

HISTORY OF MARY LE VERN DAVIS ADAMS

I will begin my story by introducing my parents and grandparents for the benefit of my children and grandchildren in the years to come. My father, John G. Davis was the 2nd child of John Tucker and Letitia Ann George Davis. Father was born the 10th of December 1845 at Liverpool, England. His parents were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have always been grateful that my grandparents saw fit to give up all they had to join the Church and come to Utah.

Mother was the 2nd daughter of Samuel and Druzilla Holt Thompson, also converts to the Church. Grandfather Thompson was a playmate of the Prophet Joseph Smith and was later his bodyguard, for which I have always been very proud. My mother was born at Palmyra, now Spanish Fork, Utah Co., Utah. I wish I knew more about my parents concerning their childhood days. I've heard my mother tell how some of her friends danced barefooted. She was always privileged to have shoes as her father exchanged work with a shoemaker who was a friend.

I don't know how my father and mother met or where, I never heard them talk about their courtship, but I have always assumed it was delightful. My parents were married the 21 February 1875 in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. They made their home in Spanish Fork, Utah. Nine children gladdened their home, namely: John Henry (1876), Letitia Ann (1878), Samuel George (1881) Ephraim (1883) and Druzilla Thompson (1885), these five were all born in Spanish Fork, Utah.

Father was quite well-to-do, owned considerable land on Spanish Fork Bench and some city property. Everyone was talking of the advantages in the Ashley Valley. I have come to the conclusion that my father was a pioneer at heart and Ashley Valley had the greenest pastures, anyway he sold all his property in Spanish Fork, Utah and prepared for the trek to Ashley Valley.

On the 20th of April 1887 their lives were saddened by the death of our sister, Druzilla Thompson, the cause being whooping cough and pneumonia. She was laid to rest in the Spanish Fork Cemetery. Shortly after Druzilla's passing, Father, Mother and their four children, Grandfather Thompson and his son, John D., left their old home and started for the Ashley Valley. The roads were rough and it was a long, hard trip. They settled about one and three-quarter miles north on 5th West in Vernal City as of now. Father owned 160 acres of land north of Uncle John's farm. He build a four-room brick house that was to be our home but they lived in Uncle John's two-roomed log cabin until our house was completed. I have often thought how crowded that little cabin must have been as a cousin of mothers, Jessie Holt, lived there as he was teaching school in Vernal.

It was a sunny afternoon, the 12th of June, 1888, that the sixth child was born to these goodly parents, John G. and Druzilla Thompson Davis. Cousin Jessie got home from school just in time to go for the doctor and midwife, Sarah LaDuc Pope, who ushered this pug-nosed, red-headed baby girl into this world of joy and sorrow. After due consideration she was christened, Mary Le Vern. She was blessed by Bishop George Freestone on the 4th of October, 1888.

I would here like to give a tribute that was written to Sarah LaDuc Pope who was a midwife for 45 years, and I am very proud to be one of the babies this noble and courageous woman brought into the world.

Sarah LaDuc Pope was born July 21, 1835, at Saint Cesaire, Canada, the daughter of Charles LaDuc and Margaret DuFault.

With his wife and two children, Charles and Sarah, who was then nine years of age, Mr. LaDuc emigrated from Canada to Vermont, USA and thence to Wisconsin. Being members of the Roman Catholic Church, it was the desire of Margaret that her daughter become a nun. However, Sarah exercised her initiative and married Robert Pope who had arrived in America from London where he was born. He was a member of the Church of England. Two years later the young couple moved to Minnesota where they first heard the Latter-day Saints missionaries, were converted and baptized. Desiring to join the body of the church in Utah, Robert, Sarah and two of their children, Charles, age six and Robert, age seven months, completed the journey to Salt Lake Valley in 1858. The other child, Hatlie Ann, two and one-half years old, died ^{young} and was buried on the plains. Sarah had a natural aptitude for nursing, although she had never received special training. Brigham ^{recognized} her ability and set her apart as a midwife and nurse. She was the mother of eleven children and was a midwife for forty-five years. She kept count of babies delivered to 500, then the entries stopped, but she continued her work for many more years. On December 13, 1918 at the age of 83, Sarah Pope passed away at the home of her youngest daughter, Sarah Adell Hunting in Vernal, Utah.

-Leone C. Loveland.

When I was one year old, our lives were saddened by the death of Ephraim, our six-year old brother. He died of diphtheria the 1st of August, 1889 and was laid to rest in the Vernal Memorial Park. At this time we were still living in the log cabin, but we soon moved into the new brick home. It was here I spent a happy childhood. Mother always told me I was the happiest when I had a piece of paper and a pencil to play with. On the 15th of November, 1890, my sister, Effie Myrtle was born. She was a beautiful baby and we all loved her so much. We spent a happy childhood together.

Although I was very young, I loved to hear my parents tell us about our grandparents, the trials and hardships they went through and the wonderful things they did. I didn't have the privilege of knowing any of them except Grandfather Thompson and he died when I was four, but I can remember how kind he was and how I loved to comb his hair. I was always so proud to know he was a close friend of Prophet Joseph Smith. I always wanted to go to Nauvoo where he lived when a young man. I have also been proud of my grandparents that they saw fit to give up all they had including relatives and friends to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and come to the United States and that they settled in Utah.

Again our home was gladdened by a new baby boy. He was born the 17th of November 1893. He was christened LeRoy Payton Davis. He was a cute little guy and mother kept his hair in ringlets until he was four years old.

When I was six years old, I started to school in the old brick school house that was torn down to make room for our modern school house that now stands. I have read where this school house was used for many political meetings, a place to vote and many other civic uses. My first teacher was Sadie Holdaway. I often think how wise my mother was to dress me in long underwear and long woolen stockings she had knitted. The cape I wore didn't keep me very warm as I rode horseback behind my brother, George, to this school and we took some wild rides, especially when he and the neighbor boys decided to race. I'd hang on for dear life and my cape would stand straight out behind. In the winter the water would raise to the surface and the road would be a solid glare of ice, but that would not bother old Beckie. She would stiffen her knees and skid right across ahead of all the rest.

I went to primary and Sunday school in the old stake house that stood east of where the post office now stands. The classes were divided by curtains. They did obstruct the view but didn't do a thing for sound. We hardly knew which class we were in. The old building was too small to accommodate the crowd at conference or a 4th of July celebration so a bowery was built out of willows at the back of the

the back of the stake house. In 1895 the little Washington school house was built to accommodate the lower grades. Mrs. Hutchensen was the teacher. We loved her very much. My brother, Roy, was six now and mother dressed him up and sent him to school. He look so different from the other kids that they called him Lord Fauntleroy. It is needless to say a fight ensued and poor Roy hardly had any of his clothes on him. I went to this school for two years.

In August 1896 I was baptized by Apostle John W. Taylor in the Central Canal near Owen Hacking's place. I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Bishop George Freestone the same day.

On March 27, 1897 another son came to our home, but wasn't privileged to live long. He died October 10, 1897 and was laid to rest in the Vernal Memorial Park. This son, Farrol Lewis Davis, was blessed by Nelson Merkley the 4th of June, 1897.

That same year my Father leased the Pegaroots ranch on Indian Bench, my brothers George and John farmed the place, my sister Letitia cooked for the hay crew. I shall never forget the time I went with her to keep her company. She told me the attic was filled with toys and since I had never had many toys, I was curious to see them so she helped me through the hole in the ceiling. I was thrilled with what I saw and was contented to look them over as long as I could hear my sister below, but when she stepped outside, I became panicky being alone in an attic playing with toys that didn't belong to me. Maybe you think I didn't scramble to get out of there. I hung to the door directly below me and just fell to the floor. I didn't loose any time finding my sister. I had heard so many stories o hostile Indians that I was really afraid.

When school time came, we went to school upstairs in the George A. Lowe Hardware Store. I think it was where the Commercial Hotel is now. The next two years upstairs in the Gibson Hotel was our school room. Mrs. McIntosh was our teacher and a very good one. It was a stormy day the teacher gave us permission to stay in the school room. An hour is a long time for kids if they don't have anything to do, so we all decided to stuff the tap bell as a joke on the teacher and we all had a hand in it. The noon hour is over, the classes were being assembled, the teacher tapped the bell, no sound, and when she discovered it was stuffed, she was very angry and asked who did it. I supposed we'd all acknowledge doing it, but I was the only one that held up my hand. She didn't ask me if I had help but walked to my desk and boxed my ears good; it didn't hurt me but I'll never be as embarrassed as I was that day. One thing for sure, I didn't tell my parents. Miss McIntosh apologized to me but it didn't stop the kids from teasing me about it, and it took quite some time to live it down, even so I am glad my teacher knew I was honest.

When the Spanish American War broke out, my brother John was in Saratoga, Wyoming and enlisted in the Torry's Rough Rider Troop H, 2nd U. S. Cavalry. We all felt badly to have him go, but Mother especially was upset and really expected a letter from him every day and would send me to the post office every night. The mail came in on a stage coach and sometimes it would be very late due to bad roads and we lived a mile and a half from the post office. How I shudder when I think what might have happened, but the sheriff, Lafe Richardson, was a kind friend and would wait around until the mail was distributed and would take me home behind him on his big beautiful bay horse. While in the army, John was stricken with Malaria Fever and was ill when the rest of the Troop was mustered on so it was a long time before he came home. I was at school when he came home and when I walked in the house, I was so surprised an happy to see him that it was my turn to be emotional and I cried like a baby for hours with sheer joy. It was so good to have him home and I was so interested and proud to hear about his experiences but when I heard they were giving him and William Britt a welcome hor

party I was so happy and looked forward to it with great joy. I pictured myself dancing with him and I was beaming over with joy; I could hardly wait, looking forward for the evening to come. Mother helped me to get ready as she was proud too. Well, it came, but John couldn't take time, or didn't see all evening. I felt awful. I wasn't grown up but I could dance, my brothers liked to dance with me at home. Finally Jimmie Barker, a batchelor who at one time was editor of the Vernal Express asked me to be his partner for a plain quadrill. I was glad to dance once, but I'll always remember how hurt I felt that night.

In 1900 the new Central School was completed. We all looked forward for school to start as we really had a school house all our own at last. I was especially proud as my father was instrumental in securing the funds to make this building possible. Joseph Anderson was our teacher. He wasn't too popular with his students, but I liked him as a teacher and I did very well in this school this year. In 1901 Miss Moore was our teacher. She was a beautiful girl, we all loved her, and we all dreaded the school year to end.

James Hacking's farm joined ours on the west. Every Easter we met the Hacking girls at the dividing fence and we had a picnic or an Easter party. We always ate more than was good for us, played games, had a program and then we'd go home tired. I most always would be sick as eggs didn't agree with me. Myrtle and I were the same age and were very good friends. She passed away during our high school days.

During the summer I was Dad's right hand man. The boys were on their own and away working on jobs. At an early age I learned to ride and handle horses. I helped drive stock to the mountain. Dad sowed his grain from the back of a wagon and I would drive the team. He often said I could handle the horses better than the boys and I loved horses and liked to help with them. Father loved horses and always had the best. When he was away, it was my chore to water the horses and care for them. They would want to play and at times I feared for my life, but even so I loved Old Don and all of them.

My brother George owned a blue saddle horse; he called him "Blue Jay", but it seemed the horse liked to be called "Bluch". Apparently he didn't like George as he'd have to work a Half a day to catch him. When he got him saddled, he would mount and Bluch would buck until he was tired, then he'd simply like down. I could go into the field, swing the bridle around a couple of times and call his name and he would come on a good lope to me. Sometimes I was afraid he would run over me. I'd put the bridle on him and fasten a circingle around him, lead him to a fence to get on him. We always rode sideways (side saddle) in those days and off we would go. Bluch had a habit of jumping sideways and threw me off a couple of times, but he'd stand until I got up. It is needless to mention how I loved him and I'm sure he returned that love. My brother didn't like his affection for me, so he just gave him to a friend. I felt pretty bad about it and will always remember "Bluch".

As I look back now, I had a happy childhood growing up with my brothers and sisters even though it was a time of pioneering and we worked hard, but we had many good times together at work and at play. I always loved school and did well and got good marks even if we didn't always have the best of conditions and buildings to go to.

It is 1902, I am in the 7th grade. N. G. Sowards is the teacher and I liked him and I do owe him a lot not only for my success

in the class but for the good advice and challenge he gave me in penmanship. He'd write a line and say, now beat that. I'd do my best. My father would say I could write plainer than Mr. Sowards. This made me very happy as I tried to be a good writer.

1903-1904 was the year I finished the eighth grade, the first eighth grade to graduate from the elementary school in Uintah County. There were six graduates, Walter Woolley, Clarence Ashton, Gerald Thorne, Edith Button and myself. Mary Orser was the superintendent of the county schools and N. G. Sowards was the teacher. The County gave us quite a send-off. The exercises were held at the old Stake House which was filled to overflowing; and the house was banked with flowers. Leo Thorne took a picture of the class, the first group picture he ever took. Walter, Clair and Gerald were pretty sharp, seemed to me they didn't have to study. Their exams would be out in no time, then they would tease us because we were so slow. I always told them they were such poor writers that the teacher couldn't read their writing, so they gave them good marks. I only know of one time I outdid them and that was a percentage problem in Arithmetic. The teacher said the boys were right, but I would not give in and an argument ensued and I got very angry and almost threw my book at Mr. Sowards. No, I didn't tell my parents, but shortly after this argument, Mr. Sowards met my father on the street and told him about it. He had found out I was right and praised me to my father. When father came he didn't tell me what Mr. Sowards had said to him until I told my story. Then he told me that Mr. Sowards admired me for standing up for what was right. Even Dad said that he was proud of me.

Mr. Sowards recommended me to the County Treasurer, George A. Davis, who seemed to like my ability to write and hired me to help with the tax notices. Hazel Johnson worked with me. One day Hazel and I were waiting for the county officers to come back from lunch. We were sitting on the east side of the court house when Lafe Richardson came along with a basketfull of food for the prisoners. Right on top of the basket was a beautiful red tomato. I reached out and took it. What did Lafe do? Sat the basket down, picked me up and carried me to the jail and locked me in. He said, "This is where you go for stealing, now maybe you will be good", which I promised to do. The prisoners surely got a good laugh and the officers were just returning from their lunch and saw it all. I had a hard time living it down. My motto from then on is, "Don't steal from anyone, not even the sheriff."

I have already mentioned that Lafe was a good friend and a wonderful person. I shall always remember him and feel that I have been blessed to know him as a friend. I also worked in the County Clerk's office for Peter Hansen. He was a fine man and he seemed to appreciate my ability to make the records plain and neat. He encouraged me to take up law and I did study it about a year but I wasn't privileged to go on to law school.

The old Stake House was our only meeting place until the completion of the Central School building. The School Board allowed them to hold Mutual there. It was farther to walk but was so nice to have a place to meet. I remember one night when Effie and I went to Mutual and after the meeting was out, I asked her if she was ready to go home and she said Sunny Allen was taking her home, so I started off alone. I got part way when I discovered a man was following me. I began to run and didn't stop until I fell on our living room floor. In minutes my brother John walked in and said, "What's the big hurry?"

In 1905 the Uintah Reservation was thrown open and my father being a farmer and a pioneer at heart just had to have some of that land for his boys. He and my brother John each filed on a 160 acres of land in what was known as Cedarview, Utah. Father lease the Billy Woods place as it had a field of alfalfa which would be an asset when they started to farm on their places. Clearing sagebrush

hard work for man and beast and Dad kept his horses in good shape. While still on the Nephi bench it was necessary to make a trip to Vernal at this particular time. Mrs. Fuel, mother and I decided to go. Mother was the teamster. The winter had been a hard one, with lots of snow, and when spring came, the high saters washed all the bridges out on the Uintah River. Father came along with us to help us cross the river, then he would return on horseback. On our way to the Fort, Father decided to go by way of Pike's Ford as it would save several miles of travel. When we reached the river it didn't look good. Father rode across on his saddle horse. The water was real deep, but when he came back, he thought he could make it. I was so afraid that I felt really ill; I begged him not to cross, but he didn't pay the least attention to me. He got in the wagon and made ready to go and "clucked" at the horses, which meant "get up" to them but they didn't move. He then reached for his whip which was a stick with a narrow strap attached. All this time I was praying to my Heavenly Father for help. Just then a man appeared on horseback across the river and shouted, "For God's sake, don't drive in there." He then came across and directed us across the river without any trouble. This was indeed a testimony to me that God lives and answers prayers. Just the day before a man drove in this same hole. He lost his team and if help hadn't come, his family would have drowned too.

A branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of LDS was organized on the Nephi Bench at my father's home. I had the privilege of writing the minutes of this meeting. Chris Peterson was chosen as Presiding Elder. In the fall the settlers got out logs and built a log room that served as a school room and Church was also held here. My sister, Effie, taught school here and my brother, Roy, was a student. It was hard times for the few families that moved to this area to be near the school. Mother tried to help by giving them milk. Every day the children took their small pails and went for milk. One of the workers asked, "Where are the kids going with their bucket?" Someone answered, "To Mrs. Davis' for milk", Henry Hall then replied, "This is a regular Clabberville. That is what is was called from then on, "Clabberville".

In the fall of 1906 I went back to Vernal to go to school at the Uintah Stake Academy and I also worked in the County Clerk's office on Saturdays and holidays. The Uintah Stake Academy was a Church school, an institution in which high ambitions could be realized and noble aspirations attained. It was a pillar of strength to young people at an age when they are peculiarly susceptible as to moral influences. William J. Snow was our principle and one of the best men I ever knew and a very good teacher. Robert Robinson was an elocution or speech teacher and a very good one. I worked hard in this class. We memorized long readings and for experience and entertainment he gave recitals and invited the public. The first reading I ever gave at a recital was "Have Ru!" We went to Jensen in the middle of the winter and I shall never forget that "o-so-cold" buggy ride. While attending the U. S. Academy we were only allowed to attend school dances which were held once a month. The dance commenced at 8 p. m. and was dismissed at 12 o'clock sharp. We had real good times during these school days and I dated a number of nice young men and had many girl friends. I remember going out with Roy Lee a few times. I introduced my friend, Winnie Miller to him; the next thing I knew they were married. Now they have a nice family and all of them are married.

On a visit to my folks in the spring of 1907 I attended Sunday School in the little log school house. It was here I met James Christian Peterson who later became my husband. Jim as everyone called him was a homesteader, the son of Christian and Stena Thom Ballie Peterson. He was born the 8th of June 1883 at Spring City, Sanpete Co., Utah. Their home was in Price, Carbon Co. until they moved to Hayden, Utah on their homestead.

After school was out in the spring, I went back to Nephi Bench where we called home. It was quite a life in a two-room India

cabin on a sagebrush flat. Neighbors were miles apart. We made our own recreation, giving parties, having programs in the little log school room where we all attended Church on Sunday. We also tried dancing in the little log school room and had fun. Peter Peterson played the fiddle and my sister, Letitia, accompanied him on the organ. Our transportation was riding horseback and we could all ride like Indians so we made it a real sport.

Jim and I had our first date in May. My sister, Effie, dated Charlie Elmer. We went to Roosevelt to a dance; a wagon drawn by a pair of ponies was our transportation. There wasn't anything over the Dry Gulch only a foot bridge so we had to walk to the dance hall. The trail was narrow and we would miss it now and then and step on a prickly pear but even so we had a good time and didn't get home until daylight.

The same year a dance hall was built and it was known as Hayden Hall. Here Sunday School and meetings were held for a time. We also held our 4th of July celebrations here and put on home talent plays. We always had good crowds and good times. I made good use of the speech training I had received at the Uintah Stake Academy. People came from all over the Reservation including the Indians by the dozens. Jim and I are having a delightful courtship and are engaged to be married.

It is now the 6th of September and we left on the 6th for Vernal. On the 7th of Sept. 1907, we were married at the Court House by E. J. Young Jr. It was nice to be back in Vernal. We went to the dance in the Old Imperial Hall where we met many old friends. The next day we returned to Hayden where a reception was waiting for us. We also gave a dance in the Hayden Hall. On the 26th of Sept. our marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple. We then went to Mammoth to visit my brother, George, and his bride, Artie Jackson Davis. On our way home we visited relatives and friends. I had a nice visit with my dear friend and pal, Fern Holdaway Teasdale. She now lives in California. We then went back to Price, Jim's old home where he grew to manhood. He attended the elementary school there. He had six brothers and one sister who all died in infancy, except Omer and Austin.

In 1900 his father was called on a mission to Denmark. Jim stayed out of school and helped his mother run the farm and take care of the bees, thus financing his father's mission. After his father came home, Jim went to the Snow Academy in Ferron to complete his schooling. At Hayden Jim's father operated a general store and Jim was postmaster. When we returned home after a short honeymoon, we lived in the back of the store until our one-room home was completed; later we built a room on the back. We were very happy here. All of our children were born in this little house, except Leah.

In 1908 the Saints of Hayden Branch erected a log building or Ward house. It was used for a church and recreation hall. School was also held in the building.

On the 7th of July our first child, Evelyn Druzilla was born. She was Peterson's first grandchild and Davis' first granddaughter so she was pretty special. Friends far and near including our Indian friends came to see her.

In October, 1908 the Stake Presidency set apart 40 acres of land our homestead and Hayden Ward was organized. Christian Peterson was chosen as bishop, Jim as ward clerk and Stena Peterson as president of the Relief Society. I was chosen as her secretary which position I held for eleven years and worked with Stena Peterson, Della Horrocks and Dean Workman. It was a wonderful experience and I feel it was a privilege and a blessing.

In 1909 the government built a canal through the Hayden area. Jim had a contract to haul oats from Vernal to feed the workers horses. He had to take two days to make the trip and I was alone every other night with my young baby. We lived in the back of the store so I could take care of the store and also care for Evelyn.

One day Pete Arkansas and Happy Jack, a couple of young Indians came to the store and wanted a drink. I filled two glasses with Apple Cider and gave it to them. They paid me and then they wanted Vanilla which I would sell them as it would intoxicate them. They went away and soon a neighbor boy came. It was Jim Rhoades and he wanted six bottles of Lemon. I asked him what he was going to do with so much Lemon. Then he told me it was for Happy Jack. "No Jim, I won't sell it to you. Go give the money back to Happy Jack and tell Joe Herbert to come down here." He did as he was told and Joe came down and drove the Indians away, he thought. When it got dark they came back and circled around the store shouting, "Peterson, Lemon!" until midnight. I had a gun and vowed I'd shoot if they even rattled the door or window but they didn't. I was frightened and hired a girl to live with me.

That same summer we took time off to go fishing. It was my first fishing trip and we went to Uintah Canyon. Those on the trip were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Will Robinson, Tressie and Ethel Peterson, Effie Davis, Bert Mechem, Omer and Austin Peterson and Jim and I and our daughter, Evelyn. We were greeted at the canyon by a terrific rain storm. We were all soaked and everything we had was wet. We camped in an old house left by a sawmill. Others had camped there and had built fires on the floor. Imagine how black it was and Evelyn wanted to crawl in every bit of it, so I made her a coverall out of a gunny sack. The men had turned the horses out to graze and they decided to go home; we were stranded and our provisions were low. I remember one day Jim brought 100 fish. We finally had to live on fish and biscuits. We had fun but it was good to get home.

Jim was always active in the Church; was a ward clerk for years and later a counselor to the Bishopric. He was secretary to the Independent Canal Co. and the only Notary Public in the whole area. We did everything together and had a host of friends young and old. Very often a crowd of young people came to our home to spend an evening. We played games, told funny stories, someone would play the piano and we'd sing. Jim was an expert candy maker, especially honey candy. When the evening was over, everyone went home happy and sticky.

On the 9th of May 1910 our 2nd daughter was born. She was a beautiful blond-haired baby with hazel eyes. We named her Edna Stena. She was a good baby and would play for a long time with a feather. I remember my father telling me to be good to her that she was too good to live. I'd take my babies to Relief Society and spread a quilt on the floor. They would sit there content while I took the minutes. We had our troubles too as the children seemed to get the local diseases that float around. We had to doctor them with pioneer remedies as it was almost impossible to get a doctor. A third daughter was born the 17th of May 1912. We christened her Mary Elizabeth. She was a dandy little girl with blue eyes and long mouse-colored hair and a sweet disposition and looked a lot like her father. We still had the postoffice. Jim was real good to look after the children and postoffice while I attended Relief Society. I feel we were both blessed by trying to do our duties in the Church.

It was March 1914 and the Relief Society decided to put on a talent show, "Old Maid's Convention". Every mother and grandmother had a part in it. Joe Simms was the "dog catcher." I was the President. My name was Samantha Jane Higgins. Although the road was bad everyone far and near was there. Everyone had a good laugh and I wouldn't be exaggerating if I say it was a howling success.

On the 17th of October our first son was born. He was a good baby, a ten-pound one and we christened him James Clayton. I wa

ill for some time. When Clayton was about two years old we nearly lost him with pneumonia. Again we were compelled to use pioneer remedies and faith in our Heavenly Father. As Clayton grew up he was content if he had a little wagon or a few wheels and bolts to work with. Our neighbor in Vernal was driving past our place and saw Clayton out in the yard. He stopped and came to the door. He said, "I knew you lived here," I asked why. He said, "that young man in the yard reminded me of your father."

On the 15th of Nov. 1916 our fifth child and 2nd son was born. It was a cold winter and there was lots of sickness. Our little son got pneumonia. Again we had to put faith in our Heavenly Father and do what we could to save our baby. He was too ill to take to the Church so he was blessed at home by his grandfather, Christian Peterson, and given the name, Dean Davis Peterson. Dean was a cute little guy and his father's shadow. He too was interested in machinery and guns and after my brother Roy joined the ranks in World War I, Dean would say as he played with his wooden gun, "I'll go help Uncle Roy get the Germans."

The 27th of April 1919 I was released as secretary of the Hayden Relief Society and chosen as president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association; this position I held for four years. I loved to work with the young people, I was interested in their problems and helped them iron them out. I feel I was blessed to have this privilege and made many life-time friends.

On the 11th of Aug. 1920 our sixth child, a daughter, was born. We christened her Leah Fern. She was a husky baby, weighed 10 1/2 pounds. We all loved her and she was her Grandfather Davis's pride and joy. She was a year old when her grandfather and my father died. On 21st of Sept. 1921, he had been visiting my sister, Effie Neilson, at Hiawatha, he was on his way home when he suddenly passed away at Willow Creek on the Price, Myton Road. John George Davis' death was a shock to all who knew him. He was a pioneer to the Ashley Valley, he was active in civic affairs and a true Latter-day Saint, a good husband and father and was always ready to help a neighbor. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. His funeral was held in Hayden and he was laid to rest in the Hayden Cemetery. After my father's death, my mother went to Idaho Falls to stay with my brother George for awhile.

In the spring of 1922 we sold our home in Hayden and moved on a farm on Harnston Bench. We bought a farm in partnership with Jim's father and brother, Austin. We lived in the William Henderson farm house for awhile. One day Dean and his cousin Alden Peterson, (who happened to be on a horse) was chasing something. I asked Dean what he was after. I rushed off with a hoe and killed a snake. It proved to be a Rattler. I sure worried about the children as they herded the cows and did other chores. For instance Edna was gathering eggs. One hen laid her egg in the corner of a leveler that laid in the yard. Edna got the egg in the one corner and looked in the other just in case she would find another but a snake glared at her as she stooped to look in his corner. That evening Jim said, "Get your things together we are going to move, this is enough snakes, so we moved to Roosevelt the 23 of July, 1923. It was good not to worry about snakes. We lived in Bill Worthen's place. Jim rode ditch the summer of 1923 for the Dry Gulch Irrigation Company. He had to take a lunch each day and made it a practice to eat his lunch at the Syphon Lateral headgate, a large yellow Diamond-backed snake would be there to share his lunch. One day Jim was ill, his father Chris Peterson rode ditch for him. He ate his lunch at the head gate, yes the snake was there and Mr. Peterson killed it and it was a Diamond-back Rattler with 10 rattles. Jim could hardly believe he had made such a mistake and one that could have cost him his life. He thought it was a blow snake.

We enjoyed living in Roosevelt, we had many friends there and we felt we could have a rest from responsibilities and enjoy just being good in the Church, but on the 11th of Nov. I was set apart as 2nd counselor in the Relief Society. I enjoyed my work and had a

number of unforgettable experiences. At that time Roosevelt didn't have a mortuary, the Relief Society sisters did this work. In 1924 the Stake Relief Society sponsored an Obstetrics Course under the direction of Dr. Ellis Ship of Salt Lake City. I was chosen from the Roosevelt 2nd Ward to take that course. I really enjoyed it and studied hard. Dr. Miles and Dr. Whitmore helped me very much as they called on me to go out on OB cases and this gave me practical experience along with the book work and I did become efficient as a practical nurse. Dr. Whitmore wanted me to go and be a registered nurse but I felt I couldn't leave my family. I didn't realize that I might have to depend on that training later.

The same year 1924, I was released as a counselor in the Relief Society and was chosen as 2nd counselor in the Mutual. Alice Lublin was the president. We loved to work with young people, we always had a good attendance. We sponsored parties and dances and everyone enjoyed them and our mutual was a success.

Jim was agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. and I sometimes went with him. I shall never forget a trip to Jensen. We had worked late and I was driving home when we met a herd of cattle, I tried to slow down but evidently put my foot on the gas and plowed right through the herd. Cattle seemed all over the car, but as luck would have it we came out with a bent light, but I was completely turned around.

In the spring of 1925 Jim rode in with S.A. Smith to Price to visit his folks. When he returned he wasn't feeling so good but felt he had to make a sale, but he became so ill it was necessary for someone to bring him home as he wasn't able to drive his car. I called the doctor and she said he had the flu. He soon got better and the doctor said he could sit up for a few minutes. When he went to go back to bed a terrific pain struck him. I called the doctor and she said he had pleuresy. He was so very ill, I worked with him all day as he wouldn't let anyone else touch him, but he seemed to be better and wanted to be moved into the living room. I got permission from the doctor and did as he requested and he seemed to feel good. The pain had left him but he didn't want me to leave so I sat by him all the time, then without warning he was stricken with a heart attack (angina pectoris). The doctor came in minutes but it seemed he was beyond help. The doctor worked with him but he had only one heart beat in 45 minutes. He passed away on the evening of the 14 April 1925. We were all so shocked it seemed like the end of the world had come. No one could have been in worse financial circumstances. We had \$6.35 in the house and I didn't know what I could do ever for the funeral expenses. The children except Evelyn were too young to help. The house was full of people and many offered help, it was then I realized that my six children and I weren't alone, that we had many friends. My friend and schoolmate, Clarence Ashton, said to me, "Your credit is good, LeVern, give Jim a good burial."

His funeral was held in the Imperial Hall. I remember they sang, "Sometime We'll Understand." Ray Dillman, Ephraim Lambert and Ray Kelly were the speakers. Clara Alexander sang "Face to Face". Jim loved to hear her sing. On 17 April, 1925 he was laid to rest in the Roosevelt Cemetery, forty years ago. Being left with six children and a home unpaid for, I didn't have a dime, but I had problems. The children were willing to help. Clayton was our eldest son, ten years old, he tried so hard to be the head of the house and to help me in any way he could. How I love and thank him for the effort he put forth. I knew we had to work and the autograph my teacher wrote in my album came to my mind: "Work is the price of success, Show not the struggle, Face it, it's God's gift".

I went out nursing, did house work, took in washings, I even took an OB case in my home but I soon found I couldn't do that. I had to have steady work and sure pay. I finally asked O.J. Bracken for a job in his store. He turned me down, said "I had too many responsibilities to make a good clerk." A dear friend was standing by and said to Mr. Bracken. "I have heard what you said to LeVern

I want you to know she is the best clerk I ever had wait on me. Mr. Brackeen said, "With a recommendation like that I'll at least give her a try. It is needless to say I thanked Zina Mecham from the bottom of my heart. I started to work during a sale. The first three days I was so tired I thought I would die but I stayed with it and soon became accustomed to being on my feet and got along fine. I made many friends and loved my work. I had only been with Brackeen two months when I had an offer to take a job at Ashtons. It would be permanent and more pay, so I talked it over with Mr. Brackeen and he advised me to take the job as his business wasn't too good. On 1 26th of October 1925 I went to work for Leslie Ashton and Sons and held the job for eight years. I loved my work. Clair was kind to me and my family. In November 1925 I was elected City Treasurer of Roosevelt. I liked this work tho the city didn't pay much, but it su helped. I was kept busy with two jobs and care of my family and home. I now had three children in high school.

Evelyn, our eldest daughter, put herself through school. She worked as night operator in the Telephone Office and at the Drug Store after school. She even bought her graduation dress. Edna also worked at the Telephone Office and a shift at a cafe. She really has been on her own since she was fourteen.

On the 20th of May 1927 our lives were saddened again; we were called to mourn the loss of our dear mother and grandmother. She died at my sister Letitia's home in Bennett, Utah. She suffered a stroke in 1925 shortly after Jim passed away and suffered for tw long years. She was a wonderful wife and mother, a faithful Latter-day Saint and was always ready to help those in need. She kept th 2nd commandment. Again Clair Ashton, now my boss, came to me and offered help. He wanted Mother to have a nice burial outfit. H funeral was held at Bennett Chapel and she was laid to rest in the Hayden Cemetery by the side of her husband and our father and gran father.

I was re-elected as City Treasurer in November 1927 and am grateful for my many friends that were satisfied with my work an respected me enough to re-elect me as their City Treasurer. My children are growing up and doing well at school. I often tell them they are doing a good raising themselves and that I am very proud of them.

During my eight years at Ashtons Store I underwent two operations. The first one was on my right foot. I also had my tonsils removed. I was very weak from the loss of blood. Homer E. Rich was the doctor. The metatarsal joint was removed from my great toe and although it pained me to walk, I went back to work in seven weeks. I'd be very tired after all day at the store but stayed on the job. Sometimes friends would give me a ride home for which I was very grateful.

On the 3rd of July 1929 Evelyn married Lawrence (Dick) Sprouse at Vernal, Utah. For a short time they lived in Roosevelt. So they seemed to think the pastures were greener in California. This was the first time one of my family had gone away so far and I missed her very much. The next summer I made my first trip to California. It was so good to see Evelyn and Dick and I had a wonderful time with them and saw a lot of California. When I had to return home, Evelyn was so homesick she came home with me. Dick soon followed and they made their home in Roosevelt where on the 15 December 1930, Barbara Ellen was born, my first grandchild. We wer all very proud of her and loved her very much and I suppose we spoiled her. I can hardly realize she is grown up now and has Nancy Susan, age 13, my first great granddaughter.

In 1932 I underwent a major operation at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. Dr. Ralph Richards was my doctor. I was very ill for days and wasn't expected to live; when I should have been up infection set in and kept me in the hospital for 23 days. I feel that my faith in God and the power of the priesthood is responsible for the privilege of returning home to my precious family. While I

was so ill in Salt Lake, Leah was home with Rheumatic Fever but they kept it from me until I got home. I went back to work in ten weeks. I am so thankful Clair Ashton kept my job for me.

I shall never forget the depression of 1929-30. I marked goods down for weeks before I went to the hospital. Men couldn't get work and their families didn't have the necessities of life. Through the efforts of our national leaders the PWA was organized. This was a good deal but like everything else, people abused it. Edna worked steady at the Telephone Company but keeps talking of transferring to the Salt Lake City Office. Mary is through high school and I wish I could send her to college but it isn't possible. I have so often said that she was the Hub that kept the wheel going at our home. She was a little mother to Leah and usually saw that meals were ready for the family. She went to work at the Roosevelt Post Office and remained there until 1937.

As my family grew up they were anxious to help and took advantage of every available job. Clayton was hardly big enough to harness a horse when he went to work on a farm and worked early and late. Dean also did his bit. He spent one summer on the Robinson farm and in the winter sold papers after school. In 1932 jobs were scarce, school was out and so Clayton signed up with CCC where he was stationed at Bullenville on Brush Creek. I was worried about him traveling up and down the mountain, but when he was transferred to Maricopa, California, I could hardly stand it, although I realized it was a good experience. He was good to write home and he saved a little money each month and sent it home so I could put it on savings. He felt he would need it when he was out of the CCC.

In 1933 I met Johnnie Pope at a dance at Victory Park. We had known each other for years in fact, when I was thirteen, I was very much in love with him but he didn't know anything about it. His wife passed on in 1932 and his family were all married. We went out a few times but on a trip to the Pioneer Celebration in Salt Lake City, we were married, the 25th of July 1933. Our marriage was a surprise to everyone and we went to Vernal and to Carter Creek to fish for our honeymoon, then I went back to Roosevelt and worked until Ashtons could get a clerk to take my place. Dean and Leah lived with us. Dean took over the care of the fox farm. They both finished high school at the Uintah High School in Vernal.

In the winter of 1934 Leah had Rheumatic Fever again and was ill a long time and had to undergo a tonsillectomy. Again I feel that the power of the priesthood and the faith we had in our Heavenly Father and the help of Dr. Eskelson saved her life. With doctor bills and medicine, I felt I should help out, it was at this time I took the agency for the Charis Foundation garment and was their course teacher for 16 years. I also worked at Ashtons when they were busy and needed help and for the Vernal Express.

Dean graduated in 1935. We hoped to send him to college but he joined the U. S. Navy and made it a career for 22 years and then retired a Lt. Commander. We were very proud of him. Leah graduated in 1936. She worked in Vernal a short time and then went to the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City. Edna had been transferred from the Roosevelt Telephone Office to the Salt Lake Office so she and Leah shared the same apartment.

In 1934 I joined the Utopia Club and have been a member ever since and had acted as secretary a number of times, now in 1965 I have been chosen as president.

Mary met Harold Leslie Maxfield at Bridgeland, Utah at a dance and I presume it was love at first sight. They were married at the Salt Lake Temple the 16th November 1937. Their wedding reception was held that same evening at the Roosevelt chapel. They left

the next day for Butlerville where they made their home for some time. Clayton returned from Maricopa, California no worse for his experience and attended Mary's wedding reception.

Johnnie and I had a wonderful ten years together, he loved the outdoors and spent a good deal of time on the mountains. He also taught me to fish and I'd go hunting with him but never carried a gun. I learned to love and appreciate the outdoors. Some how we managed to go to California during the winter and at least stay a month. The trips I enjoyed most were the sightseeing trips on the ocean, still have a fear of large bodies of water but I learned to forget danger and enjoy the Ocean. We visited points of interest such as Laver Street, China Town, museums, the zoo, Alligator Farm and the Ostrich Farm and many other places. We also visited our relatives and friends in California. I also enjoyed going with him on business trips and parties given by the Texaco Company. One I well remember is an outdoor party in Zion's Canyon.

In about 1936 or 37 I joined the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and belonged to the Anna K. Bartlett Camp and in 1938 I was captain of that camp for one year. Ella Siddoway and Ivy Hatch were my counselors and Verna Bennion my secretary. The following is a tribute written to me by Sarah B. Bingham, for which I am proud:

"LeVern Pope Adams, Captain of the Anna K. Bartlett Camp of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1938. In November of 1936 Camp Tokawana of DUP became so large that it was divided and a new camp was created and given the name Anna K. Bartlett. Mrs. Emily Siddoway was elected Captain and the first year the camp was active, but the next year it began to lag and the summer of 1937 was the driest and the hottest we have had for years and Camp Anna K. Bartlett dwindled completely away. In 1938 LeVern Pope Adams was elected Captain, she came into the Camp full of enthusiasm, a jovial good-natured happy person, that was a good sport. She called the daughters of Anna K. Bartlett camp around and they went to work with a will and determination to have this camp one of the best. One her first projects was to get Pioneer Songbooks for their use and she put the name of the Camp in every book in her beautiful handwriting. The Camp have a number of these books left at present, 1958.

"While she was Captain the State Central Company in Salt Lake City decided they would build a large memorial building in the near future so they started a memorial fund in every camp, each member had to pay \$5 if they could not pay it all one time they could pay as they could, and she had them converted to this fund. During her term of office the Camp held meetings summer as well as winter, and good parties, money to pay expenses of the Camp and also for pleasure and amusement. Joy Hatch was the next Captain and was elected Nov. 19, 1940. This year the Central Co. DUP wanted the camps to send 100% of the fund to them in July. LeVern Pope Adams was elected chairman of the memorial fund and she went right to work giving parties of all kinds. The one that was most fun was the meat eating party, 10¢ for every inch around the waist line. Prizes were given to the largest and the smallest. But the thing that put the Anna Bartlett Camp over the top was a food and rummage sale. This was so well planned and managed by Mrs. Pope Adams that when the sale was over and all expenses paid, she had enough money to pay the 100% memorial fund and to buy a \$25 war bond and still had \$50 in the Camp Treasure.

"Mrs. Pope Adams helped with school lunch. In the year 1934 during the "Depression", the Vernal School Parent and Teacher Association organized and served the first school lunch to be given in Ashley Valley. This took donations of food and money by the patrons of the school, I Sarah Bingham, was president of the PTA. I will never forget how we gave LeVern Pope Adams the very amount we had to collect and we told her we wanted her to get money for us. The very most we hoped to get was \$50 and when the collections

were over, she handed us \$127.00. You can imagine our surprise. All her life anything she undertook to do was her best effort."

Later I was elected county president for one year. I was still chairman of the memorial fund, and visited each camp in the Co. to deliver the messages sent out by the state Central Company and planned ways and means to earn their 100% fund to help build our beautiful DUP Memorial Building.

During World War II, I was county chairman of the Salvage Committee. Mr. Pope and I did what we could to gather salvage. I asked Mayor Stringham to give us the old curfew bell; he gladly gave it to us. The day they hauled it to the yard, the mayor, city council men and I had our pictures taken in front of the city office with the curfew bell and our beautiful flag waving in the background. Johnnie and I spent a good deal of time driving through the county to collect salvage. It was hard work but we were happy to help.

Although I was always busy, I found time to attend my Church duties. Ivy Hatch was my Visiting Teacher Companion. We enjoy this Relief Society work. I also taught a boy's class in primary and enjoyed it but wasn't able to take them on hikes so had to give it up. I also took part in the MIA.

In 1940 Johnnie and I took our annual trip to California. We rented an apartment in the Palisades Apt. House on Santa Monica Blvd, Santa Monica, California. As always we visited relatives and friends and took trips up and down the coast. Johnnie wasn't well but he wouldn't give up. We visited all important places and went out on the Ocean in sight-seeing boats, we also went out on a ferry tow barge. We got acquainted with the captain and his wife, we also went on several battle ships. The most interesting of all was the U. S. S. Lexington and airplane carrier. It was when the World War II was brewing so we had to have passes to get on the ship. We boarded a ferry at Long Beach and went seven miles out in the Ocean. It was rough so I had quite a time getting on the ship and ripped my skirt down the front seam. I didn't know what to do but my son Dean and his buddy, Delmar Gott, got some safety pins. I was to stand behind a high coil of rope while they pinned my skirt together. We enjoyed the day, the sailors were happy to show us through the ship. It is amazing how convenient everything was arranged. The galley especially; several cooks were on duty. The dishes are sterilized in a steam room. It was time to go home, a young sailor took us back to Long Beach. He asked me if I was D. D. Peterson's mother. I told him I was. He said, "I want to be just like him, he is the best guy I ever knew." I thanked him from the bottom of my heart and I told him he made me very happy. But what he didn't know was how proud and thankful I was that Dean was my son and had the respect of his mates, was a good sailor and a perfect gentleman and I thanked my Heavenly Father for the privilege to visit Dean and buddy and friend Delmar D. Gott on the U. S. S. Lexington.

Johnnie was tired and very ill when we got back to our apartment. We consulted a doctor but still he didn't get better. His suffering was terrible. We were up most of the night. Toward morning he thought he was better and said let's get some rest, I went right to sleep. I don't know how long I slept, or what woke me up so suddenly, but I reached for Johnnie, he was gone. I got out of bed and found him passed out in a chair. I screamed for help, one of the tenants came, we were strangers to most everyone, but I remember my sister said Dr. Sampson was her doctor. I called him; he came right away, an ulcer had ruptured a blood vessel and he had lost a lot of blood and was confined to his bed for six weeks. He had to have a glass of milk or some soft food every hour besides the medication. If I needed anything or wanted to know what to do, I could get in touch with Dr. Sampson. He would always be available and give orders if I called, she would know where to get in touch with him. He was a most wonderful doctor. I was sure busy and I didn't neglect Johnnie. He didn't want anyone to care for him but me, but Dean came when he could, also my sister. The most important thing was I

my husband well and get back home. Besides the hemorrhage he had shingles, nothing seemed to relieve him, until we got Pope's black oil. It was messy but it did the trick. While Johnnie was so ill, I received a letter from Clayton telling me had had found the girl he loved and that he and Beth Brown were married February, 1940. I don't know why but I could hardly read the letter to Johnnie for crying, I'm sure it must of been for joy as I loved Beth very much.

As soon as Johnnie was better, we took walks and he gained his strength back. He was soon able to drive so we went to Dr. Sampson for a check up. He was in good condition and was released to go home any time, Johnnie started to thank the doctor but he stopped him, "don't thank me I didn't do a thing, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Thank this little woman, she gave you better care than you could have gotten in the Santa Monica Hospital". Again I feel that prayer and the power of the priesthood played a great part in Johnnie's speedy recovery. Johnnie was happy and wanted to leave for home right away but I knew my sister was coming to see me the next day, she lived in San Fernando Valley. She came and spent most of the afternoon with us, we were all packed, so we left that evening and drove to Barsto. Johnnie slept good and we left early and stayed in Cedar City, Utah the next night. The next day we made it to Bultersville, Utah and stayed overnight with my daughter Mary, and her husband, Harold Maxfield. I would liked to have stayed longer but Johnnie could hardly wait to get home. The next night we were home and it surely seemed good.

Johnnie never worked for a year and was on a strict diet mostly baby food, but he never complained. In 1942 he felt good but he gained a lot of weight, but as usual he wanted to go to California when cold weather set in, but we didn't stay long as he had trouble with his heart and wasn't able to walk up and down the waterfront. When we got home he did his usual work and we spent a lot of time on the mountains. In July 1943 we met our fishing partners from Salt Lake City at Carter Creek. We always had good times together. It was raining and chilly so Johnnie attempted to cut some wood. He became very ill and when we got home, we took him to Salt Lake to a stroke specialist, Dr. Baily, who sent him to the Holy Cross Hospital where he had the best of care but never got better. He died the 3 of September 1943. It was such an unusual case that permission was given to perform an autopsy. They found the large artery in the stomach was entirely cut by ulcers. We brought him home and his services were held in the 2nd ward chapel on the 5th of Sept. 1943. He was laid to rest by the side of his lovely wife, Nellie. Thus ended ten years of a wonderful marriage filled with love and happiness.

My family were all living in different places so I was in Vernal alone. I went to work for Sarah Perry in her dress shop. It was more or less a sale as Carl Searle had bought the electrical shop and she wanted to close out too. I had only been there a short time until Carl asked me if I thought we could make the dress shop pay if we had a new line of merchandise. I told him I did. So he bought Mrs. Perry out and Carl and I took over and had a nice business.

It was at this time that I met Daniel A. Adams. His wife passed away on April 1942 and he asked me to go out with him. We kept company for a short time and the 23 of June 1944 I rented my home and we moved to Dry Fork on Dannie's 450 acre ranch. The first winter was rough, lots of snow, sometimes we were snowed in for days, no matter where we looked, it would be snow, but we made the best of it and we did have fun sleigh riding. When spring came and work began, I really took the place of a hired man for it was almost impossible to hire help. I drove the tractor and disc and Dannie followed with harrow and leveler drawn by his big black horses. We raised a good crop and sold our oats for seed. We had lots of company and enjoyed riding over the country on horseback. We built a fish pond east of our house and it was fun to catch a mess of fish whenever you liked to. Dannie leased 410 acres of the ranch to Harold Maxfield and in 1949 we built our Dream Home, never gave it a thought that we were growing old. Harold and Mary only stayed on the ranch about four months. Her health failed and she wanted to go back to Richland, Washington where some of Harold's people were an

they had so many friends. Mary underwent surgery on 18 July 1951 and learned she had cancer which she suffered with until July 13, 1952 when she passed away, leaving three children, Thomas G., Phillip Lee and Linda Louise. She was laid to rest in the cemetery in Richland, Washington, where she loved it best. Harold's Aunt Mammie cared for the children. Harold remarried and to one of Mary's dearest friends.

Dannie sold the place to Simpers Brothers and they gave it up, he leased it to Elmer Gardner and finally sold it to Morgan Merl In 1956 we also had to sell our "Dream Home" as Dannie was very ill and had to undergo surgery. He got along good but was never the same. We bought this home on 295 West 1st South and moved here October 8, 1956. We had to redecorate it and I was kept pretty busy but we enjoyed the home very much. I was chosen as a Social Science teacher in the Relief Society about this time and I taught the class for two years and then was chosen Educational counselor in the presidency of the 3rd ward Relief Society. I love this work very much. In 1959 Wilford and Glenna took us to Lakeside, Arizona to a Gillispie reunion. I believe it was in August. We had a very nice time. Dannie's first wife was from Arizona but he had never been there. He met a lot of his wife's people. On our way we traveled the Millis Dollar Highway and coming back we came over the Continental Divide. It was a lovely trip.

In the winter of 1960 we took a bus for Phoenix, Arizona and visited a month with Maud and Lamar Thacker, also with my son Dean and family and a cousin, Esther Whatcott, and went to the Mesa Temple. On our way home we visited with Art Curtis and family at Richfield, Utah. While in Phoenix I was released as Educational Counselor in the Relief Society. I am still interested in Relief Society and am a Relief Society visiting teacher. Dannie was still ailing but up and around, so I am happy to be home to care for him. Our trip was wonderful, we visited the flower gardens and all the interesting points and we met a lot of wonderful people.

A Dream Came true. All my life I have dreamed of going to Nauvoo. I had heard my mother tell about Grandfather and his association with Prophet Joseph Smith and of the experiences they all went through and of the beautiful City of Nauvoo. In 1959 my daughter Edna, and her husband, Harry, were transferred to New York. Early in 1961 Edna and Harry invited us to spend a few weeks with them in New York and to spend their vacation with them in Iowa. We had plenty of time to think about it as we didn't leave until June. Dannie didn't think he could make the trip but Edna insisted that it would be such a good chance to go to Nauvoo. We gave up the trip. Edna, my daughter, knew how I wanted to go to Nauvoo so she suggested we meet them at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Dannie refused to go, after debate for some time, I decided to go alone on the trip. Dannie promised to stay with his daughter, Maud Thacker, so I wrote to Edna that I would meet them at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Then another problem arose, I got a bad sore throat and no matter what I did for it, it would clear up. I decided I would go anyway. The morning I left for the bus station, June 29, 1961, Dannie said he should be taking me to the hospital instead of the bus station. I arrived in Salt Lake City at noon, took a cab to my daughter's apartment, after resting for a while I called my daughter at the Continental Bank and as soon as I spoke she knew I was ill and she said, "Mother, you can't go on a plane so ill, I insisted I must go, so she made an appointment with a nose and throat specialist for 4:00 p.m. I gladly kept the appointment and the doctor went to work with shots, powder and pills. It was his day off but I met him the next morning; I was better but I got more shot powder and pills, I wasn't well but he said I could leave on the 1:45 p.m. plane at the Salt Lake Airport. He gave me a prescription to use on the way. I arrived at Cedar Rapids Airport about 10:00 p.m. our time. It was amazing how much better I felt. My daughter and her husband met me, we stayed that night in Cedar Rapids. In the morning, Harry, my son-in-law, hired a car for a week. We drove Independence, Iowa and ate breakfast with Mrs. Paup, Harry's mother. It was good to see Mrs. Paup again. I was so thrilled with the beautiful trees, green lawns, the long straight rows of corn that seemed to stretch as far as one's eyes can see.

On Sunday, July 3rd, the family had a birthday party for Harry, his birthday is really the 4th of July, but that was the date set

for the Paup family reunion. We all met at Maquotea Inn for dinner. It was delicious and served so nicely. They all drove to Prestor Iowa, the old home of the Paup family. There we visited all afternoon. They were lovely and I enjoyed meeting them. We could only stay a week so we left for Keokuk, Iowa that evening where we would spend the night. We planned to go to Nauvoo the next day (Tuesday) I shall never forget our trip to Keokuk, it was so green and the trees so large and beautiful. My greatest thrill was when I laid eyes on the Mississippi River. It was so large I could hardly believe it could be a river. When we arrived at Keokuk we were greeted by more of Harry's people. They too were very nice and so friendly. We stayed at the Bessers, Ruth and Louie were a lovely couple, they make us so welcome in their lovely home. The next morning after a delicious breakfast, we left with Harry's cousin and wife, Kenneth and Anna Henkie, leading the way. The trip was really a thrill crossing the Mississippi River, like crossing a big lake on a bridge. Nauvoo is located on the Mississippi River and at one time was a swamp but the Saints dug deep ditches and drained it. Nauvoo had more history than any other town its size in Illinois. The first post office was in Hancock County, was established here and named Venus. Later the name was changed to Commerce. In 1839 Joseph Smith and his Latter-day Saints located here and the name was changed to Nauvoo, which means beautiful. In seven years it became a city of 20,000, crowned with a million-dollar temple. After the Mormons evacuated the city, 1846, Nauvoo became a city of desolation. This is what I saw as we entered Nauvoo. To the Latter-day Saints, Nauvoo is a sacred land where they and their forefathers trod. This is the way it seemed to me to walk on the paths that our own Prophet Joseph Smith walked and it was a testimony to me, as my body tingled from head to foot. Again I felt so happy to know my mother's father, together with his mother, brothers and sisters lived here and were close friends of the Smiths. Grandfather Samuel Thompson was a playmate of our Prophet and a life-long friend. There was very little left of Prophet Joseph Smith's first home where he and his lovely wife, Emma, lived. The beautiful Temple is gone, one Sunstone was left. We visited all of the buildings left. I wish I could put the history of each one in this history. We also visited the Carthage Jail where Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were murdered in cold blood. It has been used as a jail but the blood of Hyrum Smith is still on the floor. This was so cruel and made me very sad. I shed many tears as I went through the place.

We now traced our trip back to Keokuk and again stayed with Ruth and Louie Besser. I am so happy to have made this tour, and everyone treated me so nicely. I am so glad to get acquainted with the Paup family. They are good, thrifty people. The next morning we had to return to Independence, Iowa, so I bid the Henkies' goodbye. I asked Kenneth if there was something I could do for him, he had been so nice to me. At first he said, no, then he said I could send him a Book of Mormon which I did as soon as I arrived home. We stayed in Independence, Iowa a few days then we went to Cedar Rapids where I boarded a plane for Salt Lake City and Edna and Harry for New York. At Omaha I changed planes, I had my jet ride to Denver, there I changed again to a DC7, arrived safely in Salt Lake, but my luggage was missing. I contacted the missing luggage dept. and at 1:00 a.m. it was returned to me, it had been over-looked at Denver. It went to Seattle, Washington and back to Salt Lake City and returned to me.

The next day I went home, I was happy to be home and that I found Dannie all right. He didn't keep his promise to stay with his daughter, Maud, while I was away, he stayed home alone. It was good I didn't know this as it would have spoiled my trip and a life-time dream. Dannie did very well for himself. He was and is miserable and unable to do things outside but insists on helping me in the hot and tried to help pick apricots. I think this is what caused his first stroke, it was a light one, he was up and about in a few days. After this I never left him unless I had someone with him. We were invited to Thanksgiving dinner at his daughters, Edna Andersons, I tried to get him not to go as the weather was cold and he had been indoors since cold weather set in but he insisted he wanted to go. I saw that that he dressed warmly, I took blankets too. We had an enjoyable day and a delicious dinner but even with my caution, he got a bad cold and never got entirely over it, and he seemed to be extremely nervous and sick. He couldn't stand to have me out of his sight. W

spent Christmas at home. The New Year came, we were still at home, Dannie had his good and bad days. He enjoyed the outdoors and tried to do light work around the yard. His birthday was May 27, 1962. We were talking of the days gone by. I had given him a birth card. I asked him if he remembered 18 years ago, remember the car wouldn't start? We had quite a time getting to Merkle's Park where your family were serving your birthday dinner. Remember you told the crowd I was quite Mackinac. You are 84 years old today and I love you just the same. We were together all the time. Sometimes we would walk to the neighbors but not too far as he was weak and miserable. It's Father's Day, we were setting on the porch and he said, "My eyes are dim, I need some good field glasses." Denz and I got them and when I gave them to him, I said, now you have them we will watch the cars go by together, and as a surprise the Adams family bought and gave to us for Mothers and Fathers Day, the Book of Mormon Record. How grateful we were, but Dannie could not listen to them, he was so nervous.

It is now July 18, 1962. I said, "Tomorrow is the DUP old folks dinner, would you like to go?" He said, "I might as well as I may not be here next year, and I'd like to go to Idaho to the reunion to see all my folks." But we didn't go to either as that night, July 18, I had a bad stroke and was taken to the hospital and lived two weeks and two days when God called him home, Aug. 4, 1962 at 2:a.m. His funeral was held in Maeser 2nd ward, where he had attended church for so many years, on August 7, the chapel was filled to overflow. He was laid to rest in the Dry Fork Cemetery by the side of his lovely wife, Marie Annie Gillispie Adams and his two children. I was a lonely home to come to, the one thing I have dreaded most in all my life was to be old and alone. Delight Andrews, a niece, came and stayed with me that first night for which I was indeed grateful.

I tried to keep busy doing genealogy not only for myself but for everyone that needed help, thinking that perhaps I might get help for mine, also went to the Temple whenever I could.

In October 1962 tragedy again came to the Adams family when Dennie K. accidentally shot himself while practicing a play to be held at the High School. He was laid to rest in the Vernal Memorial Park. Dennie was a good boy and a brilliant one, would have graduated from high school in the spring. Just three weeks later, John, Dannie's youngest son was called home suddenly, leaving a wife and five children. He was laid to rest near his father in the Dry Fork Cemetery. After the funeral I was so upset I decided to go to my daughter in Boise, Idaho. I rode to Midvale with Wilford and Glenna Adams, the next day my son Clayton picked me up and took me to the train Ogden, it was cold and the trip had been hard on me. Woody Voyles, my son-in-law met me. It was good to see Leah and all these precious boys. I enjoyed them so very much. I didn't feel good and although I rested I didn't get any better so after a few days I asked Woodey to take me to the train as I felt I was going to be real ill and I'd like to be home. I boarded the train that evening. Clayton met me at the train, he thought I was just tired, but his wife, Beth, called a doctor. I had a strep throat and was real sick and stayed at Clayton's home for two weeks. Clayton and his son, my grandson, brought me home. I didn't feel too good but it was good to be home I spent Christmas at home and soon the New Year was here.

In January I had an appointment for a checkup with Dr. Seager. I seemed to be pretty well but he insisted on a blood count and an X-ray. I tried to tell him I didn't need it but made an appointment. My blood count was low and I did have gall stones. On Feb. 10, 1963 I went into the hospital. The 3rd Ward Bishopric administered to me. Bishop Alvin Bowden was the mouthpiece and gave me a wonderful blessing. I slept well all night and went to the operating room without fear, the operation was successful, I was in the hospital for a week and never had one single pain. The next week my brother and sister-in-law stayed with me a week. I was there alone. I got along very well. Betty Lanford came in every day and did little things for me and did my ironing for months. I often say she was like

a daughter to me. I feel that it was the power of the priesthood that helped me and I thank my Heavenly Father for my rapid recovery. I soon was able to walk to town and take care of my business and was able to go to Church and attend my duty as a visiting teacher .

July 1, 1964 was my grandson, Terry's, birthday, he wanted to go to Yellowstone National Park for his birthday. I was invited to go along. I flew to Boise and joined them, then we went to the Park. We visited every bit of it and we all enjoyed the trip. I spent a few days in Salt Lake and then went home.