

I was born on the 8<sup>th</sup> of December  
1916 in a house built by my father  
in St Charles Idaho. My father is  
Louis Hyrum Booth born July 16-1885  
also in St Charles Idaho and my mother  
is Phoebe Price born July 7-1886 in  
Paris Idaho - I came into a family  
of two brothers and one sister.  
My sister Phoebe Christina was the  
eldest then my brother Louis Wi Neera  
(named for a Maori family in New Zealand  
where my father served a mission for  
the church). Then there was my brother  
Robert Price Booth who was next older  
than I. When I was 3½ yrs old  
my mother gave birth to twins, a boy  
& a girl on July 30<sup>th</sup> 1919. The boy  
was given the name Award William  
& the little girl Rhia. I have still  
a memory of these two babies crawling  
& climbing on my back for a "horse"  
ride around the kitchen.

Now a little bit about my home  
as I remember it. As I said it  
was built by my father & was not  
completely finished inside. The front

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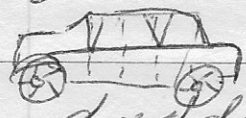
porch was never built, except for some steps and as <sup>of</sup> this date a porch was never added. There was no inside plumbing or running water but a well with a pump stood just outside the back door + a few steps. A great stove for heat + cooking kept the kitchen cozy + warm + lent comfort + security to all who lived there. There was a large kitchen - a dining room + a parlor which were reserved for company + Christmas. Upstairs were 3 bed rooms - one for Mama + Papa - one for the boys (all of them) + one for the girls (all of them). Not like today, a room for each child. I think this was a good thing to make for a closer relationship between brothers + sisters + a closer family togetherness.

St Charles is a very small town, a farming town and I have many fond memories of my very early years there which are kept alive because of my desire to visit there at least once a year to see my aunts, Uncle + cousins.

A few memories I treasure are  
of rolling hills with abundant  
wild flowers which my sister  
Christina took me for a walk to  
gather. I loved these special treats.  
An old horse threshing machine  
stood abandoned just across the  
street where we spent many  
hours of many days playing & crawl-  
ing around in & out of. Muddy  
streets were also part of my memories  
since there was no pavement of  
any kind in this small town I  
got stuck in the mud many  
times going across the street to play  
with friends.

I had a broken arm twice  
during my childhood in St Charles.  
The first happening by simply  
falling off my mother's lap when  
a visiting cousin was chasing me.  
Another when I guess I was five,  
and we were riding horses - bare  
back around the yard at a friend's  
house close to home. I was on the  
horse alone when it began to trot

+ I began to slip. I was afraid of pulling the horse on top of me so I let go + slid off + there I was again a broken arm again. Can you imagine a five year old pulling a great horse over with her weight?



For a period of time my father was "Justice" of the Peace in the county so we had a car, an open air Ford. Very soon after I turned 5 my daddy left us at home + went to Salt Lake to find work. Also when I was four or five my brother Robert became ill with Polio and for many weeks was in bed in the front hall since there were no bedrooms downstairs. I spent much time playing on his bed but none of us got the disease. I forgot to mention such a small event that when I was 3 1/2 yr old twins were born to my mother + thereby making me no longer the baby. I guess it was nice while it lasted but I very soon faded into the back ground.

part of Sequence

My dear brother Bob never walked

normally again, but thank the Lord, he did work + was later to have surgery + braces which made it much easier. He married + lived happily many years but died in Portland Oregon at an early age.

After my father found a job at a cabinet shop in Salt Lake we began to pack to come to be with him. I recall living for what seemed to me a long time like all summer out of boxes until we were able to move to Salt Lake.

Our new home was at 447 <sup>West</sup> Center Street, an apartment terrace on the west side of town. Somewhere near my dad's work. His first job was at Fitzer lumber + cabinet shop.

We lived at this place through my 8<sup>th</sup> birthday and my baptism in the font at the Tabernacle + through the S.D. 19<sup>th</sup> ward. I had some special experiences that I particularly remember at this home. I started school here at Washington school + went to first and second grade. I also had a

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very frightening experience here at this school during the summer months. There was a man who came to the playground when we were playing in the sand pile. He began talking to us, my friends & I, making friends at first and then began talking about vulgar things, although I didn't know it at the time. I didn't know what he was talking about until he "exposed" himself to us. I knew then, and became very frightened & told him I was going to get some of my toys in another sand pile & I ran home & told my parents. Fortunately my father called the police and the man was found coming near my home & I'm afraid he may have been looking for me. The man was arrested & charges were pressed & after a court hearing where I had to testify, the man was sentenced to 6 mo. in jail for vagrancy & child molest. This had very strange effect on me & my child mind.

We used to go swimming in the swimming pool at the school during summer

school & I remember some fun summer classes. I never had the opportunity to go to such a summer school again.

During my second year of school we moved to 563 First Avenue in a big 2 story duplex. I had many fond memories of our life in this house. It was pleasant & sunny and I had many friends here. I also broke my arm for the third time here. We were trying to scare the "little kids" about an old haunted & I guess I scared myself a little & jumped a fair share & broke my arm quite badly. My main thought, when I saw my crooked arm was for my mother to "bless it". I guess she did but it took the Dr. to straighten it & put it in a cast.

One interesting experience at this house was an explosion from a grease fire in the oven which blew out nearly all the windows in the house. Mother was rendering some fat for making lard in the oven & it caught fire. I learned never to put water on a grease fire. When the explosion filled the

The room with fire & broke out the windows even upstairs. We all had singed hair but otherwise no damage to us or the house.

It was from 563 1st Ave that we attended Longfellow elementary school. Mostly happy days here at this school.

While at 563 I had a little boy friend named Jimmy Kirby who used to take me every night during one summer for a frozen sucker at the drug store about a block & a half away. He was a rich boy who lived in the apt house next door. His daddy was a Dr. Kirby. While we lived at this address my Brother Bob went into the hospital for extensive surgery on his crippled legs. He stayed in the Shriners children's hospital. Some Shriners had seen him selling papers & sponsored his stay in the hospital & paid all his expenses. A few two or three years we bought an old house on 75 S St and moved here where we lived until we all married & my parents passed away.



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From "S" Street I finished my elementary school and while in the fourth grade a new little sister was born. She was a beautiful little blonde curly haired girl and I loved her very much. Of course I was a "bult" in my baby sitting. I was 12 yrs old when Stella came and this was a pleasant surprise for us also a "total" surprise to me. Children were not as knowledgeable about these things in those days at least I was totally naive about the whole thing. Shortly after my baby sister came I was in for another surprise. I came home from school one day and there was a beautiful peach chiffon + lace dress hanging in the dining living room. It was my beloved big sister's wedding dress. I remember how crushed I felt not only to know that she was going to get married + leave home but that no one had cared enough to tell me about it. I remember how I ran into the bed room + cried + cried. I loved her and had felt closer than I had felt ever to my mother. She

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had time to be interested in me & we had always slept together. Christina was married to Rodney Gunnerson & he was a fine man & I liked him very much. On the day of the marriage I was a bit surprised when mother did not go to the temple with Christina because she said she had to stay home with the baby. A family friend Carrie Luford went for mother. I could not understand this because I tended Stilla most of the time anyway. After the wedding a dinner party was held at home but I wasn't allowed to sit at the table. I had to tend Stilla in the bedroom. I wanted so much to go to the party. This wedding day was on April 7<sup>th</sup> 1928. Three months later on July 15<sup>th</sup> Christina died. She had had a very bad heart since the 1916 flu epidemic. This death was really one of the great tragedies of my life because of my great love for this "perfect" sister and friend. I admired her so very much. Chris had been sick for so long & had come home so mother

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could care for her. We were unable to go to the park for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, as we always had done, for a picnic but mother had said we would go on the 24<sup>th</sup> "if all was well." (We went on our picnic on the 24<sup>th</sup>) because this died on the 15<sup>th</sup>. What a task this must have been for mother + daddy to take us to the park.

I recall the day of the funeral I just couldn't leave the top of the casket so they just piled the flowers in around me. I wanted to be near her just as long as I could. The funeral was beautiful and she was buried at Wasatch Lawn Memorial park in Salt Lake Co.

And now to the business of growing up. One teacher I remember very fondly from fourth grade + I'm ashamed to say I can't recall her name, but she was especially kind to me + I was not accustomed to such attention. One Christmas she invited me and my little sister Rhet + Howard for a Christmas party one afternoon before Christmas. The teacher + her sister lived with their mother in a nice house on the Avenue. We

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had a very nice lunch and then  
the Christmas surprises. A Christmas  
box - (chocolate), full of candy  
& goodies and the greatest surprise  
of all a real doll house, the  
most beautiful thing I had ever  
seen. There were presents for the  
twins but I don't remember what  
they were. What a Christmas  
that was.

My Jr. High school experiences  
took place at Bryant Jr. High. I  
had three very close girl friends.

Afton Vance lived across the street  
from me and Maryarie McKay lived  
on "J" street just a city block away  
and Crika Thile, a German girl friend  
on South Temple on the way to school.  
We were quite a clan of very different  
types of girls but we became very close  
for a while. Crika's parents worked  
at a bakery and we traded the cake  
in our lunch. I liked the very fluffy  
bakery cake & she preferred my home  
made (tough, coarse) it suited to me,  
cake. We were both happy.

In my Jr High yrs. I began to find that I made friends rather easily, to my surprise. I even seemed to be aware that some of the more refined, "rich" girls were nice to me. I was even invited to some parties in their lovely homes. I did fairly well in school especially in Algebra + Geometry, English and music. I took some fairly strong parts in some plays + music productions. I seemed able to memorize quite quickly + I guess some of the "Ham" in me began to surface.

I had one boy friend who attached himself to me quite a bit + I guess I wasn't that ready for him. We used to have dances in the gym during our lunch hr. We girls danced together to learn to dance and I began to have a problem avoiding this "Boy friend". I guess I didn't appreciate quality at that time. "He is now a member of the Presiding Bishopric of the church. Bishop Joseph Wirthlin."

When I graduated from Jr High I had to make a decision as to which

High school I wanted to attend and since my two brothers had gone to West High I decided I wanted to go also. It was a long way to go but since East High was the only other choice + had a reputation for being a "snob" school I decided on West High. My three friends went to east but I thought it smarter to try + be a "larger fish in a small pond" than a very small fish in a large pond. These were depression yrs + my parents did not have much money for clothes + things. I had to work for my own money, tending + also house work. I felt that I had become a bit too closely identified with these three girls + now was a change for me to be on my own.

I had a cousin who would be going to West so we went together + I wanted to love her. This was Haris Rich a cousin on Dad's side of the family.

My years at high school were very good. I had lots of fun - lots of boy friends - and met many new friends which

I'm sure I would not have had at least. My friends were most all of the "Upper bracket" so to speak & were school officers and very fine kids. Many of them have done great things of worth in the world. My senior yr. I tried for 2<sup>nd</sup> lead in the school office & almost got it, but because of my "military walk" I lost to a girl who really played the part much better than I would have. I got another part & had just as much fun. We became very good friends, my competitors and I. Again I say my high school days were some of the happiest in my life.

I had a boy friend during my first year of high school who I guess was my first love but he was not the right kind of a boy for me. He did not go to high school and he had some bad habits. I'm sure my parents worried through some sleepless nights over the situation. I am sure my dad was the wisest man alive in the world in the way he broke up the association & I learned much from his love

patient persuasion

During my high school I was active in several activities + had many friends. During my senior year I was "first" runner up for the second lead in the school opéra. I lost to a "better girl" for the part because of my military walk. I played the third lead because it a somewhat military part. Boy we had such fun + I became very good friends with the girl who took the part + tried for I made many new friends through this activity.

My high school yrs were during the depression recovery + were hard in material ways. I worked at tending + house work in order to have any money at all. My Brother Lou was living away in Boston studying music. He was called on a mission while in Boston + came home to prepare for this. Money was very scarce for us + we ate beans + potatoes until we all got the itch from <sup>an</sup> unbalanced diet.



Even though money was very scarce I was very happy & had some good friends & good times. I wore "hand me down clothes" all through school & was lucky to have a dress of my own for graduation because I worked & bought it. These were hard times but also some of the happiest of my life.

After graduating from High School (with honors) I went to work for a Lady who was a librarian & was living with her mother. They were fine people & former neighbors. Sister Muir, the mother, had a stroke & could not be left alone. Her daughter Myrtle had to work as she was their main support. I spent the summer taking care of her in her home.

While I was at work one day I got a phone call from mother saying my dad had just been brought home with a heart attack. I was so upset & though I was just a few short blocks from home I could not leave Sis. Muir alone so I had to wait for Myrtle to come home. When I finally got home I went in to see my father & will never forget the terrible grey color of his face & to see how weak he was. We, of course

could not afford to have him in a hospital so mother cared for him at home. He remained very ill + bed ridden for 3 months. Neighbors + friends of my folks helped a great deal. Many of Dad's friends sat with him during the night so that mother could rest. I soon had to give up my job because since Lou was on his mission + Christina had passed away I had to help my mother take care of the family + all the other things to be done such as washing, ironing + tending Stella + generally helping all I could. This was a very sad time for us all. Dad's company helped by paying some portion of his salary + I'm sure many neighbors helped also by sending money for Lou's mission + bringing groceries. Some I remember like Wilford Young + Sis Wallace.

Dad recovered and was again able to return ~~from~~<sup>to</sup> work. We weathered the next couple of years through hard times which were to me more of a challenge than hardships. I had one new dress during 2 yrs of high school and that plus a pair of

White shoes I was able to buy from money I earned baby sitting & doing house work. This dress I bought for a special school dance and <sup>later</sup> incidently had to be kept nice for graduation, dress and shoes. That is a far cry from these days.

The summer following graduation from H.S. I went to work as a dental assistant - no experience necessary. I worked for a Mr. Warren Hardy - membership of a ward. He was a very fine dentist & I received excellent training. I nearly fainted when I saw & assisted during a first "extraction" but soon became quite tough. I soon had an opportunity to move up & worked for a Dentist who had a clinic of two or three chairs.

This meant more money & more experience. After a couple of years things began looking up and I was now 18 years old & though I was having a very good time & was very busy singing in clinic operas & having many boy friends I began to feel it was time I ought to be doing something serious with my life. I wanted to be called on a mission but that was out until I became 21 - Law came

Law came home from his mission and I dated some of his "older" friends. I also had a fairly steady friend who was beginning to talk of making serious plans. At this point I realized these boys were definitely not the man I wanted so I began to pray for the Lord to help me make up my mind what to do and else send someone else into my life.

I was asked by a friend to bring our sextette to sing at a ward out in Cottonwood. Her boy friend was a returned missionary + president of the mutual in Cott 1st Ward. We sang on the program + had such a lot of fun and were laughing + having so much fun as we usually did. I was not aware at all of the young man who came for us + took us home until he called me a week or two later + asked me to go to a special fraternity party. It was to be a very nice affair so — I went. The evening arrived and the young missionary, Faron Cutler by name, picked me up at home + we had a marvelous time flowers + favors and every thing. I wondered a little

what my girl friend I da would say but what the heck, she had dumped my brother Bob for this boy + his car + money. On a lovely summer evening after a few dates Farron asked me to marry him. This was the funniest thing I'd ever heard + after so few dates. I just laughed at him I was sure he couldn't be serious. A short time later he let me know that he had meant what he said + since he was going away for 6 weeks to R.O.T.C. during the summer I would have time to make up my mind. I was now 19 yrs old (getting up there) so I really began to think a bit more seriously + to pray more fervently to know what to ~~say~~ + do. We wrote to each other for six weeks + as time was running out I began to try + think if I could even remember what he looked like since I was to meet him at the air port when he came home - I remembered.

One week end Farron suggested we take a picnic + go for a ride. I had a strong tendency to get car sick + struggled very hard to not show it. After we had our lunch

we headed toward home. We started down some canyon & it began to rain & became a real cloud burst. Farron stopped the car, pulled over & said "perhaps we had better get out of this narrow canyon. Then he turned & looked at me in the eye & said "Well, will you marry me? Faced with only two alternatives I nodded my head and said um hum. Farron would not accept that, he made me say "yes" yes what? Yes I will marry you.

We had a fun summer and I got my diamond in the fall. We set the date for ~~spring break~~ in April during spring break.

Winter went - Spring came & all was set for our Marriage. Farron got the flu & was not able go with me for my endowments. My Mother & Dad went with me. A couple of weeks before April 7-1937 a couple of problems arose such as ROTC. Inspection was set on April 7. Farron talked to the officers about our

problem. At inspection the entire R.O.T.C. company was told about our plans to marry on that day. Since we had rented the Temple and <sup>all</sup> the Apostles (Bro Widstoe) He was excused from inspection. We will never live that that down. Also he returned to school after Spring break + a honey moon in California, with a black eye he received when dove for the bed + pillows covered an iron bar on which he hurt his head + blacked his eye. That will also never be forgotten.

Our first <sup>woman</sup> was a little apt. on 9<sup>th</sup> East just South of 13<sup>th</sup> So in Salt Lake. It was upstairs + had two rooms + a large bath + storage room. We bought a Studio couch for turning into a bed. Our living room + bed room were nice + roomy. My parents gave us a little kitchen set at cost of \$13<sup>00</sup>. Mother saved the money I'd been paying for my bus.  $\frac{1}{3}$  a week. We loved our little apt home + were happy there for 9 months. Farron graduated in June with a little

his sister. It was quite a day a happy one. His friends + associates thought I was "keeping" him in school as they had to get a job before they could marry. After school was out I arron want to work as an accountant for a dairy his Uncle Frank his guardian, had begun. He hunted for work at many places + the only place asking for a degree was "Worthworths" a five + ten cent store. After a couple of years later He went to work at the Fed Res Bank Branch, of Salt Lake City. After 3 yrs of aft living we made plans to build a home out in Cottonwood very close to his Aunt Zola + Uncle Court who raised him aft his parents died.

My Father helped with making plans having our first home build on Hyland Circle - It was 5 rooms + later a garage + also later a barn + chickens <sup>loop</sup>. We were very happy there.

Four yrs had passed + I was not able to get pregnant; The Dr. examined me + said he could not see any reason



why I was unable to conceive. He told me to send Farron in but "Farron" refused to go. In the very near future Farron had an acute appendicitis attack & had had to have an operation. Within a month after this I became pregnant. His poisoned appendix had been the culprit all along.

We had our first son on Jan 29 1944. He was sick when we came home & we had to take him back to the hospital with Phenomena. He was home again within a week - He was such a cute little boy & made me very happy. All my long desire for a little girl to dress in Ruffles & ribbons & bows was forgotten. A little boy in coveralls & an old straw hat fishing in an irrigation ditch with a net from a tree to me was the greatest blessing one could ask for. We used to go walking - winter & summer, with a wash basket & a shawl to make us both happy. In the summer the basket was tied to red wagon and

in the winter tied to a sleigh for the snow. Happy days.

Before Ronnie turned one year we were faced with the country at ~~war~~ Faxon was called to report for duty + exams. If he had been taken he would have been a Captain since he was a First Lieutenant in the Reserves. If he had had to go to war he would not have been home for his little son's first birthday. We did a lot of praying. Fortunately for us he was discharged due to "Severe & incapacitating Hay Fever." My what a relief. U.S. did enter the war & the public was faced with many shortages of food stuffs & metals which were necessary to sustain an army.

The Cutliss bought a cow to help us to have milk & cream & butter which I made in an old wooden churn. We planted a garden and raised chickens & even a couple of pigs for meat. This all was possible because of our first little home at 4850 Ryland Circle where we bought an acre of ground. My father helped

us in this undertaking by acting as supervising architect. The only thing we did not take his advice on was insisting on double forming of the foundation. After it had been poured. He thought we should have insisted that the builder do. That was the only thing we had any trouble with. My father was a builder and a very excellent one at that. He had built many homes in Bear Lake Idaho area. He was then employed as an architect & draftsman for Marris Merril Co. since he had a bad heart he was not able to do the physical work.

We had a very happy life on Highland circle. We raised our three sons there in a country atmosphere. They learned to work & help with the Gardening

During the time we spent on Highland Circle we tried very hard time trying to have a family. Aaron had had several spells of sickness which was finally diagnosed as appendicitis. After one such attack (serious) we

Put that So much  
Contact

## This Is My Song

The first time I remember singing in public was at the age of 4 or 5 yrs for a Christmas program in the St Charles Ward in St. Charles Idaho. I sat in a rocking chair with my dolly & sang "Oh Hush Thee My Baby" I guess this was the beginning of my love for singing. I in grade school, after moving to Salt Lake, I began singing in special little choruses. The first teacher who seemed to take an interest in my voice was a Mrs. Godbey. She was a short little lady with a bad back but she gave me some confidence & I really needed some. My life at home was not one to make me think I could do anything. I had a real inferiority complex as a child. When I started junior high school at Bryant Jr. High school I began to become aware that I had an identity & I took special music classes. I had a part in the school ~~opera~~ Opera but I can't remember what it was called. It was probably written by one

of the teachers. When I went to high school my musical life really began. I was admitted into the "Lorelei - Crystaline" Chorus under the direction of Walter A. Wallace a very fine musician about the age of my father. I learned more voice training under his direction than at any other time in my life. Each chorus practice was voice + music lesson. We were never allowed to sing out until we were as nearly perfect in performance as he felt we could be. I enjoyed this experience as much as any in my life. I listened very hard + tried to do just what he told us. Because I realized that I would never be able to afford voice lessons.

During my high school yrs. I sang in the chorus of two Civic Operas during the summer months under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwell. I took the lead roll of 2 operettas in the second one was H. M. S. Pinnafare by Gilbert + Sullivan. The name of the other was not as familiar + has slipped my mind.

Julip Time  
in Holland.

I sang a secondary lead in West High's presentation of "Melinka of Ostrikov", a Russian story musical.

Toward my second year & for 2 or 3 yrs later we organized a sextette. Frank Barnes, a drummer, who played in the orchestra that played for a Ward Musical that I starred in. My parents were not one bit happy about my association with this older man in this project but there was nothing for them to worry about. He was a dance band drummer & that didn't help his image any. Anyway he & I organized a fine group & we sang many - many places. Frank acted as our agent & manager & was good to us all. The members of our sextette were Jean Kuddington & Marcia Crosby altos, Edith Fisher & Bernice Voules seconds, Violet Crowth & Me Sop. Our accompanist was Margaret Bourne. We remained together until we began to get married & this "broke up the old gang of mine" but we will never forget one another.

When we finally moved out to Cottonwood

"My Song" took another direction

death six yrs ago.

I met my husband through my music activity and we were married in 1937 - April 7 - Farrow was still in college + graduated in June of that year. It has always been a joke between us that I was supporting him through his college because I was still working. On my salary it was a big job. He was supported through money left him when his parents died when he was 12 yrs old. We had a little two room apartment upstairs in a converted house on 9th East but we were happy + it was a cute apt.

We were married 3 yrs when we bought an acre of ground out in cottonwood I built a pretty little 5 room house. My father helped us by acting as supervising architect. The contractor claimed he lost money on the deal because he was forced to abide by the specification and I suspect he really did lose money. He didn't know my Dad. We went out one week end to see the progress of the house. The house was up to the square + room studs.



+ every thing was done in inferior lumber.  
Dad made them tear the whole thing down  
+ start over with #1 lumber. <sup>Contractor</sup> I signed  
a contract + Dad insisted he stick to it.

It was in this house that our first little  
son came to live with us two yrs later.  
~~Little Ronnie~~ <sup>Ronnie</sup> was born Jan 29 - 1941. He  
was ill when we brought him home + had  
to take him back <sup>to hospital</sup> with Pneumonia at 2 weeks  
but he got well soon + was with us again.  
I was so happy with my life as wife +  
mother. Our work increased as we began  
the life of "Frantic Farmers". We bought a  
cow, a pig + some chickens to help feed our  
little family + soon another little son came  
by to keep Ronnie company <sup>and</sup> me on my toes.  
Ken was born Aug 4 - 1943.

Farron was called to be a councilor to  
Elder James Faust when he was made our  
bishop. This was another challenge + a great  
blessing to us. We soon had to sell our cow  
cause I couldn't learn to milk her - no  
matter how I tried (but not very hard.)

(I know that this is not  
in proper sequence but  
if you want my history now that  
is how much of it will be)

We finished our little white house  
on Highland Circle and lived there for  
about fifteen years + added 3 cute little  
boys to our family so how we enjoyed  
+ loved very much. As has been written;  
Farron worked very actively in the church for  
all these years. He was Elder Quorum  
+ president - Stake Sunday school Superintendent  
Stake High Priest president in the Cottonwood Stake  
and was asked by James Faust to serve  
as a councilor to him in the Cottonwood First  
ward bishopric. This was a wonderful experience  
for our whole family and I'm sure all our  
testimonies increased. ➔

Phase II - in our life history.  
One summer Aunt Zola + Uncle Courtney  
went to California to the funeral of a  
half sister. They decided to live there since  
Uncle Court was now retired from his job in  
Salt Lake. They emptied the old house of every  
thing but memories. (After all this was  
really the only real home) he had many  
memories of. We rented the old home for  
Aunt Zo + Uncle Court to a family whose  
name I can't recall. They did not take  
good care of the house + this was

a very worrisome for all of us.

One day we received a letter from Aunt Zo asking if we would like to buy the old home + fix it up. We made an offer that I was sure they wouldn't accept. I hoped not. We were surprised when our offer was accepted for \$1500.00 and we were stuck. Of course we would have to do considerable remodeling + since we were young + didn't know that it couldn't be done we started the work of tearing out + down + in 6 months we did it.

Our two little boys - Ron 10 + Ken 7 were very happy with our project because they loved the old homestead very much. This became a family project and a Big One - Garrow tore out all the rotted old floors and were advised we must excavate 18" below the floor joists?? Well that summer two little boys excavated that entire project with shovels + a wheel barrow. Workers later said it was impossible to believe if they hadn't seen it done.

We tore out bricks to make doors + archways We lowered 12 ~~feet~~ ceilings

8 & 9 foot Ceilings. We added 3 bathrooms  
Closets & cupboards I couldn't fill, We  
made a large picture window in the Parlor  
added a beautiful fireplace with Windows  
on either side.

We were very fortunate to have a friend  
By the name of Mel Young who was a  
very fine builder & knew how to do the  
things We suggested even to changing  
the very steep stairway by making a land-  
ing & turning the top five steps back  
wards. If I wanted a closet somewhere  
he knew just how to do it. We came  
over evening to tear out bricks where we  
wanted a door & the workmen made  
a frame for a door. Each morning I  
went over the house & told Melvin what  
I would like to be done & "presto" it  
was done.

A little incident that might be of  
interest to you is the morning when  
Larron went over to the old home to  
begin working on tearing up the floor  
in the front hall. As he rode a bike  
along the road he heard a bell ringing  
in the Old House. He says he was

very nervous about going up the drive to the house. As he got closer the bell became louder and it definitely was coming from inside the house. As he found out, there had been a bell "installed in the bedroom" (our living room) for when Aunt Zoe + Uncle Court were living with Grandma Bagley. The bell had been wired to the upstairs bedroom so that if Grandma Bagley needed help she just had to push a button somewhere in her room which would alert Aunt Zo. During our tearing out floors + such, somehow that bell wire had been activated + caused the bell to ring. He said it was very hard for him to go in the house because, even as a young man he had weird dreams about it for various reasons.

Well to complete this episode in our life the house was finally completed enough for us to move <sup>in</sup> just before Xmas. While I was working in the big house Larson - Newell Kuhre + James Faust had secured a truck to move some of the

heavier furniture so they brought the  
frig, the stove and all my kitchen  
equipment which I did not want yet  
but here it came + sooooo. We were  
moved in for a week before Xmas  
weather I wanted it or not.

While living in the old home we had  
many happy times + used every inch  
of those 9-big rooms + three acres of  
ground. Joe Remund a farmer +  
dairy man farmed most of the 13 + 3  
acres of ground surrounding the house.

The year Ron was working to obtain  
his eagle Scout Award he planted one  
acre south of the house into "corn". Ron  
had contacted Doug Cutler for details  
of what type seed + how to care for it  
spraying + watering etc. That the  
Farron Cutler family gave the Doug  
Cutler family a run for their money,  
We too sold Cutler corn. The boys  
took <sup>litter</sup> red wagon loads of corn over to  
the subdivision to sell it. Bruce did  
this + Ron + Ken set up a stand out  
by the big gate to the property.  
During the years we were living at

at this location James E Faust was made our Stake President and our old Ward was twice divided. A large sub-division was built to <sup>the</sup> south of us and this was a very frustrating experience for us. A large Cottonwood Mall was built to the east of us + our country living was definitely changed to an urban area + we were definitely not happy about our situation. During the years spent at 4950 Highland Circle we sent Ron to Ireland + Scotland on a mission then Ken recieved a call to the London England mission. This meant that we had two sons on a mission for a period of one year. Bruce was in Jr High school so it was necessary for me to go to work. Since I was not trained for anything but homemaker + dental assistant. As the new 3C.M.D. opened at the mall + I applied for sales clerk + was put to work the day I applied. I felt I could still be close + available for Bruce if he needed me. It's for sure I never made a great deal but it did help some for little extra expenses. (You will be sorry you made me write this cause my hand "cramps" on me + you

you are going have to read it.)

When Ron came home from his mission we were so very happy to have a "family" again it was a very happy two weeks. Then we were to experience a very trying year I guess to test us all some more.

After Ron had been home just 2 weeks he was asked by a man in the ward if he could come to work to remove some steel, concrete forms from a project on a bldg. in town so he went to work the next day. The morning was not over until I received a phone call from our Bishop notifying me that there was an accident at ~~working~~ + Ron was <sup>at</sup> the S.D.S. Hospital. I went immediately to the hospital. I was too upset to drive so I called Auard + He came to pick me up + take me in. I called Farron but he could not leave the bank until they were able to transfer custody of the vault. Nothing had <sup>been done</sup> when we arrived. I saw Ron as they were taking him to a room. nothing had done except to enter him at the hospital. I didn't know who to call as his was a leg injury - almost severed - plus other injuries. Auard knew a orthopedic surgeon Auard called him



+ within a very short time the Dr. came  
+ shortly Farron was there too. This was  
the ~~beginning~~ beginning of one of the most  
difficult trials of my entire life. Ron's  
leg was almost completely severed just  
above the knee. He spent 4 months in  
the hospital in "traction" then was  
put in a huge cast from his chest  
to his feet.