dad's sides were left behind. I had lived a very sheltered life. I knew there were Catholics, Baptists and Lutherans, but there were only a few in our school at Cedar. My first day in my 4th grade class there were 3 Mormon kids with the rest of the class being

Catholics with a few others thrown in here and there. What a rude awakening!!!I was forever hearing "Your a what." You belong to what 'Saints'? To say the least it was a new and growing experience. I actually had to learn for myself for the first time what my values were and if I was willing to be what I am without being shy or embarassed of it. My life changed rapidily in those years. I had settled my roots and really taken hold in Montrose, forming friendships that are still bonded together. Again, my father decided we would move with the government and with my Father who knows where you'll end up. He traveled continually for seven years and was home only on weekends. We headed for Nevada in 1972, the 5th day of July, temperture only 115 degress, we moved into Boulder City, home of Hoover Dam and Scarpians. What a great experience, a family sweating together, not speaking with one another after two days of continual heat, but we survived it. The big adjustment was having Dad at home every night after having him traveling for 7 years. It took awhile for him to decide what we would watch on T.V., like football and football and then football!!!!!!But we made it, Dad is just a little head strong and opinionated!!!

Many things have happened that have given me a real sense of direction and realization of what my family tried to teach me through the years that I just didn't grasp onto them. In October of 1975, on the 30th, Angela K. Jones was born to me. She is truly a lovely little girl and definitely a Jones. I'm so thankful to belong to such a wonderful family and be a part of a proud lineage of people.

NANCY BELLE JONES

I am Nancy Belle Jones and I was born to Hyrum Keith Jones and Mary NaDean Jones on February 8, 1961 at 4:36 a.m. I was born in Cedar City, Utah at the Iron County Hospital on a snowy-white winter morning. My mother tells me that she felt I was a special spirit even before I was born. I do feel specially honored for the name I was given. Nancy, after my grandfather's mother, Nancy Jane Hunt. My middle name Belle, is after my grandmother Isabelle Leavitt Jones. And of course, I am just as proud to carry the Jones name. I was blessed and given my name on Easter Sunday, April 2, 1961 by Grandpa Jones in the Cedar City 4th Ward.

I was the third of three children. My mother says that my big brother, Garry Keith and sister, Julie NaDean were always so good to me, their baby sister. Julie loved to play with me and Garry loved to kiss me, but hated to see me corrected. Mother writes in my baby book that at age 3 I had two imaginary friends whose names were "Oink" and "Olga". I remember them vividly even today; we've always talked about them so they've remained in my mind. Neither of the two were over two foot tall; Oink, round headed and bald, and Olga covered with hair and a pair of glasses. They went everywhere with the family and a place was always set at the table for them. I would cry when someone sat on my friends or shut them in the door. I constantly was correcting them and talking to them, the family was cooperative and would make it a point to talk to my friends also.

A small white house in Cedar City was my first home. I remember playing in the neighborhood with lots of children. I especially like playing across the street because they had a turtle and fawn in their backyard. Eventhough, I was quite young, I do remember some very fun times. I remember once during the Christmas holidays that Grandma and Grandpa Jones were up from Veyo visiting us. A loud knock came at the door, it opened and there stood Santa. We were all amazed and thrilled. He brought us each big sacks of goodies and talked and played with us. I also remember a particular Christmas Eve. Grandma, Grandpa and Aunt LaVern had stopped in. As we were saying good-bye outside, Grandpa pointed to the sky and said "there's Santa and his reindeer!" I wasn't quite sure what to do, but I searched the sky and finally found what I guessed everyone was looking at. We all had to hush to listen for the sleigh bells too. These times were so fun and exciting with Grandma and Grandpa.

At age 4 my mother enjoyed making me look pretty with four gold ringlets hanging down my back. My friend David and I like to play together often. One day we were in the house alone playing barber shop with some cute little play scissors. He began cutting my ringlets when I realized - he really was! We picked up three yellow curls and hid them in my doll crib. I don't know why we thought hiding behind the door was the right thing to do, but that's what we did. When my mother came in she immediately saw the not very well hidden curls. She picked them up and started to cry, at least until she saw David and I. Wewere well reprehended for our task. I guess it really did upset my mother and I had to have my hair cut real short to even out my barber's cutting.

Our family moved to Montrose, Colorado in March 1966. We lived in another cute white house in Montrose, with girls to play with on one side and boys on the other. I started kindergarten that fall at the Junior High School. The following year I began grade school at Morgan Elementary. At the end of the school year we moved to a new home in English Gardens. I had all summer to make new friends before starting second grade. It was a big subdivision so there were children all over. My next door neighbor was my age and we came to be very good friends. We rollerskated up and down the street. Robin and I also liked to ride our bikes and build go carts. The two of us soon ventured out into the vacant fields behind the subdivision. We raced our bikes on the trails and built secret forts. During the summer Kathy, my other friend and I would sell punch and pretty rocks. That year, 1969, I was baptised in Delta, Colorado. Our backdoor neighbor and good friend Marvin Bagley, baptised and confirmed me on February 16.

At Pamona Elementary I made so many friends. Two of my friends were identical twins, Angie and Pamie. The three of us an our other friend Lori, used to ride minibikes and have slumber parties every weekend it seemed. At the end of fifth grade my father had decided to take a job in Boulder City, Nevada. It was sad for us all to leave our good friends in Montrose, but actually it turned out to be a good move for us all.

After long hot days of travel we reached Nevada. I remember arriving in Boulder City July 5, 1972 at about 7:00 a.m. The temperature was already in the 90 degree range. We drove to our house and began our unloading, only to find out that our air conditioner was not working. For two or three days of 100 degree temperatures in our house we were initiated to the hot climate rather quickly. We even spent time at Lake Mead, 7 miles away to relieve the heat. However, there was no relief it was almost like taking a bath in the sun-heated lake.

For the first time I had my own room in this new house. I couldn't wait to decorate it in pink and white. One night I was sleeping soundly when I woke up to a sharp pricking pain on my thumb. Still drowsy, I got up and went to the bathroom to look at it, I couldn't see anything and as I was entering my room I decided to turn on the light and see if there was a pin in my bed. I flipped on the switch and beheld a baby scorpion sitting on my pillow. I literally went into hysterical screaming fits and ran to my mom and dad's room. They couldn't understand a word I was saying. I really thought I was going to die. When my folks finally figured out what was happening, my mother phoned the hospital. I didn't have any adverse signs so I was told to relax. My father caught the creepy little bedfellow and put it in a can. I sat up the whole night watching the floor and jumping at every movement. For several months I didn't go barefoot and always kept close watch for scorpions everywhere. I wouldn't even sleep in my room or my bed for two months and every night made my sister check her bed, sheet by sheet, blanket by blanket before I would get in it. As funny as it may seem now, it was actually a very traumatic experience for me and I still have a great fear of any bugs or spiders - especially scorpions.

I eventually became acquainted with the girl across the street in Boulder. Tammy and I both were entering the sixth grade and even before I went to school that fall, I had seen pictures of all her friends and felt like I already knew them. She had likewise told them about me and I was really welcomed on the first day with many new friends. We were so excited to begin Junior High. The two of us went to register together and tried to get classes the same. This turned out to be a fun year for us both. Tammy and I started practicing everyday and night for cheerleader tryouts. We worked very hard and we were both rewarded as we were chosen to be two of the seven cheerleaders. The following year was just as thrilling for we were cheering together again. During these years I continued my piano playing and even became quite diligent in my study. I accompanied the Junior High Chorus for one year.

The MIA program was changed to the APA and kept me involved too. I was a Beehive counselor both years. I really enjoyed all our mutual activities, especially the dances. I really had a crush on one boy and would have liked to dance every dance with him.

Beginning high school was such a step it seemed. There were so many things to do. I did quite well throughout my high school years, but now realize that with extra effort I could have done even better. I became involved with girls volleyball and received my BC High letter. I particularly remember becoming quite boy crazy as a freshman, eventhough I was still quite shy.

The summer following my freshman year I was referred by my typing teacher to apply for a secretarial job. The day that school let out I had a appointment to apply with John D. Higley, Tax Consultant - Accountant; I began work that very afternoon. My typing skills were what awarded me the job since I have no previous work experience. However, I worked the full summer and became well acquainted with the business. I was very fortunate at age 15 to have such an opportunity. I continued to work for John Higley for two years, after school and fulltime in the summer. I worked with some very interesting people during those two years. Mr. Higley was very patient with me and my learning, but continually increased my responsibilities. I soon added to typing, filing and answering the phone duties such as; keeping my boss' personal checkbook and bills, office billings, and light bookkeeping. I took accounting courses in school to increase my knowledge also. Tax season was of course our busiest and most productive time of year. Many times my after school job turned into an evening job to accomodate the late night appointments and all the typing of tax return forms. This challenging job turned out to be one of the most useful experiences in my life.

Moving on to the tenth grade I began to think I was so mature. Soon I would be driving and really dating. Mom and dad were so good to me and decided to buy me a car. I was so thrilled and I felt so old. But I soon found out that a car doesn't leave a girl free from restrictions, it only adds more. I loved to drive and since I was one of the older of my friends, I was one of the first to get my license. One night after APA I had a carload of girls and before going home we decided to drive up Main Street and around the park. Two of my passengers were hanging out the window at some boys when I looked in my rearview mirror and saw flashing red lights. Needless to say I was terrified! The policemen were quite amused with us all, but being so nervous I couldn't see anything except that I was sure I was getting a ticket. Fortunately they had no intention of doing so, but only warned us about the danger of hanging out the window. During my sophmore year I was the Pep Club President and actually spent more time working than on school activities.

I was quite a bit more involved my Junior year. Not only was I still working, attending early morning seminary, and active in APA, but I was still attending school! I tried very hard to keep up with my studies that year because I knew it would be important just before my Senior year. I really enjoyed my Social Studies class with Mr. Schultheis. He was the most personable teacher I ever had. I enjoyed especially learning in depth about WWII. I was an active member in the Honor Society and Quill & Scroll Club. The Publication class working on the yearbook was also very demanding but fun. There were always so many deadlines to meet. By my Junior year I had accumulated so many friends. I started becoming better friends with a few girls in my ward. Sheila and Julie were always two of my best friends and still are. We were all in the Mia-Maid presidency that year. The three of us and one other friend, Syd, decided to go to girls camp. The leaders were thrilled to have us go because of such poor participation that year. I have a slight hunch that they quickly changed their minds after the first two days with us. The "Big 4" or the "Fearsome Foursome" (as they called us) were very uncooperative. We didn't attend the scheduled classes except sports or arts and crafts. We did most of our own cooking

because we brought food we liked, and we usually bribed the younger girls into doing alot of our duties. We also slept yards away from the camp so we could have our own private camp. The camp leaders threatened to separate us but we threatened that we'd leave and start walking home. I don't think they even mentioned camp to us again till we were out of mutual.

After two years of secretarial work, I decided to quit my job to enjoy the summer and my senior year. The summers before I didn't get to spend much time swimming in our pool except in the evenings. However, that particular summer I swam everyday and became golden tan. I spent some time with my cousin Terece that summer. We took one little trip with Uncle Richard to Lake Havasu City and the London Bridge. We stayed in a nice motel on the lake. Uncle Richard only had the best and made it so fun for Terece and I. We spent alot of time down by the London Bridge shopping and wandering. We also rented a pedal boat and pedaled under the bridge.

To start my senior year, I was called as the Young Women's Laurel President. I felt this was quite a fulfilling and challenging calling. School was not too demanding for the most part. I only had four classes, but continued in the Honor Society, being Quill and Scroll President and Class section Editor of the Yearbook. I also enjoyed participating in the school's first pop ensemble group. I made alot of new friends and learned about professional performing. My friends and I all enjoyed being Seniors and played it to the hilt. We had some real fun people in our class and we were all very good friends. We protected the Senior Benches from all the underclassmen and always won all the class contests.

I took on a part time job at the Oaklane Pre-School to allow me a little more spending money, since I was in the habit of having it. I really enjoyed the job because it was so relaxed and undemanding. I learned alot about children and came to be close to all of them.

The time came to start planning my future. I decided to attend Brigham Young University, but I was still very unsure of a career decision.

Most of that year our household arrangements were unsteady. Since dad had decided to take a job back in Colorado, we were trying to sell the house. Dad had to start work in December and it was very difficult for us all to live without him. Mother was lonely for him often, so they spent quite a bit of time flying back and forth to be together. Finally the house sold in March and we began packing. We moved in a big caravan but not the kind shown in the desert in the movies. We were traveling through mountains and snowstorms that made the roads very dangerous. I spent three weeks in Montrose helping the family move into our nice, new home. While I was there I learned how to ski also. After my winter vacation, I returned to Boulder City to finish out the school year and graduate. For those months I lived with Garry, Linda and my nieces Krissell and Danielle. They treated me so well and we were all so lonely for the rest of the family. Linda and I wanted to call mom every day. When we called we would cry just hearing Angela's little voice because we missed her so much. We missed them all and would say every day, "what do you think Dad and Mom and Julie and Angela are doing today?" I really am glad that I did get to spend that time with them though, because we all got to be quite close. My big brother and sister-in-law were so good to me.

After graduation I said my good-byes and headed for Colorado. My parents, Julie and Angela were all glad to have me home I think, and I was glad to be there. I had a part time job waiting for me upon arrival in Montrose. I was a bus-girl at a darling little restaurant called the "Root-Cellar". I worked all summer and prepared for college. I did return to Nevada once in July with my friend Kathy from Montrose. We flew into Las Vegas for a short four day visit with my Boulder City friends. I had a good time showing Kathy around and introducing her to my friends.

Near the end of August I was to report to college. Sheila, one of my best friends and

roommates was all moved in and waiting for me. We were so excited. We really got along as roommates, although no one thought we could. Unbelieveable as it was we spent more time in our room studying than we did socializing. We were the first ones in bed for the first little while, but soon we became accustomed to college life and usually weren't asleep before 2:00 a.m. we became good friends with some of our roommates and still keep in contact with them. Some times we were very lonely for our friends and family but probably the most difficult adjustments for us both was being without a car. When I came home to visit I was riding in the back of our car and my mother asked me if I would like to ride up front, and I replied that "no, it didn't matter, I was just glad to be riding in a car".

After being away from my family alone for the first time, and upon returning home to live with them, I have learned to love and appreciate them more than ever before. I really enjoy being with them and thank Father in heaven every night for them and the love that our family shares. I only hope that through love from our close family I can give my child or children as happy and fulfilling youth as I had.

WILLIAM VAUGHN and ISABELLE LEAVITT JONES FAMILY,

Update to April 1986

KEITH'S FAMILY:

Nancy Belle (Keith and Mary's youngest daughter) is married to Chris Kuzelka (a returned missionary) and they live in Phoenix, Arizona. He is employed with his father in the air-conditioning business. They have two children, Chester Keith and Annie Kay.

Julie Nadine (Keith and Mary's oldest daughter) and her daughter, Angela K., live in Phoenix, Arizona, where Julie is employed as an assistant optometrist. Both are active in the church and Julie is planning a June 6 marriage in the Mesa Temple.

Garry Keith and Linda Erickson Jones live in Magna, Utah, where he is employed as vice president of a bank. They have four children: Krissel, Danielle, Janielle and Garry Keith Jones, Jr.

Keith and Mary live in Phoenix where he works for the Department of Energy and Mary works at a school for handicapped children. They have 7 grandchildren and expect one more in 1986.

LORIN'S FAMILY:

Kevin Vaughn and Tina Patrick Jones live in Sandy, Utah, where he is a police officer for Salt Lake City. They have two children, Brendon Vaughn and Carlie Marie. After their marriage in the St. George Temple, Kevin continued his studies and later graduated from the Los Angeles County Sheriff Acadamy.

Kristine (Lorin and Ferral's daughter) is married to Mervyn Bennion and they live in the Bloomington section of St. George, Utah. Merv manages a mortage company and Kristine gives music lessons and is active in local music groups. They have one son, Mervyn Sharp Bennion (the 4th), he is also known as Mickey.

Melvin Royce and Jill Elaine Sneed Jones also live in Bloomington near Kristine and Merv. Royce is Executive Director of the St. George Chamber of Commerce and Jill is a Para-Legal. They have three children: Tiffany Kristine, Trenton Royce, and Alexander Valorn.

Russell Lorin (Lorin and Ferral's oldest son) and Thao live in San Diego, California, where he works for an aircraft plant. They are buying property in the Veyo area where they hope to retire and have horses. They have one son, Russell Lorin Jones, Jr., who is sometimes known as Rusty.

Lorin and Ferral live in Veyo and Salt Lake City where he works for Western Systems Coordinating Council. They have 7 grandchildren and expect one more in 1986.

MAURINE'S FAMILY:

Update of our family - By Maurine Jones Hoff - April 16, 1986

By way of a brief update to my family since our original submission of histories, I submit the following:

A variety of both good and bad experiences have beset the family. One of the most heart rending has been the loss of our granddaughter, Stacey Green.

Stacy Nina Green, born December 19, 1969, daughter of Joan Fawcett Green and Danny E. Green, was killed in an jeep accident on March 27, 1984, in Snow's Canyon (Dixie State Park) just a few miles from her home in Ivins. She was riding in the backseat of the jeep as they, her girlfriend and the driver, Cliff Rasmussen, were returning from the canyon. The jeep overturned and Stacey was thrown out and killed instantly.

She is remembered for her sweet and winning smile, her sense of humor, her pleasant personality and her special love for animals. Stacey loved everyone and at age 14 had much to offer life and much to gain. We regret that she will miss many of life's experiences here but know that she will have opportunities for growth in paradise. She is greatly missed by her entire family and her many friends. But we know we will have the opportunity to see her again and be with her after this life.

Joan's family has had some other important changes, too. Ted Vaughn Green married Angela Kline on July 21, 1984, in St. George, Utah. They lived in Middleton for some time and have now bought a home in Ivins. My first great grandchild, John Jacob Green, was born to them on January 8, 1986. Ted is employed with Anderson Lumber and Angie with American Savings.

Shelley Green married Bryan Hutchinson in August 1983 in Las Vegas, Nevada. They lived in Middleton and then moved to Riverside, California, near his parents, where they both work at a "golden living" type center. No children yet for them.

Brent and Susan Fawcett now have three children. After waiting so many years, they are really please to have Brandi Belle Fawcett born November 26, 1976, William Cody Fawcett born June 7, 1978, and Robert Kevin Fawcett born April 6, 1983. They live in Magna, Utah.

Also, Val LaRee and Richard Thomas have three children now: Brian born November 11, 1976, Laurie born May 18, 1978, and Sharon born March 6, 1980. They live in Sandy, Utah. Between Keith and I we have 14 grandchildren.

ALICE'S FAMILY:

Kelly Mark Holt married Paula White and they live in LaVerkin, Utah. He works as a printer for Heritage Press. They have two daughters, Kimberly Kay and Savannah Jo.

Bradford Ralston Holt married Diane Barney and they live in LaVerkin, Utah. He is a pilot for Sky West Airlines. They have a daughter, Nicole, and a son, Zachary Bradford.

Danny Merlyn and Toni Wilson Holt live in St. George where he is self employed at Holt's Dental Lab. They have five children: Corey, Mathew, Kristi, Amber and Lana Jo. Danny is in his fourth year of serving as Bishop of the First Ward, St. George Utah Stake.

Lana Kay (Alice and Merlyn's youngest daughter) and her husband, Paul Nickolaus, live near Apple Valley, California, where they are self employed in a dental lab. business. They have one daughter, Alice LaRene, who was married September 28, 1985, to Kurt Jon Olbeter, they live in Woodbridge, Virginia.

Marilyn and Ben Brown are self employed at Heritage Press, St. George, Utah, (publishers of this book). They have two daughters: Kathy and Pamela. Kathy is married to Steve Wilson and they have four sons: Trent, Justin, Cody and Tyson. Pam is married to Matt Jessop and they live in St. George.

Carolyn and Farrell DeMille live in Cedar City, Utah. They have four children. Joyce married Dean LaFevre and they have one son, Shane. Lance married Billy Jo Wright and they have a daughter, Kayla. Linda is serving an LDS Mission in Brazil. Youngest daughter, Laura, is working and attending school in Cedar City.

Alice and Merlyn live in LaVerkin where he has a welding business. They recently completed a cabin on Kolob Mountain. They have 16 grandchildren and expect one more in 1986, they have 6 great grandchildren and expect one more in 1986.

LAVERNE'S FAMILY:

Scott and Glenda Milne Hirschi live in St. George where he is self employed at Ace Mechanical, Inc. They have four children: Kandis, Lee Scott, Kassi, and Richard Jace. Scott is Bishop of the 6th Ward, East St. George Utah Stake.

Barbara (Lee and Laverne's daughter) and husband, Mel Watkins, live in St. George where they are self employed at Interwest Properties. Their children are: Kimberly who married Cliff Christensen and they live in Cedar City. Nancy who married Jason Porritt and they live in St. George. Lisa who is attending school in Provo, and Courtney and Melanie.

Gloria lives in St. George where she is self employed at 'For Kids Only' and the 'ABC Maternity Shop'. She is married to Roger Olson, August 10, 1985. Her daughter, Terece, works for an accounting firm and has recently received her mission call to the Denver, Colo., Mission. She enters the mission home on May 8, 1986. Heather is working and attending school in California. Hollie is working in St. George and lives at home.

ISABELLE LEAVITT JONES:

Grandma Belle will celebrate her 85th birthday this year, but she continues to be young at heart. She is truly a beautiful lady, always looks so nice and speaks well of everyone. She attends church and family activities, maintains her home, and is loved and admired by her family and friends.

M. ROYCE JONES

Friendly and optimistic are words that perhaps best describe this week's businessman. M. Royce Jones is the owner of Dixie Amusement and Vending Company and Pioneer Supply Company.

Royce is a native of the Southern Utah area and is originally from Veyo. He was born in Cedar City, while his parents and grandparents hail from the Veyo and Gunlock areas. Most of his youth, however, was spent in California and Nevada.

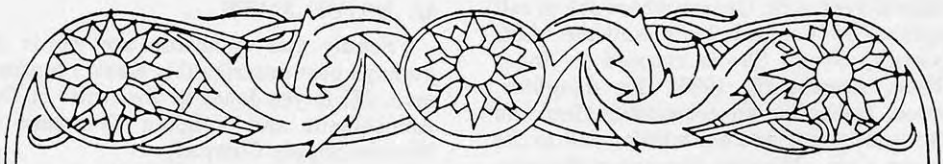
Following high school in Las Vegas, Royce attended Dixie College, Utah State University and University of Nevada, Las Vegas. After college and holding various jobs which ranged from working at Kellwood in St. George to selling for Lamb and One Company in Las Vegas (and most everything in between), Royce purchased a 7—11 Store franchise in Las Vegas. He had the distinction of being, at age 23, the youngest store owner in the Southland Corporation. Later he sold the store in order to move back to Southern Utah. Here he took over Dixie Amusement and Vending Company and also began a motel and restaurant supply firm, Pioneer Supply.

You may know this smiling guy as an active member of the Dixie Sunshiners, of which he is currently serving as Vice President.

Royce and his wife Jill are parents of two small children: Tiffany Kristine, two and one half years; and Trenton Royce, age four months.

While not busy with his work, Royce enjoys spending time with his family on various outings, water skiing, golfing and playing chess. He is an avid reader and enjoys the challenge of a good crossword puzzle or trivia quiz! Royce has a special fondness for children and is currently serving as a cubmaster.

The next time you see Royce around town, why not say hello? You're likely to receive a warm greeting in reply.



Alvin Alfred Jones Family

Section V

Alvin Jones Family



Alvin and Thelma Jones



Derald Jones
Washington St. Farm



Derald Jones
Washington State Farm



Thelma and Alvin Jones



Alvin and Thelma Jones

Alvin Jones Family



Alvin Jones 1923



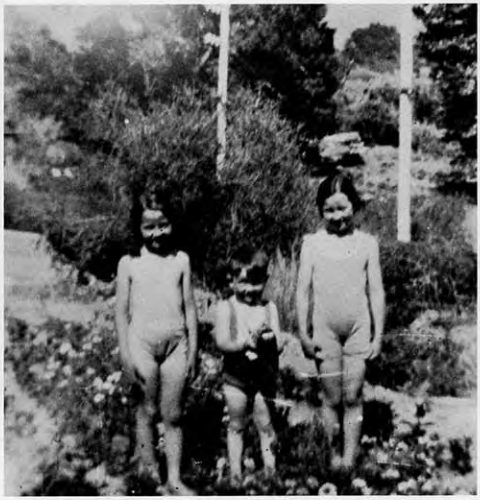
Thelma Burgess Jones 1923



Iris and Maxine Jones



Maxine and Derald Jones



Iris, Derald and Maxine Jones



Anna Marie Jones
3 years



Iris Hoggan, Derald Jones, Maxine Staheli,
Alvin Jones, Thelma Jones



Alvin and Thelma Jones Family

Alvin Jones Family



Thelma Burgess Jones



Derald Jones
In front of Enterprise store



Maxine Jones Tait Staheli



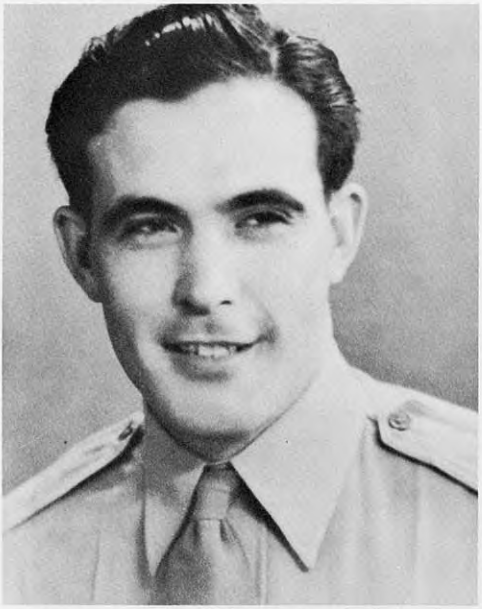
Maxine Jones Tait Staheli



Maxine, Irene, Rodney Staheli



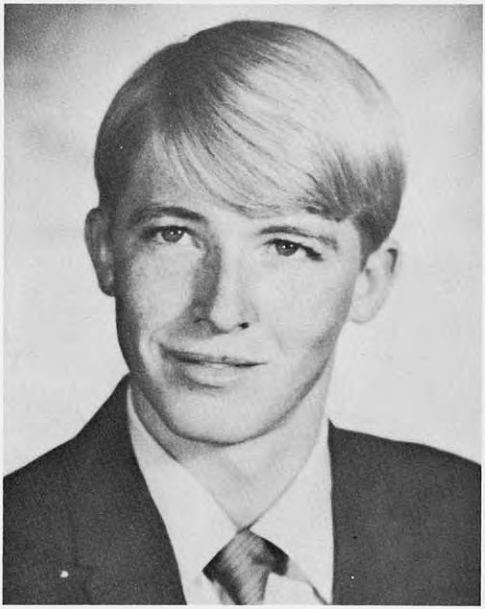
Irene Staheli



Glendon Tait
World War II casualty



Grant Staheli
1964



Grant Staheli



Orrin Staheli



Grant and Irene Staheli



Rulon Staheli

Alvin Jones Family



Rodney and Maxine Staheli Family



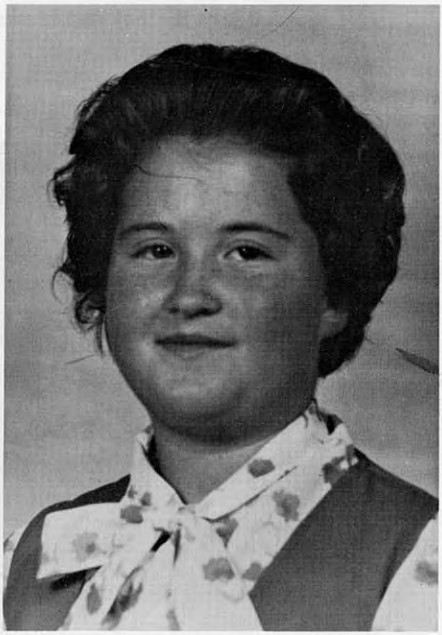
Rodney and Maxine Staheli Family



Irene Staheli Wedding



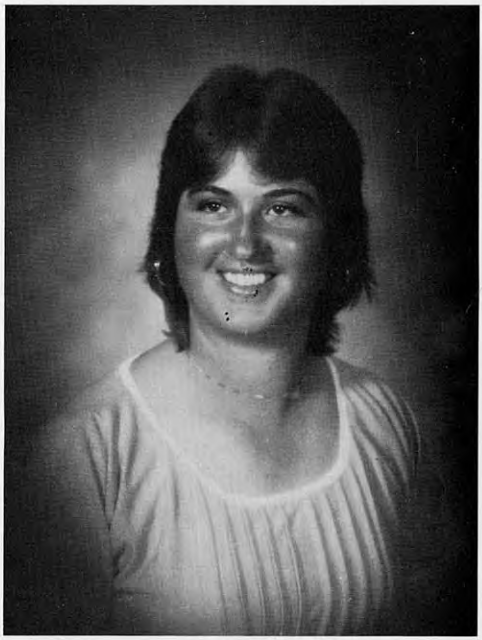
Grant Staheli



Rita Staheli



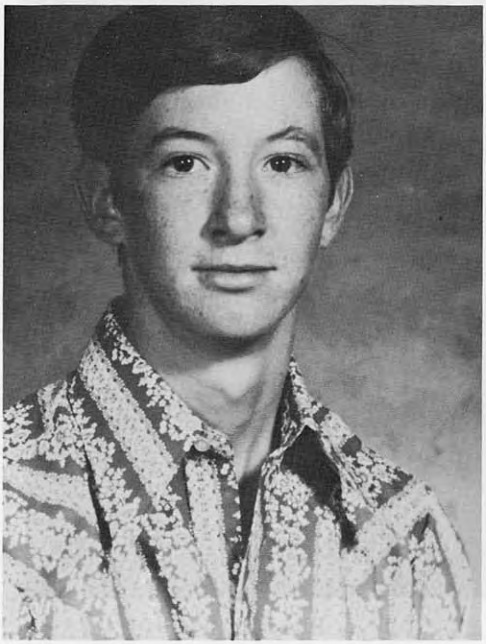
Rulon Staheli 1964



Rita Staheli



Christmas 1978
Irene and Leslie Jacobson and boys



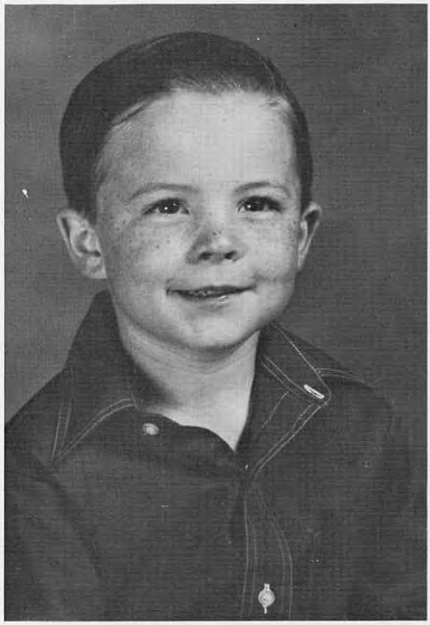
Orrin Staheli



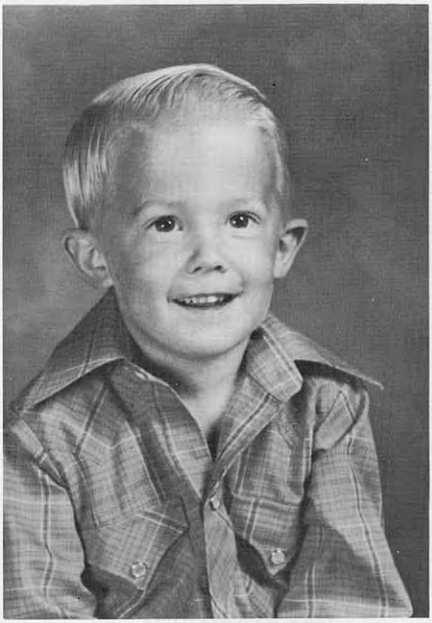
Grant and Joan Staheli Family



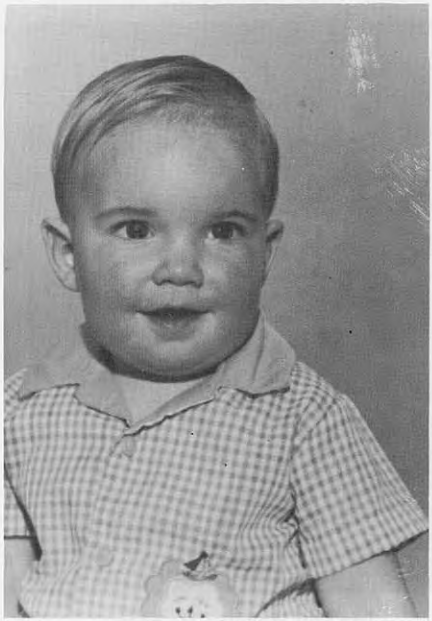
Dax Jacobsen 2 years



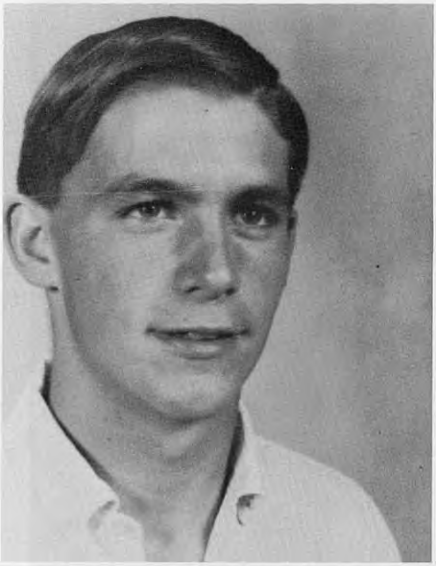
Dax Jacobson 5 years



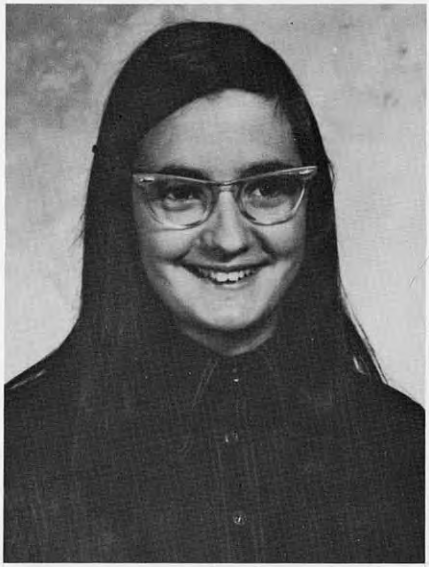
Bret Jacobson 4 years old



Jared Cody Jacobson 1 year old



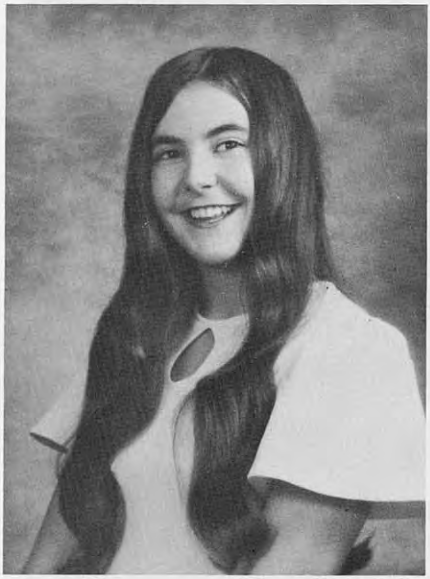
Craig Hoggan



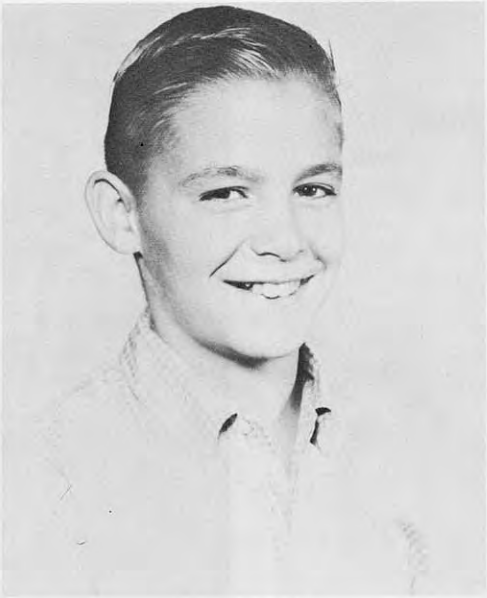
Susan Hoggan 8th grade



Iris and Howard Hoggan
with daughters and granddaughter



Jana Hoggan 1974



Lynn Hoggan



Susan Hoggan 3 1/2 years



Jona Hoggan 6 years



Ralph Hoggan



Ralph Hoggan 8 years old



Ralph and Lynn Hoggan



Howard and Iris Hoggan
First family "Get-to-gether" after Craig
returned from his mission September 1974



Karen and Lynn Hoggan

Alvin Jones Family

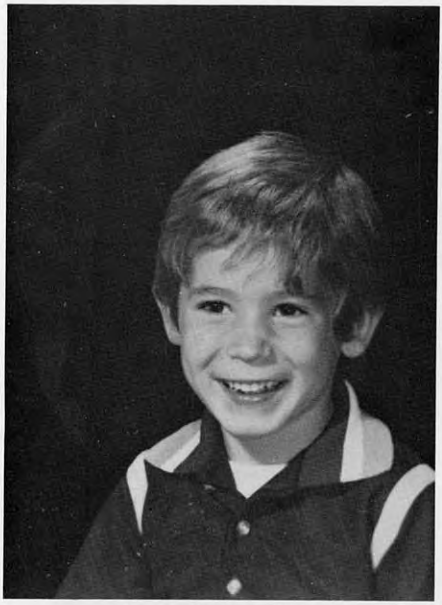




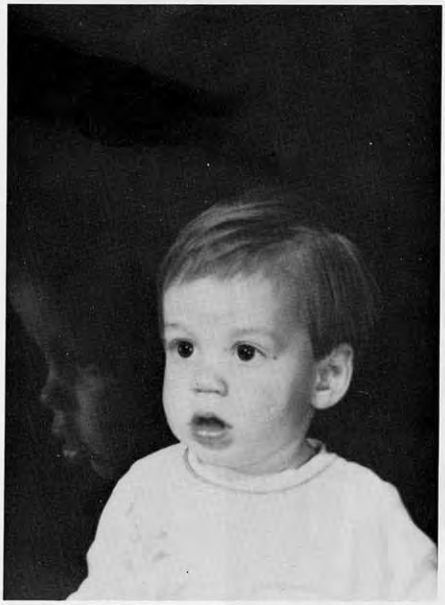
Ralph Hoggan Family
Kittie, Leslie, Ralph



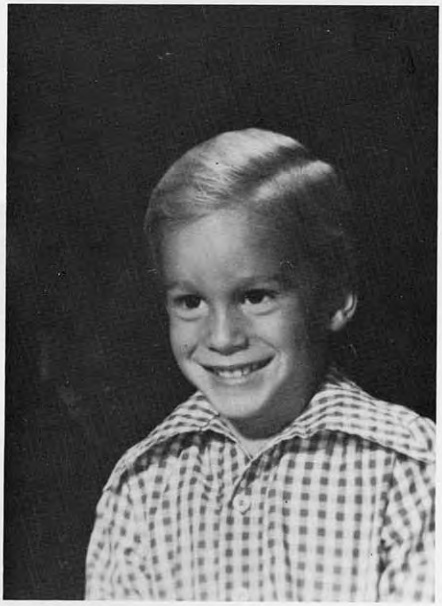
JasonHoggan 10 months
1978



Jason Hoggan 6 years



Andrew Hoggan 10 months



Jamie Hoggan 3 1/2 years



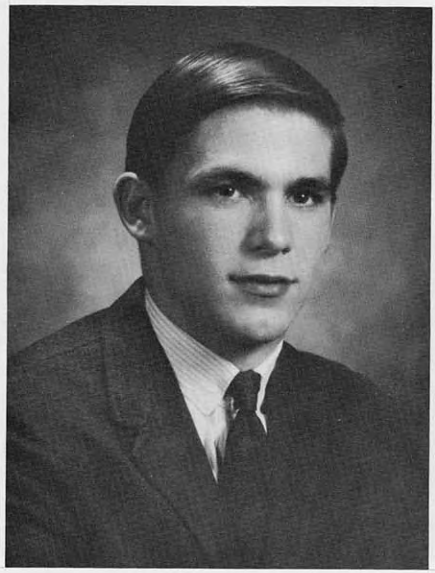
Thayne Spencer Jones
January 1979



Chas Tyler Jacobson
3 1/2 months



Susan, Howard, Iris, Jana Hoggan



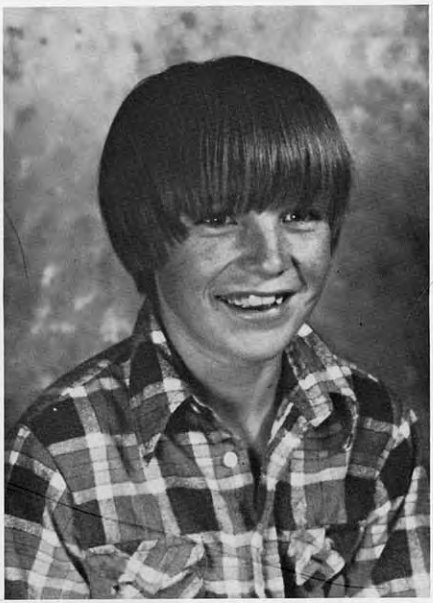
Lynn Hoggan



Elder Ralph Hoggan
with companion



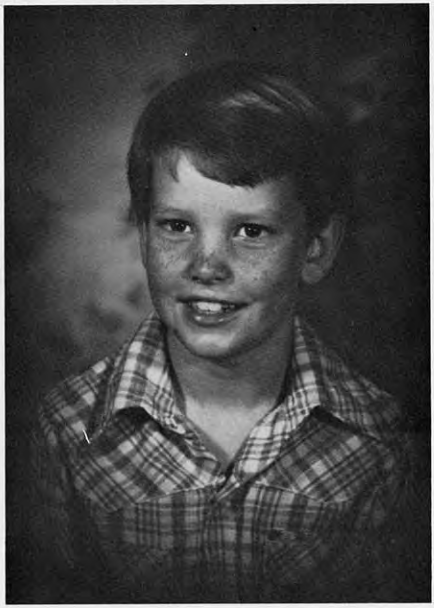
Connie Hendrickson 1980



Bryon Hendrickson 1980



Sherri Hendrickson 1980
age 10



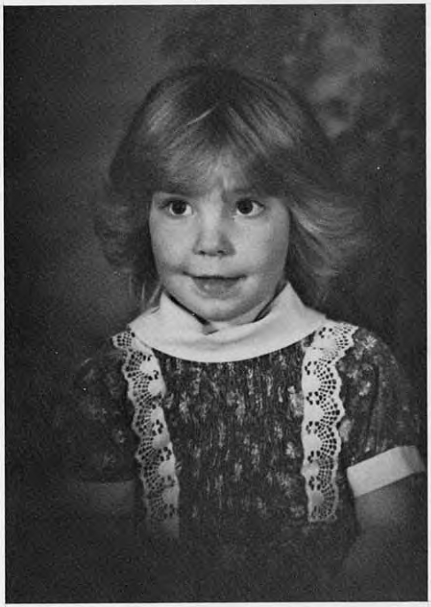
Greg Hendrickson 1980
age 8



Julie Hendrickson 1980
age 6



Debbie Hendrickson 1980
age 4



Becka Hendrickson 1980
age 3



Susan Hoggan



Derald and Betty Jones



Derald on farm in Milford, Utah



Derald and Betty Jones
1975



Hyrum, Craig, Wayne, Flint,
Shauna, Sharrel, Shane Jones



Derald and Betty Jones and Family



Sharral Jones 6 years



Sharral Jones 14 years



Shanna Jones 5 years



Shanna Jones 8 years



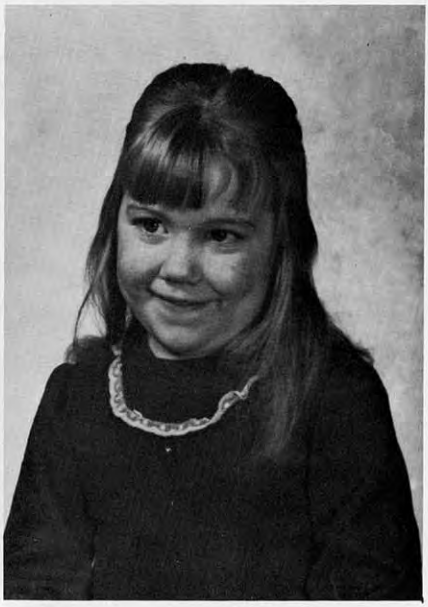
Shane Jones 8 years



Shane Jones 10 years

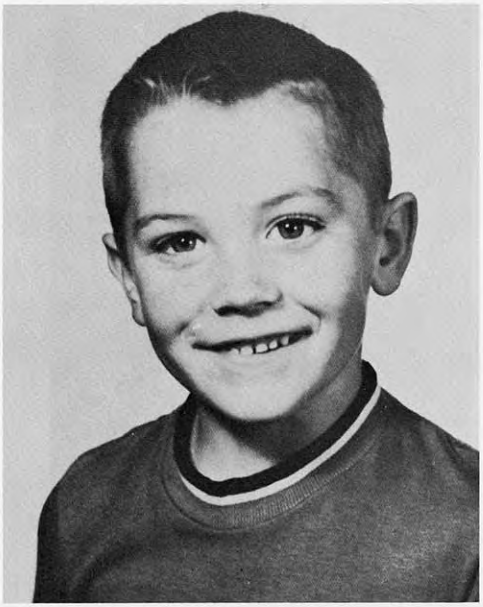


Shantay Jones 4 years

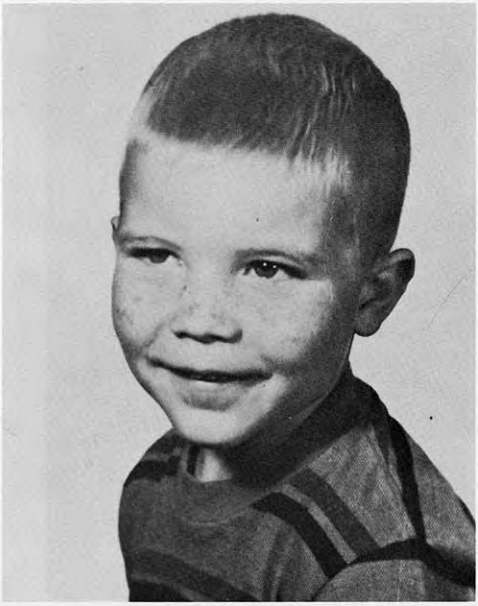


Shantay Jones 6 years

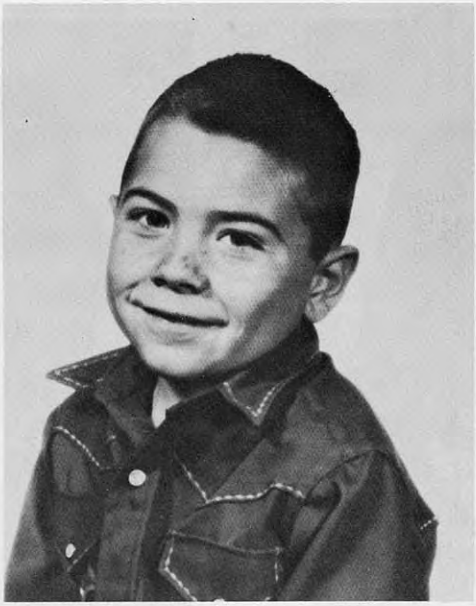
Alvin Jones Family



Craig Jones



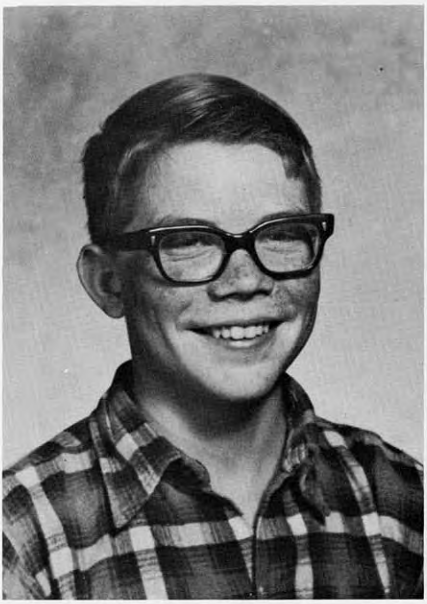
Wayne Jones



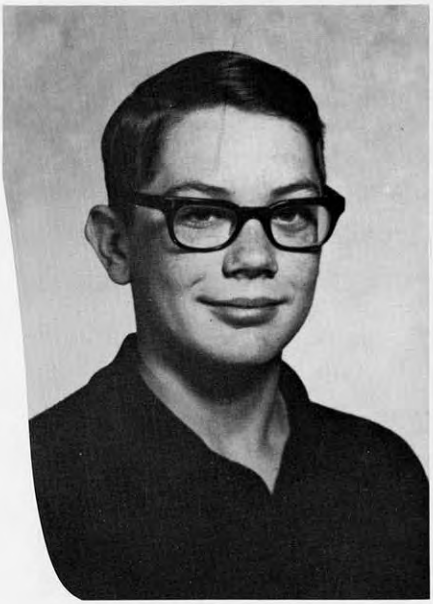
Flint Jones 1966
age 6



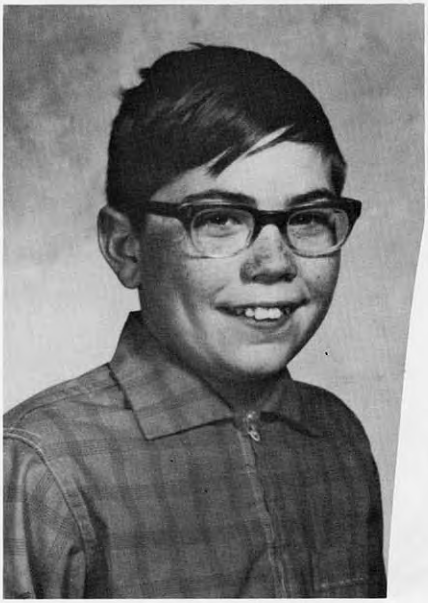
Hyrum D. Jones, 1968, 12 years



Wayne Jones



Craig Jones



Flint Jones



Hyrum Jones



Hyrum Jones



Craig Hoggan, 10 years



Craig Hoggan, 13 years, 1966



Derald Jones in uniform



''Handsome'' Derald Jones August 1952
Mankabo, Minn., 506 Record Street
on mission



Derald Jones



Anna Marie Jones



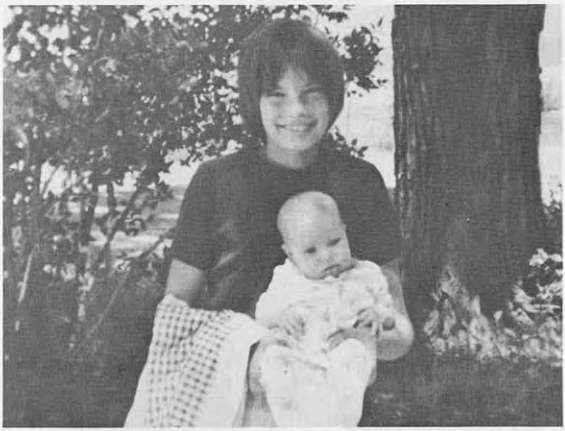
Anna Marie Jones
Jim Hendrickson



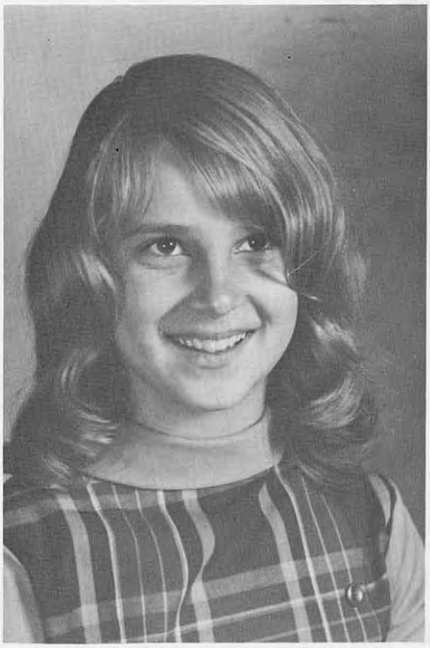
Anna Marie Jones



Anna Marie Jones



Connie (13 years) Hendrickson holding
Nancy Jane Hendrickson (3 months)



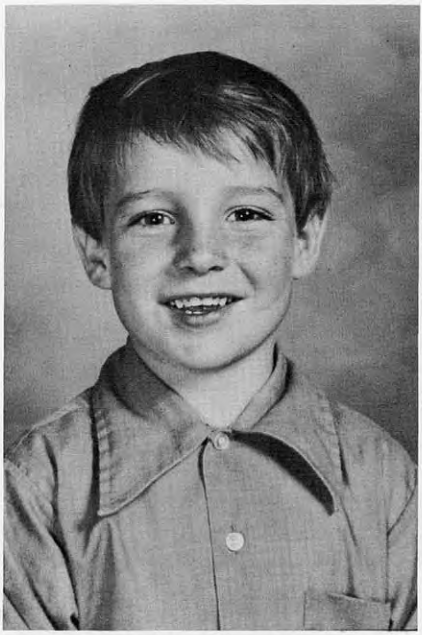
Tamar Hendrickson



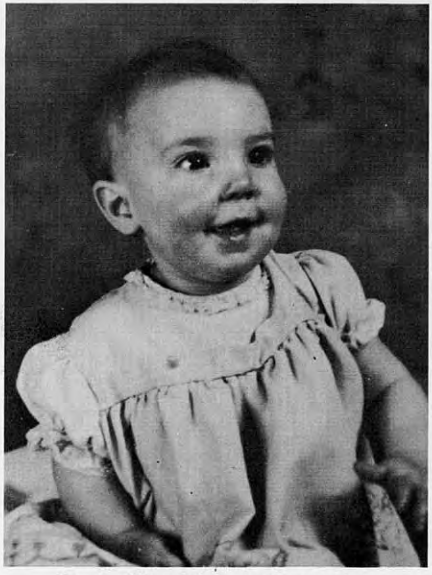
Connie Hendrickson



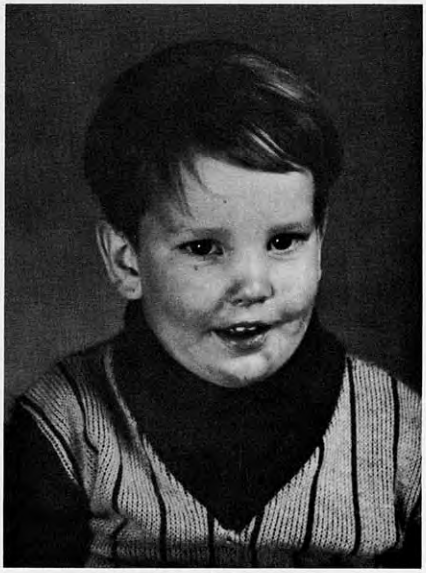
Tami Hendrickson, 18 years



1975 Bryan Hendrickson



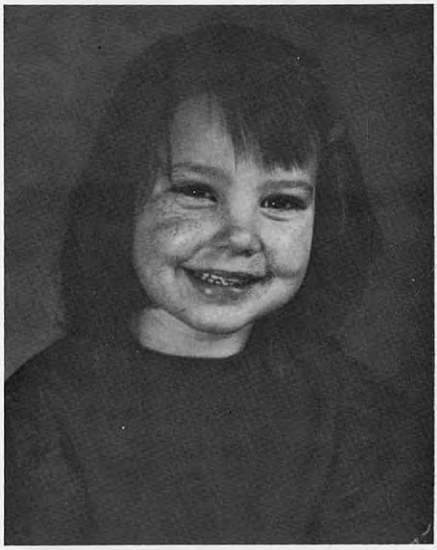
Becka Hendrickson 7 months



Greg Hendrickson 1975
3 1/2 years



Debbie Hendrickson
3 years



Sherri Hendrickson 1975



Julie Hendrickson 1975
2 years



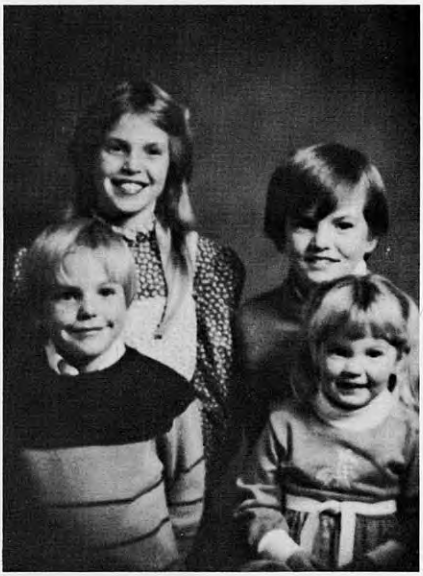
December 28, 1947
Milford, Utah
Howard Hoggan and Anna Marie Jones



Anna Marie, Jim Hendrickson
Connie and Tami



Orrin Staheli Children
Shannon and Reece



Ralph Hoggan Children
Leslie, Mark,
Wade, and Andrea



Kalvin
son of Rulon Staheli

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ALVIN ALFRED JONES

I, Alvin Alfred Jones, the 4th son of Hyrum Ellis and Nancy Jane Hunt Jones was born at Holts Ranch, near Enterprise, Utah, the 19th day of November 1902 at 10:00 A.M., two days following the earthquake that shook the home at Hebron, Utah.

Father's family had lived at Hebron four years previous to the earthquake on the 17th of November 1902. There is little evidence remaining of Hebron now, except the cemetery, located across the wash north of the forks of the reservior and Terry ranch road. The earthquake separated the side wall from the gable end and a brick fell in the crack. Unable to remove the brick, father felt the house unsafe to live in. He took the family to Holts Ranch ten or twelve miles east of Hebron, where mother could be with her sister, Alice Hunt Holt. I was born in the new rock addition to the Henry D. Holt home and where Vaughn had been born 34 months and 12 days previous.

When I was 10 days old we moved to Gunlock, Utah where Dad was put in as 1st Counselor to Bishop Holt. In the spring of 1904, when I was 18 months old, we moved to the Foster Ranch. The Foster Ranch is now covered by the waters of Baker Dam. That fall we moved to Pine Valley and lived there until after Joseph Allen was born, 11 March 1906. Joseph only lived a short time and was buried in Pine Valley. Mother never recovered her health after his birth and we moved back to Gunlock to be near her mother. Mother passed away 12 June 1906 at the age of 29 and was buried in Gunlock, Utah.

As father had to work for wages he left my three older brothers, Ellis Wilson, Clarence Amos, William Vaughn, and myself with others. We lived with Grandma Hunt, Lydia Holt, Uncle Edwin S. Jones and others, two at a place. As I was the youngest and more trouble, father favored me some and took me with him on the freight line. He was freighting for B.J. Lund and Co. from Modena to State Line, Gold Springs, Faye, Pioche, Panaca, and other camps near Modena. I remember waking up many a time and finding myself alone except the howling coyotes close to camp. I would understand what had happened, as father hobbled his horses, at times he would find that they had wandered a number of miles toward home during the night. I always wanted to camp in or near a town if possible instead of in the hills or on the desert. I was very timid and bashful though, one time a quick shower came up while passing a boarding house, father tried to get me to go in but nothing doing. I'd rather sit in the wagon in the rain anytime than to face all those men, so Dad let me stay and he went in out of the rain. The men said-"That kid sure has a lot of grit"-but it wasn't grit it was timidness or fear of people.

After a year or so Dad hired Aunt Mary to take care of us so we were all together again. Aunt Mary had divorced Uncle Alfred Hunt (mother's brother) who had gone to Nevada to live. She was having a hard time rearing her two girls and a boy having let her sister, Esther Hunt, adopt or raise her girl Beatrice. Not long after combining the families Dad and Aunt Mary were married and we moved back to our home in Pine Valley.

Our home in Pine Valley was a two story frame house with kitchen and bedroom lean-to on the south side. When we would

play Anti-i-over and I got the ball I would give it to someone bigger to throw it over the house. The first time I threw it over was on my sixth birthday, I thought I had really accomplished something. In the summer time I thought the sorvis berries were really something and on the 4th and 24th of July they ran foot and horse races and other games. One I remember well was when men on horses would ride on a fast gallop shooting with six shooters at a ring or some target mounted on the top of a pole. I especially remember Milton (Mitt) Moody because he was the Forest Ranger who had killed the big grizzly bear that did so much damage to stock in the Valley. In the winter time I remember the snow being so deep at times we could walk over our board fence about four feet high. Also remember the ice skating in the north lane.

In 1909 Dad sold our place in Pine Valley to Stanley Calkins and bought a house and lot in Gunlock from Bishop Franklin O. Holt who had married Aunt Mary's sister Emma. The first time I remember Wilford, their son, was when he got me to ride a calf. I still have the scar of that ride in my hand. I started school in Gunlock at the age of nearly seven. George Bowler was my teacher and I well remember standing up by the blackboard in front of the whole school with that noisy white-headed girl of his (Lenna). Erma Bowler (Bracken) was just two days older than I but she started school the year before so she was always one grade ahead. Evelyn was two weeks younger than I but Aunt Mary started her in Pine Valley. She didn't go long so she and I went through school together in the same class. I went through school without a boy in my class except the 4th grade. Maurice Platt, a grandson of the teacher, was in my class but he was such a sissy he just as well have been a girl. My teachers were: George Bowler; John Whipple; Henry Graff; Arthur Paxman; Charles W. Cottam; Mrs Grey; Henry Graff; Lula Wilson; and Martha Cox.

We lived in the middle of town but our corrals and stackyard were at the south end of town. We had quite a walk to milk and feed the stock, of course we kept our pigs at the back of our lot. After moving to Gunlock Dad bought ½ of the Bert Truman homestead on the Magodsi, three miles north of Bigelow Ranch and nine miles north of Gunlock. We lived on the ranch summers and in Gunlock winters. Bert would get a kick out of Richard (Dick) Truman and I wrestling while resting after unloading a load of hay.

When we first moved to Gunlock they held Church, School, dances and etc in the old adobe school house that Dad and Grandpa Jones made the adobes for and built when Dad was in his teens. Two or three years after moving back to Gunlock a new church house was built on the lot and a partition fence was put in. The school moved into the new church house when I was in the 3rd or 4th grade. I believe we moved in mid-winter of the 3rd grade. I was janitor for three or four of my last years in school.

The summer I was eight we rented part of the Bigelow ranch from John H. Bowler and lived there that summer. Dad borrowed a horse we called Browny from Uncle Henry D. Holt. That summer on Browny I learned to ride a horse on a lope alone. That same summer Milton Bowler and I went to the Barley field to turn the water. On our way home on a spirited mare she ran away. The road went down a steep bank with a ditch midway. Instead of the mare jumping the bridge she went around it and Milt and I went straight over it on our heads. When we came to we went home, he upstairs and I crawled into a wagonbox we used for a bedroom. After sleeping a few hours our families found us and we felt alright.

I went to Central, Utah the summer I was twelve to work for Jess Holt, my cousin, for 50c a day - ½ cash and ½ produce. I raked all the hay and helped pile it, others hauled it on shares. Jess plowed the garden, I made the furrows, planted, watered, and weeded it.

While I was still in school Dad said he had a wagon box full of chopped wood sold if I could get it and take it to St. George. Ellis helped me chop the wagon box of wood and Jacob went with me to St. George. We went nearly to Shem Friday evening, then

Saturday we got in St. George in good time, unloaded the wood, and collected the five dollars for the wood. We then went to Judds store and bought a pair of shoes with the five dollars; nearly three days with a team and wagon for a pair of shoes.

I didn't graduate from school even though I took the 8th grade two years. One year the canal broke and washed out the dugway on what they called Big Hill coming from Veyo. Heber J. Hunt and I got a chance to work for the Dixie Power Co. repairing the road. The other spring I worked for Heber Empey plowing the valley at the foot of the mountain under the Apex mine with Clarence, Hyrum Empey, and William Harrendance. Then early springs I always spoke to be the one to go to the ranch early to get the garden in before school was out, so I never got to take a final exam.

The last year in school we played the town team in basketball. It was a tie game at the end of the time period but they edged us out in the 2nd overtime. We went to Santa Clara and beat them in basketball. We could of and should of beaten St. George but we went down with no teacher or adviser. We had practiced the rules so perfectly that while we played the rules, and they didn't, they beat us in the 1st quarter so badly we couldn't catch up the rest of the game. They would not play us again. Years later we, as a Veyo team, played Enterprise and beat them. When the team went to Santa Clara I was working and could not go and Santa Clara beat them. Milton Bowler said if I had been with them we could have won. Milton was an excellent forward and I played center. Milton and I challenged any two in Gunlock for a game of 21 and Howard and Lester Leavitt played and we beat them. Then we challenged any two in Central and Norval and Hal Bracken played and we won again. Then Norval and Milton played Hal and I and we beat them, then we changed partners and we won again; I would rather play basketball than eat. I also liked to box, after I was eight or nine years old I don't think there was a holiday passed without me having the gloves on with someone until I was married and a few times after I was married.

The summer of 1920, father managed the Lytle ranch for Bro. Lytle and he hired me to help that summer. Clarence knew I wanted to get on as an operator when #2 power plant started and suggested that I come down and try to get a job helping assemble it. So in September most of the harvesting done I left Lytle and came down to Veyo. Vaughn was canalman for the Power Co. and needed some shoveling done so I shoveled moss three days out of the canal near the settling pond on top of the hill from the old #1 power plant. A. L. Woodhouse, president of the power Co. told Clarence he could have ten days off to go to the Wash. Co. Fair if he could get someone to take his place. Vaughn had the chance but he, too, wanted to go to the Fair because they were going to ride the buffalo for the first time. I relieved Clarence for his vacation but after the ten days Woodhouse had me stay on operating #1 power Plant while Clarence helped assemble #2 plant. Afterwards Clarence operated #2 plant and they put #1 on three shifts -- Larson, Slade, and myself. The three eight hr. shifts were fine for awhile but Larson, having the day shift, began going off mornings and not showing up until mid-afternoon, leaving me a 14 hour shift, so I quit the forepart of April. I was helping Uncle James Bunker with his hay in May when Larson called and wanted me to go start the plant the next morning at 4 A.M. The load had picked up so Clarence was having to operate #2 twelve to sixteen hours per day. I was to start #2 each morning at 4 to 6 A.M. for a 8 hour shift; they were to let me know the night before what hour to start it. It turned out to be at 6 A.M. until 2 P.M., the best shift I ever had especially for a young guy sporting. (It was here I learned love to read.

While I wasn't working in April, Frankie Wilson brought a herd of horses through headed for Las Vegas. He gave me a fancy bridle for the pasture in the little field I had bought from Dad. I had bought the John Hunt field across the creek from the north end of Gunlock from Dad the summer I worked for Lytle. Years later I traded this

field to Francis J. Bowler for a young milk cow. I took the cow down to Clarences pasture in St. George, just south of the temple, and someone got her that fall. I bought an old mare and saddle from Tom Leavitt for $25.00 and traded the old mare to Wilson for a nice looking four year old horse that looked like he could run. I never ran him because you never knew whether he was going to run or buck; he never got over his bucking habit. I traded him to Glen Leavitt for a mule. I used the mule a year or two until it got out of Clarence's pasture at Veyo and got away; I never saw it again. Ellis had two saddle horses so I bought one from him. I used his race horse until I bought a one-horse buggy then traded for his heavier mare to pull the buggy. In 1922 I went out to Enterprise Rodeo in the one-horse buggy and brought back a 1918 Buick touring car. I bought it from Norris Bros. from Lund and paid $350.00 for it. Mrs. John L. Heywood drove the horse and buggy back. I gave Ellis the horse back and gave Dad the buggy. In the Buick I took some young people to Diamond Valley sporting a couple of trips. At Diamond Valley there were Ruth and Beth Fawcett and Beatrice and Ferrol McQuarie. One trip on leaving the Fawcetts I hit a rock and knocked the plug out of the rear end. I had a quart of oil and a can of cup grease with me so I put both of them in the rear end and went on our way until we could get some #25W to put in. I sold the car to Vaughn for about the same price in November the same year after putting two new tires on it.

In September 1922 I took Richard (Dick) Bowler, Uncle James Jones, and someone else, I can't recall who it was, to St. George for the County Fair and Rodeo. We went in the Buick and stayed at Clarence's small house located about 1st North 375 West. That night I went to the dance alone, Dick had a date to take Wynema Chadburn. Not getting a kick out of the dance I started for camp catching up with Mabel Truman and the cutie I later married. I went between them taking each by the arm walking them home. We took Mabel down to Lyle Meachans at 1st W. 200 S. and Thelma home at 400 W. Tabernacle, just a block from where I was staying. She invited me back to her sister Jane's wedding the next night. I took her and Dick and Wynema to the rodeo the following three days. We got to know each other pretty good those three days and evenings enough so I continued to make regular trips. I even made two trips on horseback between selling the Buick about Thanksgiving time and buying a new Ford in December. I bought a new 1923 model T Ford from Melvin Cox, Warren Cox's oldest son, I think it was the first new car sale he had made. After buying the Ford, Thelma learned to drive right away. When she came up to #2 station for Christmas, she drove from Cottonwood ditch to Veyo. June Bunker, Anthony Bracken and James W. Hunt came up with us.

In June 1923, President Warren G. Harding was to visit Zions National Park. I arranged my vacation for that time and took Thelma, Kate and Lucille up for the occasion. We went the day before the President was to get there and explored Zions that day and the next until the President's party arrived. Then we followed his party to Cedar City -- there were no paved roads in those days and we stopped in Toquerville to wash up, we were so dusty we looked worse than Indians. We looked about the same when we reached Cedar City -- there were about 50 to 100 cars on dry dusty dirt roads. We stayed in Cedar City that night then took Kate to the train at Lund on her way to Delta. Thelma, Lucille and I came back from Lund to Modena down the railroad track across to Holt's ranch up Meadow wash, stopped at Mountain Meadows a few minutes to visit Abram and Maude Burgess, then on to St. George. I left Thelma and Lucille and went south to see some of the country Vaughn had been telling me about. I visited with Uncle Robert and Aunt Dine Chadburn in St. Thomas (which is now covered by Lake Mead). Then I went on to Las Vegas, I went through the Round House and Power plant and visited with the operators. I didn't see anything else to keep me in Las Vegas so came home via Mormon Mesa.

Thelma had an old-fashioned idea and had the stage all set for me to ask her father and mother for her hand in marriage -- she and I were setting on a lounge back of the stove in their dining room. Her parents were over by the window reading the County News, when she whispered NOW - I said, "I guess you don't see anything in the paper about your giving this girl to me, do you?" After father Burgess ho-ho-ho- he said no, he didn't. I don't remember much other than they gave their consent after warning me she probably would stomp her foot at me, which she has many times. The other girls, Kate and Lucille were at the key hole in the next room.

We were ready to get married in June but Thelma's mother talked her into waiting until the temple opened in September. I doubted I could get a recommend, not having been to church for so long, I was still paying tithing and dues but not attending church much. But Thelma insisted that I try anyway, so I got up nerve enough to ask Bishop Francis J. Bowler and he surprised me by saying, "I don't know of anyone I would rather give a recommend to", so I got my recommend. I went to the Monument ranch to see when I could get Dad to the courthouse to sign the license as I was not quite 21 years old. Dad said to tell Will Brooks, the County Clerk, he would be in Tuesday, Sept 11th, after the wedding to sign the license. That week end I went down for the Saturday night dance and stayed over Sunday. We caught Mr. Herman, the jeweler, as he came out of church to get the ring. We then went to William Brooks' and took him to the courthouse and got the license. He said he always kissed the prospective bride which he did. We couldn't refuse him for it was his car we were sitting in when he came out after it, the night of Jane's wedding the year before -- he was also the sheriff and Jane's brother-in-law.

Early Sept. 11, 1923, I went to the Monument ranch and got Dad and Aunt Mary and took them to the temple, then to the Burgess home for Thelma and her mother and was to the temple in time for the meeting. We were married by David H. Cannon, the temple president. After we got out of the temple we all went to the Burgess home for dinner. Clarence was going to take Dad and Aunt Mary back to the ranch so Thelma and I started for Grand Canyon. We had to go via Anderson ranch in those days. It rained on us that afternoon and we camped in Hurricane Park the first night. The next day going up the dugway this side of Cane Beds a bearing began knocking. When we got on top I took off the oil pan and ground the bearing cap on a sandstone rock to fit fairly good. When we got to Fredonia it was raining cats and dogs. I took Thelma to the Hotel and I went to the garage to get the car worked on. The mechanic said I could drive in out of the rain but he couldn't help me any because he had too much work ahead of him. I adjusted the bearing myself and went back to the hotel. It was clear driving out to Grand Canyon the next day but shortly after midnight it began to thunder and lightning and did it pour down. There were two other newly wed couples next to us from Salt Lake City. The water hit them before it did us but all three couples spent the rest of the night huddled in their cars. It was their car the mechanic was busy on when I wanted my work done. The next morning we saw the pine tree that was still smoldering a little that the lightning had struck, it was about 50 yards from the lodge.

We had seen all the Grand Canyon we wanted to see and drove all the way home, arriving shortly after midnight. The next day when we got up the folks said Mr. Woodhouse wanted to see me before I went back to the power plant. He wanted me to stay in St. George and help Joe Empey until Ervin Bryner got back. Ervin had taken his vacation and decided to stay off for a few months. We rented at Laura Allens where Ervin had been renting. The load had fallen off until #2 was only running 12 to 16 hours per day. I worked with Joe Empey in St. George from Sept 15th until sometime in February at distribution work. We wired houses in our spare time, two nice homes I remember were the W. O. Bentley and the George Seegmiller homes. There weren't many electricians so we had to do all kinds of repair work when we could get to it. It was

at this time I got my climbing experience as well as meter reading and collecting.

In February 1924, we moved to #2 Power Station by Veyo in a new 4 - 10' X 10' roomed house. Vaughn and Belle had the north two rooms with ½ the porch and Thelma and I the south two rooms and ½ of the porch. While living there our first child, Maxine, was born June 11, 1925, at the Burgess home in St. George. Thelma stayed with her folks until Maxine was about a month old. That summer she was named in Gunlock by her Grandpa Hyrum Jones.

In the fall after Maxine was born we moved from the little house on the hill to the big house next to the power station where Clarence and Madge had been living. They moved to Veyo and Vaughn and Belle to old #1 Power Station about three miles north of Gunlock. Jack Heywood, a young fellow, who was one of the plant operators boarded with us and the Fred Brooks' from Beaver moved into the house on the hill.

While living at #2 we bought a two door 1925 Ford sedan. We took Thelma's mother and father to Salt Lake City for a few days vacation. Vivian and Kate Milne went too in their car. On the way home, in a car accident, Thelma's mother was killed. After the accident I fixed the car up and traded it to Bayard Cannon on the purchase of "Peek-a-Boo" 160 acres at the west end of the Pine Valley mountain. We then bought a little run-about from Bradshaw at Hurrican. After a few months I sold it to Dad and bought a 1927 Ford roadster from Bradshaw. That same spring while the car was hardly broken in Thelma took the womens prize, a wrist watch, for driving the farthest on a gallon of gas. She drove from Cedar City to within a stones throw of Lund -- nearly 33 miles.

While living at #2 station about 1926, I started taking a civil engineer course from I.C.S. Internatio Correspondence School. Getting stuck on trigonometry I switched to Electric Engineer.

We moved to #3 Power Station when it was ready to go; Clarence moved in the 1st house, we in the middle one and Vaughn in the last one. We three brothers had operated at #2 together and now we were together again. Clarence was superintendent of operations and Vaughn and I as operators with Joe Neilson as the other operator.

While living at #3 on November 12, 1927, Iris was born, she was born in St. George at the home of Sister Harredence. She was a little black-eyed, black-haired darky. We hired Iola Dodge of Toquerville to keep house and care for Maxine for about three weeks. After Thelma got home we didn't need her much longer.

After about two years we moved back to #2 in mid-summer of 1929 and lived there until February 1931. In 1929 Vaughn and I went to the State Fair in Salt Lake in the Essex I had. I could kick myself in the pants for not getting in the ring with the little gal they said could throw anyone. We didn't get to see her do anything because nobody got in the ring with her while we were there. That fall Vaughn and I went over the mail route from St. George to Moapa and put in a bid on carrying the mail. Frank Judd under bid us so we never got the job.

In February 1931 I was transfered to LaVerkin as ditchman and we rented two rooms from Joseph Gubler but Clarence thought that was to far from the screen so we rented three rooms from William A. Hardy.

On March 16, 1931, Derald was born, our only boy; he was also born in St. George at Sister Harredences and Iola Dodge helped us again. In June I got pleurisy pneumonia and told Clarence I was through at LaVerkin.

If the Power Co. had anything at Veyo I would be interested if not I was through. But the company moved me back to #2 and gave me ten days off, then I started checking the weirs and pond heights and patroling canals. In a couple of months I started to operate #2 and moved into the big house; Heywood had moved to LaVerkin. In 1933 I was put in as division manager of the Enterprise Division and moved into the little house on the hill. That winter we rented Andrew Seitz' home in Veyo and lived there during the school months. The next year I bought the James R. Bunker place and we

lived in Veyo for about three years. Our Veyo lot was 313.5 ft. deep and 277.5 ft. frontage; two acres with ½ share of Primary water and two shares of Moody water. We had one large apricot tree and one grape vine, the grape was large white sweet and the apricot was large and delicious with a sweet pit. We planted three rows of fruit trees with grape and berries between. While living at Veyo we used to swim quite regular and missed very few dances as well as our church activities. Jimmie and Adele Bunker, Thelma and I were usually the first to start the dancing. While living at Veyo I was counselor in the M.I.A. presidency and Thelma was secretary. We took part in a good many plays and skits put on in those days.

In August 1936, we took the best vacation trip we had had. We went to the World's Fair in San Diego. We rented an apartment within walking distance of the Fair grounds. We went down in a 1933 Chevrolet sedan. We later traded this car on the Don Burgess homestead of 160 acres next to the old Platt ranch at the Meadows, now owned by the Abram Burgess family. In fact, we traded the Don Burgess homestead to Abe on his Central property.

Christmas day of 1936, it began to snow. That night the snow was so wet it formed on the wires so heavy it knocked over one mile of line, every pole between guy wires or angle poles. Other than the snow up to our knees, the weather was fair until we got the line repaired. About the first of the year of 1937, it began to snow again with a cold north blizzard. The Enterprise fuses went out and the road was blocked with snow so I hired a horse and saddle from J. R. Bunker and started for Lytles ranch to fuse up. When I got to Kane Spring ridge the horse wouldn't face the blizzard anymore so I tied him to a cedar tree and went on foot. After finally getting the fuses in again, the snow was so deep I rolled off the little knoll the switches were on instead of trying to walk. I would have broken in Lytles house and stayed there that night if it hadn't been for that poor horse tied to a cedar tree. When I finally got back it was late at night and George Chadburn said that whistle was sweet music to his ears as they were about ready to come looking for me. My dog had given up and I had packed him the last few miles. Before that storm had cleared away I had walked to Lytles on snow shoes to fuse Enterprise line again and to Gunlock for meter reading. The snow was nearly 5 foot deep, I don't know when Veyo would have gotten out if it hadn't been for the CCC camp being there; they bull-dozed a road through in a few days. #3 canal was frozen so we couldn't get the water through for over a month. Ellis and one or two others got their ears and noses frozen enough to peel off, helping fight ice.

The spring of 1937, I quit the Power Co. and bought the A. P. Winsor Confectionery at Enterprise. I left the power co. 1st of May and took over the store May 10, 1937. Our holdings in Enterprise consisted of two narrow lots fronting Main street and ¼ block on back street; the store with small apartment in back; ice house, barn and stable. After living there awhile I was put in as finance chairman and civic club secretary.

We slighted our church duties because we felt we had to leave town at times to keep from opening the store before church was out. We always opened it after church because there didn't seem to be anywhere else for the young folks to gather.

After trading Don Burgess the 1933 Chevrolet sedan on his Meadow homestead we bought a cheap chevrolet touring car which we moved to Enterprise. It wouldn't do to haul supplies so I got a good used red pickup which we kept for two years then traded it for a better blue pickup. After two more years business had increased until the pickup was over loaded and I was loosing too many boxes off, so in December 1940 I bought a 1941 Ford one ton stake truck which I loaded about three tons a number of times.

In the spring of 1939-40 we traded Abram Burgess the Don Burgess place as down payment on his Central farm and home. The farm consisted of 70 acres by the house which runs into the creek and 50 acres called the Beck field. The Beck field was Dad's

allotment in Central which he sold to Peter Beckstrom. We planted a nice big orchard east of the house consisting of a large variety of fruit trees, berries and grapes. We dreamed of making a picnic area down by the creek but it never materialized because we got a chance to sell the farm before the store.

Early in 1943 we sold the Central farm to Max Cannon, Thelma's cousin once removed. That fall Grant Clove traded us his Milford home as down payment on the store.

This home was rented to a fellow who worked in the Lumber store. (When we decided to live in it we had to get a court order to get him out and we lost two or more months rent.) When I went to look at the house I saw a farm advertized that took my eye and we tied it up. It was the Charles M. Husband homestead located in South Milford - 160 acres - ½ mile square - with three wells and stock and machinery. The house was small with a large lean-to kitchen on the west, a small living room and bedroom with a large screen porch on the east, a concrete cellar, a long sheep shed, a harness shed, small chicken coop, a spacious stackyard and corrals, a blacksmith shop with tools, sheep wagon, 95 head of sheep, two guernsey milk cows, two team of horses, a saddle horse, three wagons including a belly dump sand wagon, a one-horse buggy, and every kind of horse drawn equipment -- two mowers, two rakes, two plows, two harrows, a seeder, a concrete mixer and I don't remember what all. Also chickens and a large flock of turkeys scattered all over the 160 acre place. All the crops he had harvested he had sold to Joe Murdock. But we harvested $1200.00 of alfalfa seed and enough hay to feed us through the winter. We moved a nice pinto colt and three milk cows, two pigs and some chickens with us from Enterprise. Just before moving to Milford, Maxine was married to Glendon Tait September 24, 1943, in the St. George temple. Glendon was in the Air Force and after he was sent overseas Maxine lived with us. Lorin came up our first summer and helped us with the crops.

While living at the Husband ranch on August 14, 1944 Anna Maria was born, she was born in Cedar City, Utah. Parts of 1944-45 I worked as a brakeman for the U.P.R.R., and by Thanksgiving time we were able to get our renters out so we could move into our home in town. Dad and Aunt Mary came up to help with the farm and stayed until mid-summer. I took off the railroad to put up the hay and never went back to it again. The next winter we let a school teacher talk us into renting our home and we moved back to the farm December 6, 1945 and it burned down the next night. Our insurance had just run out so we took quite a loss.

The next spring, April 1946, we bought the Cates place from Edgar Fisher, he was a dairyman on the Milford Flat. The place consisted of nearly 80 acres, dairy barn, milking machines and one of the best homes on the Flat. The home was a spacious six roomed home with full concrete basement, fireplace with damper control and dumped the ashes in a large shoot in the basement. We got the Dairy barn passed on as A Grade and shipped A Grade milk to Las Vegas. I think we were the first to ship A Grade milk from Utah to Las Vegas.

While living in town, Maxine clerked at White Market for Joseph Murdock. That winter she received word that Glendon was missing in action and a year later was declared dead. She later married Rodney Staheli in the temple and lived in Enterprise. The fall after Iris graduated from High School she got a job at the hospital in Cedar City. She met Howard Hoggan in Enterprise while visiting Maxine and Rodney. He was working as a U. S. Hi-way engineer on the road between Enterprise and Central. They were married in Ogden January 3, 1948 and he left shortly for Costa Rica where he had employment for a short time. When he returned they had their marriage solemnized in the Logan Temple. The January after Derald graduated from High School he was called on a mission to the North Central States Mission. After his mission he served two years in the army. He met Betty Barnes while on his mission and they began corresponding; while he served

in the army she filled a mission. They were married August 30, 1955 in the Idaho Fall Temple. He farmed with us for one summer and lived in the home on the Husband farm. While Derald was on his mission Howard and Iris came and helped us one summer and Keith helped us one fall. We lost our A Grade market also in the meantime the county had cut a road through our dairy farm, we decided it best to look for something different. We sold our milk cows to the Gentry Brothers Dairy in St. George. In December 1956 Derald went to Montana and bought a 800 acre ranch, mostly timber and pasture land with 100 acres dry land farming.

I hadn't been attending church very regular but when I see I was needed it changed my attitude. One Sunday, during General Conference when the Bishop and one of his counselors were attending conference, the counselor taking charge of our meeting asked me to give the opening prayer as I came in. But starting time came and no other priesthood holder came, he said he would get someone else to give the prayer if I would go to the Sacrament Table. I told him that was al-right I would do them both if it was al-right with him, which I did. After Derald was called on his mission we felt closer to him and the Lord by attending all our church meetings. I was called as a counselor to Dewane Williams in the Elders presidency also as Genealogy chairman. Later I was ordained a Seventy by Milton R. Hunter.

Three months after Derald moved to Montana, we got an opportunity to trade for the White House Motel in Washington, Utah. In March 1957 we traded Perris Jensen through the Main Realty-our 160 acre Husband ranch, a full line of machinery, 65 head of cattle with 65 head range right, 2 nearly new 2-ton Ford truck, a Golden Jubilee Ford tracker with a full line of equipment for the White House Motel.

On March 11, 1957 Thelma, Anna Maria and I drove our brown Ford sedan to meet Mr. Curtis, the broker of Main Realty, and his salesman, to look the Motel over. Clark Tobler and family were living in the motel taking care of it. After we decided to make the trade and while we were making the deal, Clark moved his family out of the motel into their new home he had just completed. Thelma kept the car and stayed with the motel and Anna Maria and I rode back to Milford with Mr. Curtis. He drove over 90 miles an hour in places and his salesman told him to slow down that he had a wife and kids to take care of yet. Thelma and Anna Maria stayed with the motel that summer with me going down each week end. I got Eddie Bunker to feed the stock for me while I was away. I farmed the 40 acres until fall. In the meantime we sold the Milford home to Harry Barnes with him to take possession in October, but he got in a hurry and we let him in earlier. His son was to put up the last crop of hay which was a bad mistake for he ruined the adjustments on the baler.

After joining Thelma and Anna Maria at the motel I began working relief shifts for the Power Company, and I applied for the dairy testing job. About the time they decided to put me on, May of 1958, the power co. wanted me as a full time operator at #4 which I did for 4½ years until they put in an automatic water control and decided not to keep an operator.

After moving to Washington I was set apart as the Seventy group leader and as Genealogy chairman. I was later ordained a High Priest and set apart as High Priest group leader. When Anna Maria graduated from High School we took her and Shirley Stratton to Salt Lake City and got them an apartment on 3rd East and she went to Beauty College. While there she met James F. Hendrickson and shortly after her graduation from the Beauty College they were married, Dec. 6, 1963, at our home in Washington; their marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

My Power Co. job ended December 1963 and about the middle of January President Atkin, the temple president, wanted to know if I would be the cooks helper in the temple which I did for about a year until there was an opening out on the grounds. The four years I worked as a gardener I did nearly all of the hedge and evergreen trimming on the

temple grounds. Also worked a six-hour shift every 4th Sunday as a watchman in the temple.

While working as a gardener at the temple President Atkin ask if we wanted to be officiators in the temple my day off which was Thursdays. We accepted and were set apart March 6, 1965. The year they tried Mondays we switched to Mondays but it was only for one year. After retiring we went Tuesdays and Wednesday for a short time. President Atkin ask us to trade days with the Huntingtons which was Fridays and Saturdays. We worked these days from then on until the temple closed for remodeling. We, also, worked Friday evenings for awhile, and I did the Thursday ordaining. I learned parts 2,6,7,8 & 9 then we were called to take the couple part, March 1966 and took it two or three sessions a day for the next few years. Then more couples were called and we only had it once or twice a day. In the meantime, I had learned the other parts and was called to take parts 1,3, & 5 the last few years the temple was opened before remodeling. I was called to be chapel director and session director. Brother Hatch and I would take turns starting the sessions. Thelma and I took the couple part in the last live session. The temple closed April 1974 and re-opened November 1975.

During our vacation, July 1974, we visited our children in Washington--Howard and Iris in Walla Walla and Derald and Betty on their ranch out of Addy. We took in the world's Fair in Spokane one day on the way up to Deralds and one day on our return.

In May 1975 we were called as guides at the Brigham Young winter home and we spent one day a week there until the temple reopened in November. Also, on June 16, 1958, we were called to serve during the summer months as missionaries in the St. George Temple Bureau Mission.

Sometime before the temple reopened in November President McArthur called Thelma and me in his office and asked us to be the font area supervisors and wanted to know who we wanted for helpers. Anyone we had in mind lived out of town and President McArthur said they would have to live here so we told him to call who he thought best. The next day he told us he had called Brother and Sister Paul Ward and Brother and Sister Charles Campbell. He said he didn't have the time to fill all the positions so he told me what he had filled and wanted me to get the rest. We started baptizing November 13th from 5 A.M. until 9 P.M. It took two supervisors per day - 16 baptizers - 16 witnesses - 8 each of Font recorders, confirmers, confirmer recorders, and assistant confirmers. Our proxies were mostly school children before and after school but during the day were grown-ups from all over the temple district. It worked out pretty good, we had 58,000 baptized for the temple to open for endowments December 2nd. We settled down to routine work with four hours each week day evening 4:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. and 6 hours on Saturday from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M.

After I-15 by passed Washington we got a chance to sell the motel to Thomas Midgley, we took a contract on a house in Ogden as down payment. In selling the motel we took quite a loss but that isn't the only loss we have had, having lost our home in Milford by fire. But we have found that if we face these losses with the proper attitude the Lord will bless us with the strength to over come our dificulties and with prosperity as we go. After selling the motel we looked around Hurricane, Leeds, Veyo and St. George and bought our present home from Albert Boyer and feel very good about its location, view and convenience.

ALVIN A. JONES
by Maxine Jones Staheli

The Jones Reunion! What a fun time for all
An event we look forward to from year to year.
The Chairman this year is Alvin A. Jones
It is with great pleasure we welcome you all here.

I will mention a few facts about our Chairman,
Alvin A. Jones, and tell a few things about his life
I will tell of a few of his accomplishments, but first,
I wish to make mention of Mother, his sweetheart and wife.

Because they just seem to go together, as some things do
Like pie and ice cream - one's lacking without the other.
Now I will take advantage of the privilege that is mine
And pay tribute today to my dear Dad and Mother.

Dad has always been a really hard worker
And began accepting responsibility when he was small.
The fact that his mother passed away when he was only four
Contributed to this and brought heartache and tears to them all.

They moved many times in their childhood years,
Most of their homes lacked modern comforts, I'm sure
But he learned dependability while he was yet young
And to do his full share, and maybe a little bit more.

His schooling is worthy of mention now. Excepting the fourth grade
He went through school without another boy in his class.
He took time out to deliver a wagon box of chopped wood
Almost three days with team and wagon and got $5 for the task.

He liked sports and boxing, in this he excelled
In basketball also he showed noteworthy skill.
And after the hard labor of unloading hay
A wrestling match often gave spectators a thrill.

Back in the mid year of nineteen hundred and twenty-two
Dad traveled to the Rodeo held up at Enterprise.
He came up with his horse and buggy
He went home owner of a 1918 Buick to everyone's surprise.

And that fall he started going out with my Mother
The next June they had the opportunity rare
Of being in Zions National Park at the exact right time
And of seeing President Warren G. Harding there.

My Father and Mother were married September 11 back in 1923
By President David H. Cannon for time and all eternity
And after a fine dinner held at the bride's parents' home
The honeymooners fared forth, the Grand Canyon they wanted to see.

Dad worked for the power company seventeen or eighteen years
At the power plants no. 2, no. 3, and no. 4
Going where and when he was needed most
Planting fruit trees, gardens and flowers galore.

It was June 11, 1925, when their first baby, a daughter, was born
While they were living near Veyo. They named her Maxine
And two years later their second daughter arrived
Iris, as pretty a baby as we ever have seen.

LaVerkin was the place where my folks were living
In 1931, and more than once I've heard them say
That they thought their joy was quite complete
When their son, Derald first saw the light of day.

In August back in 1936, we took a vacation
To San Diego, and it was spectacular and grand.
We viewed the World's Fair in all its elegance,
In this our own and very choice land.

In the spring of 1937, Dad quit the power company
We moved to Enterprise and bought Winsor's store
Here we put down ice in the winter for summertime use
Our home made ice cream came into demand more and more.

This was a place for the young folks to gather
For Bowler Specials and other things equally good
My Father and Mother worked long and hard
Serving the public as well as they could.

In 1943 we traded off the store and moved to Milford
Where we settled down to run a well equipped farm.
Besides poultry, hay and grain, we brag on our crop
Because 'twas while we lived here Anna Marie was born.

On December 7, 1945, on a cold and dreary night
Our home in town caught fire and burned to the ground
As our insurance'd expired, this proved quite a loss
But if you keep struggling and working, things look up, we found.

Dad bought a dairy out in the Milford flats
And up-graded it till he got it passed as Grade A
We shipped A Grade milk down to Las Vegas
Probably among the first ones to accomplish this in our day.

The year after Derald graduated from high school
He went on a mission for the Mormon Church
I don't believe they could have found a better Elder
If they had instigated a nation wide search.

My folks spent 14 years living and working in Milford
While there many changes took place in our family
Then they bought the White House Motel in Washington
Later they moved on to St. George where they are happy to be.

One of the choice memories that I often recall
Is how Mom made Iris and me new clothes each fall.
And how glad we were for school to start
For in our lovely new clothes we felt quite smart.

Mother does such beautiful handiwork
Delicate embroidery and very elegant crochet
Many a home has been blessed by her skills
As she has shared her handiwork, as is Mother's way.

My Parents still keep busy with their Temple work,
Reading, gardening, fixing the home and raising flowers.
Their Church callings seem to be of extreme importance,
This takes many busy and useful happy hours.

They really enjoy their association with their family
They have twenty-nine grandchildren and they love each one.
Also fifteen great-grandchildren have joined the Jones clan,
To be taught to work, to love, to obey and have fun.

Now here's many good wishes to each of you
May the next year increase your happiness more and more
Isn't it good to belong to the Family called Jones?
And to the Chairmen, we wish more joys than you've ever had before.

To Maxine with love and admiration I cherish your friendship, Berle

MAXINE JONES TAIT STAHELI

A brief sketch of my life, eldest daughter of Alvin A. and Thelma Burgess Jones.

I arrived in this world one bright June morning about nine o'clock June 11, 1925 at my Grandmother Burgess's home in St. George, Utah. The dear old family doctor, Dr. McGregor was in attendance, also the nurse Sister Harridance, yes---and there was my dear Grandmother but where could my father be, I couldn't see him anywhere. Around nine thirty the door opened and in walked a man---could it be---yes it was my father. He had been up home at No. 2 power Co. station and never got to St. George until I had made my arrival. We stayed at Grandmothers until I was six weeks old. During this time the days and nights were very hot and I was quite restless, but I soon found that I had three grown Aunts who liked to rock me to sleep. All this was very nice but when we arrived home I kept my Mother and yes, my Father very busy keeping me entertained. I finally got so I had to be danced with before I would go to sleep. I became so used to the hum of the power plant motors while I slept that when we went off to visit I had to be taken for a car ride to go to sleep.

Until I was seven or eight we lived at the Southern Utah Power Stations. No 2 being about 2¼ miles northeast of Veyo, No. 3 a few miles south of Veyo and one at LaVerkin. These were fun years as a child, playing with cousins at different places. We explored the hills and streams around us. Aciel used to make things to play with and boy could we play cowboys and Indians.

While at No. 3 power station a baby sister joined our family, November 12, 1927. Iris was her name, she was always the pretty one with real dark hair. I guess I kinda bossed her around but she was fun to play with.

About the time I was five years old we moved to La Verkin power plant. On March 16, 1931 a baby brother named Alvin Derald came to our house to live. I remember thinking I was pretty grown up when mother would send me to the store. Only when she wanted some vinegar I wanted a note because it (vinegar) was too hard for me to say. It was while we were living here that Dad became ill with pneunonia and we moved back to the No. 2 power station. I was six by now when school started in the fall I went into Veyo to school. Sometimes in good weather I would walk to school. I remember one morning I got almost to Veyo, close enough I could hear the school bell. I was making a short cut through some of the fields when I saw a bull, I was too frightened to go on so turned around and went back home, I suppose Dad or Mother brought me to school in the car I don't remember. I remember the pretty flower gardens mother used to have there and the big vegetable gardens they raised. The pretty climbing rose bushes all along the screened porch with a bed of hollyhocks down the hill, what a sight of colors. There were zinnias of all colors as high as my head. The fun we had climbing the hill, fishing in the stream of water and swimming in it in the summer.

Dad had an orchard and farm ground northeast of No. 3 power station that they called "Peek-A-Boo. It was fun to go up there only we sure had to be careful there were alot of rattle snakes.

In my first and second grade of school,

there were only three of us. Lois and Lloyd (twins) Chadburn and I. Our teacher was Lewis Christian. He also taught all the other grades including the eight grade.

When I was eight years old our family went to Salt Lake City. I remember seeing the lights of the Salt Lake Valley as we entered, I had never seen so many lights in my life. In the third and fourth grade I had Miss Lemon for a teacher, and we had moved to Veyo, living right next door to the school house. My fifth grade teacher was a Mr. Leaney. Just before I started school the next winter, our family went on a vacation to San Diego, Los Angles, Long Beach and into Mexico. In San Diego we saw the worlds fair which I will never forget. We went to the beaches and to the big zoo. We spent two weeks there. On our way home I got my first permanent wave.

The fall of 1936 I started school in the sixth grade with Merlin Huntsman from Enterprise as my teacher, he was a good teacher. It was during this winter we had such a big snow storm. So high we could walk over the fence posts. I remember how snow burnt I got playing in the snow. I could hardly see out of my eyes the next morning they were so swollen. That was the winter Dad had to use snow shoes so much, and ride a horse to Lytle's Ranch where the power Co. Sub. Station was so Enterprise could have power. When the horse wouldn't go further Dad got off and walked the rest of the way. It was morning when he finally came whistling down the road, some of the men in town were getting ready to go look for him.

By this time we had moved to a two-roomed home along the highway north of the Albert Bunker Store. These were fun days too. I loved to swim and we had a swimming hole in the creek down below the swimming pool. We explored the wash from one end to the other and played house all along it.

Our school being small every one had to take part. I remember taking parts as a fairy, several times but my most exciting parts was when I took the part of a dog and a pig. I was blessed in Gunlock by Grandfather Hyrum Jones in August 1925. I was baptized in the Veyo swimming pool by Lewis Bowler the 6 of August 1933 and confirmed the same day by Bishop Benjamin Chadburn. I graduated from Primary in Veyo and was given a Book of Mormon.

After eighteen years of working for the Southern Utah Power Co. Dad decided it was time for a change. So he came to Enterprise and purchased Winsor Mercantile, on May 10, 1937, he took over the store and May 20 I came to Enterprise to live.

Starting seventh grade in a new school with lots of strange faces was hard on a bashful new-comer, but I soon made friends and loved the school and people.

I worked in the store after school, on Saturdays, and on holidays, I remember the 24 July celebration was always a big three days of work, with the rodeo being held across the street on the Church square then.

I finished high school and graduated in the spring of 1943. There were just seven of us in the graduating class. Clayton Farnsworth, Ivin Hunt, Karma Huntsman, Leah Pickering, Emmarene Staheli, Lillian (Hall) Bowler and I. Lillian my closest friend had married in December but chose to finish school. As a junior we had a large class but as fall came the Modena and Valley kids were bussed to Cedar, and some were married. So we ended up with a real small class.

I had served as Secretary of the Young Women in Mutual and danced in the Mutual dances, which I enjoyed very much.

We were at war by this time of my life and many young men from our town were gone.

Friday September 24, 1943, I was married to George Glendon Tait, in the St. George Temple while he was home on a week furlough, from the Army Air Corps in Texas. On Monday evening we were honored with a reception. Tuesday he left to report to his base.

At this time my parents had sold the store and had purchased a farm in Milford Valley. So I moved there with then.

In November around the middle I went to El Paso Texas, the first time I had ever been on a train, to spend some time with

Glendon. I stayed in a hotel while there and Glendon was able to come and we got home just before Christmas. This was our only time together for he was shipped overseas two weeks later, to the south pacific.

I worked in a store in Milford staying with my parents. It was while I was visiting Glendon's parents in Caliente Nevada that I received the telegram stating Glendon was missing in action 27 November 1944. It wasn't until a year later that he was officially claimed dead. Then there was a memorial service held for him in Enterprise. A lovely service and many of the young service men were home and stood as honor guards as we entered the chapel for the services. I was presented with the United States flag. Many relatives and friends came.

The next little while I visited in Enterprise, spending some time with a dear friend Lilliam Bowler. On October 15 1946 I married William Rodney Staheli in the St. George temple. We lived a few months in his Grandfather Truman home and then in the spring moved to the new housing in Enterprise. Rod worked as the Reservoir and Canal Co. watermaster. In the Fall of 1946 we purchased his Grandfathers home, and after cleaning and painting it up we moved back in it. It was a little three roomed home but seemed great for us even if it didn't have running water in it or a inside bathroom.

Rod didn't go very far the next deer season, for on October 25, 1947, our first child was born in Cedar City, a little daughter and we named her Irene.

Just before the birth of our next child we had our home remodeled, adding a kitchen and a bathroom, with new shingles on the roof and new green siding around the outside. Alvin Royce was born in Cedar City February 18, 1950. I spent a month in Milford with my folks after Royce was born while the house was being finished.

In the fall of 1951 we moved to St. George for a few months. Rod had some cattle by then and wanted to winter them down there. He worked at a service station while we were there. On Feb. 12, 1952 our second son was born in Cedar City. He was named Rodney Grant. Rod's sister Genevieve Farnsworth and her family lived in Dixie at this time and we enjoyed being cose to them to visit.

On April 10, 1952 we moved back to Enterprise, but that was to be a sad day for us. Our little son Royce was killed in an accident. As Rod backed the truck out of the lot the hose on the gas tank caught on the truck and tipped the tank over on him, killing him instantly. His funeral was held April 14, 1952 following an Easter Sunday. He was buried in the cemetary at Enterprise. This little son was missed very much.

On February 24, 1954, another son was born in St. George, Utah. He is our fourth child and third son. We named him Rulon Dee.

Our fifth child and second daughter arrived February 9, 1957. She had lots of black hair she was named after her Grandmother Staheli and was named Rita Belle.

During this time I served in the calling of an in-service teacher in the Stake Primary, and later as a ward in-service teacher. I also worked in the Relief Society as a Social Relations teacher for a year and a half, which position I was holding when I was called to be the Homemaking Counselor to President Edra Crawford and Berle Holt as the Educational Counselor. Being set apart May 22, 1960. We served under two Bishops, Willard Randall, and Roddy Roper. We all served together for 10 years and 8 months. At that time I was called by Bishop Elmo Farnsworth and set apart by him, on January 24, 1971, to be President of the Relief Society. I served in this capacity for five and a half years being released August 29, 1976.

While serving as a counselor in the Relief Society out last child was born, Orrin Roy on October 7, 1961. I always said he was raised in Relief Society.

I didn't rest very long after being released as President when I was called to give the Visiting Teacher Messages in Relief Society, and a Visiting Teacher also. I was set apart by Bishop Farnsworth for this position Sept

19, 1976, a position I now hold. Also I have taught in Junior Sunday School the three and four year old boys and girls, with Sister Etta Twitchell for more than twenty years. I have enjoyed working with her and with all the little boys and girls. Its been wonderful to see each of them grow and mature in the gospel.

Rod and I have enjoyed our assignment at the temple this last year doing sealing, (1979), 1968 was a busy year at our house. In the spring, March 4, 1968 we moved into our new brick home, built to the side of our old home, which was later torn down. On May 4, 1968 our oldest daughter was married and in June Rods father passed away so we had a very eventful year. Rod suffered a heart attack in February 1969, spent 14 days in the Dixie hospital. We had a lot of storm that spring, running the reservior's over. The boys took good care of the cattle while their dad was down, that winter and spring.

All our children received their education in Enterprise graduating from the high school there.

Irene our oldest child was married May 4, 1968 to Leslie Jacobsen in the St. George Temple. They have four boys, Dax S., born March 10, 1971, in St. George, Leslie Bret, born August 19, 1972, in St. George, Jared Cody born July 2, 1975, in St. George, Chas Tyler born January 26, 1978 in St. George. They are now living in Duchesne, Utah where Les is working for the Bureau of Reclamation.

Rodney Grant was called on a mission to the Mexico North Mission in March 1971, he learned the spanish language and served seven months but was unable to finish because of health reasons. He is married to the former Joan Bracken. They were married July 8, 1972, in the St. George Temple. They have two children, Cozette born December 28, 1974, in St. George and Travis Grant born May 24, 1977, in St. George. They have built a new home on the west side of Enterprise and are buying a 160 acre farm which he farms, raising hay, grain, and potatoes.

Rulon Dee served a mission to Canada, the Alaska-British Columbia Mission in March 1973. He is at present living at home and working for Sherwood Bracken Farms.

Rita Belle is at home too where she has been a big help to her dad since his second heart attack in November 1976.

Orrin Roy having graduated from high school this last spring is living here at home, and has been helping his brother, Grant on the farm this summer.

MY LIFE STORY

History of Iris Jones Hoggan, second daughter of Alvin A. and Thelma Burgess Jones .

It was early in the morning of November 12, 1927, at approximately 3:00 A.M. THAT I made my first appearance on this "Good Old Mother Earth," in St. George, Utah. There to assist me when I made my arrival was our good old family doctor, "Dr. McGreger," and nurse, "kind Sister Harradence." The first words my father muttered were, "Another girl--and a little papoose at that."

Even at that age I had oddles of long black hair. I was a fair-sized baby weighing 7 lbs 9 ozs with brownish eyes. I was born at our nurses home and there to keep me company was a little ten day old cousin of mine, "Gene Brooks." Our mother's being sisters they enjoyed themselves visiting with each other until it was time for the Brooks' to go home. They lived in St. George.

I, also, had another little cousin in St. George, "Clyde Milne," He had arrived just two months to the day before me. I had one older sister, Maxine. It wasn't long before she came to see me. She was two years five month's older than I and she thought it funny mother and I couldn't come right home with them.

At the time of my birth my parents were living at No. 3 Power Station. My father was employed as an operator there. While in St. George we had plenty of Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, and etc. come to visit us, St. George being my Mother's home town.

When I was fourteen days old we left St. George and went to our home at No. 3 Power Station. This was my first car ride but I think I slept most of the way home. Mother said she was, "Oh so glad to get home again"--but about the first thing she did was cut my hair. In fact, I was only eighteen days old when I received my first hair cut.

On January 1, 1928 I was taken to Veyo, Utah. It was there I received my name and blessing by Bishop Benjamen R. Chadburn.

My father's two brothers, Clarence and Vaughn and their families, also, lived at the Power Station No. 3, so I had plenty of playmates the first two years of my life. My cousins were Acil, Grant, LaVerne, Alice and Maurine.

My earlier days were spent mostly at the Southern Utah Power Stations No. 2, and No. 3. We also lived a short time in La Verkin, Utah. While at LaVerkin my baby brother was born, Alvin Derald, March 16, 1931, in St. George, Utah. My father contacted pneumonia and we had to move away.

After I started school we moved to Veyo, Utah, Where I attended my first three years of schooling. I was baptized in March 1936 in the St. George Temple. In the summer of 1936 we left for a vacation down to the World's Fair at San Diego, Calif. where we seen many wonderful things. This is the first real vacation I can ever remember taking.

My father quit the Southern Utah Power Company and bought a store in Enterprise, Utah in May 1937. We lived at Enterprise for about six and a half years. While in Enterprise I took part in a lot of programs and entertainment by tap-dancing with a friend, LeNora Huntsman, whom later married Melvin Truman of Enterprise. Was active in Primary and first two years of M.I.A.

In September of 1943 my folks bought a

160 acres farm in Milford, Utah. They took over a house in Milford in part payment on the store. The house later burned down and a few years later the store they had sold also burned down. In the spring of 1946 they bought a dairy farm and moved up on it. It had a nice home on it and was about four miles from the other farm. I graduated from Milford, High School in May 1946.

In May of 1947 I started to work at the Iron County Hospital in Cedar City, Utah. I started working in the kitchen but later worked as a nurse's aid in the hospital. I thought by working a while at the hospital, I could decide whether I would like to take up the profession of nursing.

But by fall I had met Howard Hoggan, a civil engineer, and decided to get married. I received an engagement ring from Howard on December 25, 1947, and we were married January 3, 1948. We were married at his mother's home by Bishop Grant Loftgreen, Bishop of the 18th Ward in Ogden, Utah. We left for Salt Lake City after the ceremony and stayed at Hotel Utah.

Nine days after we were married, Howard left for Costa Rica and Panama for three months assignment. While he was gone I returned to Cedar City and continued working until he returned. After he returned we took a honeymoon trip down through Zion's Park, South Rim of the Grand Canyon, Phoenix, Arizona and on down to Los Angeles and went sightseeing.

After returning to Ogden we lived with his mother in one of her apartments.

On April 28, 1948 we were sealed in the Logan Temple, Logan, Utah.

We were moved to Mt. Pleasant and Fairview a few months that spring then were transferred over to Enterprise, Utah when the work on the road between Enterprise and Central began. We moved back into Ogden in the winter and back out to Enterprise that Spring.

Our first child was born that Spring on March 22, 1949. A boy we named Ralph Ellis, he weighted 6 lbs. 9 ozs. and was 20 inches long. A beautiful baby with a lot of black hair. He was born in the Iron County hospital in Cedar City, Utah. Later that summer Howard was transferred to work on Cedar Mountain and as we couldn't find a place to rent, I spent the rest of the summer at my folks place in Milford. Howard came every week-end.

We moved back to Ogden that winter and the next Spring we bought a trailer house from Ruth and Rollo Robinson, Howard's sister and her husband. We were sent to Monroe, Utah that spring and summer. Howard quit the bureau of Public Roads in September, 1950 and we moved back to Ogden.

We bought our first house (1613 Binford) and Howard went to work for the Bureau of Reclamation.

Our second son was born October 11, 1950 at the Thomas Dee Memorial Hospital in Ogden, Utah. We named him Lynn Alan, he weighted 7 lbs. 1 oz. and was 20 inches long. He had quite a lot of black hair but not as much as Ralph.

In May 1952 we quit the Bureau of Reclamation and moved down to Milford, Utah to help my father with the farm, while my brother, Derald, was on a L. D. S. Mission in the North Central States. We also sold our home in Ogden. The farm work was completed in October and we accepted an engineer's job in Albuquerque, New Mexico. But after going out there and looking the place over we decided against it and returned to Utah after two days. In November Howard started working for the Corps of Engineers in Los Angeles.

We bought a home in Inglewood, Calif. and moved down the 1st of December 1952 (613 West Ellis Ave.) On August 25, 1953 another son, Craig Howard, was born. He weighted 6 lbs. 12½ ozs. and was 19 inches long. He was born at the Centinla Hospital in Inglewood, California.

While we were in Inglewood I was asked to teach the top-pilot class in Primary. Later I was put in as 1st Counselor in the Primary Presidency with Margie Rohnor as President. Howard accepted a job with the Corps of Engineers in Walla Walla, Washington in March 1956. He left for Washington while I and the boys stayed in Inglewood to sell the house and Howard to find a place for us to

live. (The boys were just getting over the Mumps at this time and came down with the Chicken Pox next.)

We joined him in Walla Walla six weeks later. He had rented a place at 618 School Ave. On August 3, 1956, we had a baby girl. She weighted 8 lbs. 3 ozs. we named her Jana Kay. I taught in Jr. Sunday School after Jana was about a year old. We bought a home in December 1958 at 1906 Carl Street. On February 27, 1959, another daughter Susan Iris, was born she weighted 6 lbs. 13½ ozs. and was 19 inches long. Both girls were born at the St. Mary's Hospital in Walla Walla, Washington.

When Susan was nearly a year old I resumed teaching in Jr. Sunday School. I had the Cubs Scout den the spring and summer of 1958 and again the fall and winter of 1961. In September 1962 I was released from Sunday School and put in the Primary and taught the Blazer Class.

In January 1964 the Walla Walla Ward was divided and I was put in as 1st Counselor in the Primary, Eda Nelson was President. I wasn't in very long before I was released from Primary and put in as Y.W.M.I.A. President, June 1964. I served as President until Howard was sustained as 2nd Counselor in the Bishopric, August 1966. I was then put in as Sunday School Secretary, serving in this calling until August 1969 when I was called to be Homemaking Counselor in the Relief Society. Carolyn Hafen was President. These were busy years as Howard had been made Bishop of the Ward the year before. These were also years our family were graduating from High School and going away on Missions and college. Howard was released as Bishop the night of Craig's farewell meeting (September 10, 1972). I served two years with Carolyn, she was released and Karen Anderson was sustained as President and I remained as Homemaking Counselor. I served with Karen until she moved back to Utah in August 1975. I was sustained once again as Sunday School secretary October 1975, a position I'm still serving in.

Howard retired from the Corps of Engineers June 1977 after 35 years of government service.

At the present time we have three children attending the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah.

Susan, our youngest child, is a freshman taking General Studies, (B.Y.U.)

Jana, our oldest daughter, has two semesters to go before she graduates. She attended B.Y.U. Hawaii College the winter semester of her sophmore year. She is taking Business Management.

Craig, our youngest son, had one year at B.Y.U. before serving as a Missionary in the Southwest Navaho Indian Mission, September 1972-1974. He will graduate from the B.Y.U. this December 1977 in Food Science.

Lynn, Our second child, graduated from Rick's College in Rexburg, Idaho May 1970. In 1971 attended Walla Walla Business College. He studied Computer Programing. He married Karen Hobbs from Preston, Idaho June 7, 1971, in Preston, Idaho. They moved to Tacoma, Washington where Lynn completed his Computer Programing studies. They later moved to Ogden, Utah where he worked for Van Camps Furniture laying carpets. Lynn now has his own contracting business laying carpets, linoleum and Formica. Lynn and Karen have two boys, Jason Lynn born November 14, 1972, and Jamie Benjamen born February 24, 1975.

Ralph, our oldest child, graduated from Rick's College in Rexburg, Idaho. Served a Mission from 1968-1970 in the Indiana Michigan Mission. He married Kittie Dawn Burton from Star Valley, Wyoming May 27, 1972 in the Logan Temple (Lynn and Karen were also sealed together in the temple at that same time).

Ralph graduated from Brigham Young University in Accounting. He works for Valley Bank and Trust in Salt Lake City, Utah. He lives in Orem, Utah. Ralph and Kittie have three children, a girl and two boys. Their oldest, a girl, Leslie Kate, was born March 9, 1973. Mark Ralph, their second child, was born February 17, 1975. Wayde Alan was born March 31, 1977.

HOWARD RALPH HOGGAN
by Iris Jones Hoggan

The fourth child of a family of six children born to Robert Ellis and Katie Eliza Malan Hoggan. Born February 22, 1917, in Ogden, Utah. Lived all his growing up years in Ogden, attended Weber College 1935-37 and graduated June 1937. Called to perform a Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of L.D.S. in California. While on the Mission was a lecturer at the World's Fair in San Francisco for a month. He returned the 22 Sept. 1939 with an honorable release.

He attended the University of Utah 1939-41. Graduated 10 June 1941 in Civil Engineering. Joined the Navy as Ensign 3 July 1941. Trained at Fort Schyler, New York. Was sent to Washington Keyport Station as security officer and promoted Lieut (gg) then to Lieutenant March 1944. Served at Keyport for 28 months and on April 30, 1944 was sent to New Herbrides in the South Pacific as (A.M.M.) officer. Promoted Lieutenant Commander Oct. 1945. Released from active duty 8 Dec. 1945 after serving 4½ years for his country.

He worked for Bureau of Reclamation in Durango, Colorado and Derlie, New Mexico. He changed to Bureau of Public Roads in 1946 in Ogden and was sent to Enterprise in 1947 to help build the first oil road out of Enterprise to Central. Went to Costa Rica and Panama for three months in 1948.

Howard loves to teach and has taught in most Priesthood classes whenever he was in one place long enough. Has served as a counselor in Elder's Quorum presidencies both in Calif. and Washington. Has also been Superintendent of Sunday School and has also taught Adult Classes in Sunday School. Was sustained as 2nd counselor in the Walla Walla Ward Bishopric from Aug. 7, 1966 to Sept. 1968. When he was sustained as Bishop Sept. 15, 1968, and served faithfully until he was released Sept 10, 1972.

He now works as a Veil Worker in the St. George Temple also we do initiatory work every other week. He is a counselor in the High Priest Group of the St. George 14th Ward.

Howard retired from the Corps of Engineers June 1977 after 36 years of government service. With our three youngest children going to college at BYU in Utah and our two older married sons living in Utah, we seriously considered moving to Utah. We had on several occasions looked for a place while vacationing but had never found anything we wanted or at least nothing that tempted us away from all our friends in Walla Walla.

In February 1978, Howard and I took off in our travel trailer and spent two months goofing around. Spent most of our time in Southern California. A week in Yuma, Ariz. and a week in Mesa, Ariz. We even made it to Death Valley. We really enjoyed ourselves.

After we got back we got a call from our son, Ralph, that his wife, Kittie, was down with Pneumonia and would we come take care of the children until she was up and about again. So we journeyed to Orem and tended our grandchildren for about two weeks.

Before returning home we decided to go on down to St. George and see the folks. While down in St. George we engaged in our usual activity of looking for a house. But this time we found one we both liked and at a price we could afford (in Green Valley) so before we knew it we had put down earnest money and was on our way to Walla Walla to

put a for sale sign up on our home there.

Our home in Walla Walla did not sell all summer so as the children packed up to return to school the end of August we decided to pack up too.

Monday morning August 21st we started to pack up the furniture. Our realtor called to say he had earnest money down on our house but they didn't want to take possession until October. By that same evening he called back and said they wanted the house by Labor-day week-end. (They lived over on the coast) I feel the Lord really had a hand in this for it worked out so perfectly for us. Maybe the Lord was testing us to see if we would back out and not move after all. It surely was a hard decision to make for we have enjoyed Walla Walla so much and it was home to our children.

We left Walla Walla August 22 and arrived in St. George August 24, 1978. We are enjoying our new home and living in a small community. Even tho there have been some inconveniences, the Santa Clara River has flooded out the road into town the two winters we have been here.

Update on our children;

Susan our youngest child had decided to go on a Mission for the church before she completes her studies at BYU. She has one more year before she graduates. She is now in the process of filling out papers.

Jana, is now serving a Mission for the church in the Hawaii Honolulu Mission. She graduated from BYU in Business Management (financial) and worked at Bradshaw Ford in St. George about a year before entering the Mission training Center February 21, 1980.

Craig is now living in San Dimas, Calif. and works in Riverside. He works for Central, Soya, Inc.

Lynn Alan Three years ago Lynn and Karen bought a new home in Roy, Utah. Lynn has been going to college as well as working full time. In June 1980 he graduated from Weber College in Manufacturing Engineering. After he graduated they accepted a job with Hughes, Inc. in Tucson, Arizona and are buying a new home there after selling their home in Roy, Utah. They now have four boys: Jason, Jamie, Andrew, and Jonathan.

Ralph; and Kittie moved into a new home in Kearns, Utah Sept. 1978. After working for Valley Bank and Trust for nearly four years, he now works for City Mortgage in SLC.

Outline History of
ALVIN DERALD JONES

Being born of choice parents, Alvin Alfred and Thelma Burgess Jones, on March 16, 1931, in St. George, Utah. I was preceeded by two older sisters, Maxine and Iris. When I was 14 years of age I was surprised with another sister Anna Maria.

One of the things I remember as a child is being spanked by my uncle Ellis, when we lived across the street from them. It was dark and he mistook me for one of his children. I also remember Uncle Ellis later for he came up a few times when we were haying in Central Utah.

One of the choicest experiences I had was in the spring of 1945. My father was working for the railroad and we were living in Milford. Grandfather, Hyrum Jones and Aunt Mary came up to do the irrigating for us and I stayed on the farm with them. At this time I got to know my Grandfather and see him work. I can say along with the other testimonies of him that he was indeed a very humble and God-fearing man. He was so steady and dependable. Even at his age then he worked hard and still complained of not doing enough for the money he was getting. It impressed me very much at this age to see a man so worried to do an honest days work. I can still hear my Father almost pleading with Grandfather to stay, that he was well worth the wage he was getting. But the last of July, they moved back to Gunlock. I will always remember how he used to feed and care for the horses and cow, feeding them not very much, but often. And how they were in good shape to work when we used them. It reminded me how important horses were to him in his younger days when he drove freight wagon so far. I'll cherish the moments I had with him and it gives me great pride of having such a grandfather as he is, for I know he's as much alive now as he was working on earth.

I really enjoyed football in high school, and had a chance to try out for a scholarship at Utah State College, the fall after graduation. I figured Dad really needed me so I worked the next year at home. In the fall of 1950, the Bishop came calling and asked me to go on a mission. I'm sorry to say I hadn't thought of going so it came as quite a shock to me. After being encouraged by Mom and Dad, I accepted the call.

I was interviewed by Apostle Kimball, and then set apart as a full time missionary by Mark E. Petersen. I went to the North Central States Mission in January 1951.

I, like most missionaries have a full account of my mission, but I will only say that I loved my mission and it was a high-light in my life so far. I served only in two towns, Austin and Mankato, Minnesota.

After my mission I was greeted by my draft board, and to my surprise I passed the physical. I have never had any hearing in my right ear, so was never guilty of being accused as a draft-dodger on my mission. After a plea from my father to the Draft Board for needing me, they only could say, "two more years won't hurt". So after getting home Jan. 19, I was in the Army March 5, 1953.

After my basic training in California, I ended up in Puerto Rico for the 18 months. I can say I didn't like army life to well, but really enjoyed my church work--having a good time continuing the missionary work.

I got out of the Army in Feb. 1955, where I came back to help my Father again. Back

home they set me apart as a stake missionary and the following August 30, 1955 I got married and sealed to a choice spirit, (Betty Barnes) in the Idaho Falls Temple. She was made a stake missionary also and come June 4, 1956, we had our first son, Hyrum Derald. He didn't help the stake missionary work at all. This same year I was called to be a seventy by Apostle Kimball, who ordained me to that office.

(One comment that my wife and I have always made is, we knew each other in the pre-existence) Well, I'm always slow making up my mind. The fact is, so Betty finally said, "I'm going down to earth, and if you are going to be my husband you better hurry." That's why she is 9 months older than I.

After losing our grade A milk base in Milford, Dad sold the milk cows and I went to Montana on a ranch that was 8 miles East of Bozeman. Here we lived for 15 years, having our children -- Craig Sterling, born June 18, 1957; Wayne Alvin, born Aug 14, 1958; Glint Michael born June 23, 1960; Sharrol born October 17, 1961; Shauna born Aug 18, 1963; Shane born March 28, 1967. I can say it was quite a struggle for us. I always say we lived on less money than people on welfare, but we look back now as *very* happy years. The hardest questions I ever had to answer in this life were from good little sons wondering after Christmas time--why Santa Claus gave some of the most trouble makers in church and school, more and better things than they got. We logged timber and later had cattle and made some money sawing on a small sawmill we had on the place.

In the spring of 1971, we sold our place in Montana and had until June 15, to be out of the house. It was at this time we were looking all over the country for another place we liked. After an unsuccessful visit to Grand Junction, Colorado, we decided to swing over to St. George and see my folks. We arrived in the evening of April 10, and our last child Shantay was born early the next morning in St. George, April 11, 1971, (Easter Sunday).

We found a place we liked North of Spokane, Washington, between the towns of Addy and Gifford.

We have lived here eight years now. Hyrum our oldest boy has served a mission in Western Australia. (Perth) He is married and lives in a trailer house just East of us. Craig served a Spanish-Speaking mission in the Texas San Antonio Mission. He has been home almost a year, working for a neighbor. Wayne is serving in Oklahoma Tulsa Mission and will be coming home Nov. 5, 1979.

Flint is serving in the Philadelphia Pennsylvania Mission. He has been gone since August 9, 1979.

We are really proud of our children and they really make the joy for our lives. There is nothing more impressive and testimony building than to have a son or daughter on a mission, unless its having more than one out at a time, which we have had for the past 5 years.

Yes, life is tough, but family makes it all worthwhile. May we live worthy to be as an eternal family.

I'm proud to be a Jones, for I'm proud of my parents, my grandparents and so on. I'm proud of my sons and daughters and now my Grandson, for I end this by bearing testimony of God and Jesus Christ. Yes, God restored His church in these last days by the prophet Joseph Smith. May we perfect ourselves and our family for this is what brings to pass joy to us in this life and the life in the future. This is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Brief Personal History of
HYRUM DERALD JONES
Oct. 8, 1979

I was born June 4, 1956. As for this first part, my information will be gathered from the knowledge of my parents and relatives, since I was too young to remember

I was told that my great grandfather, Hyrum Jones, held me when I was first born. I was born in Milford, Utah in kind of a house-hospital. My father was helping my grandfather Jones with his farm. I lived the first six months of my life in Utah and then moved to Bozeman, Mt. on a farm in the mountains seven miles east of Bozeman. At this time I acquired a German Sheperd dog. Rex, who will have a lot to do with my life later on. I've been told that after I learned to walk I ran away from home up a logging road with Rex. I guess I had them worried to death, anyway when found my diaper had dropped down and I had an awful sunburn on my rear.

One year and a few days after I was born Craig came along on June 18, and I had to share my things and experiences with him. One year and 2 months later Wayne came along, born August 14. I have no personal memory of either of these births.

The first real experience I can remember took place on my 4th birthday. It was celebrated at the Bozeman fish hatchery beneath the big 'M' at the mouth of Bridger Canyon. I remember wanting to climb up to it and started to but gave up. I was told that I loved to fish and went fishing in the Bridger Creek quite often, where I once caught a real fish (can't remember how much it weighed).

Growing up seemed to take a long time and yet now it seems so short. Graig and I enjoyed many things together on our 800 acre farm. The farm consisted mostly of trees and mountains and we learned to love the forest and wilderness. Being the oldest I found that my experiences were soon followed by the other brothers and sisters. Seemed as though we were quite isolated from other kids our ages and were left to ourselves to make games and ideas.

Somehow school found us and before we knew it we were in school. I didn't attend kindergarten so Craig and I started school the same time. Him in kindergarten and I in first grade. That grade passed with no problems but I took the second grade twice to improve my reading skills. We changed schools in the third grade, and fourth grade was special because of a special teacher, Mrs. Olsen. Changed school again in the fifth grade and started training at playing a tenor sax, which continued through the 12th grade. I think it was 5th grade that I first discovered girls. I believe it was 6th grade that I took wrestling and earned 1st place in my weight division. Seventh grade brought another change of schools, this time to Junior High. Both the 7th and 8th grades were hard for me. In the 8th grade I was privileged to attend drivers training and in June of 1971 I had my Montana Driver License. The summer before I had my first job away from home working for a guy named Bob Haughland where I gained some valuable experiences.

In June of 1971 we sold our 800 acre farm in Montana and moved to Addy, Washington. After the sale we were free of debt and had a little extra money. Of course we all missed our home in Montana and still even now I miss it a lot. Shantay, who was born in St. George, Utah, while we were looking for a new home, will never have memories of

''HOME-HOME''. To back track a little..... I remember the birth of all the rest of my brothers and sisters: Flint was born June 23, 1960, Sharrol born at home Oct. 14, 1961, Shauna born Aug. 18, 1962, Shane born March 23, 1967, Shantay born April 11, 1971. Rex, the dog I mentioned before grew up with me. I loved that dog and was really saddened with his death.

The move to washington brought new experiences, as a freshman in the 9th grade I was introduced to football, and became quite an important player as defensive end and also fullback. The high school days passed so fast. In my senior year I was elected as ASB President and also called as a Stake Missionary. My mission was next and took me to Perth, Australia. My mission experiences could fill a book and I returned with a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I returned from my mission in August of 1971 and began work for Chewelah Contractors, Inc.

In Oct. I met a beautiful girl named Sharee Burt. In Dec. we were engaged and in March married and sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple. On Dec. 28, 1979, our first child was born ..... Thayne Spencer Jones. The three of us now live in a mobil home on a section of Dad's farm where I work.

By

BETTY BARNES JONES

October 8, 1979

I will attempt to write a brief history of our children. I feel some responsibility to my husband for not teaching them that this is important: Hyrum has written his own, so will begin with Craig.

Craig Sterling Jones born to A. Derald and Betty Jones on June 18, 1957 at about mid-day in the Bozeman Deaconess Hospital. He is our second boy and a very special spirit of our Heavenly Father. He was always dependent very much on himself and needed very little special attention when growing up. He was always quiet and willing to help when asked.

He started School in Bozeman at age 5. He attended Whittier Elementary from grade K to 3 and they then transferred him to Emerson elementary school. He had good grades all through until he started the 5th grade in the Middle School and here he was put in a special reading class to improve his reading skills. He still had good grades all above a C. It was while in the Middle School that a special teacher seeing that the children riding busses needed something to keep them out of mischief during the cold days when they couldn't go outside at noon, so he started teaching them square dancing and it was only a week until Craig got so involved that he would miss his lunch to go and learn to dance.

When we moved from Bozeman, Montana to Gifford, Washington, Craig was in the eighth Grade and school was really different. He was going to a little country school with eight grades and his teacher was a very big man, who was very good for the boys. The next year he went to Hunters, where he attended Columbia High School. This school was noted for the bad you could do and not the good, so Craig didn't obtain any close friends because of the trouble they always seemed to be into. He was well liked by the teachers which was of an advantage because he was able to do things the other boys were not permitted to do. He graduated with a B plus average and was called on a mission the following October. He had a very successful mission and learned to love many people in the Texas San Antonio Spanish Mission. He had the best mission President any one could ask for as he served under President Vaughn J. Featherstone.

Craig has always loved home and when he returned in October said he would like to just stick around for a little while and get re-acquainted with his brothers and sisters. In the spring of 1979 he got a job working on a ranch for a neighbor who lives 4 miles away. He was very happy there and loved to go to work as he preached the Gospel to these people in actions as well as words. He had an offer to raise his wage and get a little better job, so quit and the empty spot he left there is a memory he shall never forget.

Craig doesn't have any one special interest, but does good at anything he attempts to do. He is good at tooling leather and when time permits, this is his special attraction at present.

Wayne Alvin Jones born to A. Derald and Betty Jones on August 14, 1958 in the Bozeman Deaconess Hospital about 9 in the morning. Derald was able to witness the birth of his third son, which we consider another choice spirit.

Wayne grew fairly normal as did the other children, but I do remember Wayne taking more interest in the animals and he wanted

a horse, so when he was about 6 Derald was able to trade some lumber for 2 little black shetland ponies, one of which Wayne claimed. He also liked to mock his dad, who was logging at the time, he with his 2 older broghers would go to the closest hill and haul limbs down on their wagon and say they were logging. He also got the saw and cut down the only little pine tree we had in the back yard, that we had transplanted. Wayne went to Kindergarten and first grade at Whittier, and then transferred to Emerson and then to Wilson Middle School. He and Craig were good buddies all through school and recall many good times they had together.

When we moved to Washington he attended the same Evergreen Elementary School as Craig and had the same big man for the teacher. Wayne was promised a spanking from the teacher because he didn't know his spelling words one day, so he took the spanking and then the teacher feeling sorry told Wayne that if he could got 100 per cent on his states and Capitols he would be permitted to spank the teacher. To the surprise of the teacher, Wayne came up with 100 per cent and we recall the teachers own words, "I knew what to expect from Wayne from then on, and I'll never forget that day, as it was all I could do to keep the tears back." Wayne was a very good friend of this teacher and when he quit teaching he hired Wayne and Craig to work for him one summer on his place across the river. That was about the first steady job Wayne had.

He graduated from High School in Hunters and the following November was called to serve in the Oklahoma Tulsa Mission. Wayne was the Priest Quorum leader while he was a priest and up until he left for his mission. He is serving Under President Merkley. His two years will be completed on Nov. 5, 1979 and we don't know of any special plans from here.

Flint Michael Jones, born to A.Derald and Betty Jones on June 23, 1960, early in the morning in the Bozeman Deaconess Hospital. All that was said at seeing this special little spirit was "It's another boy". Flint was quite a mischievious little boy, but never really got into any serious trouble. He followed his older brothers around and did many of the things they did in the line of playing and cutting trees and etc. They all loved the place in Montana as it was the place of all their special growing up days. The other boys liked to always have their Dad take them fishing and so Flint would go along, but he never seemed to come home with any fish, but mostly a frog in his pocket. When I would ask him why he didn't fish instead of catching frogs he would say, "Well, Mom, he just kept looking at me so I had to catch him and bring him home." Flint always got along well with everyone and has a good personality.

He started his schooling in Emerson Elementary School in Bozeman where he attended 4 years. In his 5th year we moved to Washington and he went to the Country School with the other two boys, Craig and Wayne. It was in his last year there that he had a different teacher and I guess he was very helpful to her, as she commented that he was her best student.

Flint never told us until he was ready to leave on his mission that he was really scared and worried about the changes he had to make in his life, and changing school was some of these changes, but he always managed to live through each new experience without too much trouble and so has grown to be a very outstanding member of the family.

When he started High School in Hunters he as did the other three boys went out for football. He was a good player and the coach didn't think much of Flint as a runner until the last game of his Senior year and then he made a couple of touch-downs as quarterback of the team. He graduated as the Salutatorian of his class.

Flint was very well liked by the teachers and will always give thanks to the little teacher who bought an electronics course and let Flint work it and put the expensive parts of the course together in his home. It was also this teacher that permitted Flint to put 3 Cedar chests together in his home and then came to take pictures and grade the chests here at his home.

Flint worked for a year before being called on his mission and was therefore able to put away almost enough to pay for his mission. He worked at various jobs, most of the haying and working on farms. He received a mission call to the Pennsylvania Philadelphia Mission and entered the Missionary training center on August 9, 1979. He was there a month and is now in Milford, Penn. He has already baptized 2 people who are very special to him.

After 4 boys Sharrol was a welcomed sight, born to Alvin Derald and Betty Jones on the 17 day of October at our home in Bridger Canyon, 7 miles East of Bozeman. She was our first daughter and the first born at home. Everything went fine, the Doctor arrived about nine and Sharrol was born shortly after 10 P.M.

Sharrol was a fairly normal little girl until about the age of three, then she decided she wanted to be a horse and she would act the part. Everyone wondered if she was normal, but she grew normal and entered school in Emerson Elementary School in Bozeman. She was very good in school and especially in her art class. The first grade teacher had her doing clay modeling and she made a horse with her and Shauna riding on it. The teacher thought it so good she saved it for one of her display items.

Sharrol was in the third grade when we moved to Washington. She attended Evergreen school here. She always liked school fairly well and had many friends.

Sharrol has always liked horses and after moving here she sold her Shetland pony to a neighbor and we got her a yearling colt. When the colt was old enough Sharrol broke her to ride and has had many happy times riding her. In 1977 the Month of April, we had a chance to borrow an Arabian Stallion and Sharrol's horse had a beautiful colt of which she is very proud. She named her Flicka and is now breaking her to ride.

About a year ago Sharrol got acquainted with a wonderful Member of the church who is now serving a mission in Virginia. Sharrol is in her Senior year in High School at Columbia High in Hunters. She is active in all the sports and plays on the Basketball team. She is also active in her church activities and is planning a temple marriage.

Shauna Jones daughter of A Derald and Betty Jones came galloping in on her favorite horse Tony. She was born in the Bozeman Deaconess Hospital on August 18, 1963. She is our second girl and quite different than the first, except for her love of the animals and especially horses. She started riding at the age of 2½ and had broke horses for other people.

She started to school in Bozeman at the Emerson School and went there for two years before moving to Washington. She has completed 10 grades and is working on her 11th.

Shauna is our right hand man when it comes to doing the chores and helping to feed and care for the cattle. She takes care of the horses all the time. She is active in Sunday School, but don't care to much for M.I.A. She also does very nice embroidery work.

Shauna has a great desire to have a horse ranch and be a Veterinarian assistant. She has good grades in school and works very hard on the things she has to do. Last summer she broke a very lively Palamino mare for a rancher in the North part of the state. He says he likes the way she did it and he paid her for her services. She also broke the little Shetland that she calls Trixy and has taught her to do tricks. She broke two other horses for another neighbor a couple of years ago also.

Shauna plans on taking a course in Vet. assistant as soon as she finishes High School.

Shane Tyrus Jones came to live with us on March 28, 1967, in Bozeman Deaconess Hospital. Shane has for his parents A Derald and Betty Jones. He is more attached to the place in Washington, because he was only 4 when we moved here. Shane is our seventh child and 5th boy.

Shane started his kindergarten in Hunters and the first grade in Evergreen school. The school days have been a little rough for Shane as he has a problem remembering, so his reading is slow. He transferred to Hunters in the 5th grade at the middle of the

year and has been attending there.

He was ordained a Deacon on the 14th of April and is active in the Church. He is now Secretary of the Deacon's Quorum. Shane really likes hiking and camping out. He also likes to fish and was quite disappointed when Wayne left for his mission because Wayne always took him fishing.

Shane is now in the 6th grade and doing great. He has to be his Dad's right hand man now as his older brothers are all away and working. He don't have too many plans for the future yet.

Shantay surprised us on Easter Sunday April 11, 1971 in St. George Hospital. Her parents are A. Derald and Betty Jones. She moved with us to our new home in Washington when she was only 2 months. She is the last of our eight children and really a joy to have as she has a pleasant personality and makes friends easily. She enjoys playing with her brother Shane, but has a really hard time getting him to play house or ride horses with her.

Shantay started her schooling in Evergreen school and is now in the 3rd grade. She is an A Student and loves school. She also likes to go riding and likes the outside chores. She is active and likes to play games with the family.

For lack of time and age, this is about all I can think of for the 8 children, but do know there are many other things that I could remember and cherish, if the children were a little more free to get together and discuss it. This is one of the things that highlights our family is to get together and review old times together.

Newspaper clipping: BOZEMAN GIRL RECEIVES HONOR FOR WORK

A nine-year-old Bozeman girl, Sharrol Jones of Emerson School is one of four Montana students who received honors in the 27th annual national AAA School Traffic Safety Poster Contest.

She and Kathlee LaCounte, 16, of Sidney High School, received merit citations for their entries.

The Montana section of the contest was handled by the Montana Automobile Association, which has headquarters in Helena.

Two other Montana students, both of Sidney Junior High School, also were honored with awards of commendation certificates. They are Bethany Redlin and Patty Anderson, both age 14.

Two Montana instructors were awarded certificates of appreciation. They are Shirley Blome of Bozeman and David B. Torrence of Sidney.

ANNA MARIA JONES HENDRICKSON

It all started at 5:00 A.M. on August 14, 1944 in Cedar City, Utah. My parents Alvin Alfred Jones and Thelma Burgess Jones (having two girls and only one boy) were a little disappointed for they were looking forward to another boy. However, as my brother and sisters were quite a little older than me, I soon became their favorite and needless to say a little spoiled.

At birth my eyes were blue, and my hair dark. I was 20 inches long and weighed 6 pounds 10 ounces.

My parents were living in Milford, Utah on a farm so when I was just eight days old I had my first car ride. It was in a 1941 Ford three quarter ton light green pick-up truck. The whole gang came after me and I rode home in my new bassinet which later became my bed.

When I was five weeks old my mother began feeding me orange juice and I never missed a day having juice until I was over five years old. I made a trip back to Cedar City to have the doctor look me over when I was seven weeks old. He said I was O.K. which made my mother very happy.

We moved into Milford City right after my first Thanksgiving. My Daddy worked on the railroad. He was gone from home sometimes for a week but I *never* forgot him and wanted to go to him whenever he was around. In fact, as I grew older and we were back on the farm I was always tagging him around.

During my 2nd winter we moved back to the old farm. My first smile was for my sister Maxine I first laughed ut loud at the old family clock hanging on the wall.

I had so many walking me about that I took my first steps alone on June 13th just before I turned 10 months old.

Just before I was two years old my parents bought a dairy farm. As I grew older and played outdoors my favorite pet was a dog named Bones. I, also, had several cats and baby calves. Taking care of these baby calves became one of my chores as I grew older. I learned to love them all very dearly. They were my only playmates until I was in school.

The story has been told that I loved the animals and played with them so much that I thought I was an animal. One day when dad took some alfalfa seed up to Delta we went inside where he would sell it with a man. Another man came in talking loud at someone and as he came closer I growled and barked at him. Dad said he guessed he got the point because he did not come any closer.

In the fall of 1949 when I was five I started Kindergarten in Milford. This was quite an experience for me as I hadn't had many children to play with or be around. I guess I thought I had to do whatever they wanted. Because whenever any of the kids wanted to take my hair out of my braids I would let them. When I would get home Mom would be angry but the next day I would let the kids unbraid my long hair again. Finally in desperation my mother cut off my long braids. My teacher was Mrs. Christhansen and I remember going to her house once after school and she gave us an apple.

My first grade teacher was Miss Parkinson and what I remember most in her class was she would read us a story before we had to rest on our mats and try to take a nap. Second grade my teacher was Mrs. Roberts and we did a lot of math. Third grade my teacher was Miss Cole. She punished everyone if one person was noisy. She

would have us stand up straight on both feet for what seemed a long time. My favorite teacher was in the fourth grade, Mr. Marvin Gunther. He was so kind and good we all wanted to do our best in our school work. Mr. Fisher was my fifth grade teacher with Mrs. Elmer and Mr. Bell in the sixth. In the seventh Mrs. Larsen, Mr. Long, Mrs. Myres and Mr. Bradshaw.

I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints on January 31, 1953 by my brother Derald Jones who had just completed a L.D.S. mission to the North Central States.

During my last three years in Primary I had the privilege of going to the St. George temple with the other Primary children and being baptized for the dead.

In March 1957, during my seventh grade, my parents sold our dairy farm and bought the White House Motel in Washington, Utah. To keep me happy about leaving the farm they kept a cow for me to milk and the horse for me to ride. I had many fun times with my horse and my girl friends exploring the mountains.

I attended school at Woodward High School and went grades 7th through 10th. Then later I attended Dixie High which had grades 11th and 12th. It was quite a change moving to a town after being raised on a farm. My first night there all the kids around my age came to meet me. I was so bashful I could hardly say a word, but after awhile I had many friends. There were quite a few girls my age and we played soft-ball through the M.I.A. program. We would play the other wards in the stake. We won I think every game we played until we were out of school and we really enjoyed the game; I played right fielder.

Thinking back I had lots of fun in my teen years. I graduated from Dixie High the spring of 1962, I was seventeen years old. I stayed home that summer after I graduated and I think helped in the motel or at least hope I did help. That fall I went to Salt Lake City and attended the Hollywood Beauty School which took one year. It was during this time I met the man of my dreams and fell in love. We met in January through a mutual friend and on Dec. 6, 1963 I became Mrs. James Franklin Hendrickson. Jim was from Bountiful, Utah. His father, James Smith and mother, Edna Kate Hardy Hendrickson lived in Washington D.C. when Jim was born. They both worked for the government but moved to Salt Lake when Jim was quite small. Then later moved to Bountiful on some ground they bought from Jim's Grandpa Hardy. Jim worked summers for his grandfather who had a few acres and truck gardened. He sold fresh produce to the stores.

We made our first home in the Avenues of Salt Lake at 385 5th avenue. I worked in the avenues at Harrisons Beauty Shop for almost a year. Jim was working as a Hod carrier with the promise they would let him lay brick someday.

On Dec. 29, 1964 our first child was born. Not having any experience with babies - boy, did I spoil her. She was such a mama's girl Jim could hardly hold her very often. She would just cry and cry. I guess I did everything wrong, she liked to sleep on my stomach better than her bed. She had plenty of times she had to, to keep warm. In February we rented an unfurnished house and we went to Washington to get my bed and a table from my parents. The car broke down at Milford and we spent the night in the cold car. But there Connie was warm as toast on my stomach. Another time was that we had gone fishing that summer. In driving the car close to where we were going to fish so we could let Connie sleep in the car and hear her when she woke up, well we hit a rock and broke the oil pan. We were lucky and had blankets with us each time. Some of the other people there shared their food but we had to spend the night in the car. We had sent word off the mountain with some other people who were going home to call Jim's dad. He came the next day and got us. We had to leave the car there on the mountain until the next weekend. We borrowed Jim's dads car and went back and fixed our car. Our home we rented was in Hunter on 3500 South and 5974 West. We liked the town, the church was right across the street.

On Feb. 11, 1966 we were sealed for all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. We did not know many of the ward members too well but in the temple they ask all those with us to stand and it seemed like the whole room stood. It was very touching that so many came with us. It was most sacred and exciting when little Connie was sealed to us, she was so little and did not cry one bit.

On Aug. 2, 1966 our second child was born. A boy we named James Brian. Our small home was too small so we started looking for a more permanent home. In Feb. 1967 we started buying our home, it was in Taylorsville, southwest of the city at 5098 Leisure Lane. (about 1790 west).

Shortly after we bought our home Jim decided he was never going to lay brick unless he traded jobs. He took his apprenticeship out to be a Brick Mason. It was quite a struggle, it took two pay checks to pay the house and two for our car payment every month. We barely had enough for food, clothes and bills. It took four years through the Union to become a Brick Mason but we made it.

In Nov. of 1969 we gained custody of Jims daughter, Tamara Lee. And on Dec. 7, 1969 our third child was born or should I say fourth, Sheri Ann. It was a real experience doubling our family in such a short time. I was split with dealing with older problems of Tamara's and trying to care for a new baby, Tami was eight and quite set in her ways. I think Connie and Brian were left out for a time but I hope not too much.

Gregory Smith was born on his Grandpa Hendrickson's birthday. It is the day before Tami's birthday on the 24th of August 1961. She was 10 years old and was very put out that she had to wait for her cake and birthday party until I came home. Jim was allowed in the delivery room with me when Greg was born, it was real special for me to have him with me and hold his hand.

We had another addition on April 27, 1973. We named her Julie Marie. I was not as lucky to have Jim with me this time, he was working in Wyoming. Julie was born on Friday morning and Jim was coming home on Friday night. My good friends and neighbor, Linda Bolte, took me to the hospital and stayed with me. She claims, since she played the role of father, that is the reason Julie has blue eyes and blond hair. All of Linda's kids have blue eyes and blond hair and Julie is the only one of ours with that combination as yet.

When Julie was 16 months old we sold our home in Taylorsville. We had wanted to get out of the city for sometime. We wanted some place we could raise our children with more peace of mind and more room they could play. We also wanted a large garden and our own animals to help us. We found a place in which the people who owned it wanted to move into the city to be by their children. So we traded and were both happy.

Our new older home is in Fairview, Utah. We bought a Gersey cow who we call Clover and boy, do we love her milk and cream. We also got some chickens-rabbits-pigs-sheep-dogs and cats. We have all the meat-eggs-milk-and sometimes butter we use most of the time. We have a beautiful garden, we kind of wish the growing season is longer but we will work around it.

We have had a few additions in our family while we have lived in Fairview. Our "Debbie", Debra Lynn was born July 10, 1975. She was followed by "Becka", Rebecka Kate on Aug. 7, 1976. I call them my twins the hard way. They are sure close and love to play and fight together. They were followed by Nancy Jane born May 15, 1978. As I looked in my Book of Remembrance I was surprised how close her birthday is to Nancy Jane Hunts, lacking five days they are 100 years apart. She has been, I think, the happiest baby we have, she is really getting a cute personality. I scolded her the other day and all she did was tip her head to the side and give me a big smile. How could I stay upset at her. I was worried all the time before she was born because the horse we had threw me off while I was expecting her. But everything worked out OK.

Jim and I enjoy doing things together like hunting, fishing, and taking care of our garden. We both love to see things grow.

We love it here in Fairview and wish we had come sooner. We like the people in this small town, they have been very friendly to us.

I hope that in the future I will keep my history up to date. I have enjoyed writing this, it has helped me to be thankful for all we have and have enjoyed.

P.S. by her mother -- During her teen years Anna Maria achieved a 100 per cent in attendance at her church meetings for three consecutive years and Jim did for five years. In her busy life she has kept busy in the church serving as ward librarian in Taylorsville and is now serving in that capacity in Fairview. Jim was Elders Quorum Secretary in Taylorsville and is now in the Elders Quorum Presidency in Fairview. They also find time to attend the temple.

Tamara Lee Hendrickson

I was born August 24, 1961 to James F. Hendrickson and Laverna Montez Miller. I lived most of my first eight years with my mother and two days before Thanksgiving in 1969, I came to live with Dad and Anna. It was quite a difficult time for my new Mom and for me. The life style was real different and hard for me to get used to. But someway we have made it through all our problems. I have met and plan to marry the man of my dreams on December 8, 1979. I also plan to be sealed to Mom (Anna) and Dad someday soon.

I never thought I would see the day that my life would be in order again. I really loved my wedding, it was rainbow colored. Mom and Dad really looked GREAT, I am glad they are my parents. On December 19, 1979 Mark, my husband, was cleaning his gun and it went off, he died. I miss him more than anything I've ever missed. I am glad I have the church and my family to help me through my heartaches and troubles. I have grown very close to the Scriptures. I can't wait till I am sealed to my family and to Mark.

Connie Rae Hendrickson

I was born early on the morning of December 29, 1964. Being the first baby Mom had been around much, I soon ruled the household. I was blessed by my Grandpa Jones on June 6, 1965 in Washington, Utah. On February 11, 1966 I was sealed to Mom and Dad in the Salt Lake Temple. I was baptized by my father January 5, 1973 after a big snow storm had left about two feet of snow. I was confirmed by our home teacher, Ralph Edwards.

One day when I was about three years old I took my sandpail outside and told Mom I was going to milk the cow. Mom did not worry because she thought I was going to play in the sandpile by where Daddy was working on the car. But to Moms surprise when she went out to talk to Dad I was nowhere in sight. Mom and Dad started to look for me. They looked around the subdivision, at the school, at the store, over to the dairy but could not find me anywhere. They were upset by now so they called the police to help find me. They searched for about two hours, so in all I was gone for about five hours when I walked in the house and could not imagine what was going on. The police tried to have me show them where I was but I couldn't. A few weeks later Mom thought she found out where I went but we never found my sandpail.

When we moved to Fairview I did not like leaving my friends but now we have been here for awhile I have many friends here. I like to ride horses. Last year I worked in the Fairview museum and enjoyed it quite well. Really with the money I was able to buy all my school clothes. Hope I can do the same this year.

James Brian Hendrickson

I was born August 2, 1966 at 8:06 P.M. on a rainy night. The first thing Mom asked Dad after I was born was, "Did you roll the car windows up?" I was a big baby, I weighed 8 lbs. 14 ozs. We lived in Hunter, Utah when I was born, in a small green house, 5974 West 3500 South. That next February we moved to Taylorsville, 5098 Leisure Lane, where I lived until I turned 8 years old. That spring after we moved to Taylorsville, Connie, my big sister, got pneumonia and Mom and Dad not wanting me to get it also, let Grandma and Grandpa

Hendrickson take me to Bountiful for awhile. But I got it also and spent about three weeks without seeing Mom and Dad.

As I grew older it seemed like I was always sick. So when I was about three I had my tonsils out. The first thing I said after they were out was give me some medicine my throat hurts.

In Kindergarten one day on the way to school I was bitten by a German Shepherd dog. I was the second of three kids he bit that day. It scared Tami and Connie so bad that they could not tell Mom what happened to me very well. I had several stitches in my seat and leg.

I have always had a strong will and did not like holding Mom's hand in stores. So one day I took off running after Mom had said--do not run. I ran into a shelve and cut my eye. I still have a dimple there when I smile.

We moved to Fairview the day after I was baptized. I was baptized by my father and confirmed that same night by our Bishop Ahlberg on Sept. 27, 1974. I was also blessed by my father on Sept. 25, 1966. I was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood by my father on 6 Aug 1978.

It has been fun living in Fairview, I have many friends and enjoy fishing and hunting with them and my Dad.

Sheri Ann Hendrickson

I was born one icy night the 7th of December 1969. I was blessed by my father the 25th of Jan. 1970. I was baptized and confirmed on the 7th day of January by my father, James F. Hendrickson. It was quite a night. Dad had lent his white pants to someone, Mom knew they had returned them but could not remember where she had put them, so they made a hurry up trip to Provo to buy some more. By the time they returned the Bishop had called to see if we were coming or not. Tami and Connie had everyone ready and we made it, about a half hour late.

When I was quite small Mom and Dad were working on some screen and they told me not to touch it or it may cut me. They told me to just look but don't touch. They said I chimed in saying, "Ya-but I want to see it with my hands". I guess it has stuck with me because I am always being told my favorite saying is "Ya-But".

I love animals of all kinds and love to play with them. I also like to draw them. My hobbies are reading, drawing, riding horses and walking the dogs. I want to save my money to buy a ewe sheep so I can raise lambs.

Gregory Smith Hendrickson

I was born on my Grandfather Hendrickson's birthday, August 23, 1971. I was blessed by my father on October 31, 1971. Mom and Dad could not make up their minds on my name, so the first part of my life I was called Brad. Everyone had a hard time to start to call me Greg. I have always been very active, I would not stay in my walker, I would push it over to the stairs, tip it over and crawl out. Mom said, boy, could I climb before I could walk. I climbed on top of the washing machine, I was always on the table. I guess I was always putting my fingers where they did not belong. One time I put my finger in the floor drain and Mom had a hard time getting it out. She put everything she could think of on it and finally it came out.

I really love to play with my friends, sometimes I have so much fun playing I forget to be home when I am supposed to be and Mom gets angry with me. When I want to I can really help around the house.

I was baptized on ------- by my father and confirmed by my father also. Now I am wrestling in Pee Wee wrestling. I think I will have lots of fun in this sport.

Julie Marie Hendrickson

I was born April 27, 1973 on a Friday morning. Mom had wanted me to wait until that night when Daddy was coming home. He was working in Wyo., but Mom woke up about 5:30 A.M., woke up a neighbor, Linda Bolte, about 6:30 for a ride to the hospital. I was born at 8:46 A.M. I was blessed in Washington, Utah July 1, 1975 by Grandpa Jones.

I was bald headed it seemed for a long

time and everyone called me a boy. But in time I grew blond hair, the first in the family with light eyes and light hair. Gregs hair was quite light but not as light as mine.

When I was seventeen months old we moved to Fairview, Utah. Mom and Dad did not want to raise us kids in the busy city. They wanted us to have things to do and places to go without being in somebodys way. I enjoy the animals we have and wish we had a horse to ride.

I was in kindergarten last year and I am enjoying 1st grade this year. I have many friends even if at times I don't think so. I think it is fun as I start to read.

Debra Lynn Hendrickson

I was born the 10th of July 1975. I am the seventh child in the family, the first born in Sanpete County. My doctor was a young doctor with not much experience. Mom was in labor with me longer than any of the other kids. I was turned face up instead of face down. In fact no one could ever get my heart beat. But when I turned over I came in a hurry, which left Mom and Dad alone. The doctor came first and got excited, he had a hard time getting Mom's bed in the delivery room. The nurse was nowhere to be found so Dad helped the doctor to get ready for me. About that time the nurse came in to help the doctor. When I was born my hair was black. The doctor told Mom and Dad I was a 10/10 which meant I could not look any better for color of skin or condition after birth.

Greg, my littlest big brother could not hardly wait until I came home so he could hold me. As I grew my hair started to look like a bush, it would not lay down and it was real straight. Now I have light brown hair which is thick and a wave in the back; I don't know what happened to my black hair.

I was blessed and given my name by my father on August 3, 1975. I enjoy playing with my little sisters Becka and Nancy and the dogs and cats we have. The other day when my big sister Julie came home from school she had a picture of a ghost she had made at school for Halloween. I asked her if it was the Holy Ghost. Julie just said no, it was just a ghost.

Rebecka Kate Hendrickson

I was born August 6, 1976, the eighth member of the family. I was the second child to be born since the family moved to Fairview. Mom says everyone will mis-spell my name. She took the spelling from the bible except she left off the "h". She also thought it looked better with my middle name. They named me Rebecka because they liked the name and Kate for my Grandma and for Mom's aunt. The Kids call me Becka or Becky and sometimes Katie.

I have quite a temper, if I started to cry everyone really has a job to make me forget what I started for. I have a hard time trying to stop.

I was blessed on November 7, 1976 by my father, James Franklin Hendrickson in Fairview North Ward. I am starting to enjoy Sunday School, Primary, and Relief Society Nursery. At first it really scared me but now I know it is fun.

My first trip to the dentist did not work out, I started to cry and he could not finish.

When I was 2½ years old Dad was watching Debbie, Nancy and me. Debbie got Mom's scissors and cut my hair off. Dad said he thought everything was too quiet so he went to check on us. When he opened the door all he could see was hair all over the floor. When Mom came home from Relief Society Dad hid us behind his chair and told her not to be mad. When Mom saw me she wanted to cry but all she could do was laugh because I looked so funny. It took until now when I turned three and a half for my hair to grow like it was before my hair cut. I now look like a little girl again.

Nancy Jane Hendrickson

I was born May 15, 1978 in Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete, Utah. My doctor was Dr. Bruce Harless, he is also our Stake President. I was named Nancy because of Nancy Ann Gull on my fathers side and Nancy Jane Hunt on my mothers side. Jane because both of Moms Grandmas had Jane for a middle name.

My father gave me my name and blessing

on the 2nd of July 1978 in the North Ward Chapel.

I started walking about the time I turned 10 months old. I am the ninth child in our family. My brothers and sisters like to play and tend me because I am no problem. They keep telling me how sweet I am. I am very happy most of the time. When someone scolds or is unhappy with me I just tip my head and smile at them and soon they are smiling too. The last little while I have become quite a tease and when someone tells me so I point at my teeth and say teeths.

UPDATE ON
ALVIN JONES FAMILIES

RODNEY AND MAXINE JONES STAHELI:

Their youngest son ORRIN STAHELI married GEORGIA LEE WRIGHT April 18, 1981, they have two children, a boy and a girl: Shannon Lee born August 12, 1982 and William Reece born July 25, 1984.

Their second son RULON STAHELI married TAMRA LEE NORTON April 19, 1980, they have one child, a boy, Kalvin R. Staheli born January 23, 1983.

Their oldest child, IRENE STAHELI JACOBSEN, and husband LESLIE moved from Duchene, Utah to Carlsbad, New Mexico in 1985. Les is a Civil Engineer and works for the government on reclamation projects. They are planning on another move this Fall (1986) to near Farmington, New Mexico.

In February 1982 Robney Staheli had a hip operation and was doing fine. On the 20th of October 1982 he passed away suddenly with a heart attack. At the time of his death he was overseeing the laying of the concrete pipe from the Enterprise reservior to the fields for sprinkling systems.

HOWARD AND IRIS JONES HOGGAN

Their oldest boy RALPH and KITTIE HOGGAN have a girl and a boy added to their family: Andrea Hoggan born April 7, 1981 and Glen Warner Hoggan born March 1, 1985. Ralph and Kittie live in Kearns, Utah where Ralph is city auditor.

Their second boy LYNN and KAREN HOGGAN have three boys added to their family, Jonathan Hoggan born September 9, 1979; Matthew Hoggan born October 26, 1983; and Nathan Taylor Hoggan born October 26, 1985. They moved from Ogden, Utah to Tucson, Arizona, bought a beautiful home and he works for the government.

Their youngest son, CRAIG HOGGAN, is a Nutritional Scientist and he and his partner own and live in a Los Angeles Harbor apartment. They own and operate a business supplying school lunch and Fast Food businesses.

Their two daughters, JANA and SUSAN HOGGAN, live in a condominium in Murray, Utah owned by their father, Howard. Jana is an accountant at Osco Drug. Susan works for the Utah State Tax Commission.

On the 14th of September 1985, Iris passed away at the Dixie Medical Center after a two year bout with cancer.

A. DERALD AND BETTY JONES

Their oldest son, HYRUM and SHAREE JONES, have four children added to their family: Anatha Jones born March 18, 1980; Tamisha Jones born January 3, 1982; Yolanda Jones born July 1, 1983; and Shareena Jones born January 29, 1985.

Their oldest girl, SHARROL JONES, married BRIAN LLOYD August 12, 1981. They have three children added to their

family: Melissa Ann Lloyd born July 12, 1982; Jacob Willis Lloyd born January 17, 1984; and Tawnya Marie Lloyd born August 10, 1985.

Their third son, WAYNE ALVIN JONES, married JESSIE CROW January 31, 1986. She had two boys, Keely and Kiel Bowen.

JAMES HENDRICKSON AND ANNA MARIA JONES HENDRICKSON:

They have two children added to their family: Teresa Gaye Hendrickson born July 8, 1980; David Vaughn Hendrickson born September 19, 1984.

Their oldest daughter, CONNIE RAE HENDRICKSON, married GARY OLSEN July 13, 1985 on top of Ephraim Mountain.

Their oldest son (second son) JAMES BRIAN HENDRICKSON, married JANINE MARIE AVERILL April 12, 1985 in Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

Jim's daughter, TAMRA HENDRICKSON AVERETT, who lost her husband in an accident later married KEITH PETERSON and they have three children, two girls and a boy: Jackie Peterson; Brad Peterson; and Ashlee Peterson.

We were released as Temple Officiators October 30, 1981 after serving there for almost 17 years. We will celebrate our 63 anniversary on the 11th of September 1986. We still enjoy going to the temple almost every day to do this most sacred work.