

# Pearl

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## ELZINA PEARL TYLER RADFORD

By Pearl Radford

Born 30 May 1907

Died 21 Sep 1982



Pearl Radford



LeRoy Radford

I was born May 30th, 1907, at my parent's home two miles east of Ucon, Idaho, in Bonneville county. I was named Elzina Pearl Tyler (Elzina for my grandmother Tyler). I was the forth of nine children who had the privilege of being born to Daniel and Matilda Christina Petersen Tyler. They were called "Dan and Tillie" to all who knew them. My brothers, Daniel M was born April 21, 1901, and Glenn Nathaniel April 11, 1903, and sister Hazel Marie on May 17, 1905, were there to greet me.

I was so anxious to come into this world that I arrived six weeks early. I couldn't have picked a more inconvenient day, being Memorial Day, everyone was at the cemetery decorating graves, including Josephine Tompson, the midwife who brought all of my mother's babies in a "little black bag" she carried. My father found her at the cemetery. All travel was with horses and wagon or buggy. She had to go back to Ucon for her black bag before going to Mother. I guess she barely arrived in time.

Mother's first three babies all weighed in at 10 pounds. So when I weighed in at not quite six pounds, they were almost afraid to handle me. Mother had had a bad scare the night before I was born. A vicious pig had broken out of it's pen. Mother was in the corral milking the cow when she heard Hazel scream. The pig was heading right for her. Mother said she would never know how she got over that pole fence. She thought she bolted it more than climbed it. She and the pig got to Hazel at the same time. Mother snatched her up in her arms. The pig got the back of Hazel's dress. It was that close. All this was too much for my mother, who had been sick all winter with typhoid fever. With three young children to care for, she couldn't stay down like she

should have so they called it walking typhoid. All the water had to be carried from a big ditch which ran in front of the house. Very few people had wells then. This water was used to irrigate the fields, water livestock, and for household purposes. It's a small wonder she had picked up this infection. It had really been rough on her. I don't think she ever had good health after that, but even so, she was a very talented hard working person. I don't think there was anything she couldn't and didn't do.

Alice was born June 21, 1910. What a darling little sister she was. She was so obedient and perfect in every way that us other kids almost resented her, but still we knew that she did mind better than we did.

I remember when my brother Glenn died. I was only 3 1/2 years old then. The only water we had was from the ditch. At this time they were in the process of digging a well. Glenn wasn't eight years old yet. He got sick from what they thought was typhoid fever, but later Mother always thought that he had contracted polio, because he was paralyzed from the waist down. I remember how sad we were to lose this dear brother. At this time that left Dan as the only boy among 3 girls. At Christmas time Santa Claus was so broken up over this that the folks took us to town and let us each pick out one toy and that was our Christmas. Hazel grieved for him so much that she almost made herself ill. Mabel was born June 3, 1913, LeMond December 30, 1915, Stuart on May 17, 1918, and last but not least Nina was born November 18, 1921. This completed our family, but there was always the empty place where Glenn should have been.

I don't know if I actually remember but the earliest experience that I have clear in my mind was when Hazel saved my life from drowning. I was only about 2 years old when Mother told me and Hazel to watch for the meat wagon. In those days we didn't have refrigeration or any way to keep meat in summer, so the meat wagon (horse drawn) would come around once a week and the people would buy what meat they could keep. Instead of staying in the yard as we were told to do, we decided to cross the ditch and wait on the other side of the ditch bank so we could see farther up the road. This was in the early spring and the ditch was running brim full with muddy water. In attempting to cross the footbridge, I fell in on the upper side. Hazel was able to grab on to my clothes and held on to me and screamed for help. When Mother got to me she could see that the only way to get me out was to persuade Hazel to let go of me and let her catch me on the other side of the bridge. Mother said that the hardest part was getting Hazel to let go of me, so I could go under the bridge. The bridge consisted of two big logs about a foot and a half in diameter laid across the stream and they were boarded over with boards making the bridge about 3 feet wide. All the rest of the day Hazel would keep coming back to me and put her little arms around me and say "Bless your dear little heart, I saved your dear little life." Hazel was only 4 years old at this time. I say bless her heart, she has been stuck with me every since.

My father was a farmer. He and Mother had bought eighty acres of good farm land 2 miles east and 1/2 mile south of what is now Ucon. It was called Willow Creek then and later changed to Elva and then to Ucon. In fact, it has been Ucon as long as I can remember. My Danish and English ancestors pioneered in this area.

Mother's parents were Nina Marie Nielson and Anders Christian Petersen. Grandma had one little boy in Denmark. After coming to America she met and married Grandpa. He adopted the boy, Christian Soren Petersen. Later there were four girls to join this family. Lizzie, Annie, Matilda (Mother), Julia, and then one boy, Andrew. He died from a rattlesnake bite. They lived at Bear Lake, out in the meadow, 6 miles from Bear Lake, Idaho. Schooling was real hard, especially in the winter time. Mother only went as far as the third reader. She taught herself as long as she lived. Her childhood was spent mostly in the meadows herding cows and

sheep. Her spare time was spent fishing for chubs, which she salted to be used for food for the family. As soon as she got big enough she moved to Montpelier where she spent most of her teenage years living and working for Dr. and Mrs. Hoover. She assisted the Doctor a lot in setting broken bones and in cases that he needed help with. She would have loved to have been a nurse. Her nursing skills were very much in demand all of her life. In fact, once she set a broken arm for Lyal, (Pearl's son) later the Doctor said she had done a perfect job of setting it. It was while living with the Hoovers that she learned to cook and sew and do all the things that girls in those days needed to know that she hadn't already learned from her mother. Aunt Annie had married L.S. Robinson and moved to Ucon. Mother went to live with her to assist with the housework and babies. Mother had a beautiful singing voice and sang with the choir and made bread for the sacrament. It was at church that she met Dad, Daniel Tyler. She was a very pretty girl and it was no wonder that Dad fell in love with her almost immediately.

Dad was the oldest of 9 children. He was taking care of his widowed mother and his younger brothers and sisters. He was very bashful and girl-shy. He and John and Andrew bought 40 acres of farmland and built a brick home on it for Grandma Tyler.

Our house was a two room log house with a shingle roof. So many of the log houses had dirt roofs. By the time I was born, a kitchen had been added to the south side of the house. I think what I remember the most about it was the windows. We never had heard of a picture window then. The glass was sectioned off in about one foot squares with a wood molding between and fastened in with putty. This was if one glass was broken it was easily replaced. There was wide window sills for Mother's house plants, and always white curtains. There was always blossoms for a funeral, a sick friend, or gift for someone special.

Since I was pretty much of a tomboy, I was the one elected to help out in the fields and in doing the outside chores. I idolized my father and would do anything to spend my time outdoors with him. He would let me help with the milking, (It was an honor), and lead the horses out to the ditch to water. He always bragged on me about how brave I was. As soon as I was big enough to drive a team, he let me help plow and cut hay. One experience that stands out in my mind was one time while cutting hay I discovered that I had lost the neck yoke ring on the harness. I always hated to go to Dad for help if I could at all see that it was possible to fix things myself. I hunted and hunted through the field for this ring with no luck and I finally went to Dad with my problem. At the time Dad was irrigating and when I told him of my misfortune he laughed so hard that he had to sit down on the ditch bank. He laughed until he had me bawling and then at that point where I couldn't stand it any longer he asked me if I had looked on the breast strap of the harness. He knew that it was impossible for the ring to come off the harness. He later wrote in my autograph album relating to this experience. (The neck yoke ring is attached to the harness strap and slips over the tongue of the wooden gear that runs between two horses. It holds the horse to the plow or whatever it is pulling. It is fastened to the tongue with a screw or nail. When that fastener allowed the ring to slip from the tongue, it seemed to be lost. When I asked Uncle Stuart to describe this equipment to me so I could understand the story, he laughed so hard he could hardly talk. He still remembered the incident and he was four years old at the time. This is 1998, about seventy six years later. CMS)

My childhood was an extremely happy one. We always had a large apple orchard and a good garden. I was lucky, I always broke out with eczema when I had to pull weeds in the garden, so they found other things for me to do. I liked to wash dishes but I hated to dry them and put them up. So, that's when us girls quarreled, whenever I had to dry the dishes. We must have quarreled a lot because Mother kept a willow handy to switch

our legs. That's the nearest I can remember Mother ever spanking us. Dad spanked me twice that I remember and that almost broke my heart. I wanted so much to always please him. Sometimes Alice and I would hide outside in the weeds for hours or sit in the outside cranny, hoping that Mother would go ahead and do the dishes. We quite often got our bottoms switched when we did finally decide to come back to the house. If I could hide until milking time I usually was pretty safe. Alice would have to face the dishes without me. She didn't have the stamina to stay out quite as long as I did.

I learned to handle horses and help in the fields at a very early age. The farming was all done with the horses. The plowing, leveling, harrowing, cutting hay. My job was mostly to drive the horses. In the spring of the year Dad would hitch up five horses, two in lead and three behind, and then hand me the reins. I would take them to the fields and hook them up to whatever equipment I would use that day. I was deathly afraid to get behind the horses and hook up the implements but once this was done I was in the height of my glory. I loved to see the earth be plowed and watch it as it turned over. I also loved haying time. I continued to help in the fields until I was married. One of my cousins made the remark when he found out that I was getting married, "Good \_\_\_\_, what does he want of her, all she knows how to do is drive horses."

All this was before we had automobiles, space ships, telephones, electricity, or any motorized farm equipment. So I have seen a lot of wonderful progress in my life. Even running water was unheard of. Our bathtub was the same galvanized round tub that Mother washed clothes in.

It was the fall before Glenn died that Dad dug a well so we would have good water. All the digging had to be done by hand and the dirt lifted out in buckets. They boarded the hole as they went down to keep it from caving in. The water had to be lifted out with buckets also.

The summer (1914) before LeMond was born, the folks built a new two story frame house. Four large rooms, pantry, and bath downstairs, and three bedrooms up and a full basement. Now we had more room. Uncle Charles, Dad's youngest brother, made his home there through the years off and on until he got married. I idolized him. He spoiled me rotten. He said it was because I was so willing to shine his shoes and run up and down stairs and saved him so many steps. He spoiled me with money and things money would buy.

With the new house, things got better for Mother. It had running water and electricity for a washing machine so she didn't have to scrub clothes on the board. This was a home filled with love and laughter and fun, mingled with the smell of sugar cookies and fresh baked bread.

We had an old horse that we used to ride to school. She was just a real gentle kids pony named Nell. Dad would put hay on the back of the cutter for her to eat while we were in school and then we would drive her the two miles to school and then tie her up to the back of the sleigh. Hazel did the driving as she was the oldest and sometimes her hands would get so cold that she would cry for hours. We were lucky because a good share of the kids had to walk to school or not get to go at all. If the weather was too bad, Dad would take us in the bobsled. Mother would stick rocks in the oven at night and then in the morning she would wrap them in newspapers to hold the heat and then tuck them in the straw and then bundle us up in blankets.

My first school teacher's name was Miss Linger. She was a tall slender woman, unmarried. My first bad experience in school; there were two grades in each room of a four room school house. I was in the first grade.

The second graders needed rulers. All of them didn't have them so the teacher asked if any of the first graders had rulers to loan to the second grade. I insisted to Mother that I needed a ruler. She asked why and I told her I needed it to loan to the second graders who didn't have one. She thought that was so unselfish of me that she bought one for me. the next day I was so anxious to loan it that I got it out of my desk and started to wave it in the air to show that I had one and I hit the girl sitting in the double desk with me in the head. For punishment, the teacher sent me to stand in the cloak room by myself until recess.

My second grade teacher, Miss Rector, thought I was advanced enough to put me in the third grade. This was a mistake, as I had to take the third grade for two years. I'm sure school was harder for me from then on because of that, than it would have been if I'd stayed in the second grade that year. My third grade teacher was Mrs. Wolf. I idolized her. She had a beautiful singing voice. She taught a lot of singing in her room. It was while in her room that I played Mrs. Santa Claus in a school play.

World War I broke out. Uncle Charles enlisted in the Navy about 1918. Mother and Dad were both exposed to smallpox (before the days of vaccinations.) Dad took it first. Mother and the other kids got it soon after but I took it so light that I wasn't even sick. I didn't even break out to where I had still had to wash dishes and milk cows and run errands for everybody else. I thought I was really being cheated. I wanted to get really sick, so I could be babied. While Alice had smallpox, her appendix ruptured. They couldn't take her to the hospital because of the contagious disease so the doctor came out and operated at our home. Julie Riley, a R.N. came and lived with us the rest of the summer to help take care of the sick, especially Alice. We almost lost both Mother and Dad from smallpox. After the smallpox was all over, Julia stayed with us kids and Mother and Dad took a trip to Star Valley for a few days. This is the only time in my life I can ever remember Mother and Dad going someplace and leaving us kids behind.

It was always my job to ride a horse to bring the cows in to be shut in the corral. That spring I went out in a really bad rain storm, thunder and lightening. When I got up to where the cows were, I found one of the horses on it's back in a ditch. It was trying to have a colt. I rode the mile back to the house to get Dad. We saved the horse and the colt, so Dad gave me the colt for a saddle horse. She was a dainty little bay mare. I called her "Jewel" for Julia. I loved to ride. I spent more time on a horse, I never had time to take piano lessons and things of that sort. I still had Jewel even after the first few years I was married.

I couldn't have been less interested in boys when I was growing up. There was always boys around. I could have taken my pick of dates, but I was enjoying life every minute up to the fullest. The summer I was 14 my father's uncle, John Pulsipher and Aunt Lizzie came from Saint George, Utah. They had two grandsons with them. Mother and Dad took Mabel and I and Aunt Ruth and Uncle Melvin Cook and two of their boys and all of us went to Yellowstone Park for the first time. It was so exciting to see the geysers and paint pots and falls. In order to see everything, Mabel and I had to keep up with the four boys. We saw every inch of the park. It was really a trip to remember. Dad had the only car that would make it up the hills without everybody getting out to push. It was a Studebaker. The others were Model T Fords.

About four years later Mother and Dad went to Saint George to visit them. This time they took me and my girlfriend Grace Leavitt. It was kind of nice to visit Gunlock, Utah, where my Dad had been raised. Grace was also from Gunlock. We visited Dad's other Uncle, Charles and Aunt Kate, [Pulsipher] and got acquainted with some very special people. On the way home we stayed overnight in Pleasant Grove, Utah, at the home of

my mother's uncle, Charles Olsen.

I took the 6th grade 2 years because of illnesses. I'd had appendicitis attacks all the first winter long. They hesitated to do surgery in those days unless they had to, so I had to stay quiet with an ice pack on my side. They finally operated on me at home, the same as they did for Alice. Our dear Julia came back to take care of me.

There was a negro family who lived in Ucon. One of the boys name was Melvin Stevens. Us kids didn't want our picture taken at 8th grade graduation if Melvin was going to be in it. The teacher said, "Either Melvin is in it or no picture at all. He graduated, same as you did." So we had the pictures taken with him in it. Mother made me the most beautiful dress for 8th grade graduation. Pretty dresses weren't all that easy to come by. I was so proud of it and wore it for years.

I started High School in Ucon. That was the year that Hazel had such a bad heart that she was bedfast. I only went about 3 weeks when Hazel became so ill with her heart trouble that I had to stay home to help Mother and also to get the spuds and beets harvested. By the time I could have gone back, I had missed so much school that I wouldn't go back. I started High School again the next fall. In order to go, Hazel and I and a cousin, Virgil Tyler, rented an apartment in Idaho Falls on 7th Street. We went to school there. We got work at the old Spencer Hospital on Boulevard for after school and weekends to help pay expenses.

I can't ever remember when I didn't have kidney problems, backaches or something. My back hurt me so bad it was hard to sit in school and concentrate. Then about the end of the first semester, Mother and Dad both took the flu real bad. I went home to help with the milking and chores and to help in the house too. By the time all was well and under control, I had missed so much school again that I just didn't go back.

That was the winter that I met Frank Radford. I was 17 years old. I was staying overnight with the Bates family in Milo. Emma and Margaret both had dates with boys from Ririe. They had talked me into coming and going to the dance with them. When they came, Frank was with them, so naturally we were paired off together. He was the neatest, well mannered, best dressed boy I had ever seen. I think it was love at first sight for both of us. Where travel was all with horse and sleigh that winter, we didn't see too much of each other, but wrote letters back and forth. Whenever Frank could borrow a car he would come and take me out to a dance or a show or something. This created a whole new world for me because I had never cared much about dating. Mother and Dad fell just as much in love with Frank as I did. Frank was so kind and good and always so thoughtful of other people. He was loved by everyone who ever knew him. His mother had died of the flu in 1918.

Grandpa Radford never remarried, but moved in with his mother, Grandma Chase. She made a home for them as long as she lived. I think his family accepted me so well because my name was Pearl, which was also Frank's mother's name. My dates with Frank were wonderful. We never went any place alone. There was always 1 or 2 other couples with us. We went to Riverside Gardens to the dances (a dance hall located north of Rigby) and picture shows either at Rigby or Idaho Falls. It was always a special occasion whenever we saw each other.

Frank and his brother Roy had a saw they used to saw stove firewood. It was built on runners so they could pull it with a team of horses. The saw was mounted on a long arm so they could push through the logs. It

was gas powered. The saw didn't have a shield on it. In February of 1926, Frank and Roy were changing places because it was so cold. Roy let go of the saw before Frank got a hold of it and it swung back into Frank's arm, almost severing it. He spent the next several months in the hospital trying to save it. They had to put a gold plate in his arm with a screw to hold the bone together. So much of his dirty heavy work clothing was in the wound that infection and gangrene set in almost immediately. The only reason they didn't amputate was because they couldn't get above the infection. This is when my mother adopted him, as he had no one at home to take care of him. When he was able to leave the hospital she brought him to our home. His arm still had to be dressed every day and he had to go back into the doctor about once a week. He was really ambitious and did so much work with just one arm that Dad paid him wages most of that summer for helping in the field.

He could sit on a plow and drive the team just as good as an able bodied man. In June he had to go back for more surgery on his arm. This accident left him with a badly crippled arm and hand. Before the summer was over we decided to get married on September 30, 1926. We were married in Judge Edgeington's home. Mother and Dad, Frank's father and Ako (Frank's brother) were with us. Dad wanted to play a joke on Frank and I, so while we were signing the certificated he painted "Just Married" all over the car. Then he drove down to the middle of Idaho Falls, honking his horn. Frank and I saw the painting on the car before we got in it so we got down on the floor. It looked like it was Mother and Dad in the car. It sure made Dad feel silly. Mother fixed a good dinner that evening and had all of Frank's family there. We had just finished eating when two car loads of our friends came to shiv-a-ree us. It had rained so hard, the roads were so muddy they couldn't pull the trailer they had rigged up for us to ride in. The girls took Frank in one car and the boys took me in the other car. After about an hour of just driving around and telling us they were going to keep us out all night, they went back to the Hy Campbell residence where they had a lovely meal ready. They kept us there until 3 in the morning. When they saw we didn't care, it wasn't fun for them anymore, so they took us home. My brothers, Mond and Stuart, had wanted to play a trick on us so they took the light bulb out of the room. That's the biggest favor anybody ever did for me. Early the next morning, Uncle Lee Robinson came and pulled us out of bed. He said he was pulled out of bed on the first morning after his wedding and this was the first chance he'd had to do so to somebody else. We lived there with the folks that first winter until the house at "Needmore" was emptied, so we could move into it. (Needmore was an adjacent farm owned by Daniel that had a home included. Several people started their marriages there.)

Our furniture was all second hand that we had picked up at auction sales or someone had given to us. We started married life with \$70.00 and that was all the money we had until Frank started working for Dad in March the next spring. Once in a while the folks would loan us the car and we'd drive to Ririe and spend the night or a few days with Roy and Ida May. Ida May is the one that got me started making crochet baby clothes when we knew we were going to need them. She was always the kindest, dearest sister to me.

Dad paid us \$75.00 a month and put a phone in for us and that was top wages. All we had was a team and Dad's buggy for transportation. My folks gave us a cow and a couple of weaner pigs and a dozen chickens and a rooster and a pair of geese. Frank's dad gave us a cow, a dozen chickens, one horse and Frank sold his saddle horse to get another horse to make a team. We were sitting on top of the world. Life was different for me because I reverted back to kerosene lamps and a house without a bathroom. I had to carry the water from the ditch and scrub clothes on the board. Then heating the flat iron on the stove to iron. Everything had to be ironed in those days. It was a good thing the cows and chickens were good producers because eggs and cream money were all we had to buy the necessities with. We lived on that farm, 1/2 mile from where I was born.

I started over to the folks with a team and buggy with my laundry the morning of June 14, 1927, as Dad wanted Frank to help him on the home place that day. We'd only gone about 1/2 mile from the house when the horses spooked. (Someone had hung a coat on the fence post.) Frank saw he couldn't keep the horses from running. He told me to jump because he was afraid I'd be hurt. I jumped right out on to the hard road. I was almost 8 months along with Dean (the first child). The horses did run for a mile or so then Frank got them turned around and came back for me. I didn't tell Mother I had jumped. I just told her that the horses had frightened me when they ran. I was so nervous I did my laundry and then I insisted Frank take me home at noon. I had things at home I wanted to do. I didn't feel bad the rest of the day, just nervous. About 10: p.m. I started with pain. The next morning when Frank went to work he stopped and told Hazel I wasn't feeling well and asked if she'd come out and spend the day with me. Frank didn't realize the pains might have been labor pains as it was a month early, but it didn't take Hazel long to realize the baby was on the way. I wouldn't let her call the Doctor. I insisted I wasn't going to have the baby yet. By the middle of the afternoon, Mother came out to see what was going on. She went right to the phone and called the Doctor. It was about 15 miles from Idaho Falls so he didn't come yet - just said to keep him informed. By about 6:00 p.m. they called for him to come. He got there at 7:00 p.m. and Dean was born about 8:00 p.m. I'd told Hazel all the time if it was a boy, she could have him. Of course, I backed out when I saw what a darling little blue eyed boy he was. He was kind of unfinished, no eyelashes, no eyebrows, as he was a month early. He slept the first six months of his life. We could hardly wake him to get him to take food. His first bed was a galvanized tub, as we weren't fully prepared for him yet. What a joy he was to us. We couldn't have loved him more if he'd have been a girl.

We bought our first record player that following winter. We learned to think an awful lot of our next door neighbors. They were a little older than us. They had 3 children. He was always extremely abusive to his animals, but was always kind and good to his family. Uncle Charles and Aunt Verda Tyler were always special friends. They had a baby about the same time we had Dean. We had visited back and forth a lot together. Up to that point in my life she was about the best friend I ever had. She was a little older than me and I learned a lot from her about cooking and housekeeping and things.

As soon as the crops were harvested in the fall, Frank would start sawing wood for people. That left me home alone a lot to take care of the chores.

The winter before Lyal was born, my brother Dan worked with Frank a lot. He and Flora had separated. He had gone home to live with the folks with two of his older children. At times it was very late before they could get home. The night before Lyal was born I was real cross because they got home so late. Dan just laughed and said, "When it's time for us to be here, we'll be here." But early the next morning I announced that Frank wouldn't be going to work that day. Frank went and picked up Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Emily Cramer and the mid wife, Mrs. Simmons. About 1:00 p.m. that day Frank had taken Dean out where he was working in the yard. What a surprise it was to him when they called to him about an hour later and told him that he had another son. He also had arrived about a month early. Up until then the weather had been beautiful. A blizzard came up that night and drifted in the roads to where Mrs. Simmons was unable to get home for 3 days and nights. She charged \$15.00 for delivering the baby and staying with me those 3 days and nights. It was much easier to pay than the \$35.00 we had to pay the Doctor for Dean's delivery. Hazel came and stayed with me as soon as the roads would allow. I was in bed for almost three weeks.

Our house was cold a lot that winter. We could not afford to buy coal, but Frank always had plenty of



wood in the pile. We were sure thrilled to have two such darling little boys. Frank always longed for a little girl, as he'd never had a sister. The first day of March, 1930, after Lyal was born, Grandma Petersen died. She had been bedfast for three years and Mother had taken care of her in her home. We discovered since that it was sugar-diabetes that she had, but at that time we didn't know about sugar-diabetes. Grandpa Petersen had passed away when I was 14, in about 1921. I idolized him and really grieved for him. He was the kindest dearest Grandpa anybody could ever have. It was the next winter, 1931, that the depression was really bad. We got a chance to take a herd of cows for the winter for a man from Grays Lake, who went to California every winter. This gave us about 10 cows to milk night and morning. We fed and wintered them for the milk. It was with our milk checks that we bought and paid for our first automobile. The depression got so bad that Roy couldn't find work - he'd always worked for the railroad. They had a homemade trailer house that they moved into our yard and he sawed wood with Frank. Ida May and I milked the cows. Ako also came to stay with Frank and I that winter, so we had a full house. Roy and Ida May, their 2 children, us and Ako. On nice days, Ida May and I would split wood into kindling wood.

Ako got an infection in his hand that turned to blood poisoning overnight. It took 24 hours a day nursing with hot packs to draw the infection out. He was sure a sick boy for a while. Ida May and I worked hand in hand always doing whatever was necessary to do.

Our first car was a Chevrolet Coup, second hand, with a rumble seat. It looked almost like new. We were so grateful we had plenty to eat. We had butchered a beef and a pig and had canned plenty of fruit and vegetables to see us through the winter. In the spring, Roy took his family and moved back up to Ririe.

The Richies moved and Howard and Carma Madsen moved onto that 80 acre farm. Up until that time I'd had a real inferiority complex. They helped me to overcome it by always bragging on me about what a good cook I was and how nice my children always looked, to where I started feeling I could do things as well as other people. Howard came over to see if I would sell them milk. I had one of Grandma Peterson's old mother hubbard aprons to keep my dress clean while I milked. Dean (then about 3), announced "My birthday's in June and we are expecting another baby in June." I was so embarrassed, I wouldn't turn around to hand Howard the milk. I just reached around behind me to give it to him. He couldn't tell from the way I was dressed that there wasn't a word of truth in what Dean had said. Howard still teases me about the "milk event" and this is 1981. What wonderful neighbors they were. They taught us how to play pinochle and invited us to their parties. At least once a week we'd get together for a card party. The two losing couples had to give the next party. This helped break the monotony of the long winter evenings. To this day Howard and Carma are some of the best friends I have.

We got a chance to rent a 160 acre farm in 1932. It had a 2 room house and an outside cranny. The farm joined Dad's 80 acre farm, so we started out farming for ourselves. It was hard work as we couldn't afford to hire a lot of help. So I started working in the field again. On bad days Mother watched the 2 little boys for us. On good days I took them to the field with me. They would sit and play at one end of the field while I made a round with the mowing machine or hay rake or whatever. One day they were playing where Frank was working drilling beet seed. When he turned around and started back up, Lyal took a hold of the drill and started following along behind. A nut that stood up caught his sweater sleeve and started twisting his arm around the shaft. Before Frank could get the horses stopped, Lyal's arm was broken. He called to me to tie my team up and take Lyal for help. I ran with him in my arms back to Mother's place, about 3/4 of a mile away. Mother and my brother Dan

set his arm, put splints on it and laid it on a cast that had just been taken off of D.C. Tyler's arm. (D.C. is brother Dan's oldest child) We never did take him to a Doctor. Six weeks later we'd just taken the cast off and he fell and re-broke it. Mother set it again and he had to wear the cast for 6 more weeks. I had the Doctor look at it the night Jay was born and he said that Mother had done a perfect job of setting it.

Up till that time, I hadn't had any electricity or water and conveniences in our home, so that winter they decided to move the house over to the corner closer to electricity and drilled a well about the same time. We also had a telephone put in. We continued to winter Mr. Everett's cows.

Our house was still not ready to be lived in, so Jay was born over at Grandma Tyler's house. They built a kitchen and small bedroom on to the house they moved, and Frank built nice kitchen cabinets.

At last, we had a home we could be proud of! We also got our first radio that winter. Aunt Lizzie was such a darling to come stay with me when my babies were born and help me over the rough times! She was a widow, and all her girls had married and moved further away. She just sort-of adopted Frank and me. He was the son she never had, and she was the mother he never had.

What an industrious little worker Dean was! He started milking cows when little more than three years old! He'd rather work than play!

I'll never forget once when a friend and her son, who was the same age as Dean came from Ucon. We had a truck of coal backed up to a basement window waiting to be unloaded. The boys went out to play after dinner. In just a few minutes, we heard the coal dropping into the basement. The other boys were out playing; Dean had come back and almost completely unloaded that truck of coal that afternoon. No one had said a word to him about doing that at all!

Lyal always thought he was big enough to do anything Dean did, so worked right alongside him at a much-too-early age. Frank's crippled arm always bothered him so much that he was grateful for every bit of this help.

( This concludes what was written in her journal.)

(The following was written by family members.)

Daniel Jay arrived on Jan. 10, 1934. Christmas Season was made brighter with the arrival of Rex K., Birthdate Dec. 15, 1937? the fourth son.

Our lives were happy and complete until in September 1940, the angels came and took Frank back to live with them.

Life went on. The young boys were a tremendous help and comfort.

About this time, Frank's brother Roy was left with a family of five children to raise alone. These two

brothers and their families had been so close and a comfort to one another on many occasions. So, in time, the joining of these two families seemed to be a natural thing. Mutual respect grew into a bond of love that was to span 32 years.

Roy's children, Dorsel, Pearl, Vee, Gerald and Vonda were Pearl's, and Pearl's boys were Roy's. The birth of a son, Keith on May 15, 1947 bound this family even closer.

Work was a unifying force in this family unit. All talents were needed. Resources of love, self-esteem, faith, integrity, humor compassion, fair play and patience abounded. The children of this union each have qualities that have come from parents who cared.

Mother had a testimony of the gospel, and she gained much joy and happiness from her church callings. Love and trust came to girls of M.I.A classes. Primary years saw Mother making lifelong friends with fellow teachers. She was active in Relief Society and served as Relief Society President in Arco for many years. Her skills of quilt-making, crocheting, cooking, and compassionate service, were always in demand.

As the children left home, Mother and Dad could then travel with Dad's work. They traveled to California and Illinois, enjoying each other's companionship. They were interested in other people and made friends easily. They always saw beauty in the scenery, and thus enjoyed our beautiful country.

Her family was to learn of her fighting spirit, and was continually inspired by her will and determination to overcome hardships she was to endure. A stroke in November 1967 left her crippled on her right side. She took this in stride only to be tried again by a broken hip in 1971.

Mother learned to write again legibly, to knit, and crochet with her left hand. She made several afghans and gave them to her children and grandchildren.

Dad was an exceptional helpmate and companion to her during these trying years. He was called home to rejoin his eternal companion, Ida May, in 1973; Mother was to be alone for 9 and a half years.

These years were made good for Mother and wonderful for her family because her brother, Stuart, and dear Rhoda, placed their trailer home in the yard under the apple tree. There were so many happy hours in her new trailer with the family and friends! Mother always had cookies or a treat for anyone who came to see her. She always had something good to say and always saw the best in everyone.

Mother seemed to take a great deal of satisfaction in meeting the challenges of her hardships. To have accepted the invitation to live with any of her children, would have denied her the privilege of achieving her independence.

It was remembered when she was gravely ill in 1938 that her sister, Alice gathered Mother's four little sons around her, and after leading them in prayer, prophetically assured them that their Mother would not be taken at this time because her life's work was not yet completed. How true this statement was; for it was 44 years later (Sept. 21, 1982) that the Lord released her from her assignment here on earth, and reunited her with her

eternal companion, Frank, to whom she had been sealed for time and all eternity. Her spirit departed quietly, leaving the feeling that "All is Well."