

PATRICIA WOOD NIELSON

My Ancestors

It seems appropriate to start this history with a synopsis of my ancestors to let my descendants know of the legacy they have inherited from their ancestor's sacrifices. Many histories are available and it is hoped everyone will read them for more detail. I will start with a bit of history of my four grandparents, **John Wood, Emeline Crouch, Joel Ricks** and **Susette Cardon**.

John Wood was a name that was carried through many generations. I will write of them from the first known. Some of the early history is from records available and some is speculation. One of the early men who carried the name John Wood lived in New Jersey. He was born about 1708 and died about 1758. His wife, Mary, was mentioned when his estate was settled in February 1758 in Romney, Hampshire County, Virginia. In the settlement, Mary refers to "all my children," indicating that they had a family. It is assumed that the family came from Hunterdon or Morris County, New Jersey and that John and Mary were married there approximately 1730. The following excerpt is from Stephen Wood's records:

According to a tradition in the Isaac Wood family, our Wood family came to America to accept a grant of land from the King [of England]. They landed first in Rhode Island where they stayed briefly. They then moved to Staten Island. The family then moved to Massachusetts, except eldest son Josias who went to adjacent New Jersey where his descendants remained several generations. [Many of these families were affiliated with the Baptist Church.] The first John Wood was born in New Jersey about 1708. He met and married Mary [last name unknown]. There his son John (1738) married a Miss Critchfield, daughter of William Critchfield who died in Lebanon Township, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, in 1773. John Wood (1738) joined the Augusta-Hampshire County Militia in 1754 and continued to serve (French and Indian War, etc.) until 1776. On 6 December 1776 he enlisted in the Revolutionary War and served in New Jersey until 8 December 1779. When he went to Augusta County, Virginia to resume his former job he was sent to what is now Mason County, Kentucky where he became a Captain in General George Roger Clark's Illinois Battalion and continued his revolutionary service from 1779 to 1783, then Militia service until about 1787. He served in the 6th and 10th Battalions of Virginia Volunteers, 1776-1779, and in the Illinois Battalion, 1778-1783 in Revolutionary War service. John Wood (1776) was born in New Jersey. John (1738) was a surveyor in the early settlement of Mason County, Kentucky and took up choice lands there, presumably between 1779 and 1781; he died in Mason County between July and December 1798.

John Shrimplin (father-in-law to John [1776]) was transported to America in August 1749 as an indentured servant for a minor crime (\$8.40) committed in England. His grandfather was the Earl of Shrimplin

in Norfolk County, England. [After the Earl's death the family fortunes deteriorated.] When his seven-year sentence ended [about 1757] John and wife Honour purchased land on Pipe Creek in northwestern Baltimore County, Maryland. Although he had left a wife in England, this marriage was cancelled by the court and she was considered a widow because of the sentence for his crimes. After Honour's death he then married Mary about 1770. The wives names are known only through court records. By 1776 John and wife Mary were in Londonderry Township, Bedford County Pennsylvania where their daughter Susannah, the fourth child, was born in about 1782. Susannah married John (1776) Wood about 1800 in Brooke County, West Virginia. John (1776) Wood purchased a lot in Wellsburg, Brooke County, West Virginia in 1797, and sold it in 1805, with wife Susannah Shrimplin as co-signer. Their marriage date is estimated from the birth of their eldest child, Isaac, 14 October 1801. John (1776) was in business with William Critchfield, (perhaps a cousin) building or outfitting flatboats for running on the Ohio River.

John (1776) and Susannah moved next to Union Township, Knox County, Ohio in 1805. Without moving again they were transferred to Newcastle Township, Coshocton County, Ohio in 1811 when the county was divided, where most of their children were born. John (1776) again



John Wood Sr.

moved his family West about 1828, stopping a short time in Vigo County, Indiana. From there he went to Spring Lake Township, Tazewell County, Illinois in 1835, where he lived until his death, 8 August 1844.

John (1813), born in Newcastle Township, Coshocton County, Ohio, purchased land in Tazewell County, Illinois in 1835 and 1836. He married Jane Mathews 4 September 1836 in Tazewell County, and had two children by her.

From 1842 to 1844, an epidemic of a virulent staphylococcus infection wiped out almost a third of the Tazewell County residents. John (1776), sons William and James and daughters Mary (Mrs. Jacob Cohenour) and Cynthiana (Mrs. George Bush, Mrs. William Devore) were victims along with John's (1813) wife Jane Mathews and their two children, Henry and Mary, wives of William and Abraham Wood and many others. They are all buried in unmarked graves in Beckwith Cemetery, Tazewell County, Illinois. John (1776) joined the Mormon Church in 1844, a few months before he died, according to his son, Levi, who also joined the church. Susannah Shrimplin, his first wife, died previously, about 1839. He then married Elizabeth Simpson.



Naomi Chase

John (1813), brothers Levi and Abraham, and sister Charlotte Ary and her family were in Jamestown Township, Grant County, Wisconsin, clearing newly purchased land and, thereby, avoided the epidemic. Here the widowed John (1813) married widow Naomi Chase Lane 27 December 1849.

Naomi Chase was descended from a long line of New England settlers. Over many years the Chase family settled first in Massachusetts, moved to New Hampshire and then to Maine where Naomi was born. Her father was Edward Chase, her mother Roxy or Roxana Crosby. Naomi was married to Hyrum Mead Lane as a young woman and had three daughters. Hyrum died in 1847 at age 35.

While shopping in Jamestown, Naomi heard Mormon Elders preaching about a wonderful new religion and went home to tell John (1813). He told her that his father and brother, Levi, had been baptized members of that church and told her more about it. They then decided to go West with Mormon pioneers, but posing as California immigrants. If they liked the church, they would settle in Utah, if not, they would go on to California – where a number of Naomi’s relatives lived.

After a long trip from Wisconsin to Salt Lake City, John (1813) and Naomi decided to be baptized in City Creek at the northeast corner of



John Wood Jr.

Temple Square in 1853 and settle in Salt Lake as members of the church. Naomi was six months pregnant with Emma at the time. Their son, **John** (1858) was born in Centerville, Utah where they had rented a farm. Later John (1813) homesteaded a farm in Richville, Morgan County, Utah in 1866. He and Naomi divorced a few years later and John (1813) married widow Elizabeth Gower Clark. He stayed on the farm and died in Richville in 1890 three months before his grandson, **John Karl** (1890) was born. Naomi did not remarry but spent her

remaining years, first in Laketown, Rich County in northern Utah and later in Logan collecting her family’s genealogy and doing the work for them in the Logan Temple. She passed away in 1899.

Emeline Crouch descended from the Crouch and Clark families. Her maternal grandfather, Daniel Clark, lived in Colchester, Essex County, England. He was a shoemaker by trade. He and his family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints in England in its early days there. As a result they suffered much at the hands of the state church. They were not allowed to send their children to school and were



Elizabeth
Frances Clark

shunned much of the time by the congregations around them. Daniel made a decision to emigrate with his family. In order to accumulate the necessary funds, he sent his two eldest daughters to Utah to be with the main branch of the Mormon Church where they could earn money to send home for the rest of the family to travel to Utah. Elizabeth Frances Clark, the oldest in the family, at the age of twenty traveled with her younger sister Sarah Anne. She worked hard at whatever she could to earn the funds for her family to make the trip. She and her sister picked up sheaves of wheat, embroidered deerskin gloves, taught small schools and did whatever was necessary to earn the money. Since

she was twenty years old, she was considered marriageable, and the brethren of the Church decided that, in order to protect her, she should be married as the second wife to Ebenezer Caleb Crouch. Mr. Crouch was much older than she and already had a wife and several children. She was treated much as a servant and was expected to help with the other family.

Ebenezer Caleb Crouch was born in Wadhurst, Sussex, England. He married Sarah Russell in that county and started a merchandizing business. He joined the Church in its early days in England and moved several times trying to make his business pay. But as with other Church members he soon found that he couldn't do it and began his own emigration with his family. Funds ran out when they reached New York City so Ebenezer again went to work to earn the money necessary to move west. Over a period of time before they moved West, all but two of their children died from disease. They joined a wagon train to the West in 1859 and upon arrival again began his merchandizing business.



Ebenezer Caleb
Crouch

Daniel Clark and the rest of the family received the money from Elizabeth Francis and Sarah Anne and set out to join them in Utah. Daniel wanted to help out on the trip as much as he could, but being a shoemaker with a sedentary lifestyle, had a very hard time. As the wagon train reached Nebraska, he was asked to take a turn to guard horses and cattle overnight. Because the weather was very cold and he was very tired and probably sick, he soon developed pneumonia and died. He was buried near the Platte River close to Hall, Nebraska. Elizabeth received word that the wagon train with her parents was nearing Utah and, with her sister, set out on foot to meet them. This tragic reunion was a time of great sadness for the whole family.

Elizabeth Frances bore three children with Ebenezer Caleb Crouch, the oldest being **Emeline**. Elizabeth was extremely unhappy with her lot and left Mr. Crouch shortly after her third child was born. She went to Ogden where she found work as a maid in a hotel. There she met James Duncan who worked for the railroad. She married him, and bore a child in 1872. Both she and the child died shortly after the birth. Ebenezer Caleb Crouch died the same year. Emeline and her two brothers, William and Charles, having lost their mother and father, went to live with their grandmother Elizabeth Gower Clark, widow of Daniel. By that time Elizabeth Gower Clark had married John Wood (1813). Both were more than middle age. John Wood (1858) came to Richville to run the farm for his father, who was becoming



Emeline Crouch

increasingly infirm. Emeline, at a very young age, was expected to cook and keep house for all of them, including her two young brothers and Fred Clark, the youngest son of Daniel Clark.

John (1858) and **Emeline** married 14 June 1889 and stayed to work on the farm. **John** (1858) inherited the farm at his father's death in 1890. The farm was at a very high altitude in Morgan County and after about twelve years of hard toil **John** (1858) heard of the great farms in Oregon, how the cattle thrived on the river grass. [Read 'Western Trails' by J. Karl Wood.] He fell for the wonderful stories, sold the Richville farm, and with his wife and three children, left for Oregon. **John Karl** (1890), about twelve years old at this time, was enthralled with the trip and the adventure. [Read 'J. Karl Wood, His Story' by Patricia W. Nielson.]

They found to their dismay that the cattle did not thrive, but instead seemed to be dying from starvation. John (1858) turned to the logging industry for his livelihood. By age 17, John Karl (1890) was ready for more advanced schooling, but his mother wanted Karl to go to a Latterday Saint school in Logan, Utah. After one year of school in Logan at the Brigham Young Academy, he received a mission call to serve in New Jersey for two years. At the end of that period he returned to Logan and finished his education at the BYU Academy, and then received his BA from Utah State Agricultural College in Logan in 1915. He met and married **Phebe Ricks** 26 May 1915 in Logan.

The Ricks family came from England. The following is from the 'History and Genealogy of the Ricks Family of America' by Guy Rix in cooperation with Joel Ricks Jr.

The ancestral home was at Brancaster Castle, Norfolk County, England, certainly as early as 1525, the time of Henry the VIII. The coat of arms of the family is laid in Mosaic in the pavement of the Castle Church and can be seen today...The first one of the name of this branch of the family was Isaac Ricks, who was born in England in 1638, and a tradition exists that he came from England and landed at Jamestown, Virginia, and settled in Warrasquyeake, one of the eight shires (Counties) of Virginia, which was changed in 1737 to Isle of Wight County, including the present counties of Nansemond and Southampton...Isaac Ricks was a member of the Quaker Church, located at a place called Chuckatuck, situated on the western branch of the Nansemond River, in what is now Nansemond County. (See pedigree chart for further generations.)



Joel Ricks Sr.

Joel Ricks Sr. was born on Donaldson Creek farm in Trigg County, Kentucky, 18 February 1804. Joel and his first wife, Eleanor Martin, had eleven children. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints in 1841, and moved to a farm near Nauvoo, Illinois. There he met Ezra Hela Allen and his wife Sarah Beriah Fiske Allen. Joel Ricks Sr. was ready in 1847 to join the trek across the plains to Salt Lake City, but Brigham Young asked him to delay his trip



Sarah Beriah Fiske

to help others get ready to travel. He was able to join a large wagon train in 1848. Sarah Beriah Fiske Allen was widowed when her husband, a member of the Mormon Battalion, became a casualty on the trek home. (See her Personal Journal.) Sarah Beriah was born in New York State and was descended from a long line of settlers from the New England area. Her ancestors were some of the earliest emigrants in the Massachusetts area. After the death of her husband Ezra, she joined the trek to Salt Lake City with her two living children. With the help of the gold found on the body of her dead husband, she was able to buy wagons and provisions and help to get to Utah. Ezra had asked Joel Ricks to look after his wife if he did not return. After arriving in Utah she accepted the polygamous marriage proposal of Joel Ricks Sr. They had five children and lived first in Farmington and then in Logan, Utah. Joel Ricks Jr. born 21 July 1858 in Farmington, Utah was one of her sons.



Joel Ricks Jr.

Joel Ricks Jr. worked as a telegrapher for the railroad all of his life, having learned this technique from his older sister Ellen. Joel met and courted **Susette Cardon**, the daughter of John Paul Cardon and Susannah Goudin. They married 13 January 1883 in the Salt Lake Endowment House. He had great interest in history all his life, especially Book of Mormon history, and made several trips to South America to pinpoint areas where, he speculated, various Book of Mormon incidents might have occurred. Joel built a house with enough land attached so that his wife could feed their many children in his absences in Logan.



Susette Cardon



John Paul Cardon

The Cardon family were descendants of French Huguenots. This group of people have a very distressing and bloody history. They were driven all over Europe to escape the depredations of the Catholic Church. As a last resort they took shelter in the Italian Alps not too far from Milan and Turin, Italy and here they had their last stand. It was here in 1848 that the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints was brought to them and they soon decided to emigrate to live in a place where they could practice their own religion in peace. Philippe Cardon was the father of the family who first emigrated to Utah in 1854. His wife was Martha Marie Tourn. Not too long after their emigration, the family of Susannah Goudin also accepted the Gospel and emigrated, although not too many of her family left Italy. She was a member of the first Handcart Company traveling to Utah in 1856 with the family of her uncle Pierre Stalle. After the long difficult trek she was taken in by the family of her uncle Philippe Cardon and shortly thereafter married the youngest son, **John Paul Cardon**, with whom she had nine



Susannah Goudin



John Karl Wood



John Wood Jr.



Emeline Crouch



John Wood Sr.



**Naomi Chase
Lane**



**Caleb Ebenezer
Crouch**



**Elizabeth Francis
Clark**



Phebe Ricks



Joel Ricks Jr.



Susette Cardon



Joel Ricks Sr.



**Sarah Beriah
Fiske Allen**



John Paul Cardon



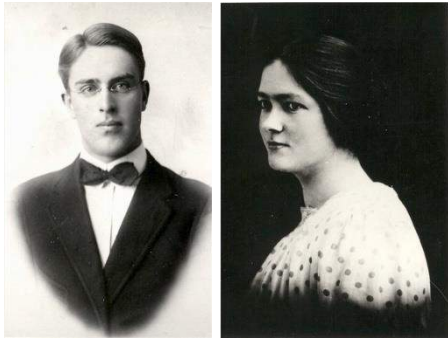
**Marthe Susanne
Goudin**

children. They lived in Logan, Utah. **Susette** was their daughter born 23 June 1861 in Logan, Utah. Susette lived in Logan all her life and went to school there. From the union of **Joel Ricks Jr.** and **Susette Cardon** there were nine children, one of whom was **Phebe Ricks** mentioned above. She was born and went to school in Logan, Utah. She also went to the Brigham Young Academy in Logan for two years. Phebe met J. Karl Wood while at that school and they 'went together' for three years. They married in May 1915.

For more detailed histories, read the following:

- J. Karl Wood, His Story, by Patricia W. Nielson.
- Western Trails, by J. Karl Wood.
- The Journal of Naomi Chase Lane.
- Record of Emeline Crouch Wood.
- The Autobiography of Ebenezer Crouch (son of Caleb Ebenezer Crouch).
- Elizabeth Frances Clark Crouch Duncan by Birdice Crouch.
- Life of Daniel Clark, by Nathan Gardner.
- A Brief Sketch of the Life and Labors of Elizabeth Gower Clark by her Daughter-in-Law Ethel A. Shirley Clark.
- Cardons! By Genevieve P. Johnson and Edna C. Taylor.
- Susanna G. Cardon by Louise Degn found in 'Sister Saints' p 119.
 - Also Susanna Goudin Cardon, p 74, of 'Sunbonnet Sisters by Leonard J. Arrington and Susan Arrington Madsen.
 - Susannah Goudin Cardon by Phebe R. Wood.
- History and Genealogy of the Ricks Family of America published by Family Representatives, Howard Ricks, Chairman.
- A Brief Sketch of the Life of Sarah Beriah Fiske Allen, written by Herself.
- Family Memories, My Mother, Susette Cardon, by Irene Ricks Bastow.
- Susette Cardon Ricks, by Phebe Ricks Wood.
- Paul Cardon, by Phebe Ricks Wood.
- History of John Paul Cardon, by Granddaughter Rebecca Cardon Hickman.

MY FAMILY



John Karl Wood

Phebe Ricks

My father was **John Karl Wood**. As mentioned above, he and **Phebe Ricks** met at Brigham Young Academy and married in Logan. They began their married life in River Heights not more than two blocks from John and Emeline Wood's residence and about three blocks from Joel and Susette Ricks. Karl finished his degree at Utah State Agricultural College and then began a career teaching at the Brigham Young Academy.

Their first child, Zella, was born a little more than a year later, 11 July 1916, and was a joy to parents and grandparents alike. Karl decided to build his own house in River Heights and with the help of Albert Nielsen built a small red brick house at 324 East 700 South. Here their second child, John Karl Jr. was born on 8 July 1919. The third child, Virginia followed soon after, 13 August 1921.

Soon the Brigham Young Academy (1926) closed its doors and Karl was out of a job. Again he was fortunate to find one with the LDS Seminary System at South Cache High School in Hyrum, Utah. This position caused them to move into the county school district outside of Logan. They chose a small place we called 'The Peglau Place.' Stephen Lane was born in this house on 2 July 1924. Karl then found a farm to rent in Millville, Utah, closer to his work and with enough farm land to raise dairy cattle to make a little more money. The house left much to be desired but the farm and its facilities were more lucrative than anything they had had before. Karl also made money by playing his clarinet in the Blue Bird Orchestra. With milking twice a day and clarinet playing on weekends, Karl soon lost the ability to use his hands and they were forced to make modifications with the dairy herd. But it was here in this uncomfortable shack that I was born on 23 December 1926. My mother wrote that I was born at 9:30 a.m. and weighed between 6½ and 7 pounds and was 19½ inches long, although nothing was available to check these measurements. At the time of my blessing, 20 February 1927, I weighed 9¾ pounds. The blessing was given by John Wood, my grandfather.

The School Board relaxed its restrictions on where the teachers had to live. Karl and Phebe found a large home a couple of blocks from their parents and moved back to River Heights. This one was called "The Maughan House." It was here on 17 July 1929 that Maxine, the youngest child was born. It was also here that Karl kept a couple of his dairy herd for milk, cream and butter, but focused his other activities on the raising of silver foxes.

MY SIBLINGS



Zella Wood
Thatcher

ZELLA: This story was taken from a eulogy given by me at Zella's funeral on 25 July 1995. Some additions will be made for clarification.

Zella Wood was born on July 11, 1916, the first child of J. Karl Wood and Phebe Ricks Wood, at 518 East Sixth South in River Heights, Utah. The house where she was born is still standing, and is only two doors away from the house where Zella lived until her death. In between those two events, she traveled the world and lived in many places, but her heart was always in the quiet town of River Heights. Her memories of the area are tied up with its history. The now Eccles Theater in downtown Logan was where our father played clarinet in the Capitol Theater's house orchestra for all the traveling vaudeville shows. Six-year-old Zella would walk from school at the Brigham Young Academy to the theater to wait for her father to finish the matinee shows. The ushers knew her, and she would walk all the way down the aisle to the front row near the orchestra. She saw many of the great vaudeville acts of the time and remembered them fondly all her life.

Our mother was a woman of strong faith, and she taught us to be the same. Zella developed a thirst for knowledge that lasted throughout her life, and she instilled that love of learning, related to both the gospel and secular learning, in her children. She was widely read. She enjoyed a good gospel discussion, and she knew the scriptures and the teachings of modern-day prophets well. In their retirement years, Ted and Zella participated in a monthly gospel study group, and one of the members commented that she always enjoyed listening to Zella's observations and that Zella could keep up with any man when it came to gospel knowledge. She graduated from South Cache High School and completed one year of college before the Depression forced her to turn her attentions elsewhere.

Our family was quite poor during Zella's growing up years. But she always wanted to share with others. When she started her first job as a secretary for Logan Knit, Zella decided to make a magical Christmas for the whole family. She not only bought presents for each family member — she bought presents for members to give to each other.

It became necessary to replace my shoes during her working years. Zella took me to the shoe store. She was determined that my feet wouldn't develop like hers did, as a result of wearing shoes that were too short. She bought me Girl Scout shoes — the best she could afford. They

were plenty long but were at least one size too narrow. It was painful to walk anywhere for months.

Zella was our glamorous older sister. She wore wonderful clothes – especially during her years at Logan Knit. An especially memorable outfit was a rust-colored velvet dress with a small hat to match. She took care of her clothes and even when the money was in short supply, she picked carefully to look her best. Many of them she made by hand – she was a superb seamstress and made clothes, curtains, and other items for herself and her family until her mid-sixties. Many of those well-cared-for clothes from the 1930's now hang in her daughters' closets and have been worn by them with pride.

On 21 June 1938, Zella married Theodore Ossip Thatcher (Ted), one of our River Heights neighbors, in the Logan Temple. He was working as a ranger for the National Park Service at Lehman Caves (now Great Basin National Park) in Nevada. After they were married, they made the long drive out to Baker. When they were married, Ted had thirteen rattlesnakes in a cage in the living room – he used to 'milk' them for their venom – but the snakes were quickly dispatched to the porch. Her friends all predicted that within two months she would be home, because they figured she was a city girl. She proved them all wrong and was extremely happy there, making friends with the locals and learning outdoor skills such as shooting jackrabbits with a rifle and riding horses into the mountains. She gathered pine nuts, roasted them, and put them in Indian pottery bowls as a Christmas gift for friends. Her sense of humor often caused her to laugh at life's foibles and gave her the resiliency to deal with snakes, lizards, bugs, and adventurous children. [She was able to adapt to whatever situation she happened to be in at the moment and found happiness wherever it could be found.]

When Zella was expecting Evelyn, they felt that with a baby on the way, both Zella and the baby would be safer if she returned to her folks for the last month because the doctor was so far away. Ted called each night to make sure she was fine. On the last night, Zella told Ted she was fine, but in reality, she was in labor. She didn't want to worry Ted. The result was that our father called Ted at 2 o'clock in the morning with the news that Zella was in the hospital.

Ted and Zella's phone was on a party line that was 110 miles long with 12 families on it. Since Ted was often away from the phone, he built an arrangement with a battery and a car horn on it so he'd always hear the phone when it rang. Their ring pattern was six short and three long, and when the call finally arrived, Ted was on the line even before it finished ringing, but there were so many eager neighbors listening in, he could hardly hear Zella's father on the other end. Ted jumped in the car and sped across the desert. At that time it was dirt road, extremely bumpy with rough spots at the bottom of each dip. I think he suffered at least three flat tires which he had to mend himself, and arrived at the Logan Hospital fifteen minutes after Evelyn's arrival on 6 June 1940.

Ted was called into active service before World War II in 1940. After going with Ted to postings in San Diego, Port Townsend, Washington, and El Paso, Texas, Zella came home to spend the rest of the war with us while Ted went overseas. He was gone for three years. Our mother, Maxine, and I shared the long, long hours of D-Day, 6 June 1944, with Zella. She knew that Ted was somewhere close to that action and lived in dread for several weeks until, at long last, word came that Ted was all right. Ted returned home about a year later and decided to continue his education at the University of California in Berkeley. Life was hard for them during those years. Ted was working hard, and shortly after arriving there, Zella again expected a baby. This time was harder. She had difficulty and lost a full-term baby. She mourned this child for the rest of her life. He was Theodore Alan Thatcher, born and died 18 December 1946.

After Ted completed his Ph.D., they moved to Fort Collins, Colorado, where they lost another child in the first year. Zella always wanted more children and was blessed with two more, Elaine, born on 30 August 1950 and Bruce born on 22 March 1954.

During the years in Fort Collins, Zella helped Ted write a textbook on forest entomology. She also worked for a while as a secretary to other professors, typing their manuscripts. She was an excellent typist, but was used to the old manual typewriters that required a heavy, firm touch. She never could get used to the light touch today's computer keyboards require.

Zella was active in the church in Fort Collins. She was ward Relief Society President twice and stake Relief Society President once. She led many fundraising projects for the Relief Society in the days when that organization was financially independent from the rest of the church. Among other projects, she worked with other women in the ward making hand-dipped chocolates to sell. The chocolates became very popular, and Zella continued to make them as gifts for many years after the fundraising was past.

She was deeply committed to compassionate service throughout her life and helped a number of sisters through crises in their lives. Her daughter Elaine remembered accompanying her mother to the homes of sisters needing help and learned from her how to offer comfort and support to those in need.

When I got married in 1956, Zella insisted that my marriage follow proper protocol. Nothing would do but that I have a 'trousseau tea.' She left the children in Ted's care and drove with me to Utah. She used her great organizational abilities to engineer the party and a beautiful wedding for Merv and me. We appreciated her efforts. Later, she brought Bruce, her small son, on the bus to Mesa, Arizona, to take care of me after the birth of our first child. She spent a week lovingly teaching me to care for a small baby.

In 1961, Ted's work took him and the entire family to Pakistan for two years. There, Zella had the luxury of following local custom and having servants to help with cooking and housework. It about drove her crazy to let others handle these tasks until she found other ways to spend her time, including distributing UNICEF food and medicine to poor families, taking Urdu lessons, cooking lessons, and assisting at a local hospital. After returning to the United States, Zella corresponded for years with some of the Pakistani and American friends she made there.

After Ted's retirement in 1973, they moved back to River Heights and reunited with old friends and family. Zella and Ted devoted much time to caring for Ted's aging mother and later for Evelyn when she went through surgery and the ensuing effects of a brain tumor. In Utah, Zella became involved in Daughters of Utah Pioneers. She loved history and greatly enjoyed this association with other women. When Elaine moved back to Logan to pursue a Master's Degree, Zella took a keen interest in her class work and thesis and accompanied Elaine on many of her research trips.

Above all, Zella has been devoted to her religion and her family. She was a loving and generous daughter, sister, wife, mother, and friend. She used her talents and her mind to help those around her until she was unable to do it any longer. I envied her capabilities in an office setting and tried to copy her graciousness to those around her. Whenever anyone visited her she was a kind and considerate hostess, making everyone feel welcome. Zella and I shared many hours on the telephone in the past ten years and as much time as we could in each other's company. It has been sad to watch an insidious disease take its toll on her body and mind, but writing these thoughts has helped me to remember many of the times we spent together and hopefully will erase the sadness we feel at her passing. Her husband Ted, who cared for Zella through her illness of the past three years, mentioned a passage from Mark Twain's *Letters from Earth* that reflects his feelings about Zella. Twain quoted Father Adam as saying: 'Eve is dead. Where Eve was, there was Eden.' * * * * Zella Wood Thatcher died 21 July 1995 at the age of 79 of Hodgkin's Lymphoma complicated by Acute Myoblastic Leukemia. She is buried in the Providence City Cemetery.



John Karl Wood
Jr.

JOHN KARL: This information was extracted from articles written about John in various publications and from personal knowledge. He has written his own history for his children.

John was the second child, first son, of Karl and Phebe Wood. He was born in River Heights on 8 July 1919 in the first house that Karl constructed at 324 East 700 South. It was a small house but adequate for the small

family. John was a normal, active boy growing up. He had difficulty with his eyes and for most of his life wore heavy lenses to correct his eyesight.

John attended grade school in River Heights and also whatever town the family lived in at various times, including Logan and Millville. John was very active in the scouting program and was able to achieve the Arrow, one of the highest awards in the scout program. He was also in a troop that was taken to Ogden to meet the train carrying President Franklin D. Roosevelt, about 1934. This was a great honor for the scout troops to be reviewed by the President of the United States. By the time John reached High School, Karl was employed by the Church Seminary System and so John attended South Cache High School in Hyrum, Utah. He was not in many sports activities but was editor of the school newspaper, The Clarion. He was very bright and achieved many honors. John was expected to work on the various farms where the family lived including the dairy farm in Millville. He also took an active part in the care and skinning of the foxes on the River Heights farm.

Utah State Agricultural College was nearby and John attended for four years, majoring in physics. In order for him to attend he had to earn the money himself for the fees. He did this by working as much as time allowed at USAC. He graduated from the Department of Physics in 1941. While attending the College and taking physics classes, John one day heard that his major professor, Willard Gardner, was going to give him a failing grade in physics. He was very upset as these were his favorite classes. He went home to talk it over with his father. Karl was also very upset and decided to go to the school and discuss it with his professor. Professor Gardner explained that while John got very good grades, he never participated in class and so he was marking him at a lower grade. Karl became very angry and said that John was very shy and was he going to be graded lower because of that even though his test grades were very high. The Professor relented and gave John a fair grade, thus setting his course for his life's work.

The fall of 1941 John went to Pennsylvania State University and worked as a graduate assistant and laboratory instructor while he worked on his Masters' and PhD degrees. That December World War II began and John was involved in research to help in the war effort for the next few years. He received his Masters' Degree in Physics in 1942 and a PhD in Physics in 1946. His last year at Penn State he worked full time on an instrument that was used by the petroleum laboratory. John did not serve in any of the armed services. His eyesight prevented any active military service.

While attending school in State College, Pennsylvania, John met Annie Margaret Wilson who was a student in the Chemistry Department of that school. After going together for some time, they married 15 March 1947 in Kingston, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. After graduation, John worked for two years at the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company in

Rochester, New York, working in the new instrument laboratory as an optical engineer.

John had a great love for the west and its mountains, and when an opportunity was presented to him in 1948 to be an Assistant Professor of Physics at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, he took it. In spite of the high altitude, 7000 feet, John and Margaret enjoyed the Wyoming countryside. Laramie was a railroad town and every day the wind blew cinders through the streets of the town. The winters were very bitter. John and Margaret's first child, James Stewart Wood was born in Laramie, Albany County, Wyoming, 20 June 1949. He was joined two years later by twin brothers, Robert John Wood and Donald Karl Wood, 18 July 1951. With three tiny boys the parents more than had their hands full. John enjoyed his teaching in Wyoming but an opportunity came in 1956 to move to Logan. He would be Professor of Physics at Utah State Agricultural College and would be near his parents. John and Margaret accepted this assignment and remained in Logan until John's retirement. After his first year John was made head of the Physics department. His interest and studies remained in optics and he completed research in Spectroscopy and X-ray crystallography. An article from the *Logan Herald Journal*, written at the time of his appointment states: ... "[he] is coming to USAC at the time when a renovation of [the] Physics department is being completed and the installation of more than \$15,000 in new equipment is being installed in the elementary laboratories. The new equipment will accommodate the increased demand for training in physics at USAC and make small laboratory groups possible... The new acting head of the department has conducted extensive research in X-ray crystallography, a science valuable to soil scientists which by means of soundwaves may give answers to the transmission of fluids such as water through the soil. He will continue his studies of the fluid flow problem by means of soundwaves, and on the internal structure of earth materials by use of X-ray."

After the move to Logan they welcomed another member to their family, Elizabeth Keay Wood, born 17 May 1957, their only daughter. John continued with his teaching and research. In 1967 he was eligible for a sabbatical leave of absence and took his family to Uppsala, Sweden for study at the physics institute at the University of Uppsala. After their return from Sweden he worked as a National Science Foundation Faculty Fellow on "Project Sherwood" at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Upon returning to USAC John decided that teaching was his first love. He taught all of the subjects offered in the department, but he asked to teach the beginning students because he believed that experienced teachers should be in the beginning classes. After many years in front of a classroom, John retired from active teaching in about 1985, but he didn't just lie around and vegetate. He continued hiking in the mountains that he loved on trails that had been developed over the

years. Ann Schimpf was gathering material for a book on hiking trails. She heard that John had been on most of the trails she was interested in and asked him to write descriptions of some of the ones he liked best. Along with Scott Datwyler the three identified and described 25 to 30 trails in the mountains around Cache Valley and wrote a small book on them. The Audubon Society later took over the trail guide and they used that book to prepare a new one for future hikers.

At the time of this writing, John is 87 years old. He has become a little slower in his movements and thoughts, but continues to walk from his home on Juniper Drive to the Physics Department where he visits with those still active and learns of the new projects on which they are working. His health is good, with the exception of a few broken ribs and a broken hip, and he continues with his activities. John recently had cataract surgery correcting his life long eye problems and he can now see clearly without glasses for the first time in his life.

At the time of this writing an article on “John Wood: A Life in the Mountains” was received. It was from *Insights – Utah State University – College of Science*, Fall 2005. It was decided to include the article in its entirety as part of John’s history.

John Wood still walks to the office twice a week; it’s hard to break the habit of a lifetime. After all, his affiliation with USU’s Physics Department goes back to 1937, when the young student embarked on a lifelong passion.

He was introduced to physics at age eight when he read one of the first college physics texts ever written. The book, written by a Nobel Prize winner, “had a lot of pictures and words I could understand. And a lot I couldn’t,” he laughs. “That’s when I knew what I wanted to do.”

John worked his way through the Utah Agricultural College in the machine shop – he could make 50 cents an hour making equipment for physics experiments, as opposed to 25 cents an hour grading papers. After graduation, he took the bus across the country to Penn State, just as World War II was heating up. When the U. S. entered the war, John served on the front lines – of research – helping develop high-octane gasoline for the military. He also trained aviation students. “I had a platoon of 20 students on their way to Air School,” he says. “They used to salute me!” After a brief stint at the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, John returned to academics, and to the West, to the University of Wyoming in Laramie. He and his new wife, Margaret, packed their 1939 Ford so full of possessions they had to jack up the rear axle.

Utah State offered an invitation in 1956, and John took it, with reservations. “We had gone through three presidents in four years.” According to the university archivist, the early 1950s were a period of conflict and tumult at the Agricultural College. Twelve hundred students camped out at the state capitol to protest the firing of President Louis Madsen, and speculation was rampant about possible decisions, made in the governor’s office, which might impact the school in a far-reaching way. According to John, two of the three PhDs on the Physics staff resigned before he arrived on campus. Darryl Chase was appointed president the following year, and John says, an era widely acknowledged as one of the most progressive, growth-oriented periods at USU began.

The school also found a friend in the new governor, George Dewey Clyde, a former USU engineering dean.

In 1957 *The New York Times* reported the successful launch of the Russian satellite, Sputnik. This raised a furious investigation by Congress as to how we had been outdone, says John, and led to the creation of programs that raised the scientific competence of young students. John joined the educational effort, and began teaching a grade school science program and evening courses for high school physics teachers on his own time. "They had me going till late at night," he remembers.

John gave his campus lectures in the theater in Old Main, as the Widtsoe lecture hall wouldn't accommodate the post-war boom of students entering college on the G.I. bill. "I had to haul an antiquated projector there two times every week. The other three days I gave a recitation class in World War II bunker huts."

An immediate order of business for John, an experimental physicist rather than a theorist, was to find the funds for needed equipment. Unfortunately, money was in short supply. "I was told by the controller that physicists don't need equipment; they can use pencils and paper," he says. John was eventually able to rebuild the machine shop, with the substantial, personal gift of a milling machine and lathe, made by well-known physicist Jesse DuMond, of Caltech, who had been a visiting professor for two summers.

One of the high points of John's career was a sabbatical spent in Sweden, working with Kai Siegbahn (who later won the 1981 Nobel Prize in Physics). John helped develop an X-ray spectrometer that measured energy levels of electrons. After his return from Sweden, John immersed himself in research with the Nuclear Reactor Testing Laboratory in Idaho, where he measured X-ray wavelengths, and with NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, where he developed spectrometers to measure X-rays. "That was the time when people were going to the moon," John says. "We gathered in the lunchroom and watched the astronauts on TV."

When he wasn't exploring the mysteries of physics, John explored the local canyons. He revised and rewrote the popular *Cache Trails* hiking guide for many years. "In those days I had to get all my information from forestry maps," he says. Now the guide is updated using GIS positioning tools.

"I left Cache Valley in 1941 to cross the eastern mountains and see what was beyond," says John. Fifteen years later, the mountains drew him back, to a struggling academic program. "The physics program is vigorous now, and the Bear River Range and Logan Canyon – the scenes I missed the most – are still the most picturesque sights of all."



Virginia Wood

VIRGINIA: This history was taken from *J. Karl Wood – His Story*, written by Patricia W. Nielson. Virginia was the third child, second girl born to J. Karl and Phebe Ricks Wood. She was born 13 August 1921 in the same small house John Jr. was born, 324 East 700 South, River Heights.

“In September of 1934 a family tragedy occurred. School had started on Monday; Virginia was in the eighth grade and Stephen the fifth at River Heights School. In the two-room school, the fifth through the eighth grades met in one room, the first through the fourth in the other. Through some quirk, Stephen and Virginia sat in seats next to one another with the narrow aisle between them. Stephen apparently squirmed a little after being outside all summer. Virginia returned home upset because Stephen wouldn’t behave himself. Phebe recognized immediately that she was not feeling well and kept her home the next day with a sore throat. On Wednesday she was worse; her voice dropped down to a bass pitch and she was confined to bed. On Thursday, she could only whisper. Very early on Friday morning she died [14 September 1934]. The entire family was devastated. Karl did not think that anything so tragic could ever touch his family. Virginia’s death was entirely unexpected and the doctors knew nothing about polio then. Dr. Ralph Porter, who was raised in Portersville in Morgan County, diagnosed her disease as Bulbar Poliomyelitis and probably performed an autopsy to confirm his fears. Because of the seriousness of the disease the remainder of the family was asked to spray their throats with a strong disinfectant called ST-37 for several months. The family assumed that Virginia contracted polio during a swimming excursion to Logana Plunge with some visiting cousins.

Virginia was 13 years of age and full grown in height. Everyone loved her both in and out of the family. She had a personality like Phebe’s – gentle with people and always a peacemaker. She took care of the little ones during Phebe’s many illnesses. She had a vivid, creative imagination. The family laid her to rest with love.”



Stephen Lane
Wood

STEPHEN LANE: Stephen was born on what was called the ‘Peglau Place’ by the family. It was a farm two miles south of Logan. He was the fourth child, second son of Karl and Phebe and was born 2 July 1924.

Stephen had a normal childhood with one exception. He loved things in nature and our mother was sometimes put to the test with skunk odors, owls and small hawks. He entered the first grade in the River Heights School in 1930 under Miss Smith. His most difficult task was trying to write with his left hand. The powers that be decided that all school papers had to be held at the same angle on each desk, providing uniformity for onlookers. This became a problem for Stephen who was left-handed. He solved that to his own satisfaction by writing upside down.

An article in *The Daily Universe*, the newspaper of Brigham Young University, published on 28 March 1978, called 'Insects Don't Bug Curator' by Kim Meyer, tells of Stephen's early interest in entomology:

"Some people may get a little squeamish at the mention of bugs, but not Dr. Stephen L. Wood, who is Curator of the insect collection at the Monte L. Bean Museum. In fact insects, especially bark beetles, are Wood's professional pets.

"It started in 1939 when Wood was 14 and spent the summer with his brother-in-law, who was the custodian of Lehman Cave National Monument. The nearest neighbor was five miles away and the nearest town was eight miles away; there wasn't much to do. My brother-in-law, who is an entomologist, knew I had to have a collection of 40 insects for my high school biology class in September so we started collecting together.

"Wood said he was fascinated with the tunnels dug by the bark beetles because they were so regular and precise. He decided that summer he wanted to study these beetles."

Stephen became a world-wide expert on bark and ambrosia beetles. He has a collection that is the largest in the world. It will be transferred to the Smithsonian Institution about 2007.

He entered South Cache High School in 1938 and participated as much as possible in the activities in spite of living seven miles from the school. At the end of 1941 World War II had started and many of the young men were being drafted or were joining the services. Stephen was able to postpone his service until he completed one year at Utah State Agricultural College.

Stephen joined the Army in 1943, in order to attend Officers Candidate School. He was assigned as a Private to Battery D, 28th Battalion, 7th Regiment and sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma for basic training, then to Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He would have been sent to the Officers Training School but had some medical problems and was sent to Valley Forge Hospital until 1944, at which time he was discharged.

Upon returning to Logan, Stephen resumed his education at the College where he received his BS degree in 1946. In the meantime, during his High School years, Stephen met Elizabeth Griffin. They dated for two years in High School and resumed dating when he returned from his Military Service. They were married 2 June 1947 in the Logan Temple and set up housekeeping in Logan until he completed his Masters Degree in 1948. At that time, he decided to go to the University of California at Berkeley where Zella and her husband were living. While there he attended one semester of school and went to Hat Creek as part of an assignment. The Berkeley experience did not work out for them and Stephen and Elizabeth returned to Logan where Stephen went to the winter and spring terms and got certified as a teacher in secondary education. On 25 May 1948 their first child, Katherine was born in

Logan. At the end of that summer the only available job teaching Biology was in Beaver, Utah. They stayed there two years, Stephen teaching Biology, Chemistry and Algebra. The second year he also taught Courtship and Marriage. During the summers he worked for the Utah Experiment Station, living in an apartment owned by Dean George Dewey Clyde, who later became Governor of Utah.

In September of 1950 Stephen and Elizabeth left Logan for Lawrence, Douglas County, Kansas where Stephen enrolled as a PhD candidate in Entomology at the University of Kansas. They stayed in Kansas until 1953 when he received a Doctorate of Entomology. It was while they were in Lawrence that John Griffin Wood was born on 2 October 1952.

While Stephen was working on his dissertation W. J. Brown from Canada became interested in his research on bark beetles. At the completion of his dissertation Mr. Brown offered him a job as Systematic Entomologist at the Canadian National Collection of Insects in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, where he remained for three years. A second daughter, Marian was born there 1 November 1954. In 1956 a position became available at Brigham Young University in Provo as Assistant Professor of Zoology and Curator of the insect collection. On 1 September 1956 he began his tenure there where he continued until his retirement on 1 September 1989.

From the *Daily Universe*:

“There are many facets to Wood’s job at BYU. First he had been the editor of the ‘*Great Basin Naturalist*’ [1970-1990], a journal for technical scientific papers in the field of biological natural history. He is also the editor of the ‘*Great Basin Naturalist Memoirs*’ which is for papers more than 100 pages long..... From 1959 to 1978 Wood has had research contracts with the National Science Foundation..... (In 1975) the Smithsonian Institution sent Wood and a graduate student to India and Ceylon to look for beetles..... (His) job is to write and refine the world’s classifications of bark beetles.”

Stephen was given grants for many trips around the world to study the beetles. In 1963 he spent twelve months in Costa Rica studying their beetles, one month in Honduras and one month in Guatemala. For ten of those months his wife and three children were with him. In September 1970 he returned to BYU after a sabbatical leave in which he held a National Science Foundation grant to hunt beetles in Venezuela. Stephen stayed a year, his wife and children stayed ten months.

From *BYU Today*, an article called “Zoologist Saving Trees,” by Sue Bergin, April 1990:

“.....With a \$250,000 grant from the Agriculture Departments of the U. S. and Canada, Wood is collecting and cataloguing every article published worldwide on the bark beetle families Scolytidae and Platypodiadae between 1758, the year animal nomenclature began and

1985..... Agricultural officials will use the reference works to help them make decisions about the control of destructive species of bark beetles and to accelerate forest research.”

In addition to the above mentioned research Stephen also taught classes in zoology and entomology as part of his contract with BYU. After thirty-three years, on 31 August 1989, Stephen retired from an active role at BYU but continued with his research until 2005.

In addition to his active role in entomology, Stephen also worked for over fifty years on the genealogy of his father’s family. He was successful in tracing his roots back to before the Revolutionary War and found illustrious ancestors there. A great deal of temple work was completed for these families.

Stephen continues to work at this writing, and has completed a final monograph at the age of 82. His interest and intellect are still strong in this field. He has three children, twelve grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. Stephen still resides in Provo at this writing. His wife, Elizabeth, passed away 20 April 2006 from cancer.



Maxine Wood
Campbell

MAXINE: Maxine was the sixth child, fourth daughter of Karl and Phebe. She was born 17 July 1929 in River Heights on what was called the “Maughan Place,” by the family. She tells her own story.

Shortly before I was born, Karl and Phebe moved from Millville into a two-story house on a hill in northeast River Heights, about a block from Karl’s parents. I was the sixth and last child in our family. My premature birth in July 1929, along with exposure to childhood diseases common at the time, gave me a slow start my first year or so.

In 1934, when I was five-years-old, our thirteen-year-old sister, Virginia, died suddenly after an exposure to Polio. Each member of our family dealt with the grief of that traumatic even in various ways, but all of us measured time as “before” or “after” Virginia’s untimely death. Her gentle personality was sorely missed. Many years later I fully understood the terrible loss to our family, and especially the devastation to our parents.

Life eventually took on a degree of normalcy. Pat and I played in the leaves on the hill in the fall, played “Run-Sheep-Run with the neighbor kids outside at twilight, made snowmen in the winter, and played under the trees with our dolls the rest of the time. We learned to sew making doll clothes out of Mother’s sewing scraps. Grandma taught us to crochet. We always loved to read. We cleaned the house on Saturdays as we listened to the Metropolitan Opera on the radio. When

Pat learned to play the piano, I convinced my family that I was old enough to take lessons, too. I listened to Pat practice her little pieces, and thought to myself, "If she can do it, I can too". I then tried my version of copying whatever she did. This rote learning worked for a while, but the truth soon caught up with me. Reading those little notes had escaped me completely. We had acquired a Reed Organ, and with an occasional turn on Grandma Wood's piano. I eventually learned to play the church hymns and Primary songs by sheer persistence and determination in spite of my earlier failure. By the time I was ten years old I played both the piano and organ accompaniment at church. Music became an important part of my life from that time on. I studied music later on with a much more successful outcome than my first six-year-old attempt. I gave piano lessons to neighbor children during my teen years, and continued teaching private lessons for nearly twenty-five years.

When I was eleven years old, our family moved from the Maughan house to Grandpa Ricks's house on the west side of town [647 S. Summerwild Ave.] so that our mother could take care of him in his old age. Thus, during World War II, Grandpa lived with us, along with Zella and Evelyn, in addition to the family. Mother also had to care for the other grandparents, Emeline and John Wood across town. Mother felt the greatest impact of our crowded and busy home. Dad was gone much of the time due to his job as Supervisor of Seminaries for the church. His office in Salt Lake City was his base of operations as he traveled the western states visiting seminaries, counseling the teachers, until after I graduated from college and moved away.

After finishing elementary school in River Heights, I attended South Cache High School in Hyrum, Utah, where I graduated in 1947. I was the piano accompanist for many groups and individuals throughout my high school years, both extra-curricular in school, as well as in the church, and community. The summer after high school graduation, I worked as a secretary and lab assistant at the Intermountain Herbarium at the college, earning enough to pay for my tuition and books. Through the kindness of many of the professors in the agronomy and botany departments, I was kept employed throughout my college years. I graduated from Utah State Agricultural College in June 1952 with a BS degree in Art Education. My real passion was in the biological sciences, but not many women chose that field of study at the time.

In June 1952, I married Ralph Edmund Campbell, brother of my best friend, Mary Campbell. Ralph was from Providence, a small town adjacent to River Heights. I had known him for almost ten years. After our marriage in the Logan Temple, we moved to Brookings, South Dakota. Ralph was employed there by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and worked in soils research. Our first child was born a year later while we lived in Brookings.

We are parents of five children: Anne, Susan, Carol, Brian, and Mary. We have twelve grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. We

have lived in a variety of places, including Tucumcari, New Mexico, Billings, Montana (where four of our children were born), Albuquerque, New Mexico, Flagstaff, Arizona, and at the present time we are enjoying retirement in Mesa, Arizona, next door to our daughter, Mary.

Throughout my life, I have enjoyed needlework, clothing construction, quilting, cake decorating, and many other arts and crafts. I love to cook, make bread, and have canned hundreds of quarts of fruits and vegetables during my life. All these skills were learned from our mother, sisters, aunts, and grandmother, but practiced continually throughout my life. Those things I did not know how to do, I took classes to learn, or learned on my own. For many years, I made most of the clothing for our family, including the suits Brian wore on his mission.

When our last child left home, I went back to school where I earned a Master's degree in history from Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. From 1986 until 1994, I worked for the university in the history, geology, and environmental sciences departments, and privately for historians and scientists. Ralph and I retired in 1994.

We have both held numerous callings in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Ralph served for many years as a Ward Clerk, branch president, counselor to Bishops, member of High Councils, and as Bishop of a Ward. I served as organist for many years, taught in Relief Society in wards and stakes, in Primary, MIA, and served as Relief Society President on four occasions.

Life has a way of teaching us many lessons. Parenthood does not give us instant knowledge and discernment. We learn the most from our daily interaction with our children. Late in our lives, we were forced to learn what human relationships are all about. We learned to accept diversity, and no matter how successful you think you are as parents, your children are free spirits, and will conduct their lives accordingly. They are not little reproductions of us. They bring their own personalities with them, and it is our job to allow them to be all that they can be, and to love them with unconditional love as they strive to find out who they are. During the decade of the 1990's, we found that the loving relationships we shared with our children are important above everything else. Our son's life was cut short in 1999 when he died suddenly as the result of a massive heart attack. This devastating event changed our lives forever. The loss of our son made us realize how fleeting life is, and how little time we have to make the world a better place, by making our home a haven of peace, safety, and unquestionable love.

ADDENDUM

John K. Wood: John and Margaret Wood, realized as they became older that they needed more help. John was becoming very forgetful and Margaret knew that she had heart trouble. After much discussion between them and with their children in June 2007 they moved out of their home and into Assisted Living Quarters at Sunshine Terrace in Logan. They had two rooms and their own furniture and were comfortable. After just two months, Margaret, one night after dinner, gave a little cough and died sitting in her chair. John was devastated but agreed to continue living in their rooms by himself. He did very well, exercising and taking walks when he could. In May of 2008 he took a shower as he did every morning, but getting out of the shower he slipped and fell breaking his hip. He was able to crawl to the alarm button and called for help. They took him to the hospital immediately but could not operate on him until 6 p.m. that evening. He never awoke from the anesthesia and died three days later, 16 May 2008. He would have been grateful for his easy passage.

* * * *

Stephen L. Wood: After Elizabeth died from colon cancer in 2006, Stephen insisted on staying on in their family home. At the time he was still able to go to the Bean Museum on BYU Campus and work on his insects. As time passed his health declined and he was unable to continue with his much loved work. His family had caretakers come to the house---at first for a couple of hours a day, but as time passed the caretakers had to come more frequently and stay longer. Stephen became more feeble, but still tried to get around with a cane and with plenty of assistance from those around him. He had an upsetting spell with small blood clots in his lungs and another with cancer in his bladder. All of these health problems caused his overall condition to deteriorate. His family is sure that during the last year of his life, he suffered from small strokes in his brain. When he died 1 July 2009 his family did not know the cause of his death and still don't. It was felt that he had at least one or perhaps two major strokes, causing him to lose his speech and ability to get about on his own. Also a fall probably caused either a broken bone or some other internal injury. I am sure that the overall cause of his death was the shut down in all his major organs due to more than one cause.



Wood Family - 1929



Wood Family - 1942

MY LIFE

I

I was born in the middle of what is known as the 'Great Depression.' It didn't really affect my parents to any great extent because



Millville House - My Birthplace

they had no money. Prices were high, however, and everyone tried their best to find ways to make money. At the time of my birth my father had moved the family of two girls and two boys to Millville, Cache County, Utah, where he started a purebred dairy herd. He also had a position with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Seminary system, teaching at South Cache High

School in Hyrum, Utah. In addition to these full time jobs, he played Clarinet and Saxophone in the 'Blue Bird' orchestra in Logan. [See J. Karl Wood - His story.]

My birth took place at 9:30 a.m. on Thursday, 23 December 1926, the fifth of six children: Zella, John Karl Jr., Virginia, Stephen Lane and Maxine. My father's name was John Karl Wood, age 36 at the time of my birth; my mother was Phebe Ricks, age 32. My mother said that the doctor had been drinking and as a result had a little difficulty doing what

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints	
	Salt Lake City, Utah <u>Nov. 20, 1959</u>
Certificate of Record of Membership	This Certifies that according to the membership records of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
	<u>Patricia Wood Nielson</u>
	was born on the <u>Twenty third day of December, Nineteen Hundred and twenty six</u>
	at <u>Millville, Utah</u>
	<u>Feb. 20, 1927</u>
	Blessed (or baptized) <u>March 11, 1935</u>
	Father's Name <u>John Karl Wood</u>
	Mother's maiden name <u>Pheobe Ricks</u>
	PRESIDING BISHOP'S OFFICE
	By <u><i>Alta D. Jack</i></u> Custodian of Church Membership Records

he was supposed to do, even getting to Millville in the first place. As a result of his condition, my birth certificate reads: "Patricia R Wood" -

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE FORWARDED BY THE LOCAL REGISTRAR TO THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SALT LAKE CITY, ON OR BEFORE THE 5TH OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AFTER FIRST HAVING BEEN PROPERLY REGISTERED.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FILE NO. **861 300**

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH, STATE OF UTAH.

PLACE OF BIRTH
 County of Cache
 Precinct of Millville
 Town or Village of Millville
 City of Patricia Street and No. _____
 (If in Hospital or other Institution, give its name instead of Street and Number.)

FULL NAME OF CHILD Patricia R. Wood (If child is not yet named, make supplemental report as directed.)

Sex of Child <u>Female</u>	Twin, triplet, or other? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	Number in order of birth <u>1</u>	Legitimate? <u>yes</u>	Date of Birth <u>Dec 23 - 1926</u>
(To be answered only in event of plural births)		(Month) (Day) (Year)		

FATHER		MOTHER	
FULL NAME <u>John Karl Wood</u>	FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Phoebe Ricks</u>		
RESIDENCE <u>Millville ut.</u>	RESIDENCE <u>Millville ut.</u>		
COLOR <u>white</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>36</u>	COLOR <u>white</u> AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>32</u>		
(Years)	(Years)		
BIRTHPLACE <u>Rushville Morgan Co. ut.</u>	BIRTHPLACE <u>Logan ut.</u>		
OCCUPATION <u>Teacher</u>	OCCUPATION <u>House work</u>		
Number of children born to this mother, including present birth <u>5</u>	Number of children of this mother now living <u>5</u>		

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, and that it occurred on December 23rd 1926 at 9:30 P. M.

Premature No or Stillbirth? No (Yes or No)

{ *When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return. }

(Signature) H. K. Merrill M.D.

Date Jan 5 1927 [Physician or Midwife]

Address of Physician or Midwife Logan Utah

Filed Jan 27 1927 Chas Anderson REGISTRAR

REGISTRAR Registered No. 2

STATE OF UTAH) SS
 CO. OF SALT LAKE)

AUG 5 1927

THE FOREGOING IS A TRUE AND CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE ON FILE IN THE UTAH STATE DEPT. OF HEALTH.

James W. Wright
 DIRECTOR, DIVISION OF VITAL STATISTICS.

[presumably he was thinking of the Ricks in my mother's name]. The other children were sent for the day to 'Grandma Pearsons' who couldn't speak any English. Zella said it was the longest day of her life. They were brought back later "to see the new little sister." Because of the date of my birth (the same as the Prophet Joseph Smith) there was an argument about my name. Should it be Josephine (my paternal grandmother's choice) or Patricia (my mother's choice)?

Excerpt from the history of John K Wood:

.....I recall going to Millville in a sleigh with grandpa in the winter time to see [the house and farm]. All of [the] moves had something to do with Father's employment. He had taught psychology at the Brigham Young College for several years starting at a salary of about \$800 per year.....The Cache County school board had a rule that all their teachers had to live in the school district. Neither River Heights nor South Main [the Peglau Place] were considered to be far enough inside the district so the move was made to Millville.

The Millville place was a forty acre farm rented from a Mrs. Fleming. It was in the southeast part of Millville and the eastern boundary was the road that goes into Millville Canyon so the property almost touched the National Forest boundary. It was at the end of a one-trace dirt lane about a quarter of a mile from a regular east-west road of Millville. There was a barn, granary and storage shed, chicken coop, outhouse and a small one-story house. The nearest neighbors were the Elmer Humphreys family at the beginning of the lane. There was no electricity beyond the Humphreys place and the cost of getting it to our place was astronomical. This was before the days of the Rural Electrification Administration. We did have a telephone line. A canal from the Blacksmith Fork River ran along the lane and an irrigation ditch was about fifty feet from the house. This was our water supply. The house was not more than twenty-five feet on a side and had a kitchen, pantry, living room, and bedroom. A door in the floor of the pantry covered a stairway to a small rock-lined cellar with water running through it. This is where parents and four children lived for four years.

Father got into the dairy business with some pedigreed Jersey cows so he had to milk them twice a day, teach school and play in the Bluebird orchestra on Friday and Saturday nights to keep things going. He bought a milking machine with a gasoline engine to run it and the cream separator. Most of the forty acres was in alfalfa and timothy. Grandpa Wood, Lyle, and a Millville man, Frank Clifford helped put up the three crops of hay in the summer.....We had a Coleman gasoline lantern but Father had to use it in the barn for milking so [we] had to read by the kerosene lamp until he got back which was an hour or more later.

Patricia was born December 23, 1926 at home. We were all roused out very early in the morning and stayed with Mrs. Pearson for the day. She was the mother of Mrs. Humphreys. We did not have a Christmas tree because, mother said years later, father had delayed too long in getting one because of all the fuss.....

Life on the farm in Millville was rugged.....Water for all uses had to be carried in buckets from the irrigation ditch about a hundred feet away. It was heated in the reservoir at the end of the Monarch stove. If



CACHE VALLEY

This is the small county/valley where I was born and raised the first twenty-five years of my life.

we wanted boiling water it went into the teakettle. Washday was an all day undertaking. Water was put into the copper boiler and heated. The washer was on the porch and was hand operated in the first year. After that we had a gasoline operated Maytag washer [purchased from J. L. Montrose in Logan]. The wringer was hand operated on the old washer and the rinse water was cold with bluing in it [for taking stains out of white clothes]. The ironing was done on subsequent days with sadirons heated on the stove. Washing in the wintertime was done in the kitchen with the exhaust pipe of the engine poked out the window. Bathing was done on Saturday using one of the rinse tubs from washday. We drove to church on Sunday. The Sunday School classes were all held in the main assembly hall because that was all there was.



Patty - 1929

At about two weeks of age, my mother held me over her shoulder to cut my long black birth hair. At the age of nine months, my back was cut by a piece of glass in a fall from the porch. The scar is still there but I know little else of the circumstances. Another memory is taking a bath in a washing tub in a very dark room. Stephen was waiting his turn. That had to be in the Millville home. My mother was ill from time to time during my babyhood and it is likely that Zella and Virginia did the babysitting. The Millville farm had been rented from a Mrs. Fleming. My father always said it was the best farm land in the (Cache) Valley. The house, however, left much to be desired. It had no electricity and no running water. Water had to be carried from an irrigation ditch, but there was a telephone. The cold frost and mold went half way up the walls in the wintertime. The outhouse was in the front



Patty - 1929



Patty, Phebe and hired girl

yard and pictures show the house to be little more than a shack. My mother always felt that in this tiny shack they finally got out of debt and on their feet financially.

A few months after my birth my mother developed sciatica (a neurological disease of the sciatic nerve in the lower back) and was virtually an invalid for weeks. The pain was so excruciating that she was out of her mind part of the time. A dentist was called to the house to pull a tooth which he felt was the cause of the infection. This was accomplished without benefit of anesthetic. A little later, my father began to have trouble with his hands because he was milking his

whole dairy herd (24 cows) by hand twice a day and also playing the clarinet in the Blue Bird Orchestra half of the night. Shortly, his hands became temporarily paralyzed and he bought the first gasoline-run milking machine in Millville. This eased the problem somewhat. Then my parents had the opportunity to buy some property in River Heights only a block from Grandfather Wood's house. They let the rented farm go, because the school restrictions had been lifted, and in 1928 moved to the "Peter Maughan II" house in River Heights.

From John's history:

The red brick house in River Heights was sold or occupied and we bought the Peter Maughan home on the north side of River Heights on the hill above the river bottom cut by the Logan river.....It was [a] much larger [house] than the Millville house. It had four rooms on each floor and a two-room cellar with an outside entrance and dirt floor. It had indoor plumbing but the bathroom was built under the stairway to the upstairs. The toilet was under the landing of the stairway so the ceiling was only about five feet high at that crucial point. We had electricity and a well for our water supply. Peter Maughan was the son of the Peter who settled Wellsville. One of the sons of Peter II was Russell who made the first flight from New York to San Francisco in one day, dawn to dusk. He flew over the house one day and we all waved..... The nearest neighbors were the John Davis family. We owned about three-fourths of the square block and they owned the other one-fourth.....



Maughan House

The fox farm was started about 1930. It had four rows of about six pens each and an area of about two acres, double fenced for "pelters". Each pen was about ten by forty feet, screened on all sides and bottom and a two foot overhang on top. Each pen had a double kennel so two females could be housed in the same pen. The whole business was built by father, myself [John], Lyle and grandpa. The watchtower was the east upstairs bedroom where father and mother slept. The stairway area intruded into the bedroom so a box-like cover formed a bed frame which was a little wider than a single bed frame. Father balanced springs and mattress on this box and slept on the outside so he could see the fox area. A light switch on the wall turned an outside light on so he could see. Mother slept on the wall side and kept the whole thing from collapsing to the floor. This went on for ten years. Father kept good records on the foxes as he had with the dairy cows. All the matings were recorded from the watchtower.

The Maughan house was on top of a hill and had a tremendous view. The land, however, was rocky and hard to cultivate. Most of the dairy herd was sold before the move. My Mother was unable to give any help in the move, indeed, she had to be carried. Mother and the girls rode in the car and the boys rode with my grandfather and the furniture in a wagon. I was about two years old at the time of the move. My

youngest sister, Maxine, was born 17 July 1929 in the Maughan house. Another early memory is one of being picked up by Zella out of a white iron crib so I could see the new little sister. She was born prematurely and for some weeks her life was in a very precarious situation. She was placed in a drawer or cardboard box to keep warm on the extended oven door in a makeshift incubator.

A large orchard was in one corner of the new farm. One of my memories is of someone camping in that orchard; probably homeless



Maxine by Fox Pens

people (called gypsies by my parents). There was a large barn and corral for the bull and cows. My father established a silver fox farm on that property. At that time (early 1930) a silver fox pelt worn around the neck was considered very stylish. The pelts were left intact, including claws. Amber colored glass eyes were inserted for realism. The paws had a clasp to hold the pelt in place and the tail was allowed to hang free at the back. The foxes were raised to maturity, chloroformed, and very carefully skinned about Thanksgiving time each year. I remember Thanksgiving dinner being worked around the skinning process. The foxes had a prime winter coat by then. The skimmers were careful to remove all the fat so that the pelt would dry properly.

From John's history:

The foxes were caught and killed with an overdose of chloroform and skinned like a rabbit so the pelt was a tube with the feet and ears still on the skin.....The flesh was scraped off with a special blade father had made by putting the pelt over a pole. The pelt was held on the pole with ones stomach so it wouldn't slip off as you scraped. Lots of fresh sawdust made the smell easier to take.



Fox Pens in Winter

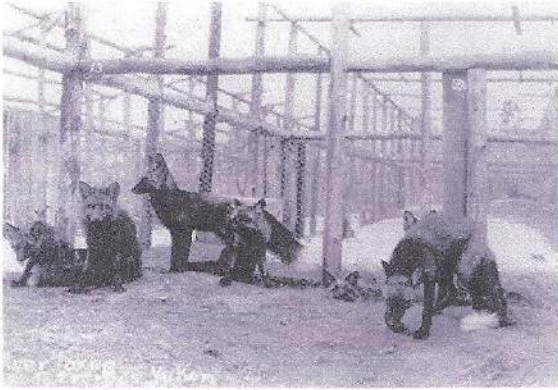
The pelt was then stretched on a board and dried for a day or two when it was taken off and turned right-side out. The feet were the hardest to turn. The pelts were finally rubbed with hardwood sawdust and naphtha gasoline and beaten with a willow to clean all the grease from the fur. They were finally bundled and sent to either Seattle or Denver.

The skinning period always coincided with Thanksgiving Day so there was a short break on that day but only a short one. The "pelters" [foxes to be skinned] were kept in a large area, about two acres with a double fence around it. Each fence had a two foot overhang because the

foxes could climb over a ten foot fence if it did not have the overhand. They could also dig under the fence so about two feet of it was buried.

SILVER FOX FARMS

These are not pictures of our foxes but were taken off the internet for use as illustrations.



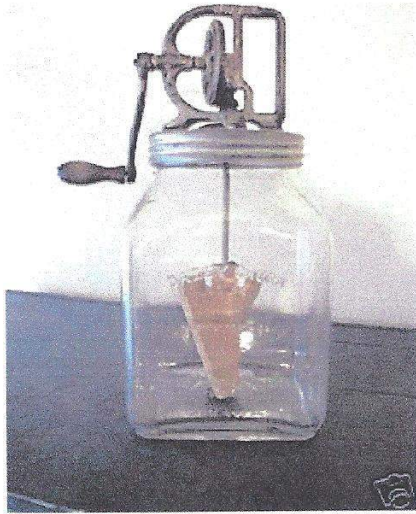
These pictures are silver foxes raised in Prince Edward Island, Canada. The foxes were killed in November when their pelts were at their prime and the pelts were removed and all fat was scraped off. Then they were put on a stretcher frame to dry. Before shipping the pelts were cleaned with a compound that included kerosene to clean off the fat and kill the lice.



Finished silver fox stole

Silver Fox on a stretcher board

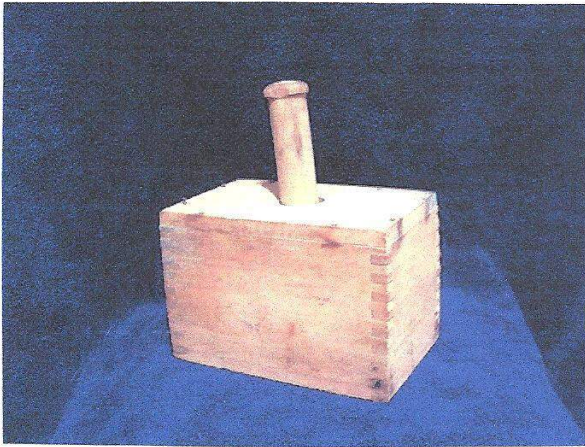
THE MAKING OF BUTTER



Dazey Butter Churn



Wooden Butter Paddle



Wood Butter Press

Fresh milk was poured into large skimming pans that were about 3 inches deep. The milk was left to cool and for the cream to rise to the top. Heavy cream was skimmed from the top of the pan and set in a jar to rest for a day or two. Then the heavy cream was poured into the butter churn. The cream was churned until the butter began to separate from the buttermilk. Then the buttermilk was drained off and the granules of butter were collected together and rinsed with cool water many times to get all the milk out of the butter. The

butter was then placed in a bowl and the butter paddle was used to press all the liquid from the granules of butter and to shape the butter. Salt was added and the butter was pressed into the square press and shaped into a square of butter. It was put in a cool room to harden.

One year a heavy snowstorm occurred at night about a month after the pelting season but there were still about thirty foxes in the "pasture". Father went out a couple of times to shake the fences but by morning both fences were down with about two feet of snow on the level and fox tracks everywhere. Since this had happened on other occasions on the other farms, the farmers gathered to help. Ponds had a couple of dogs that could catch foxes without getting bitten. We caught all but about six. Father caught one by jumping from a running horse.



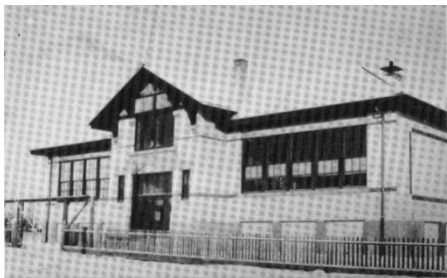
Patty & Maxine - About 1934

My father stayed in the fox business until I was about 8 years old. As the fox farm matured, most of the remaining cows were sold. During that time we also had a vegetable garden and apples from the orchard. We also had horses on the farm from time to time which Grandpa Wood shot for fox food. The foxes never became tame and would snap at anyone who came near.

This farm was a haven for children with plenty of troublesome things to get into and with my mother house-bound with her illnesses, we did get into trouble. I remember standing on a plank spanning an irrigation ditch to catch the paper boats made from catalog pages. My brothers and sisters were floating them downstream and since I was the youngest who was allowed out of the house, I was the "catcher." The plank tipped me into the water and I was carried down the cement flume to the neighbors place at the bottom of the hill, narrowly missing a cement abutment where the direction of the water flow could be changed. The screaming of the other children alerted our neighbor John Davis, who pulled me out. My back was almost scraped raw from contact with the rough cement and the wires poking up through the cement.

My next memory comes about the time I was four. I followed my brother, Stephen, continuously. This time it was to the loft of the barn

above the cow stable. I stepped on a loose board, fell through to the cement feeding troughs and was knocked unconscious right in front of a cow munching on her hay. The fall cut my lower lip through and left a long scar on the base of my chin. Stephen ran screaming to the house and when I regained consciousness, I followed him cupping my bloody jaw with my hand.



River Heights School

I remember fighting the ether in the hospital and the rough feel of the stitches under my lip after I was taken

home.

Since my mother was so frail, she had to devise some form of punishment which she could handle and which would do the job. Her method worked fantastically well. Willows grew along the bank of most of the irrigation ditches. When there was a misdemeanor, the miscreant was sent to the willow trees to break a long, thin branch for a switch. Most of the time we were weeping with remorse by the time we reached



Fourth Grade - About 1937

the house and my mother didn't have to use the willow after all. Occasionally she did and we knew that it hurt. It was a devious and effective punishment.

I attended River Heights grade school for eight years. It was a light colored brick building and contained two rooms on the main floor, each of which held four grades. There was another room in the basement, the floor of which was terribly warped from water seepage. Though we used this room sometimes for playing games in the cold weather, I hated it because the older kids said there was an elephant under the floor. I believed them. This room was used by the church when our chapel burned down. Most of the Sunday School classes were held in the same room segregated only by a little distance. The noise was incredible.



Patty - About 1934

My first four years in the school were under the direction of Miss Lucy Bowen from River Heights. Usually a soft spoken lady, she could occasionally be aroused to anger by some of the boys. As I look back I think of her as a very colorless person. She did teach us a lot of songs that I still remember. My second teacher was Miss Ella Neddo from Providence, from grade five to eight. She left a very great impression on me. She had little knowledge of math, which bothers me to this day. She did have a great love of biology, botany and everything out of doors and managed to instill that love into most of her students. She was an old-fashioned spinster to the end of her days. Miss Bowen later married Dave Forsberg and had six children. Her husband was our bus driver to the High School in Hyrum.

There are some advantages in going to a school such as I did and a great many disadvantages. I learned to read very quickly and very young, probably because of my mother's influence at home. So I was always used as a "teachers help" to listen to the slower or younger children in all eight grades. My spelling was superior and I could out-spell the eighth



Eighth Grade - About 1941

graders when I was in the fifth grade. My math, however, was terrible and I still don't understand percentages and fractions, although I was able to achieve "A" grades in that subject through High School.

Holidays were an important part of the school year. Programs were presented for the parents at Thanksgiving and Christmas and usually a small gift was given to the students at Christmastime. The rooms were

decorated with pictures depicting the season that were drawn or colored by the children in each room I don't remember my father ever attending these programs, although my mother did when she was well and probably my grandmother as well.

Valentine's Day was special. The older children of each room decorated a box during the week before the party in which Valentines were deposited. On party day there were games, songs and refreshments and then the Valentines were handed out, each child receiving from fifteen to twenty. I remember one Hallowe'en party where the older children took the slide from the play ground and arranged it on the stairway for an entry to the basement of the church where the party was held. The stairway was decorated with spooky things and the main party was held in the basement room. We dressed in costumes on another occasion and I remember thinking that no one could tell who I was. That was the night Miss Neddo asked me to spell "replied" so that I could get 100 percent on my spelling. So my disguise was not perfect.

The church and the school worked in close harmony, the school facing East and the church facing South across the street. The teachers made certain that primary children went directly to the church from the school. It was seldom that non-members attended the school. On February 22, Washington's birthday, the Ward held an Old Folks party at the church. As soon as we left for school my mother went to the church to help prepare all the food. At noon all the children stayed in the rooms at their desks and the older children and some of the adults would carry full plates to the school. It seemed like the best food in the world. The Old Folks were served in the basement of the church where they had a program after the dinner. The Old Folks were considered old after about age 60 but many younger people went to



Patty - About 1936



River Heights Church

the dinner. We always went to the church after school to walk home with our mother.

When I was about four years old, the old church burned down. It was on a Saturday and the grade school had been practicing a program to be presented for the parents. The younger grades were sent home for lunch and one or two older children stayed to finish getting equipment needed for the production.

My brother John was one who stayed to help Mrs. Josephine Smith Heinrich, one of the teachers at the time, get the chairs in place. As the church burned I remember watching the smoke and flames from our

kitchen window. We didn't know until later how close it came to John. It was an old fashioned church with a round tower on one side where the Bishop's office was located. The ward had a sterling silver sacrament service with tiny silver cups which were melted in that fire. After that, when sacrament was passed around, they used two borrowed china plates for the bread and a pitcher of water with one glass for the water. My mother always took a clean handkerchief to wipe around the top of the glass before she would let anyone drink. This was the method of passing the sacrament until the ward could afford to buy another sacrament set. In those days, the members of the ward had to provide the money for new chapels. Sometimes it was a great hardship. I am sure that the ward did not have insurance for the church. That was unknown in those days.

From John's History:

The River Heights church was remodeled about 1931 and was completed in 1932. The main feature was a nice automatically fed furnace. I [John] was in the seventh grade under Leland Pulsipher who had four grades and Stephen and Virginia were in the lower grades taught by Josephine Smith (Heinrich). Miss Smith was going to have a program to be put on in the basement of the church on the newly refurbished stage. I had been volunteered by Mr. Pulsipher to help Miss Smith get ready. We needed an extra bench and I knew there were some extras in the two rooms in the top of the building that were used for the youngest Sunday School classes. It was quite warm in the rooms for February and I explained to Miss Smith that it was because the furnace was so efficient. We got the bench, about eight feet long, out the door and started down the spiral stairs to the main floor when Lyle came rushing up and said the roof was on fire. I dumped the bench over the side of the stairs since it was an open stairway and went outside. Sure enough, it was on fire. A Logan City fire truck and a Cache County truck arrived quickly but the city truck, which had chemicals could not be used because the fire was in the county and could only back up the county truck. The county truck could not operate because it was winter and there was no water in the irrigation ditch so the building burned to the ground.....The ruins were cleaned out and we held church in the vacant basement room of the school until the new church was completed about a year and a half later.

After the church burned, the people in the ward decided that they would use the school for church services. Today that would be considered politically incorrect. I don't remember how long we met there. My father was one of the planners and builders for the new church. I remember some of the discussions over what kind of stage and lighting was best. My father bought the small building that was used as a tool shed during the construction. Maxine and I were sure we could have it for a pig house. It wasn't too long before Stephen housed a pig there.

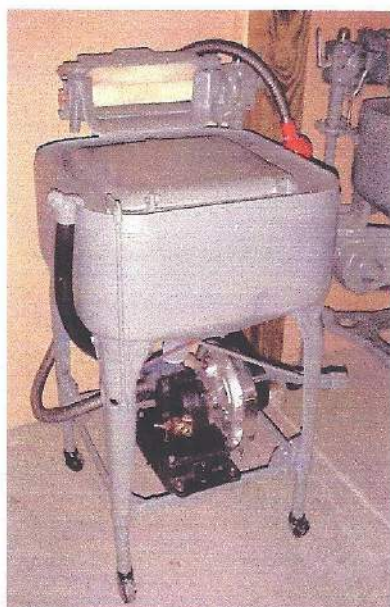
Appliances used in the "Maughan House" during the '20's through the '40's.



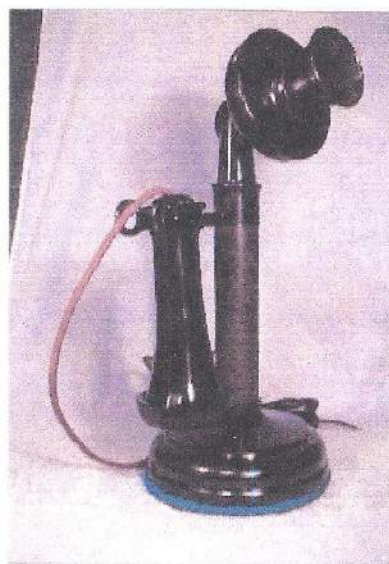
Monarch Wood Burning Stove - 1920's



Majestic Electric Stove - late 1930's



Maytag Washing - ca. 1930



Candlestick telephone - ca. 1930

After Zella graduated from High School she was able to go only one year to College in about 1934. Finances were too precarious. She went to work for the Logan Knit garment factory as a secretary. Then there were



Playing in the leaves - Maughan House

occasional treats from her. One Christmas Maxine and I each got a doll, baby buggy, small cupboard, play dishes, table and two chairs. We really thought Santa had come that year and we played house hours on end. My doll had red curly hair and I loved her. It was through making clothes for her that I learned to sew.

We took our buggies outside in the summer and had pretend houses in

the tall weeds around the house, or in the leaves on the hill in front of the house in the fall. One year the white top (a weed) was so high that when we sat down our mother couldn't see us. She called frantically until we stood up and she could see where we were. I saved the red haired doll for Marilyn. By that time the rubber bands had rotted and she fell apart. I threw her away and have been sorry ever since. Not too many years later there were doll hospitals where she could have been repaired.



Patty & Maxine

Along the top of the hill by our house was a row of about a dozen Lombardi poplars. In the fall Maxine and I would take the rake and make leaf houses along the slanted hill (leaves outlining each room). We would dress up in the old clothes of Zella or my mother and play grown up all day long in our fancy leaf houses.



Patty & Maxine

In the winter the pathway up to the front of the house became a wonderful place for all the neighbor children to slide on their sleds. If you were really good, the sled would flash out between the gate posts into the road beyond. I didn't ride the sled very often — it was Stephen's and I very soon became terrified of the slippery ice on the path. After a deep fall of snow one year we could go onto the North porch, leap off, fall flat on our faces and make snow angels by moving our arms and legs. That was the year the foxes escaped through downed fences.

My mother was a great believer in healthy practices. Therefore, we had to sleep with our bedroom windows open. In the winter this became a great trial. There

PRE-WASHING MACHINE LAUNDRY



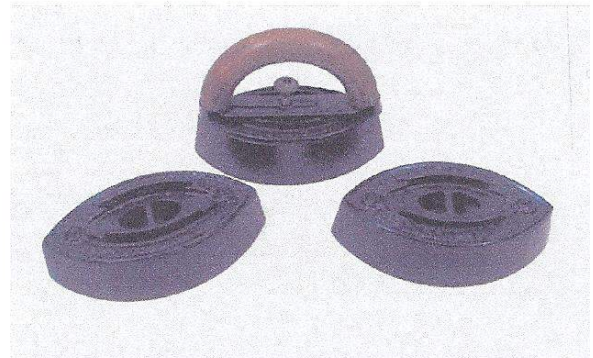
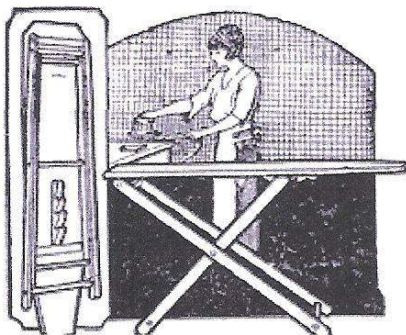
Boiler used on the coal burning stove to boil the clothes prior to scrubbing.



Scrubbing Board

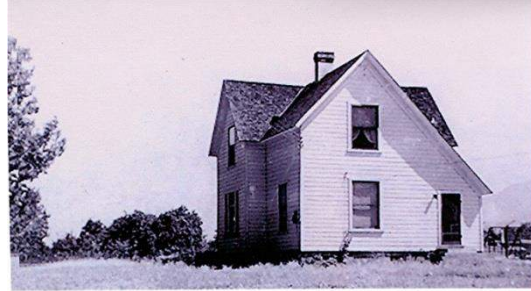


Wash Tub



Sad-irons used to iron the clothes. They were placed on the coal burning stove to heat, wiped off and then the clothes were ironed. We also used them, wrapped in a towel in the winter to keep keep our feet warm.

was no central heating. In fact I can only remember two stoves that were used for heating, the kitchen stove and the living room stove, both burning only coal. Sometimes there would be inch thick ice on the glass of the bedroom windows. Maxine and I wore long flannel nightgowns over our long underwear and took an old fashioned sad iron wrapped in a towel to bed with us to keep our feet warm. In the morning we would rush to the stove in the living room and dress behind it. The ladies of that time also believed in a spring tonic. Diets during the long cold winters were stored potatoes, carrots, and canned goods and sometimes a little meat. By spring everyone was white and thin. The tonic came in many forms. The only one I tasted was a tea made from sage brush and tasted terrible.



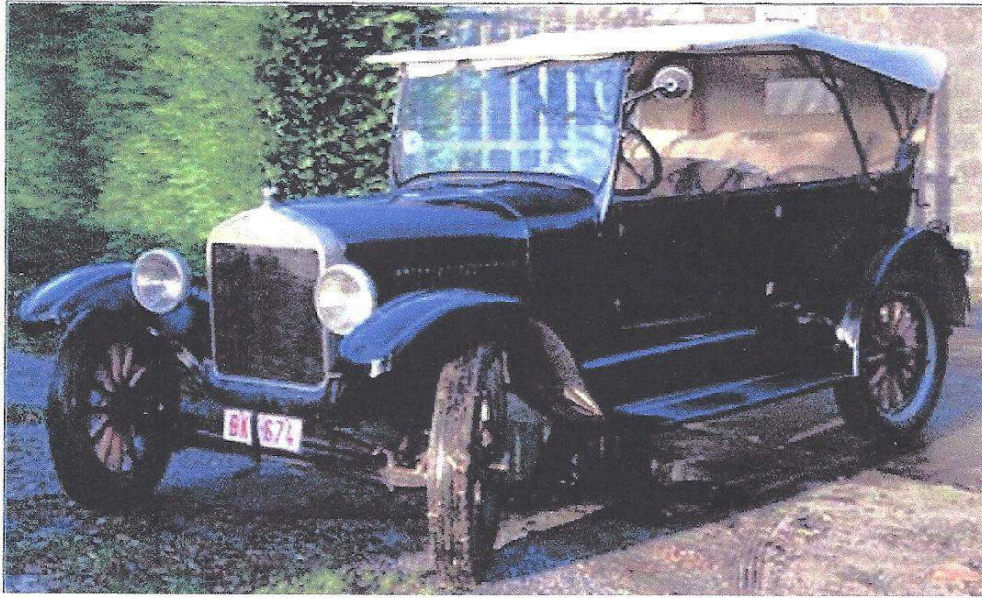
Maughan House after remodel

We used Zella's old slips for fancy dancing dresses. She was lucky enough to have linoleum on her bedroom floor and that's where we would pretend we were great ballet dancers with music playing only in our heads. We thought we were graceful and talented.

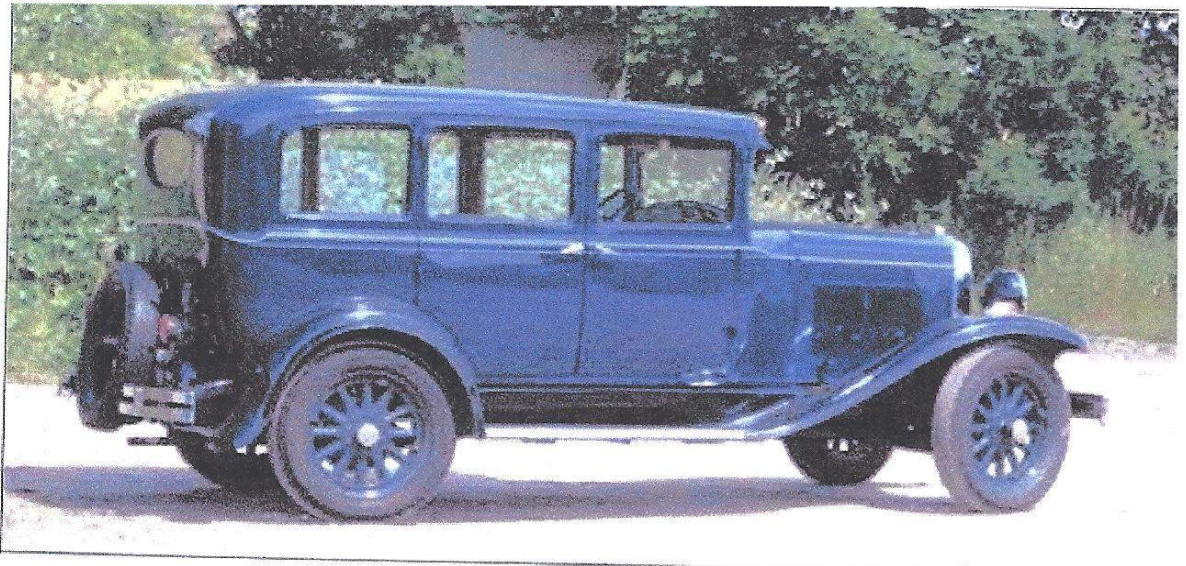
At some point we received roller skates and on bad days we would go upstairs to skate. The noise must have driven our mother mad. But she always knew where we were.

One year (probably about 1936) the Seminary Students gave my father some bookends. They were Indians in full battle dress peering over a large rock. These bookends were very important because of the chain of events they inspired. There was no place to put them and eventually this led to a partial remodeling of the house. The basement was dark and dank. A fruit room was located in one end close to a space for the winter coal supply and the skinning of the foxes was accomplished in the other end. My father cleaned it all out, put in cement floors with new steps leading up to the outside on the south side and another set leading up inside to the kitchen on the east side. For the first time my mother had a place besides the kitchen to wash and hang wet clothes in cold weather. She used a Maytag washer with a ringer — very efficient and modern for those times. Before the purchase of the Maytag Mother boiled clothes on top of the stove and used large galvanized tubs and a wash board to scrub them clean until the arrival of the washing machine. Mother kept the washer on the back porch where she washed in the summer and brought it into the kitchen during the winter until the basement was finished. The clothes were hung outside to dry whatever the weather. My father took the very large kitchen, added an entry hall where the old porch was and made a nice living room, doing all the work himself. Part of the porch was enclosed for a shower, separate tub and toilet. The old bathroom was left with only a wash basin and mirror. The rest of that

These cars are similar to the first ones I remember in our family.



1926 Ford Model T



1932 Dodge Sedan

room was closed off for the stairwell to the basement. The kitchen was crammed into a small bedroom known as the East Room used in the past for storage and for setting the skimming pans used for collecting the cream from the milk each day. The kitchen was very crowded. There was a new electric range (seldom used at that time), a new refrigerator for the first time in our lives, a small table and a couple of chairs used mostly for breakfasts. On the opposite wall was a cupboard (moved from the old kitchen) used for dishes, glasses, pots and pans and anything else that needed a place. Its small drawers were fun to explore. Next to the cupboard was the coal range with a water tank on the right side. Next to



Maxine and Patty - About 1937

that was the single sink and drain board – all very primitive by today's standards. We ate most of our meals in the dining room, the only place big enough to hold all of us. When the refrigerator was installed, my mother decided to put a little weight on us as we were all very thin. She used ice cream powders purchased from the grocery store mixed with our rich cream

and frozen in the ice cube trays of the refrigerator without the dividers. We ate it every night, trying all flavors. My favorite was made with home-made apricot nectar. Mother used the coal range for cooking. It provided heat and hot water and she was accustomed to it for making large meals. She was a very good cook.

There was no central heating in this house even after the remodeling. Each room had a stove. The kitchen and living room were always kept warm with the stoves, but the upstairs where the bedrooms were was never heated. The dining room had warmth from the kitchen and living room. In cold weather we never strayed far from the heat. I think Zella must have paid for most of the remodeling and new furniture. My father, at that time, made less than \$2000 a year teaching Seminary. The house was much more presentable in its new form than before, although I liked it as it had been. I remember lying back on the large table in the old kitchen watching snow flakes float down and listening to my mother tell me that Santa knew all about my good deeds and bad actions because the little birds told him. I always think of that when I hear the Phoebe Birds chirp in the wintertime. The large circular oak table where we all sat to eat had a Lazy Susan that fit in a hole in the middle. We couldn't use it because the boys would spin it too fast or argue about which way it should turn. The table was disposed of at the

end of the remodeling. A new table and chairs graced the fancy dining room.

I remember sitting on the floor close to my mother's knee while she sat in her low red rocking chair and read us stories from the classics – Rudyard Kipling, Ernest Thompson Seton, A Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. She instilled in us a love for good writing. A favorite poem by James Whitcomb Riley and read often was: "Little Orphant Annie Came to Our House to Stay."

After the remodeling had been completed, Stephen decided that there were kittens under the house in the unexcavated part of the basement. He asked me to help find them. He would crawl under the house and I would hold the light. In order to hold the light I had to stand on an aluminum water tank and hold a bare light hanging by its cord from the ceiling up close to the hole so that he could see where he was going. I did, but curiosity got the better of me. After Stephen was well under the house, I noticed a dripping tap next to the water tank. I wondered what would happen to the water if it hit the hot burning light. Well the inevitable happened, an electric shock ran from the light to the tank through my body. I screamed, jumped down from the tank, dropped the light and ran to find Mother, screaming every step of the way. Stephen was left in the dark, very angry, and had to squirm his way out of the narrow space in the dark. The only injury to either of us was fright. He never did find the kittens.



Virginia - Early
1934

When I was about 8, my sister Virginia became very ill on the day after school started (1934). I remember her lying on a fold out couch in the "North Room" close to where my mother could watch her. At first it seemed like a bad cold, but rapidly developed into something more serious. She became ill on Monday and by Friday morning she was dead. It was diagnosed by Dr. Ralph Porter as Bulbar Poliomyelitis, probably caught a couple of weeks before when the children went swimming at Logana Plunge. My father explained to Maxine and me that it was like a tiny chain inside her throat which unwound in her body until it touched her heart and she died. The grownups sent us away from the house when the casket was brought home. We were allowed back an hour or two later. But I only have a dim memory of her



Patty and Phebe - About
1937



Maxine, Patty, Charlie
& Cat - 1936

as she looked in the casket. She had had a new permanent wave for the opening of school the week before and she looked beautiful. I don't remember the funeral or the burial. I do remember having to spray my throat about three times a day for the next few weeks with ST-37, a strong disinfectant. The doctors thought that this might prevent another child from getting sick. About ten years later we lived only one block from another small child who died the same way. It was heartrending.

Since Virginia was the protector and surrogate mother for Maxine and me, we were kind of lost. I do remember my mother telling me that now I would have to watch over Maxine. She created a protective attitude in me that lasted for years.

From my earliest memories I knew that money was in short supply. As soon as I was old enough – probably about eight (1934) – I wanted to earn money



Patty & Charlie - About 1937



Patty - About 1938

like Stephen. My mother reluctantly let me go to Heber Olsen's place (the next farm) to pick strawberries in the spring. My grandmother wouldn't let me pick raspberries – she didn't trust my picking. The same with sour cherries – they had to be picked with stems and I wasn't careful enough. So the first couple of years I could only pick strawberries for a couple of dollars a season. Later on I was also able to pick string beans for Jess Zollinger.

One year (about 1936), I was walking to school following my usual trail down the hill toward the John Davis home, through their yard and out on the road to the school. Maxine wasn't with me for some reason – she might have been sick. I left the house and was halfway to where I would cross the irrigation ditch when I saw a strange dog. I had always been afraid of dogs since a dog of Ray Robinson, another fox farmer, snapped at me. This dog was a golden collie, the most beautiful specimen I have ever seen (he resembled the movie dog, Lassie). We looked at each other warily both probably terrified. The dog approached and while I tried to slip past him, he sniffed at my heels and I guess he thought I was vulnerable and needed to be protected. He followed me for a way and then dropped back. When I came home, he was still there and there he stayed for about eight years. We never fed him regularly or paid him too much attention. No one every inquired about him. My father tried to give him



Patty, Doug, Maxine - About 1936

away once but he couldn't be caught. We were his family and he wouldn't give us up. He went to school with us for the next couple of years, always between me and the road or me and anyone else who was around. He seemed to know when we came out for lunch and was there to escort us home. The same thing happened in the afternoon when school was out. Later when we moved to Summerwild Avenue, he followed us there and stayed with us for a few more years. Then the neighbors began to complain about a pack of dogs killing their chickens. My father felt he had no option; so he took the dog down in the field and shot him. The killing of chickens stopped so he obviously was one of the dogs involved. I understood much later what a wonderful dog he was and wished he could have had a better life. We never picked a name for him but Stephen and his friend called him by each others names and joked about it. "Charlie" was the name that stuck as he had the same large nose as his namesake Charlie Neiderhauser.

In the summer of 1933 our parents left us in the care of Zella and our cousin Opal Allen to go to the International World's Fair in Chicago. I still remember them driving up the road to the house on their return. I wasn't sure that I remembered who they were or that they were even coming back. We were glad to see them.

The years of 1939, 1940 and 1941 our parents left us for six weeks during the summer months to go to Palmyra, New York, to help present the pageant on the Hill Cumorah. Zella and Opal tended us the first year, Aunt Rhea and her girls looked out for us the second year and Eunice Allen stayed with us the third year. It was always a sad time for us when our parents were gone.

Story our mother read to us:

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

By *James Whitcomb Riley*

Illustrated by Will Vawter



Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth and
sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper-things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,

An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers, --
So when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, and his Daddy heerd him bawl
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flu, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' rounda-bout: -

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin
 An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
 An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks wuz there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an hide,
 They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
 she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,---
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



THE NEW REFRIGERATOR

In about 1935 or 1936, after the remodeling on the house was finished, my father purchased a Frigidaire refrigerator similar to the one in the picture. This was a new experience for our family. Previously, the only way to keep things cool was in the basement or in the ditch quite a way from the house. Since we were all very thin children my mother tried to devise ways to put extra weight on us. At that time ice cream powders were available in the grocery stores similar to the instant puddings that are on the shelves now. Mother would buy vanilla and then would flavor them herself. She would mix up the powder and two quarts of whole milk or heavy cream. Frequently she would put canned fruit that had been mashed into the mixture. Then she would remove the ice cube trays from



the refrigerator and remove the small separators from the tray and pour in the mixture. She would allow it to freeze for about an hour and then would beat the mixture up again with a fork or spoon. She may have repeated this process a couple of times until the mixture was frozen and very creamy. We had this ice cream for desert as many nights as she was able to spare the extra milk and cream. Our favorite was apricot nectar mixed in the ice cream. The cream she used was so heavy that it could not be poured, it had to be spooned. That kind of cream is not available any more.

The freezing compartment of the refrigerator was in the top part of the refrigerator and was very primitive by today's standards. It was so small that it only held two trays and very little else. It had to be defrosted frequently. The term "frig" used today came from the use of refrigerators made by Frigidaire. My parents were still using this refrigerator when I was grown up and had left home.

II



Leman Cave National Monument

In 1939 Zella married Ted Thatcher whose parents lived across the street from the Davis house at the bottom of the hill. When she left, my mother and father were able to move out of the room with the mattress precariously balanced over the closed stairwell into a real bedroom.

Zella's daughter, Evelyn, was born 6 June 1940. They were living outside Baker, Nevada at that time. Ted was a Ranger for the National Park Service and was stationed at Lehman Caves National Monument, now the Great Basin National Park. Zella stayed with us for a month before the birth of Evelyn. They lived such a long way from a town it was felt to be the safest thing to do. After Evelyn's birth, Zella stayed on for almost another month before Ted came to take her and the baby back to the park. They slept in the 'North' room so that my parents could keep their bed.

My grandparents had been getting older and had to be constantly watched over. My paternal grandmother, Emeline Crouch Wood, had developed a neurological condition caused by Pernicious Anemia. As long as my grandfather, John Wood, was around everything went well. His mental capabilities were very sharp. My maternal grandfather, Joel Ricks, was a widower and as he was also getting very elderly and in need of care, my parents finally decided to buy his farm, remodel the house and move there. This would mean my mother would still have to go back and forth to check on everyone. But at least one of the grandparents would be easier to look after. My father did all the remodeling work on the house with the help of Frank Thatcher, Ted's father.



Joel Ricks' House - 1940

On Thanksgiving Day 1940, we moved to 647 Summerwild Avenue. We had our dinner that night with Leland

Goff and his family at the Third Dam power plant in Logan Canyon, close friends of my parents.

* * * * *

When Ted and Zella married, Ted was a Reserve Officer in the army. He did not expect to be activated, but as conditions changed in Europe in early 1941, President Roosevelt called the reserves to active duty. In the summer of 1941, Ted was called to active service as a First Lieutenant and was stationed at Camp Callan near San Diego, California, a large army base. President Roosevelt knew that there was going to be a war and rapid training was in progress on all the army bases in the country. Ted was called in very early because he was a reserve artillery officer. While they were living in San Diego, Zella and Ted invited Maxine and I to go to back San Diego with them after they visited home. I was fourteen years old and had earned money over the summer working in the fields. I was allowed to go but Maxine stayed home, probably again for money problems and our mother being very protective of her health. Ted, Zella, Evelyn and I drove to San Diego and I stayed with them for two weeks. It was my first view of the Pacific Ocean and I was overwhelmed. We visited the zoo and beach as often as possible. It was a wonderful time for a 14-year-old. Then it came time for the trip home on the train. There were thousands of troops traveling at that time and it was difficult to get seats. They had what was called “the women’s and children car,” and I asked to be seated there. During all that time which must have been 15 or 20 hours, I couldn’t find the bathroom. I’m sure that someone was in there at the time I checked a closed locked door so I didn’t think there was a bathroom on the train. I didn’t drink anything and didn’t go to the bathroom until I was met at the Salt Lake Station by my father. I was on the train overnight. My father was late getting to the station in Salt Lake which left me feeling quite lost. For a little farm girl with no experience of the big, wide world it was a very traumatic trip. I was too shy to ask for help.

* * * * *

On the morning (September 1941) I was to attend High School for the first time, Stephen and I approached our father for the money to pay



South Cache High School

our fees. It would have amounted to about \$14.00. He was very angry about it for some reason (probably short money supply). Apparently this scene was played every year that someone went to the school from our home. I promised myself that I would never again ask for monetary help and I didn’t. By the time I got on the bus I was so shaken by the angry scene plus the fear that I had of attending such a large school (400 students)

that I was almost incoherent. The school had a very confusing registration system and I wasn’t able to get much information from Stephen as he went off with his friends. The long day finally ended with my classes being arranged despite my fears.

I never had much trouble with my studies although high school was a little more challenging than grade school. I was able to handle all the homework. The first year I remember taking typing, English, algebra, physical education and home making. The two most important happenings of that year were, first, that my older brother, John Jr., left home to attend Pennsylvania State University; second, that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and we were at war.



Pat, age 16 - 1942

We were not touched by the war as heavily as some families. Everyone had ration coupons for clothing and shoes, food (meat, butter and sugar) and gasoline. We had such a large group of people in our family that there were plenty of clothing coupons (when we could afford the clothes). The same was true of food. My mother preserved as much food as possible during the summer and fall and we always had a garden and a cow. The coupons were used mostly for meat and sugar. My father was considered a clergyman and had to travel constantly. Beginning in 1941 he worked as a Seminary Supervisor for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. For that reason, he was given a "C" ration card for gasoline which meant that we always had plenty when he was home on weekends. Except for Ted, none of my immediate

family was involved in the military operations. John at Pennsylvania State University, worked on war projects in the Physics Department.

Ted was sent to Port Townsend, Washington, at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He was moved shortly after to Ft. Bliss just outside of El Paso, Texas, where he was to be shipped overseas. In the summer of 1942, therefore, my father went to El Paso and helped Zella pack up her household and drove her home. She lived with us until the war was over in 1945. She worked most of that time as a private secretary for an attorney in Logan. Our mother tended Evelyn while Zella was gone. The house was very crowded—Grandpa Ricks in his basement room, Stephen in his basement room, Zella and Evelyn in the front bedroom upstairs, and Maxine and I in the back bedroom upstairs. This left my father and mother to make do with a studio couch in the living room. These conditions continued until Grandpa Ricks died on Thanksgiving Day in 1944. Then the bedroom situation eased. By this time Stephen had left home for Army Officers Candidate School. His service didn't last very long—only six months. They discovered that his back was in a very precarious condition and strenuous activity would

cause permanent damage; he was sent home with a medical discharge. John Jr. was also exempt from military service because his eyesight was so poor.

We lived so far from the high school (7 miles) that it was impossible to take part in any extracurricular activities and there was no extra bus service. The only things we could attend were the home football games which were always held on Friday afternoons. I think in my four years at



Dad working at the barn

the school I attended one basket ball game. Because of the war situation and lack of gasoline, there were few other activities going on. Many of the really good young teachers either were taken in the service or went to a more profitable job. I remember one family from River Heights moving to Bremerton, Washington, so that the father could work in the shipyards. We never saw them again. River Heights had a very stable population

and anyone moving out was a rarity.

Since my father was a supervisor in the seminary system, beginning in 1941, he was away from home during my teenage years for the entire week. He insisted that the farm work go on and we did the best we could. My mother had very frail health and was frequently ill. My father left her to cope with his various businesses later on, but this was after I was in college and unable to help much. Zella purchased a car soon after she came home with the salary she earned in the attorney's office. With both my father and Zella gone during the day it meant that the rest of the family was without any kind of transportation during the week. We rode the bus to school but any purchases from the stores a couple of miles away, had to be accomplished on foot.

In the spring of my first year in high school a call came for students to help thin sugar beets in the Valley. The beets were a major source of sugar for the country, but so many of the young men had left in the military that there was a shortage of workers. So I decided to help thin the beets to earn a little money. The thinning came very early in the spring, from middle to late March and school was dismissed for three weeks so that the students wouldn't skip classes. I worked for the entire three weeks thinning beets. The school systems in the county had teachers as supervisors of teams who went around to the different farms needing help. Mr. Frank Baugh, a teacher at Logan High School, was my supervisor. We had to be at the fields as soon as it was light which meant leaving home before six a.m. [This was before daylight savings time was even thought about.] We stopped about 2 p.m. This still made a very long day for 14 and 15 year old children. I was able to earn a little money

though. My mother gave me an empty baking powder can to hold my savings and from that time it was seldom empty. I also picked strawberries and string beans that year. Baby sitting wasn't the big earning business that it is now for girls. Parents seldom left their children for social events during the war. I only did baby sitting one time and decided never to do it again.

The older I grew the stronger the compulsion became to earn money. Between my first and second year of high school I worked in the fields. Between my second and third year of high school, Pearl Heninger, a neighbor, told my mother of a job with Logan Laundry and Dry Cleaners. I talked with Pearl and she said they had an opening for a girl to help with folding clean laundry. I went to the Laundry and applied for the job and was immediately hired. The pay was 12½¢ an hour or \$1.00 a day. I had to walk every day from home – about two miles each way. The work was hot and tedious but not especially hard. I eventually graduated to folding sheets after they were ironed in the large mangle. One person stood at each end of the mangle and took hold of the sheet as it came through hot from the irons. My first part of that job was to help fold the sheet lengthwise and then take about 5 steps, hand my end to the other folder and step back. The other folder did the last two folds and stacked the sheet. Eventually I was made head folder. It was a fast tiring job but it was a nice feeling to fold things neatly. We washed and ironed all the sheets for the military forces that were studying on USAC campus. There were a lot of sheets.



Pat - about 1944

One day as I was folding sheets with a rather heavy set lady in her middle thirties, she suddenly put her hands to her head. By the time I got to her she was starting to lose consciousness and since she was so heavy I couldn't hold her upright and had to ease her to the floor. I ran for help. By the time I got back to her, she was in the full grip of a Grand Mal epileptic seizure. I had never seen one before and was terrified. I finally remembered to tell the ladies to turn off the mangle and stop the sheets coming through the machine. By then the victim had regained consciousness and the other ladies took her to the rest room. They found someone to help me finish the day's folding. By the time I got home I was really shaking and was glad to be with my family.

I worked all that summer until just a couple of days before school started. I was able to pay for all my school fees, books and some clothes. It was a good feeling not to have to ask for money.

We listened avidly to all news (radio) broadcasts about the war – sometimes it was good—sometimes bad. It was hard, especially for Zella, to keep cheerful. (Ted had been sent to Iceland for special artillery

training. He stayed there until the allies were ready to invade Europe – over a year.) It helped us to have lively little Evelyn running around getting into mischief. It was especially nice for my mother because with Zella working full time, my mother had the full care of Evelyn whom she devotedly loved. Maxine and I had such a crowded bedroom that it was a paradise for Evelyn. She was always getting in places we didn't want her.



The Hated Cow & Pat

When Stephen entered college he refused to milk the family cow any longer. My father didn't want to get rid of the cow so it fell to my lot to milk her. My father went with me the first day to make sure I knew what to do and could properly strip her bag. This started a hate relationship with that cow that lasted until I no longer had to milk her. She would never do anything I wanted her to do and unless I put hobbles on her, she would try to kick the bucket over. I had to milk at 6 a.m., rain, shine, or snow, and again at 5:30 p.m. Some of my most vivid memories are of dark icy cold mornings with a kerosene lantern as

my only light. I wore heavy boots with clasps on the front and a heavy coat and hat. I also had to carry warm water and a cloth to wash the cow's bag off before milking.

The house was built on the edge of the bluff – the barn and fields were below. Going to the barn entailed going down a very steep set of steps to a winding path. In wintertime this could be very slippery and difficult to negotiate. Taking care of the cow included mucking out the barn, laying down fresh straw, giving fresh hay to her laced with molasses and then hobbling her so that I could milk. The whole process took from 30 to 45 minutes depending on how cooperative the cow was. In the summer time it was made much more difficult because the cow was in the pasture and as soon as she saw me coming, she went to the farthest corner of the pasture so that I would have to go a long way to catch her. I have always felt that my fingers were more pointed than my father's and she took exception to that. I milked this cow until well into my first year of college when I refused to do it any more. The smell of the stables always seemed to cling to my skin and clothes and no matter how much I scrubbed I couldn't get rid of it. The main thing that I had to look forward to was that my father took care of the milking on Saturday and Sunday and usually on Monday mornings. I looked forward to these days all week long.

Whenever I was sick or couldn't milk, my mother and Maxine did it and that gave me such a guilt complex that I often milked when I

shouldn't have. Toward the end of the time



Pat working at the Soils Laboratory

that I milked, the cow had a calf which was stillborn. I happened on it at milking time and couldn't understand what was happening. The cow was licking off the birth sac and I thought she was eating the calf. I found out later that the cow had Bang's disease. This disease in cows causes Undulant Fever in humans. Her milk was not normal and my mother learned how to pasteurize it so we could use it. I was never able to totally enjoy milk after this experience. My father got rid of the cow shortly after. During school times, I milked the cow, hurried to the house, washed as fast as I could, ate my breakfast and was on the way to catch the bus by 7:15 a.m. Afternoons I got home after 4 p.m., rested or worked on homework and milked by 5:30 p.m.

Between my third and fourth year of high school, I again went to work for the Laundry. This time I got 24¢ an hour. I worked for them for about six weeks when the heat, tension, and the untoward activities of the elderly owner started to get to me and without knowledge of any other job available, I quit. Unknown to me at the time I also became afflicted with "Adolescent Onset Unilateral Scleroderma." When people get this later in life it is invariably fatal. I was supposedly lucky that I got it in my adolescent years, because after extensive scarring, it went into remission. At the time I began showing symptoms, I probably didn't feel well but didn't know why. It was two or three years before it was diagnosed. There was little treatment for this disease. I later took high concentrations of niacin for a short time, but could not tell whether it helped.

I had decided to pick my parent's raspberries that summer to see if I could sell them to a grocery store after quitting the laundry. At the time I had no idea just how I would deliver them to the stores, since we had

no transportation during the week. I went to the raspberry patch one morning to start picking. At noon my mother said Jim Thorne (a member of our ward) had called and asked Maxine to work for him. She had accompanied him on the piano when he sang in various wards. He wanted someone who could type, take a little shorthand and who also knew a little about chemistry. Maxine had not yet started on business classes and I had just finished a year of chemistry. So I went to work for Jim Thorne in the Soil Conservation Service Soils Laboratory at Utah State Agricultural College (1942). Jim taught me simple laboratory techniques for testing soil samples collected by agents who went around the state to farms where there were particular crop troubles. We tested for the amount of organic matter in the soil, how much salt was present, what type of soil it was—anything to help describe the soil for the farmer—and then we wrote reports and made recommendations. I was originally hired to take the place of Jim's assistant who had taken a long vacation. When she came back Jim found funds to keep me on and I worked for him for seven years. It paid for the rest of my high school and all my college plus bedroom furniture, a cedar chest, a set of sterling silver, and all my clothing. During the times when Jim had a light work load or insufficient funds I was loaned to Dr. Howard Peterson in the Agriculture Department of the College or to Dr. Ethelwyn Wilcox in the Nutrition Department.

During the war the government offices were required to work six days a week, this meant that even after I started back to school in the fall I was able to work Saturdays and to continue earning money. The pay was much better than the laundry. I started at about 50¢ an hour. By the time I finished I was making \$1.67 per hour—good wages at that time for a girl.

On the day that the Americans and English invaded Normandy (6 June 1942), we heard the news before we left for school. Maxine and I stayed home—we didn't want to miss anything. There was little for the public to hear but we wanted to be in on whatever happened. We knew that Ted was poised to enter Normandy but didn't know when. As it happened, he did not go until about two weeks into the invasion when the field artillery guns were needed for a further push into France. News reporting was not anything like it is today. Photographers did not have the ability to send instant pictures and it was weeks or months before we heard some of what went on in the battlefields. Even reporters were not allowed to tell what was happening. A great deal more government control was in place over all public reports.

During my teenage years, I attended the Mutual Improvement Association or MIA once a week. Now it is called "Youth Activities." Leaders tried to have other activities for us. We were so far from the High School that none of us in River Heights were able to take advantage of much that was offered by the school. They never ran the bus for anything except attending school. Since gas was rationed, it was not feasible to

use private cars. Also during this time as soon as a boy turned 18 he was taken into one of the services unless he had some physical defect. This left the girls without escort for anything. Finally the girls in the Ward got the idea of having parties for some of the servicemen who were having special training at the College. There were about a dozen of us so one of the girls would call up the Commanding Officer and say we were having a party and would like to have about a dozen of their men come—preferably all tall and young. It seldom turned out this way. Also there was a dance hall in Logan called “The Dansante” where many of the men went for recreation on Saturday nights. I found out that the girls in the Ward were going to these dances. Zella decided that I didn’t have enough social activity. She made dresses for me so that I could attend these dances. I never enjoyed them too much. The girls clustered around the entry and the men milled around to look us over and then picked a girl to dance with. Sometimes it would turn out pretty well and the pair danced all evening and sometimes the men would take the girl home in a taxi. Most of the girls in River Heights were fairly aggressive and most times would let someone take them home. I could never bring myself to do what they did and usually danced once or twice in an evening. There were many of the girls that had relationships develop that way and probably many were intimate with the soldiers. The men stayed to study about three months at the College and then would be moved on to another area for further study. My cousin, Claire Larsen, met her husband, Robert Hammond, at the time he was studying at the College, as did her sister, Marian, who married Ted Crockett. For the most part these relationships were transitory and the men were just at the dances as a release from boredom. I never had anyone take me home or come around a second time. I guess I was just too shy. The Dansante boasted a big band and was always very crowded during the war years.

In the winter of 1945, I decided to get my Patriarchal Blessing and have included it here:

Logan, Utah, February 8, 1945. A patriarchal blessing given by Patriarch Samuel B. Mitton on the head of Patricia Wood, daughter of J. Karl Wood and Phebe Ricks, born on Dec. 23, 1926, at Millville, Utah. Recorded in Book B.

Dear Patricia, may the grace of God our Father attend us in this sacred hour and speak through me His Servant words that He would approve and answer upon your head, that this patriarchal blessing may be a source of encouragement, strength, and testimony unto you. Be assured that the Lord acknowledges blessings given by the Priesthood in His name, and upon those who are faithful.

What a beautiful heritage you have! You were born in the new and everlasting covenant in the dispensation of the fullness of times. The Lord has set His hand the last time to redeem His children from sin and degradation. And through revelation and the ministering of angels the fullness of the everlasting Gospel has been revealed and the Holy Priesthood restored to the earth.

You came through the lineage of the House of Israel, through Ephraim, the choice son of Joseph whom the Lord so loved and blessed.

Hence, you are an heir to all the blessings and promises that the Lord has given to His chosen people.

I say unto you that none of these blessings shall be withheld from you. In the holy temple you shall receive every endowment and sealing ordinance given there. I bless you in the name of the Lord that you may have the privilege of being sealed in marriage to a worthy man, an elder in Israel, for time and all eternity over the holy altar, one with whom you shall go through life in union and love, keeping all the commandments of the Lord, thus proving your worthiness to go back to your Heavenly Father, the Author of your life.

I bless you to become a mother and have a posterity of noble sons and daughters who will bring honor and not disgrace to your name. This is the greatest mission required of you, to fulfill the first great commandment given to your mother Eve, to be fruitful, to multiply and replenish the earth. That the hand of the Lord may guide you and open up your way to the accomplishment of this mighty purpose, I admonish you to commune with the Lord with a pure heart and a pure desire, and He will hear and answer your prayers, because He loves you as abundantly as He did Sarah of old. No daughter in all creation is nearer and dearer to Him than you.

With your free agency you have the privilege of choosing your course in life, and the responsibility is yours to care for your body and your whole being, keeping yourself clean chaste and unspotted from the sins of the world.

You are a messenger of salvation. You have received the Gospel. Much has been given to you in the way of an heritage, and much is required of you. You are called out from the world, and you are responsible for the example you set before your associates.

I bless you in your body and in your mind that they shall never be impaired, but remain strong and well throughout your life. I bless you with power over sickness and disease of every name and nature. I promise you that messengers from the unseen world, even holy angels, shall be your companions and guide you in all circumstances of your life.

You are in your youth. Life is before you. You shall see many great things transpire.

Because of your faith and devotion to your Heavenly Father and His cause, no harm shall befall you. A calling awaits you which you should fulfill. It is that you should labor in the holy temple for the redemption of the dead. You shall open the door of salvation to many, and when you meet them on the other side on that Celestial shore, they will fall upon your neck and call you blessed.

By authority of the Holy Priesthood I seal you up against the powers of the destroyer unto the day of your redemption, with a promise that you shall never be overcome, but the doctrines of the Gospel and the beautiful truths that have been revealed through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith shall distill upon your soul as the sweet dews from heaven.

The realization of these blessings and the fulfillment of these promises are predicated upon your faithfulness, and I seal them upon you by authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen

(Signed) Samuel B. Mitton, Patriarch

* * * * *

There are a few things that stand out in my mind during my last year of High School. One was the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been President for as long as I could remember—four terms. Then on 12 April 1945, he had a massive stroke and died shortly after he had been elected for the fourth term. We had a special assembly to hear the funeral service and I still remember the drum beat as they took his body to lie in state at the Capitol building in Washington. (This was before TV.) Harry Truman was sworn in as President immediately and it fell on his shoulders to make the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan. There has been much talk about how terrible it was to drop such a devastating bomb on those people. But most people who say such things do not remember how cruel the Japanese were to their captives and what senseless things they did. They also don't remember the attitude of the Japanese soldier. They were fearless and didn't care if they lost their lives. It was all for the glory of the rising sun. When the bomb was dropped most Americans felt nothing but extreme pride that we could develop something that would stop all wars. Hindsight is 20/20 and we know now it was the wrong thing to do. Coming home from work one August day (1945) I heard the sirens of the Fire Department blaring and the Japanese war was over. The Germans had surrendered in April of that same year.

* * * * *

When I was about 10 years old, it was decided that I should take piano lessons from Dorothy Montrose paid for by Zella. I practiced on an old pump organ that we had but sometimes I was allowed to practice at



Pat - About 1945

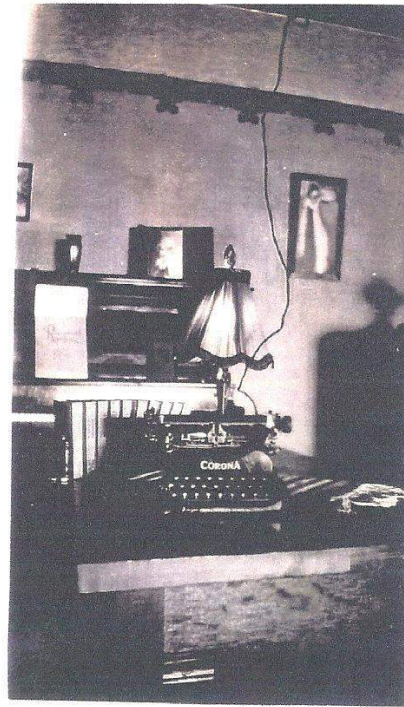
Grandma Wood's house on her piano. I don't remember her helping me practice but she might have as she was trained musically. I probably took piano lessons for two years or until Zella married. I don't remember that Maxine started at the same time that I did but she probably was with me. I do remember that we walked to lessons together some of the time. Maxine was much better at the piano than I and I was hard pressed to stay ahead of her. I have vague memories of recitals. I played Mozart's Minuet in G in grade school for some of the kids to dance

during the Christmas program while I was in the fourth grade. After we moved to Summerwild Avenue, Grandpa Wood died (1943) and we took their piano home. Grandma Wood was not functioning very well by this time. Lyle had married and was living in half of their house with his wife and family. They watched over her for a few years.

MY MUSIC EDUCATION



I learned to play the piano on the old organ that was in Maxine and my bedroom. It was to have been thrown out but my father saved it so that we could learn to play. I practiced everyday on the organ and two or three days a week I went to Grandpa Wood's house to practice on their piano. We had to be very careful not to disturb them and usually went to practice before school in the morning for 30 minutes at a time. We think the piano was a Vose & Sons and it was almost black in color. The pictures below show where it was placed in the parlor at Grandpa's house. We used the swivel stool to sit on until my brother John built a piano bench in his high school shop class.



First Permanent Wave Machine that I remember.



The Permanent Wave solution was applied. Then the hair was curled around the rods. The clamps from the electrical source was applied. Then the electricity was turned on to heat the clamps. The weight of the rods and clamps was extremely heavy on the neck and caused a lot of discomfort. I think they remained on for 30 minutes. When the heat was too much for the skin under the rods, the operator would fan it with a magazine. Cold waves were not invented until about 1940.

There was one episode associated with the piano, when I was 14 or 15. I had been asked to play the piano in Sacrament meeting. It must have been a solo because the regular organist, Lucy Bowen, played for the singing. After I played I sat on a bench along one side of the chapel. The deacons sat directly across the chapel from me. It was very quiet during a speech and presently I saw a tiny mouse darting here and there near the organ. The deacons saw it too and we all had a terrible time trying to keep from laughing out loud. The time came for the final hymn to be sung. The organist sat at the organ and began to play. This was the old-fashioned organ with pedals to pump air to make the notes sound. As she pumped, the little mouse came back and sniffed around her heels. If she had known it was there, she would have been on top of the organ. My mother was quite incensed with me later until I explained what had caused me to snicker like I did.



Pat - About 1948

When I was about 16, a new teacher came to the Logan High School Seminary who was a very fine pianist. My father made arrangements for me to take lessons from him. I think he only did it as a favor to my father. I played the same few pieces for over three months. I hated the pieces and could never learn them to his satisfaction. So I finally gave up on the piano. If he had given me any encouragement whatever, I probably would have continued with the lessons.

I enjoyed my last year of High School. I knew I had done well and had several scholastic certificates to show for it. My typing was only average but I passed 140 words per minute in dictated shorthand tests before I graduated. Working for Jim Thorne had given me more confidence in myself and I felt I was ready for college. On graduation night I wore a light blue suit and high heels which made me over 5' 10" tall – taller than 90% of my class. The suit was very pretty and I wore it for a long time. It had been paid for with my own money.



Old Main - About 1948

I wasn't fearful at all over going to college. I had been working on campus for a long time and was reasonably well acquainted with the buildings. I also had plenty of money for my fees and didn't have to ask my father for anything.

The war ended in 1945 and at the time I entered college the servicemen were beginning to be discharged and to come back to the campus, and many of those who came back had their

educations paid for under the GI Bill. The required classes were very

crowded. Ted was discharged in the fall of 1945 and it took 2 or 3 months for him to unwind and to decide what to do. Ted and Zella eventually went to Berkeley, California, for graduate school.

Grandpa Joel Ricks passed away in 1944 and Grandma Wood went to California to live with my father's sister, Grace Wood Gordon, for about a year. My mother and father were able to move downstairs to my Grandfather's bedroom and for the first time in many years, had some privacy. I bought a bedroom set to take the place of the one Zella took and Maxine stayed in the back bedroom. Stephen, who occupied the basement bedroom, married Elizabeth Griffin in 1947 and moved out. So for a few years there were just four of us at home.



1947 and moved
Old Faithful -
Yellowstone

In the summer of 1946, Ted, Zella and Evelyn took Maxine and I on a trip to Yellowstone National Park. It was a beautiful time of year to go and Ted, being knowledgeable about nature was a very good guide.



Pat - 1949

I enjoyed my college classes and made a few new friends. For part of the time I was in college there was a bus service, which I used although I did walk (two miles) part of the time. For a while Maxine and I paid for some rides with a neighbor. Occasionally we got rides with Jim Thorne. There never was a car at home, either for us to drive or ask for rides. My father was gone all the time.

One summer I was loaned to Dr. Howard Peterson and Dr. Ethelwyn Wilcox to work on a nutrition project in Davis County. There was a house on the College Farm in Farmington where we stayed for about three weeks working on a project with peas. My job was to take the shelled peas and put them through a sorter and then help can them. After getting acquainted with Dr. Wilcox I decided to register as a student in nutrition. This wasn't a conscious decision – it just seemed the easiest thing to do and you had to state a major to register. I stayed in the Nutrition Department through graduation and to a Master's Degree.

In the summer of 1947, when I was about 20 years old, Aunt Grace asked my father for permission to bring my Grandmother Emeline Wood, back to River Heights from San Francisco. She had become very hard to care for and since Aunt Grace worked all the time, she felt Grandma needed more attention. Grandma would walk away from the Gordon house



Emeline Wood

looking for her own house frequently. Probably as a compensation to my parents, when she came to bring Grandma, she invited me to go back with her to visit Zella who was then living in Richmond, California. I was delighted and, along with Uncle Jim and my cousin Doug, had a marvelous trip up through Oregon to the coast, down the coast of Oregon, through the Redwood Forest to their home in San Francisco. They were very kind to me and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Zella and Ted came to the Gordon's house for dinner a couple of days later and I went to Richmond with them for a two week visit. They took me to see all they could of San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, where I had my one and only roller coaster ride, Stern Park for a concert and many other places I don't remember. Stephen and his wife Beth arrived to go to school while I was there along with a friend of mine, Ilan Westmoreland, whom I had neither invited nor expected.



Pat - Graduation - 1950

Ilan and I took a bus back to Utah after about a week. Zella and Ted who had a tiny apartment must have been glad to see us go.

After I graduated from College, Dr. Wilcox became involved in a Nutrition Project that covered several western states. She hired me as a technician to test blood samples for Vitamin C content. The study in Utah involved children who had a history of Rheumatic Fever, testing them against children who did not have such a history. In New Mexico, Mexican-Americans and Anglo-Americans were tested against each other for dietary differences. In Idaho the testing was the relationship of Vitamin C and glucose to dental caries. Dr. Wilcox sent me to Las Vegas, New Mexico, for a week to study the micro blood testing techniques that were necessary for the work. I rode the train from Ogden. We had to go to Laramie, change trains, go through Colorado into New Mexico. It was a long ride. When I got back to Logan in 1950, I was sent to Ogden for the six months that it took for that project to be completed. I had made arrangements to live with my cousin, Donna Kowallis, for the six month



Nutrition Lab. - Pat 1950

period. Her apartment was located at 2550 Quincy Avenue in Ogden. It was right off 25th Street and just a few blocks from the Health Center. Donna was a secretary at McKee Dee Hospital in Ogden and was trying to learn x-ray techniques so that she could earn more money. It wasn't registered training and eventually the hospital cracked down on her and wouldn't let her do it any more. She was trying hard to catch her boy friend, Boyd Hansen, whom she later married. We heard in about 2003 that the house we lived in was raided in a major drug bust. It was a very nice neighborhood when I lived there.

I enjoyed the work and the people I worked with in Ogden. They were very congenial and hard working and there weren't any hitches to the work being done. The hardest part was watching the children have blood drawn. I was frequently called on to help hold them down. One thing I remember about that particular time in Ogden was going to the dentist to have an impacted wisdom tooth pulled. I was able to go home to Logan on the bus for most weekends and I was glad to go that weekend. The bus service to Logan was frequent and cheap. This service has since been discontinued.



Dept. of Health, Boise, Idaho

On New Year's Day, 1951, I caught a bus from Logan and went to Boise, Idaho, for the next phase of the Nutrition study under Mrs. Kathleen Porter from the University of Idaho at Moscow. Boise was a small town and very beautiful. It was mid-winter but a fairly mild one. We stayed there from January through the end of March. I had an apartment in a basement not too far from the Health Center where we worked, sharing it with a woman named Shirley Bringham from East Lansing, Michigan. She was nearly 10 years older than I and kind of old maidish, but we got along all right. It was the first time that I had tried to teach anyone about the gospel. My attempt did not produce any fruits. I didn't attend Church too often in Boise. It was too far to walk and the buses were very irregular.

Toward the end of March we moved the whole project to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, the most beautiful place I have ever lived. We had a small apartment right on the lake shore in a house that was used mostly for tourists during the summer. The apartment was totally furnished, but the cooking facilities consisted of a very small fold out hotplate. The whole kitchen folded into a cupboard so that the room was more like a living room. There was a separate bedroom.



Pat by apartment in Boise

We walked as much as we could to see the sights and even managed to go on a motor boat mail route to cabins facing the lake. Mrs. Porter took us many places to show us the major sights of Idaho---McCall, a major ski resort, the ski resort of Sun Valley, views of the Snake River, etc.

I flew home from there in the middle of June — the first time I had ever flown and besides that on a propeller driven plane. It was an exciting experience to see the Great Salt Lake from the air for the first time. After the first of July I no longer had a job and worked again for Jim Thorne for a few months. On 1 September 1951 I had a teaching assistantship in the Home Economics Department for one year for \$80 a month, a great loss of wages, and was assigned to a small office in the

Home Economics building. The assistantship was under the direction of Miss Priscilla Rowland, a very old-fashioned teacher. At the time that department was in a building on the brow of the hill just above the 4th North Street going to Logan Canyon. Dr. Wilcox allowed me to use part of the data from the Ogden Nutrition Project as a thesis for my Master's Degree.

In October I went through the trauma of an oral examination for qualification for my Master's. It still has the power to leave me upset. I felt that I had totally failed but was informed that I had passed. My father told me that was why he

had never gone ahead with his Master's. He was too afraid of the exam. I worked hard that year as assistant to Miss Rowland. I'm sure she didn't want an assistant but was forced into it by the Dean of the School of Home Economics — Dr. Ethylene Greaves. Most of the jobs Miss Rowland gave me to do were piddling and not even worth my time, but I did whatever she asked. The reason I had asked



Maxine BS, Pat MS - 1952

for the assistantship was to get some College teaching experience. But I wasn't allowed to do that. I had my portable typewriter (manual) and in between classes worked on the written part of my thesis. I did the calculations on Dr. Wilcox's calculator. (There were no computers then.) The title of my thesis was: "Ascorbic Acid and Glucose and their Relation to Rheumatic Fever in Utah; Their Relation to Dental Caries Incidence in Idaho."

In the spring Maxine became engaged to Ralph Campbell, a long time friend from High School. By June I had finished everything on my thesis and was ready for graduation. Maxine and I graduated together, she had married Ralph the day before. They left shortly after that for South Dakota where Ralph had a job.

I went back to work for Dr. Wilcox while at the same time looking for a full time job. In December of that year (1952) I heard of a job in Las Cruces, New Mexico. My parents took me there shortly before Christmas, where I was interviewed by Miss Edith Lantz, head of Nutrition Research at New Mexico State College. Las Cruces was a very small College town on the Rio Grande River, only 60 miles from El Paso, Texas, with a distinct Spanish influence. After the interview my parents took me home by way of Ft. Collins, Colorado, where Zella lived. We spent Christmas with them and then went back to Logan through one of the worst ground blizzards I have ever seen.

In April I was offered the job with Miss Lantz for \$5300 a year (more than my father was making at the time) and decided that even though I didn't know how to drive, I didn't want to live in this spread-out country without a car. Through a discount place in Salt Lake, my father arranged for me to buy a 1953 Plymouth for \$1500. He brought it home in the middle of June. I had just two weeks to learn to drive it and pass my driving test. I made it through the kindness of an old grade school friend, Bob Bowen, who was the officer in charge of Motor Vehicle Licenses in Logan. The last week in June my father and I drove to Las Cruces, New Mexico. On our arrival we met Bishop Eldon Hansen of the small Las Cruces ward and were directed to a small apartment located in Mesilla Park about 1½ miles from the New Mexico State College campus which I immediately rented, and then took my father to the bus station for the trip home.



Laboratory - Las Cruces, NM, 1952

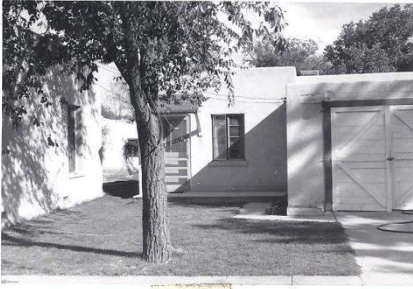
My job was in the Nutrition Department at the State College and consisted of doing calculations from research that had been collected during their Nutrition Project, completed at the same time as our project in Utah. We worked on this research on the experiment farm about 2 miles west of campus, but only a short distance from my apartment. We stayed there for about six months, but the campus department was being remodeled, making offices and laboratories for the staff members. As soon as it was completed we moved to the campus. I worked on the



Marjorie White & Eunice Kelley -
NM

statistics from the New Mexican Nutrition project and on other projects for Miss Lantz. As I was also employed by the Home Economics Department, I taught a beginning nutrition class. I enjoyed that even though I was required to use the notes belonging to the Department Head, Dr. Helen Barbour. She didn't have time to teach the class herself but wanted it taught her way. Another faculty member was Dr. Julia Lee, an older lady who also taught Home Economics classes. Over the next couple of years the department expanded and two more people were hired—one to teach cooking, etc, Marjorie White—the other was Eunice Kelley, who worked in the laboratories. Both were years older than I was. I learned several years after I left Las Cruces that Eunice had been murdered while working in the garden next to her house. She had no family nearby. It was very sad.

There was a very congenial group of young people in the Las Cruces ward – married and unmarried. White Sands Proving Ground and Missile Range was only 30 miles away. This was an area for the testing and evaluation for the armed services missile developments. Many of the ward members worked there. College people, as I was, were members and also many farming families who had lived in the area for decades. We had many enjoyable activities together. I



Las Cruces Apartment - 1954

taught 4-year-old children in Sunday School the whole time I lived there. One of the members of the ward decided that I needed a roommate, and provided one for me named VeLois Nielsen. She lived with me for one year.

The last year I spent in Las Cruces, a woman named Virginia Sorenson moved to town. She married very late in life after receiving her PhD. Her husband accepted a job in the Agricultural Department. Virginia decided that she wanted my job and set about trying to get it. She enlisted the help of a very young naïve secretary to help her. Eventually my friends started to tell me the stories she had been passing around about me. She even told the people at the University of Wyoming that I wanted to move to Laramie and much to my surprise I received an offer of a job from them. All this was extremely embarrassing to me and I wrote to the State College in Ft. Collins, Colorado, to see if they had any positions available. They did, although I had to take a cut in pay. This whole episode was very disturbing to the Department. I told them everything that had happened and know that Mrs. Sorenson was not hired due to the underhanded methods she used to get hired. I'm sure that it took them a while to recover from this episode.

While I was living in New Mexico I received a letter from Mervin Nielson whom I had met many years before in Jim Thorne's laboratory. He worked for his uncle, Walter Peay in the entomology department and often worked with Stephen. He visited Zella and Ted in Colorado in 1954 and they gave him my picture and address. Toward the end of my stay in New Mexico he finished his PhD and took a job in Mesa, Arizona. He visited me in Las Cruces and I took him to El Paso and Juarez, Mexico, so that he could see all the sights. We corresponded for about two years.



Mervin William Nielson



Pat - Colorado - 1951

The job in Colorado was ready for me about 1 October 1955 and I left New Mexico sadly — I had many friends there. I arrived at Zella's place in Ft. Collins during General Conference. She had located a place for me to live sharing a house with another old maid, Marjorie Ball, and her cat. The arrangement lasted only six months. I couldn't adjust to her ways and she was quite patronizing in her attitude to me. I always felt like an interloper in her home. Her cat didn't like me either. I moved from there to a small very inadequate apartment in Aunt Lucy Thompson's place, a friend of Zella's and a member of the church. She and her husband Ab were remodeling a room at the back of her house. It was not completed but I rented it in spite of having to climb through open studs to enter the place. By this time Merv and I were getting quite serious and so I only stayed in this apartment for 2 or 3 months.

I flew to Mesa, Arizona in April 1956 and visited with Merv. He took me to see the sights and to see the musical, "The King and I." While there someone stole my purse with all my belongings and my beloved camera. Fortunately for me I had left my ticket and some other papers in my suitcase, so I was able to fly home. As I arrived in Denver, the air line mistakenly told Zella and Ted that my plane had already landed. They thought that I had not been on the plane and went back to Ft. Collins. I wasn't able to get to Ft. Collins that night as it was getting late. I had to find a taxi, get him to take me to a hotel and catch a bus for Ft. Collins at 6 a.m. the next morning. It was a comedy of errors.

* * * * *

The laboratories at Ft. Collins were in an old annex of the Nutrition Department. We did research on meat and other related studies. I made measurements of meat by air displacement. In connection with this I had the experience of going to a slaughter house in Denver. Blood samples had to be collected from University beef raised on special diets and we were required to go into the area where they killed the animals to catch the blood as it dripped from their necks as they hung on high hooks. It was important to know everything possible about the meat samples. This visit was an unspeakable experience. Animal slaughter is brutal. We could hear pigs squealing in the next room as they were killed and the beef bawling as they were driven up the ramp where they were hit on the head.

Merv came to visit me in Ft. Collins in June. I took him to the beautiful mountains sightseeing and fishing. By the time he left we were engaged and I had to resign my job, go to Logan, get ready for a wedding and prepare to move to Mesa, Arizona.

III

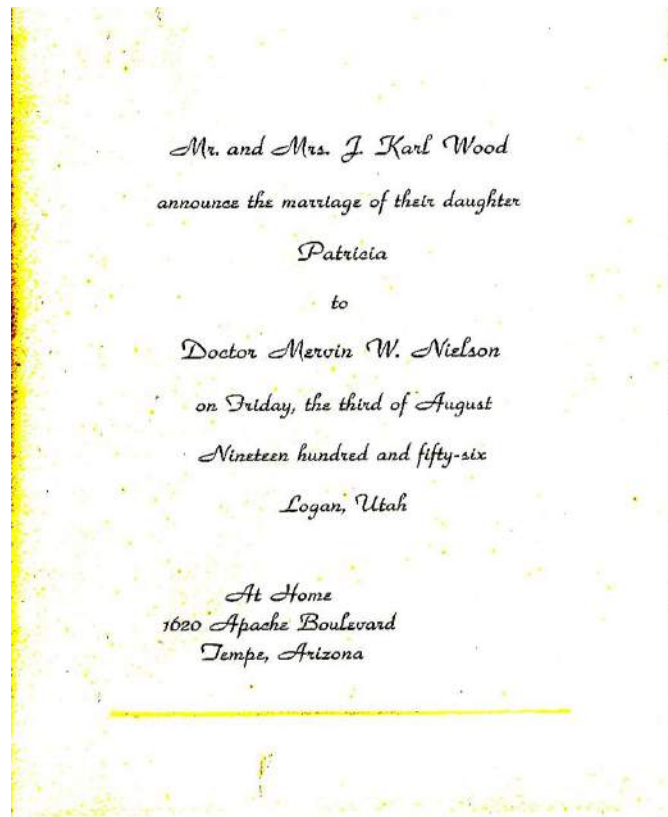
I married Mervin William Nielson on 3 August 1956 at my parents home at 647 S. Summerwild Avenue in River Heights at 7 p.m. We were married by Eldon G. Hansen who was my Bishop in Las Cruces from 1952 to 1955. He had made a trip to Logan to visit his in-laws and so was able to perform the ceremony.



Mervin William Nielson



Patricia Wood



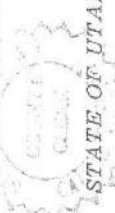
MARRIAGE LICENSE

STATE OF UTAH, COUNTY OF CACHE

To any Person Legally Authorized to Solemnize Marriage, Greeting:

You are hereby authorized to join in Holy Matrimony, Mr. Mervin William Nielson of Tempe in the County of Maricopa and State of Arizona of the age of 29 years, and Miss Patricia Wood of Logan in the County of Cache and State of Utah of the age of 13 years, the 13 of said 13 having given 13 assent to said Marriage.

WITNESS my hand and official seal hereto affixed at my office in Logan City, this 3rd day of August, 1956



By IVER L. ARSEN County Clerk.
Gratha R. Smith Deputy.

I herby certify that on the 3rd day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and Fifty Six at Logan, Utah in said County, I, the undersigned, an Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints according to the laws of this State Mervin William Nielson of the County of Maricopa State of Arizona and Patricia Wood of the County of Cache State of Utah

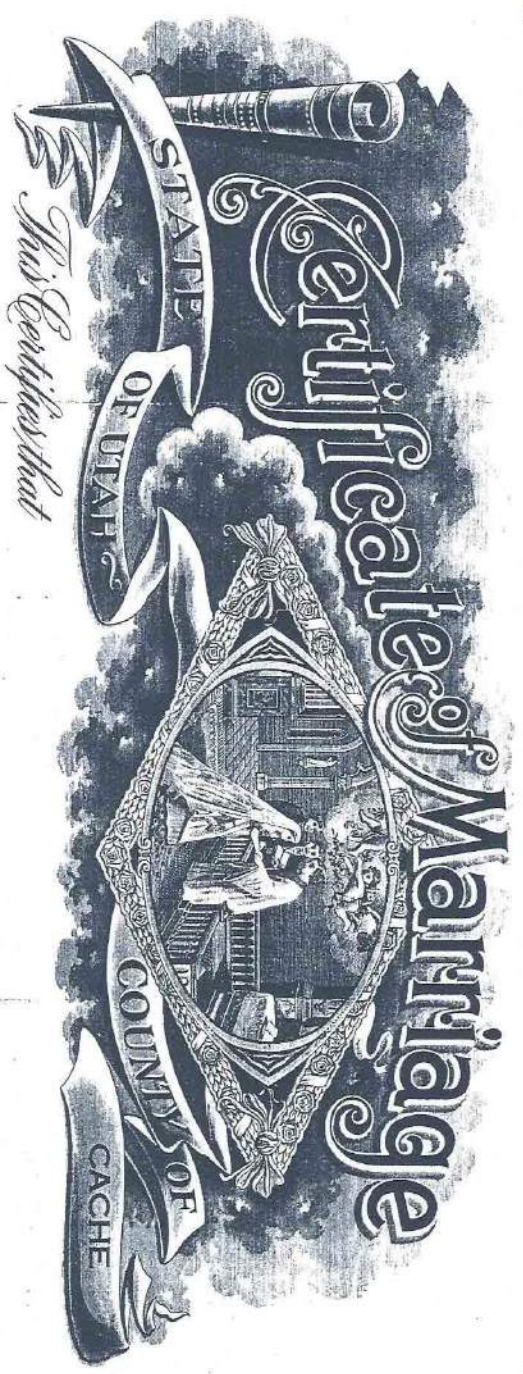
The nature of the ceremony was according to the rites of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and was a present mutual agreement of marriage between the parties for all time.

We were Married as stated in this certificate and are now Husband and Wife.

Signed Mervin William Nielson Groom.
Patricia Wood Bride.

In the Presence of William M. Nielson Witnesses.
J. Carl Wood Elder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

CERTIFIED THIS 13 DAY OF August 19 56
SETH S. ALLEN DEPUTY
 CLERK OF CACHE COUNTY, UTAH



This Certifies that

Mervin William Nielson of Tempe in the State of Arizona
and Patricia Wood of Logan in the State of Utah
were by me joined together in Holy Matrimony according to the Ordinance of God and
the Laws of the State of Utah at Logan in said County on the Third
day of August in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Fifty six

IN THE PRESENCE OF

Witness M. Nielson

Edgar S. Parsons, Bishop
San Lucas Ward, Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Witness Paul Wood

Quay . 3 19 56

LICENSE ISSUED BY THE CLERK OF CACHE COUNTY

Witnessing our marriage were Merv's parents, William and Della May Nielson; my parents, Karl and Phebe Wood, Zella, Ted, Elaine and Bruce Thatcher; Marlene Childs, Merv's sister, Bud his brother and Bud's girl friend, Julia. Walt Peay, Merv's uncle, and his bride, Blanche, came in at the very last minute. After the wedding a very nice dinner was served to everyone.

As soon as we had eaten a little we slipped away down the back to the lower pasture because we knew Merv's brother and sister would chase us. They left as soon as they realized we were gone but didn't catch up with us until we were near Ogden. They threw a little rice at us and then let us go. We were pulling a U-Haul trailer as full as possible with my things and all the gifts we had received.

After an overnight stay in South Salt Lake, we left the next morning for Mesa, Arizona, driving by way of Jacob's Lake. In fact we stopped there for a short time and bought a small red vase as a memento. We arrived in Mesa late in the afternoon on Sunday to blazing heat (it was August)—just coming from Colorado, the heat made me sick. Merv had not been given any time off and had to go to work immediately on Monday morning.

The next week or two was spent putting our small apartment in order. It was on the main road between Tempe and Mesa (1620 E. Apache Blvd.). We lived there for 3 or 4 months and then decided to get an apartment or house in Mesa in a more congenial location.

Merv had moved from the Mesa office to an office in Tempe by that time. He had a year's appointment with the University of Arizona and at



the end of that year he was hired by the US Department of Agriculture. We found a two bedroom house on Le Baron Street in Mesa Third Ward. It was a dark place but was clean and we had a fairly comfortable house with some furniture purchased on a sale. As I remember, for \$1000 we bought a 3 piece bedroom set, kitchen table and chairs, refrigerator, couch, easy chair, end tables and lamps and a TV. We used them for

many years. After we had been married for about a month, I got a job as a receptionist at the University of Arizona Experiment Station in Mesa. My immediate boss was Dr. Dee Pew, but I did typing and letters for most of the men who worked there. Another of my jobs was answering the telephone. It was a fairly enjoyable job for a newly-wed and I was able to keep my house clean and keep up on the work. We did not have a washer-dryer at first. I did my laundry at the Laundromat for some months. Then we bought a washer and I hung clothes outside on lines in back of the house on Le Baron. It was more than 10 years before I had a washer and a dryer.

After we had been married about six months I had some strange symptoms and found shortly that I was pregnant. It was not a very enjoyable pregnancy. I would get ready for work, eat breakfast, throw up, eat another breakfast and then go to work. Even after the doctor prescribed some little blue and pink pills, I was still nauseated and stayed that way throughout my pregnancy.

We celebrated our first anniversary when I was about five months pregnant—going to a nice restaurant-night club to have dinner and watch a show put on by Denise Darcel. She was a French singer-movie actress and was slightly past her prime. In fact she was definitely plump and didn't bother to hide her bosom which was bursting from her dress. Her program was risqué. That night after the club closed it caught fire and burned to the ground. Perhaps her songs were a little too risqué.

I hadn't felt too well all that evening but attributed it to a cold I thought was developing. Instead, by morning, my jaws were swollen and I had mumps, presumably caught from Blaine Vance, a four-year-old who lived across the street. I spent one week in bed. The men at the office all encouraged me to stay home for fear they might catch the disease from me. I suffered no ill effects and my pregnancy progressed normally.

I had always wanted a rocking chair so toward the end of my pregnancy we purchased one that was unfinished. That evening Merv was working on the finish of the chair when I began to have symptoms of impending delivery. I went to bed but had to get up later because of increasing discomfort. Merv said it would be a long time so to come back to bed. I did for two more hours but then insisted that he take me to the hospital. In the end the baby came about noon or one p.m. the next day. I was so nervous that I didn't quite know how to handle the situation and so let the nurses give me Demerol and ether. It made for a very unpleasant experience and now know that if I had had the slightest encouragement I would have been able to do most of it myself. I firmly believe in natural childbirth and if I had the opportunity to do it again would go for the natural way. All you need is a sympathetic listener who will give encouragement at the right time and doctors and nurses who are willing to help. Merv was not allowed in the delivery room. Dr. Stanley Blake was my obstetrician for all three babies and was inclined to do what was necessary for his comfort.



Merv, Pat and Marilyn

As it was I was unconscious when my first baby was born and for several hours later. I had a beautiful baby girl of about seven pounds.

She was very thin and had very little hair. It was the first time that I had seen a newborn baby. Of course, I had to pull most of her clothes off so that I could see if all her parts were there. They were and I covered her up and comforted her the best I knew how. At that time women were required to stay in the hospital for three full days and I was limited in the amount of walking around that I could do. Zella came from Ft. Collins on the bus with 3-year-old Bruce to stay with us when I left the hospital. My mother was not well enough at that time to do any traveling.

The new baby girl was named Marilyn and she progressed normally. At that time the pediatrician, Dr. Fred Ewart, felt that babies should have solid food very, very early. Since I couldn't nurse, she was fed evaporated milk mixed with Karo syrup and water. The bottles and milk mixture had to be sterilized for 10 minutes to kill all the germs. Sometimes, if I didn't plan right, the sterilization process started at 4 a.m. At the end of two weeks I fed her cereal mixed with milk, by a month I was mixing the cereal with strained fruit. At three months she was getting cereal, fruits and vegetables. Doctors don't recommend this feeding schedule any more. I remember being very disconcerted that at 2 a.m. Marilyn wanted to stay awake and play. She loved to look at the shadows reflected on the ceiling from the streetlights and would flap her arms in excitement when she was about a month old.

On January of 1958, I must have written a letter to my mother about the sorrow of not going to the temple. She had made Merv and I temple clothes including hand-embroidered aprons. On 9 January 1958 she wrote the following letter:

Dear Pat:

Your letter came today and I am answering it right back. Many people think that if one can't have a temple marriage that that is the end of everything. Dad and I do not belong to that group. Pat, the endowment teaches us to live up to teachings of our church such as living a clean moral life, observing the Word of Wisdom, prayer, etc. You know all of it but you will just see it in a different setting. The sealing or marriage ceremony can wait for the present with no harm to anyone. The main thing is in the way you take it.

I am Frenchman enough to believe that the home, love and a good wholesome relationship there is the most important thing in the world. Pat, Merv hasn't repudiated you or Marilyn. Never believe that, he has been terribly hurt and it is going to take time to heal that hurt. Never doubt his love for you.

I would let him never doubt my love in any way. Let your home be a heaven on earth with cheer, humor, love and good will. Enjoy the baby to the fullest, if she cries some, she has to develop her lungs so she can sing.

Cook the things he likes and give him a hug or a kiss he doesn't expect and never, never let him down.

If people ask you about it and you have to give an answer just say we hope to or anything you can think.

Work in the church & bring your children to do the same, there is much happiness there and if there is joy in your home you won't be missing many blessings.

Dad joins me in all that I am saying. I wouldn't bring it up again. Please don't grieve or fret about it because the Lord sometimes works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform and we love all of you very much.

Mother

In February of 1958 we heard that President Dwight 'Ike' Eisenhower was going to escort his wife, Mamie, to what we called the 'Elizabeth Arden Fat Farm' in Scottsdale. She had decided she needed the full treatment and Ike had a trip planned in the vicinity, so he brought her in Air Force One to Phoenix. They published the route he was to take in the newspaper and the time he would be passing by. We jumped in the car with Marilyn and drove to Scottsdale Road. It was just a two-lane asphalt road with no buildings on it then. We pulled off to the side and waited. There were no car radios to tell us where they were. We waited quite a while and talked about leaving when we heard sirens. There were about four black cars with motorcycle police escorts that came roaring by. The Eisenhower's were in the second car. We held Marilyn up so that she could say, at two months old, that she had seen the President. We were lucky, Eisenhower was sitting on our side of the car and we got a full view of the famous smile and a hand wave. Then they were gone.

By the end of the first year Marilyn showed symptoms of a low immune system and she caught every cold that she was exposed to. We were impressed by the way she grew and developed and watched her progress in making noises and learning to move as she grew. She crawled at six months and walked at thirteen months.

We were members of a large old ward when we were first married and were not contacted for any kind of church jobs until we were ready to move out after living there about eight months. In fact no visits of any kind were made to us that first year.



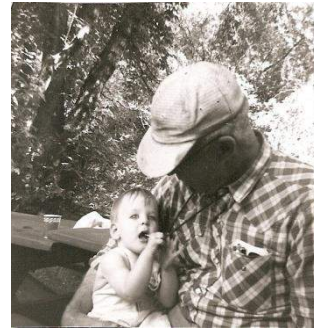
Marilyn - 1 year

In the meantime we decided to buy a tract house in Mesa. That was the beginning of the large building boom in 1957. We were able to find one that was in one of the former orange groves of Mesa. It cost us \$11,900 and our monthly payments were \$89 per month at 4½ percent interest. It had three bedrooms, kitchen and living room, two bathrooms, with a patio on the back—all very small. We built clothes lines

along the east side of the yard in the backyard, the washing machine was in the kitchen by the back door. The house was made of blocks and painted an adobe pink with dark brown trim. We lived there from April

1958 to June 1967 when Merv was transferred to Tucson. The address was 1504 West Fifth Street, Mesa.

In August 1958 Merv wanted to attend National Entomological meetings in Estes Park, Colorado. We decided to go to visit our parents and then to go to Colorado to the meetings where we would meet Zella and Ted. While in Logan my parents planned a picnic in Logan Canyon for us. We couldn't do that in Arizona in August. We thoroughly enjoyed the canyon and the visit with my parents and other relatives. Then we drove across Wyoming to Laramie where my brother John lived at the time for a short visit and then down to Ft. Collins, Colorado and from there up



Marilyn and her Grandpa Karl

the mountains to Estes Park. It was a beautiful time of year to be there. We shared a cabin with Zella, Ted and their children. Marilyn was a little unhappy because she got so cold in the night that she woke up. Then I had to light a fire and warm a bottle for her before she went back to sleep. I couldn't enjoy most of the activities with a young baby but it was



Pat, Marilyn, Merv

wonderful to visit with Zella and watch their children enjoy the activities provided for them. From there we drove home through southwestern Colorado, northeastern New Mexico and then home to Mesa. It was a wonderful trip.

Our neighborhood was mostly young married couples with many children in the area. We had one girl next door and a couple across the street for our children to play with. The other mothers were as fussy as I was so it worked out fine and we watched each others children.

Merv was called to be Ward Clerk in the Bishop's office in that ward and stayed in that position for about two years. Bishop Hatch was a good friend to Merv and was loved by all the ward members. I was called to be a teacher in Sunday School for the 4-year old class, the same job I held earlier in my life. I taught that age group until I had a burn-out after Louise was born. It was a traumatic experience.



Pat & Marilyn

In the spring of 1959 Evelyn Thatcher decided she needed to get away from home. She asked if she could stay with us for a while to help her get over someone in Colorado and we agreed.

She came to Mesa and got a job working as a secretary at the Mesa Hospital where our girls were born (she stayed about two months). About the same time she arrived I discovered that I was pregnant again after a

couple of months of recording my temperature. I wasn't as sick as the first pregnancy and felt really good most of the time.

Merv was called on a Stake Mission just a few months before Virginia was born and kept that position for about two years. He was gone most nights until Louise was about six months old. Then he went back to being Ward Clerk.



Marilyn age 2

Clem Olson from the State Chemist's Office came to visit me one morning when Marilyn was about 9 months old. He was interested in hiring me for a few months while various people in the laboratory took their vacations. We found a baby sitter for Marilyn and I went back to work about three mornings a week. It was routine chemical analysis—similar to what I had done for Jim Thorne. We analyzed cereals for pesticides and other chemicals using standard chemical techniques. I never earned much money from them but it was fun being in a laboratory again.

While working in the laboratory in 1959 I was asked many questions about the church by Clem Olson, my boss. Not all of them were asked in good faith. I called my mother and father for help and the following was written 17 May 1959 by my mother:

Dear Pat, Merv, Marilyn, Evelyn:

You really gave us a surprise and it was so nice to talk to you. I have been thinking about your letter and the questions you asked. Maybe that fellow in your office sees things more clearly than you think. Do you remember at the time of Christ he said the Pharisees drew near to him with their lips but their hearts were far from him. The Jews were the chosen people but when they became boastful and arrogant it ceased to be a virtue. That is the reason the world has resented the Jews all these generations. The people in our own church are doing the very same thing and one of these days they will be humbled in the dust. It isn't that the church isn't right, it is their boastful pride. The Lord doesn't like people to be like that. In the B. of M. both Mosiah and Alma have written wonderful chapters on humility etc.

I have clipped a piece from our newspaper which lists a number of other problems which we must soon face up to. The problem of the dark skinned peoples is becoming a pretty hot problem in our state and sooner or later we must meet that one too.

Don't let that fellow bother you but find out what ideas he has. I asked dad to write to you but he says "what can I say when there are no answers."

There are so many things in our church which need to be changed to meet the present conditions. Sometimes if I didn't know that our church was the right one, I would just about be floored.

I want to write Evelyn a letter in a few days. I was sorry Marilyn had to have chicken pox but it is a good thing to be over with.

The institute is to be enlarged and made about twice its size. The contractors are ready to start so each teacher has to take everything in

their offices to their homes, furniture and all. Dad has brought one load but will have to get some ones truck to bring his desk, file, tables and chairs. It will take 1½ yrs to finish the project so I will be crowded that long.

Institute commencement will be May 24. There will be a dinner after so I will have a full day.

It is lovely here now, lilacs abloom and everything so green. We had a thunder storm last night and tonight it feels like frost.

Take care of yourselves and much love to all,

From Mother

P.S. Tell me if you need another smock or any little clothes and I will make some.

Marilyn was taken care of in a nursery where, when she was about 18 months old, she caught chicken pox. This put me out of business for a couple of weeks. She had a fine case of the pox but recovered normally.

The church didn't have nurseries at that time and so young children had to stay with their parents during meetings. I thought children attended Primary when they were six and so didn't even try to send Marilyn until the Primary contacted me when she was about four.

In the fall of 1959 I received the devastating word that my mother had lung cancer and wouldn't live past April. Since I was pregnant with Virginia I had in mind to take the new baby in the spring to see her one last time. But this wasn't to be, I could not realize that my mother wasn't going to make it until spring. She went rapidly downhill and in late December was very low. Since I was nine months pregnant at that time, I wasn't able to go to see her before she died. The doctor said the baby was due about January 8 and if we wanted another income tax deduction, he would induce labor and we could have the baby before 1 January 1960. We thought that was a good idea so we went ahead and our second girl, Virginia, was born about 3:30 p.m. on 30 December 1959. She had a lock of dark hair just long enough for the nurses to comb into a curl on top of her head and weighed about 7½ pounds. I was able to recover, get home and talk to my mother to tell her that my baby was named after my sister Virginia, who died at age 13. She was very pleased but could talk very little by then.

On the morning of 7 January 1960, I received the telephone call from my father, stating that my mother had passed away early in the morning of that day. He told me that they had to rush her to the hospital in an ambulance the night before. She knew that it was her last trip and as the men took her out of the house she turned her head and smiled at Evelyn.

Zella was with her at the hospital at the time of her death. My father had gone home to rest a little. This was devastating news to me. I had been



Phebe Ricks Wood

so sure I could show her the new little baby and visit with her one last time. As it was my baby was only a week old and my family discouraged me from trying to go to the funeral. I also felt pressured by my mother's spirit not to go. The weather was very cold and they were also afraid the trip and the cold weather would be injurious to my health and of course, the baby could not travel at that young age.



Marilyn and week old
Virginia

During the next few days I felt my mother very close to me but was also fearful of what might occur. On the night after her funeral, Merv had some missionary visits to make and I was exhausted. With my new baby in a bassinet next to me and Marilyn asleep in the next room, I went to bed about nine o'clock and slept immediately. Instantly I was in a large dim room with five or six women, dressed in white robes. My mother was there. She had long black hair with a single white strand from her forehead as it was in life. She had healthy skin and flesh and looked to be in her early forties. The other women I recognized as my two grandmothers, my sister Virginia and possibly one of my aunts. My mother said, "I just came to see how you are." I pleaded with her to stay for a while, but she couldn't. Then it was all gone and I was next to my baby again. It took me many years to realize what a comfort this was to be. I saw my mother healthy and strong as she never was in her lifetime and the other women also in the prime of life. I have accepted this wholly as what it will be like for us when we pass to the other side. As a result it has been easier to let people go when their time comes because they go to a better place.

The next weeks and months are pretty much a blur to me. I remember one incident after we brought Virginia home from the hospital. Marilyn was very interested in the new baby and being two, very curious. She hung around when I did everything so that she could see too. I bathed the baby in a small tub on the table with towels, soap etc. close by so that Marilyn could climb up to see what I was doing. We put her to bed one night and then Virginia started to cry for her evening feeding. Marilyn came running out at full speed in her footed sleepers crying, "Mommy, baby's crying." I had to assure her that everything was all right and that she could go to sleep without worrying. She barely missed a step in her running but turned immediately back to her bedroom.



Virginia, - 1 year,
Marilyn - 3 years

By February I knew I was pregnant again. This time there were no ill effects. I was in excellent health the whole nine months. In June we finally took the trip to visit our families. This time we took Marilyn and Virginia to visit with the Nielsons in Salt Lake for a day or two and then

went on to Logan. My sisters and brothers were in the area and Merv and I stayed with my father. What a shock it was to stay in that house without my mother's presence. It seemed empty. My father spent as many hours as he could down in the fields and chicken coops. He could not stand the empty house either. My sisters wanted to do some housecleaning for my father and to clean out some of our mother's keep sakes. This was very difficult and I couldn't bring myself to ask for anything that I might have wanted. It was too upsetting. I was glad that our visit wasn't very long. That was the last time that I visited in that home. The two letters above are the only ones saved of many that my mother wrote.

On 12 January 1960, I received the following letter from Stephen:

It is with mixed emotions that I attempt to inform you of some of the events of the past few days or weeks. Great joy to learn of the birth of your new daughter and that you survived in good order; and sorrow because of mother.

I don't know where to begin except near the beginning, trusting that you will not relate the first part to anyone except Maxine. The real beginning is much earlier, but I cannot bring myself to relate it at this time. You will recall our visit home from Ottawa the summer of 1955 when you and I copied the family records gathered by mother and dad. On our return trip to Canada I took my copy of the records and on the way we stopped and spent the night with Maxine. We arose very early the next morning to get an early start across Montana. After traveling several hours over the monotonous unbending roads, about ten in the morning, a thought struck me with such force that I could not throw it off for weeks. It was that mother had a very important mission to perform and that she was to have died the first time she had pneumonia, but because of our faith and prayers she was spared until her family was grown; the one thing that had preserved her until then, 1955, was the record I was carrying in the back of the car. Previous and subsequent experience with inspiration left no doubt in my mind as to what was coming. From then on I held my breath every time mother reported even the slightest physical disturbance. I think mother sensed what was coming and she offered no resistance, but much cooperation when I suggested we visit dad's aunt Ethyl Clark (Mrs. Croshaw's mother) and her aunt Rebecca Cardon to get the Clark and Cardon genealogies. I believe it was when we were on our way to Croshaws, in the early spring, that mother told me she thought she had cancer. Later, last summer, she told me she had been to the doctor twice and asked and asked if she didn't have it, but the primary infection was never detected or located. She asked that I say nothing about it to anyone until it was definitely known. You know most of the story from there. She lost a lot of weight and was weak, but did not suffer until very near the end; even then she was kept under sedation and they never did have to resort to the strongest drugs. She died peacefully in her sleep with Zella at her side. It was the way she always said she wanted to go.

The expression of friendship and love for her, both before and after she died was almost overwhelming. While Evelyn was away the neighbors brought an elaborate dinner specially prepared to meet mothers needs every night. Ada Wilson coordinated it and they had a

long list of people anxiously waiting their turn. I was there the night Marv and Ina took their turn and was really thrilled at the way it was handled. Zella was there for the last six days. People just poured into the mortuary to pay their respects to the family; it was a real tribute. I believe 522 lines were filled in the guest book and many of these were Mr. and Mrs. signatures on one line, so there must have been well over 600.

When grandpa Ricks died I remember sensing his spirit walking about the house; I believe we all did. With mother I had no sensation of this, although Maxine and Zella said they did part of one day. When we first went to the mortuary Sunday night I, along with most of the rest of the family, was almost completely overwhelmed with emotion for a few seconds when we first saw her, but then very suddenly became aware that it wasn't mother at all, that she had departed. About an hour later I became very much aware that she was there and at one time stood on the opposite side of the room from me with three other beings, all ladies. As sad as it is to lose your mother, it became a lot easier after that.



Louise - 3 months old

We saw mother the second week of December and several occasions before that at about three week intervals. She was very much concerned about you and fully understood that you should not travel nor be shocked before your baby came. It is all right to feel badly that you could not be there, but rest assured that mother and everyone else understood that you could not come.

I have tried to mention things no one else would. Be thankful you can remember her as she really was, and not as she was in sickness. Everyone is well considering things. We will write a family letter in a few days. Love, Stephen

On 24 January 1960, Stephen wrote a second letter addressed to both Maxine and me:

In the fall of 1956, our first year in Provo, we visited the folks on several occasions. On one of the visits mother and I were talking alone late Saturday afternoon and two stories came out which no one else has known until now, but should be related to those coming into the responsibility of our genealogical history. Keep them to yourselves and relate them only to those of the next generation who can generate enthusiasm for the work beforehand. Mother never related her portion because of a fear that no one would believe her and laugh at her foolishness; and some would.

The summer she got married she was sitting alone waiting for dad to return from playing for a dance. It was late, and whether she was asleep or awake she could not tell, but the reality of it could not be mistaken. She suddenly found herself caught up and carried through space to a narrow mountain valley, perhaps more nearly like a canyon. The valley was inhabited by the Wood people who had lived and died without hearing the Gospel. She stood at the bottom of the canyon valley and could see the cabins or houses occupied by these people and noticed a change in architecture suggesting more ancient dwellings as the distance from her increased. Sitting on benches by the cabin doors, or

leaning against the walls, etc. were people just waiting, unable to do anything for themselves, with the saddest faces she had ever seen. She was told that their condition would remain that way until their temple work was done. The faces she saw haunted her the rest of her life, because of the complete helplessness, and hopelessness in their eyes as they turned to look at her.

The above was related after the following which may partially explain why I have become a genealogical nut. As you may remember, I never thought much of the BYU and even refused to fill out an application dad had obtained for me in Aug. 1953 a few months before we went to Canada. Mother asked why the change of heart. This is the reason. I was in Washington, DC, the last week of Oct. and the 1st week of Nov. 1955. While there I arranged my schedule so I could spend about three hours per day at the National Archives, searching census records, pensions, etc. I had very little luck the first week. Then one day before going to the Archives I had a heart to heart talk with the Lord in my hotel room. From that moment I felt the presence of a being and as I reached the Archives decided to let the spirit guide me. To wait for the guidance I took down a census volume I had examined the previous day, for some reason it had not been put away, and began to turn its pages although not looking for anything particular since I had already copied what I knew was there. After three and a half hours of scanning columns of illegible names I was almost asleep, then suddenly for no reason at all, I became fully awake and alert. I turned one more page, then another, and as I was about to turn the third when a vision of it came into my mind so clearly that I copied two family units completely from what I saw, then turning the page everything was exactly as I had seen it, even the handwriting. As soon as I realized what I had experienced a voice came to me saying "you are going to Utah and . . ." It came with such finality that it could have added, "whether you like it or not." From then I found a great deal at the Archives, but the odd thing was that when I arrived back at Ottawa Beth greeted me at the door with a letter from the BYU asking me to apply for the job. When I came here for an interview I was furious to think they expected a serious scientist to accept such a crummy setup and went to the Dean's office to tell him. I talked to him for half an hour and five times during the conversation I tried to tell him I would not come and five times I opened my mouth and nothing came out. The reason for all this I do not know; the vision at the Archives added nothing to what I had already gathered. Its purpose must have been to build a determination to do something with our genealogy. The purpose in my being here I don't know (at the Y), perhaps I could just as well be at Logan. My release from the assignment is what appeared as three dots. The result of it all has been that I'm almost afraid not to keep actively engaged in our genealogy. I hope that when your children are older you both can become engaged in it. Love, Stephen



Virginia & Marilyn

* * * * *

Virginia was a very active baby, always on the move. We had to buy a playpen to put her in. Marilyn wanted to be all over her and it was the only way I could think of to protect her. By the age of four months, Virginia was arching her body, balancing on her fingers and toes and a

couple of months later started to crawl. By the time Louise was born, she could pull herself up around the furniture and took her first steps before Louise was born. Merv was still on his Stake Mission and in the evenings when the children were getting tired and a little fussy, I put the stroller outside. Marilyn pushed the stroller up and down the driveway while I did the dishes, watching all the while from the window over the sink. Sometimes Marilyn couldn't turn the stroller and I had to dash out of the house to keep it from going into the street. My two-year-old baby sitter wasn't too reliable. When I had to shop, I put Marilyn and Virginia in the stroller so I could get the job done. We walked a lot this way. The stroller had a hard back, so when the children got tired, we had to go home.

Louise was born 9 November 1960. The Nielson's were in the area rock hunting. As the ninth approached, Grandma Nielson knew she couldn't stay in the area much longer, so the doctor induced labor on that day. The labor was short but intense. Louise was born about noon and was a very tiny little baby—only a little more than 5 pounds. She had lots of black hair and was very red so I called her my little papoose.

The next weeks were a nightmare after the Nielson's went home. Virginia, not quite 11 months old, was on the exact schedule as Louise, the newborn. I remember one especially black day. I wanted to bathe and feed Louise and put her down for a nap and had everything on the table ready to do so. Virginia was fussy as it was also her lunch and naptime. I put Virginia in her highchair hoping to hold her off for a few minutes while I hurriedly washed and fed Louise. Virginia, very unhappy that she couldn't eat and go to sleep, stood up in her chair and reached for me. She took a head-first fall to the floor. I had Louise in my arms and couldn't catch her. For the next little while there was total chaos, two babies screaming and Marilyn, only 3 at the time, looked on with wide scared eyes.

That day remains as the lowest moment, afterward I was able to juggle things a little better. I do remember Virginia holding onto my legs many nights while I fixed dinner, tired and hungry and ready for a long sleep. For a long period of time, I had three children in diapers. This was before disposable diapers and we couldn't afford too many of the cloth ones. I think I had three dozen. This meant that washing had to be done every single day—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years included. This went on until Marilyn was at least four.

In the spring of 1961 we heard that George Kaloostian, a former boss of Merv's was going to stay overnight at the Grand Canyon. We hadn't seen George and his wife for a while and arranged to meet them there with our three children. By the time we arrived they were past being hungry and were frantic. Virginia sat on Merv's lap, Marilyn



Louise, Virginia, Marilyn

between us and Louise on my lap. They served the meal family style on long tables; customers sitting on folding chairs. Louise was terrified at the noise and could not be consoled until I laid her on my knees under the edge of the table. It was nice to see the Kaloostian's but it was a long, long 24-hour period. Three and a half year old Marilyn skipped to the view point at the Canyon edge and said, "Isn't that magnificent," causing everyone around to smile.

In June of 1961 we had a special event. Merv and I decided it was time for us to go to the temple to be sealed. My mother made us each a temple apron and got our temple clothes for us shortly after we were married just in case we made the decision to go. Then she died. I spent a week or so making little white organdy dresses for our daughters to wear and got each one a pair of new white socks to wear. We couldn't afford white shoes.

By the time the decision to go was made, the Mesa temple was scheduled to be shut down for its annual renovation and cleaning. On the last day that it was open, June 30th, we planned to go. We found out later that that wasn't such a good plan. Everybody else wanted to go the same day for marriages and sealings, including one couple who had a very large family group attending.



Mesa Temple - 1961

We went to the temple early on Saturday, 30 June 1961, and put the girls in the temple nursery, thinking that we wouldn't be much longer than about two and one half hours. The nursery was only available for people getting their families sealed. Our endowments went smoothly. It was a live session the way it was before films were used. Merv had been endowed previously, so I was the only one getting my endowments. We had two women from the ward with us, Sister Williams

and Sister Hatch. We had to wait a while for a sealing room to be available for us and when one became open, we found that almost everyone had left the temple. There were no men available for witnesses. Brother E. Elmer Brundage, our sealer, went out and rounded up a couple of men who were doing janitorial service. Their names were Clay Reed and Karl T. Reed.

Brother Brundage then performed the sealing for the two of us. The woman who was babysitting the girls brought them to the sealing room. We could hear cries all the way up as the elevator moved. By this time it was after noon. Both Virginia and Louise were long past their lunch and naptime. The woman had Marilyn stand on the base of the altar, Virginia sat on the altar and the lady held Louise in her arms on the altar so that all of the little hands would reach ours—the two little

This Certifies That

WILLIAM MERVIN NIELSON

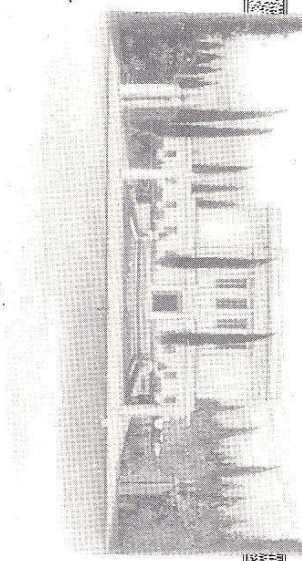
and

PATRICIA WOOD

Who previously had been legally married, were sealed by me as husband and wife according to the ordinance of God, for time and for all eternity, in the House of the Lord, Mesa City, Arizona, 30 June 1961

Olley Reed
WITNESS
Paul + Joel
WITNESS

W. E. Lawrence
AN ELDER OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



ones crying all the time. As soon as it was over Marilyn hopped down and said, "Is it time to eat now?" Then the woman took them away to dress, crying all the way down in the elevator and we also left to change our clothes. There was no one left in the temple. There was no celebration at home. We hurriedly fed and put the girls down for naps. It was a very long morning and we were all tired.

* * * * *

My days were made up of a totally involved routine. There were literally three babies, Marilyn just learning what life was like, Virginia about a year old beginning to toddle, and Louise, the newborn. It is hard to remember what the next two years were like.

My father married within nine months of my mother's death, Elenora Brimhall Monson, widow of a railroad worker. It is thanks to her saving some letters to my father that I have some small remembrances of the years our children were tiny. Most were addressed "Dear Dad & Elenora" and signed Love, Pat.

About August 1960: The weather has finally cooled off a little. The temperature was 100 yesterday but the air has dried out quite a bit so it isn't bad at all. I have been digging out in the yard the past couple of weeks. We are getting ready to plant some flowers in the hopes that you can make it at Christmas time to see them. We hope to have carnations, pansies and stocks plus our roses to show you.

Merv is really enjoying his new missionary job. Did I tell you he was secretary of the Stake Mission Presidency? We hardly see him any more. Brother Kimball said they should spend 40 hours a month in proselyting besides whatever other jobs they have and outside of travel time. That's a lot of hours when you figure just the evening hours....

Virginia is standing up to the furniture and is trying to walk now. She sure is a live wire and gets into everything. Marilyn likes to play with her but gets kind of rough part of the time.... I'm feeling pretty good but am getting pretty big and awkward. I'll sure be glad when the baby comes. Well I've got to iron now.

* * * * *

The next letter was written within a few weeks of the last letter:

[1960] ...Last week Merv got a letter from his boss in Washington asking him if he was offered a job in Brookings, S.D. would he accept. It would include a promotion to GS-12 [equivalent to a professor] and raise in salary, three men to work under him and a brand new laboratory. We thought about it for several days and much as we would hate to live in that country, wrote to Washington and said if offered we would accept. It is too good to turn down. It looks very good for him to get it. I doubt if they have would written him if they didn't intend to give him a high recommendation. But his papers have to go through a committee and could be turned down. Anyway we are tentatively planning on South Dakota this fall. We haven't said anything to anybody else in the family because we have had so many false alarms. [This job never materialized.]

* * * * *

About December 1960:

If I hurry fast enough I can get this written before somebody needs attention. This is really a rat race. I never get anything done besides feeding kids and washing diapers and clothes.

We had a few sniffles last week which didn't help matters much but everybody seems well now... Virginia is walking quite a bit now and is sure getting into things a lot. She really has a lot of energy and is kind of hard to catch. She has a mass of curly hair [the only one of our kids that has] and 6 teeth.

Marilyn has quite a hard time getting any attention with two babies but she keeps trying. She is very excited over Christmas now and can hardly wait until we go to see Santa. Yesterday she got out a book of bible pictures and was telling Virginia all about "Jesus Christ." We are going to start her in Sunday School soon. She is old enough now to start in the littlest class.

Louise is growing like a weed and all she does is eat and sleep with a little colic now and then. Her hair is still black and stands straight up all over her head. Merv and I spend our time taking care of them.

The next letter was dated December 1961 but was actually 1960 when Louise was about six weeks old.

I'm going to feed the kids cereal and hope they leave me alone long enough for me to write a letter. We're half way between Christmas and New Year's and I'll be glad when it's all over.

We invited our widow friend [Claudia Vance] along with her kids to Christmas dinner and today it looks like we have all caught their colds. Or else we are still having troubles left over from too much Christmas excitement. The kids act like a little of both.

We had a wonderful Christmas. Saturday I innocently went to town with Marilyn to shop for some stocking presents. When I got home I noticed that Merv had moved the Christmas tree and I asked him if he liked it better over by the window. He looked kind of funny but I still didn't notice anything. Finally I went in the living room to see what was up and there where the Christmas tree had been was the most beautiful piano I have ever seen. It is mahogany to match our other furniture and is an Acrosonic made by Baldwin. I wish I could describe it. It is a spinet but with the sounding board going clear to the floor and the tone is out of this world. Well, needless to say we celebrated most of our Christmas right then. I didn't have the vaguest notion what Merv was about and he was on pins and needles that it wouldn't turn out to be a surprise.

The kids got the usual amount of toys from Santa Claus. I had to get up at 6:30 with the baby and had to wait for a whole hour for the two kids to wake up. At 7:30 Merv and I couldn't wait any longer so we woke them up. It sure was fun. Their eyes nearly popped out of their heads---especially Marilyn. We had a red wagon with a doll for each of them and tinker toys and pull toys and the rest piled around it. By noon time they were so confused from going to one thing and another that we put Virginia to bed. Marilyn had company so she had the unusual privilege of missing her nap. We had quite a bit of company that day and so by night time we were really glad to see bed time come.

Merv also got a sports coat and slacks and I got a dress, skirt and blouse. I can't possibly list all that we got because we also got things from both sides of the family. Anyway it was all wonderful and we sure did have a good time.

If anybody has any old music they don't want, send it down. When I got looking around all I could find was two pieces of ancient sheet music and some song books for the kids. I have been playing them in desperation but hope that I soon will have time to go to the music store for some more. I am really anxious to try to play it [the piano].

We had a good frost a couple of weeks ago so instead of having beautiful poinsettias and flowers all we have are dead plants. The carnations have many flowers for another month. Today it is raining and it is quite a relief from the dry weather we have been having.

I have been in a grand state of confusion for a couple of weeks. It takes all my time to just take care of my regular duties with the kids so all this extra bustle has about snowed me under. So I hope this letter makes sense. Happy New Year, anyhoo.

The Christmas of 1961 stands out. Marilyn received her first tricycle and there were many other toys. Virginia had to be wakened and sat on the floor and shook for quite a while. She was almost overwhelmed with what Santa had brought. Louise was still small enough not to care.

In February 1961 I wrote:

It is already February 1 and I don't think that I have written for quite some time. After reading Zella's letters [who was in Pakistan] though I'm afraid mine are going to sound quite dull. But anyway here goes.

We have had kind of cool weather for a while even a little rain. Today is nice though and should be quite warm again. There is an epidemic of sore throats going around and Virginia caught it. Where, I don't know because I never take her any place. She was a pretty sick girl for a couple of days but we finally got the bug, but she now has swollen gums for the next set of teeth. She's had a rough time for a while. Things sure happen fast to a one-year-old. Chicken Pox and Mumps are in the neighborhood too so anything can happen.

Marilyn is quite a character. I have been taking her to Sunday School and she really loves the class. They decided to ask me to help with her class because the teacher has 15 to 20 every Sunday and they need someone to help her keep the kids in order. They teach them songs and finger plays that I don't know so I have to go to keep up with Marilyn. I have been teaching her some since we got the piano [a Christmas gift to me that year] and now that's all she wants to hear every time I sit down to play. She is also learning to color and keep within the lines. She still doesn't know her colors but I keep hoping she'll be able to keep them straight soon.

Virginia runs all over the place. She loves to go outside and will play out there for an hour without making a noise. I have to watch her though because she gets away from me so fast.

[A week later] When I started this letter I was feeling kind of bad but didn't think too much of it. By Saturday I was feeling bad enough to go to the doctor and was diagnosed as having a kidney infection. I was pretty sick Saturday and Sunday but by Monday was feeling better

again. It sure took the starch out of me though and has taken a week to really get my strength back again. I still have to take sulfa for a few more days to be sure that I got all the infection but I'm sure that everything is o.k. now. We've had our share of sickness this year and I hope we're through for a while.

While I was laid up Virginia learned to climb up on the kitchen table. So nothing is safe any more and I have to watch her every minute. Whenever I take her outside she heads straight for the middle of the road. I have to keep my running shoes in shape. I guess it takes time for the spankings to take hold.

Yesterday I changed all the beds around in the house. Louise has about outgrown the basket and we weren't about to buy another crib. So I rearranged all the beds and now everybody is sleeping in everybody else's beds. I thought sure somebody would fall out last night but nobody did.

Merv had to go to Yuma yesterday for some meetings and has to hurry home for more missionary work tonight. His new suit arrived from Hong Kong (we had Zella pick it out) and is a beauty. It makes all his others look cheap. It sure was worth the investment...

The next letter was written 27 February 1961:

While the kids are asleep I will try and answer your letter while it's still fresh in my mind.

I was interested to hear about your study of nutrition and wish I could be closer to help with it. Probably both of you can benefit some by taking vitamins. But I must caution you about the book by Adelle Davis. She is not accepted by nutritionists. Some of her chapters are very good (in the way she prepares vegetables for example) but she goes too far in her use of vitamins. She isn't backed up by any research. I would



Pat and Virginia

hesitate taking much Vitamin D because in large doses it can become toxic and give a very bad effect. Same for Vitamin A. For the other vitamins, if your body doesn't need them they pass off as waste and you throw your money away by using them. I'm not saying that you shouldn't take vitamins but take them in moderation unless a doctor specifically prescribes it. Most vitamins are government tested and you can take one for little money that contains all you need. I would much rather see anybody get vitamins from a well balanced diet.

For all we know we may be eating vitamins that have never been discovered. I wish I could go into a lot of detail for you but I couldn't possibly in the amount of time I have free.

Why don't you ask Margaret Merkely for pamphlets? (Mrs. Charles Merkley). She could give you a lot of accepted reading material from the College there. I guess I kind of threw cold water on Adelle Davis but as I say she isn't generally accepted and her ideas are her own and not backed by research.

You very possibly do need vitamins since you no longer work outside but go easy on them.

Well, Virginia just woke up so it's back to work for me. She is in the worst stage. She gets into everything and climbs on everything. I just hope she improves before Louise reaches it.

We are all fine now, the kidney infection cleared up all right and I guess I'm o.k. No time to be anything else.

We haven't heard a word from the government but are fixing our house up in case we have to sell in a hurry. We plan on going to S.D. by way of Utah---if and when. So we may see you in September.

* * * * *

The next letter was written 25 March 1961. These letters show how frantically I tried to keep up on everything.



Marilyn - about
1960

If I get this started now I may get it finished by another week. The time flies by so fast that I don't know where this month has gone. It usually takes me until 10 o'clock to get ordinary things done like feeding, dressing, bathing the baby and doing the dishes. Then when I get started on another job its noon and I have to stop for lunch. By the time I get straightened around from that and finish a few little jobs it's time to feed my babies again and fix dinner, when I finish that I do the dishes and it's time to put my babies to bed. Then it's Marilyn's turn and by then I drop and the day is over. It's hectic but kind of fun too. We sure enjoy the kids.

Marilyn tells us in detail everything that has happened to her and sometimes it gets kind of involved and very likely stretched just a little. She uses every big word that she hears and makes up a few of her own. She loves TV and if we didn't restrict her would watch it all day. I try to limit it to maybe an hour or 45 minutes just before bed time. It kind of slows her down and relaxes her. If she is tired before noon I let her watch a kids program for a little while. She gets some pretty wild ideas from it though and I have to be careful what kind of shows I let her watch. She is quite brown now from playing outside and will be dark brown in the summer.



Virginia - 1960

Virginia is a character. She never slows down all day long and is into everything. She is cutting about 8 teeth all at once and doesn't sleep very well during the day. Yesterday she slept for 45 minutes and was ready to drop by 6:30 last night. We spank her hands when she gets into the kitchen cupboards but it doesn't penetrate very well. I let them play with my pans but I usually find cans of baby food in the strangest places. She climbs on everything and usually can get down again but sometimes hurries too fast. She has found out that she can tease Marilyn and does and Marilyn has learned to respect her just a little. She is now in the process of learning to feed herself (ugh).

Louise has gotten over her colic (thank goodness) and has exactly the same schedule as Virginia. This leads to complications sometimes

which is why Virginia is learning to feed herself. Louise weighs about 12 pounds now and is trying to turn herself over. After that happens she will develop pretty fast and will be crawling before we know it.

I am amazed that Maxine can practice for 3 hours. I sit down to practice and have both kids either right on me or else they immediately get into trouble. One day Marilyn shut Virginia into the bathroom. My playing seldom lasts more than 15 minutes and usually has about 8 interruptions. We sure do enjoy our piano though...

We haven't heard a word from the government yet about moving us. The last we heard they were going to consider 5 men and the committee hadn't met yet. We feel that they may send us to South Dakota though because there aren't that many PhD's floating around that need a job and they can't afford to lose any which they might do if they don't improve Merv's situation. We'll let you know as soon as we hear.

Merv is having 3 of his contacts baptized this month. It is really a thrill to see them come into the church. There will be a couple more but they wanted to wait and see if they could lick the problem with the Word of Wisdom first...

3 May 1961. I can think of a million reasons why I shouldn't take time to write a letter but if I don't do it, it will be six months before you hear from me.

The weather here has been just beautiful for the past week but I'll be kind of glad when it changes. The daytime temperature goes up to 95 to 100 and the night time temperature only about 57. I am in a continual state of confusion as to how to dress the kids. When they first get up it's very cool, by noon it's quite warm and by later afternoon it's hot. At night when they go to bed it's hot and stuffy but by morning we need a blanket. As a result of this we have had colds for the past month. And I mean they last that long. Marilyn had (or has) a cough that lasted a good four weeks. But it is finally going away. The doctor tried an antibiotic on her which didn't work so I decided we would just wait it out ourselves. I had a sore throat which lasted for a good two weeks. We aren't sick enough to go to the doctor but kind of miserable anyway. Everybody in town is in the same boat so I guess it is to be expected. In another month it will be another story—so hot that we can't stand it.

Merv and I celebrated his birthday by inviting some friends to dinner (stroganoff) and then all of us went to see Ben Hur. If you haven't read the book, it is a wonderful show. If you have, you will be kind of disappointed. The chariot race itself is worth the price of the tickets if you have a strong stomach. The show has run here for 6 months and will probably last another six months. We enjoyed it a lot.

A couple of weeks ago we took the kids on a picnic by the river. The grounds are on the Indian Reservation and we had to pay to get in. It is fairly nice for Arizona and we enjoyed it. Marilyn has never been around a bonfire so we made a bonfire and roasted weenies and marshmallows. The kids thought it was a big deal so we will probably do it again soon. We only stayed about 1½ hours so nobody had time enough to get tired.

Virginia started taking the top off her bottle and several nights she just drenched herself and the bed with milk. So I said, "that's all, sister," and took the bottle away from her. She has never fussed or even seemed to miss it. So I guess she was ready to be weaned. I also handed

her a spoon one day and let her feed herself and she has been doing it ever since. She seems to know that Mommie doesn't have time to do everything for two little ones. And she probably wants to be like Marilyn so it's been fairly easy, thank goodness. I have a feeling that she could be trained now, but don't want to push my good luck too far. Maxine, she is starting to resemble you now.

Marilyn is very brown now. I have to watch her in the afternoons so she doesn't get overheated but she doesn't seem to mind too much and plays outside from morning until night making "recipes" in her sand pile.

Louise is growing fast and can now turn both ways. She really gets around in the playpen. She is trying to pick things up with both hands now and is trying to cut some teeth...

September 1961. ...The kids are sure growing up fast. Virginia is no longer a baby. She has become a little girl over night it seems. She plays all day long with Marilyn and when she [Marilyn] isn't here acts like a lost little lamb. Marilyn is learning things so fast it amazes me. This morning she matched all her alphabet letters with the same letters on her board. It won't be long before she can say them. She asks me what each one is all the time. The house was a mess this morning so I got her to pick up all the toys while I made the beds and then she wiped the silverware and plastic things for me. When she was through she very carefully laid the towel on the floor and folded it up. She loves to help and she can do so many things for me that I get her to help me every day.

[From Merv] Pat asked me to write a few lines while she is baking a cake. She wants me to tell about the trip I'm making to the U.S. National Museum and other institutions including Steve's Alma Mater - The University of Kansas. This will come off next April about the time I expect to finish the revision of the genus *Cuernia*, an important group of leafhoppers, two of which are known vectors of plant viruses. I'm going for the purpose of studying the types under the auspices of the Entomology Research Division and the U.S.N.M. This is the second trip under similar circumstances and is much like a grant without the red tape. The first was in 1954 and on the return trip I first met Zella and Ted which initially resulted in a romance between Pat and myself - don't expect to recapitulate this trip.

[Pat, again]...I think this letter is slightly confused. But I don't wonder. There is usually so much going on around here that I'm always confused. Just keeping track of the two littlest ones is enough to confuse anybody. While I change ones pants the other one gets into mischief. Louise crawls just exactly like Marilyn did---flat on her stomach. That way she gets into more dirt, naturally. It doesn't stop her from getting into everything though, especially the kitchen cupboards...

* * * * *

4 January 1962. Please don't faint. I have such good intentions every month. And they always seem to fade away as the days go by. I was congratulating myself on Christmas that we were about over our colds and could maybe look forward to being well for a little while. You guessed it. I spoke too soon. We all came down again about 3 days after and felt pretty rough for New Years. Louise had it the worst and had

to go to the doctor for some shots. She still isn't well and I can never decide whether it's worth it to give the kids antibiotics. At least they haven't had any serious trouble with their ears so that leaves us much to be thankful for.

On Christmas morning I got up to get Virginia so she wouldn't wake up the other two kids with her coughing. They woke up anyway and so at 6:30 they were up and rarin' to go. I had to hold them back for



Virginia, Louise & Marilyn

a few minutes while daddy set up the [movie] camera and I guess it seemed like an eternity to Marilyn. She just couldn't wait to see if Santa had really come. They were just speechless when they saw the toys under the tree. Louise and Virginia were so excited that they just shook all over. They each got little dolls with pony tails about 3 inches high and Louise just held hers in her hand and said "doggie" over and over again. Translated that means dolly.

Virginia says "lolly." Marilyn got a new bigger tricycle, house slippers, playdo, a chalk board built on a little desk, bubble bath, a necklace and bracelet with her birthstone, ivory necklace, paper dolls. Virginia got a horse on springs, toy radio (music box), plastic duck, stuffed toy, ivory necklace, cups that stack, tinker toys. Louise got a musical top, several pull toys, some slippers from Pakistan all embroidered with gold thread and sequins, plastic duck. I have forgotten some of the things but you get the idea. I got clothes. I told Merv that all I needed was clothes. So he went to Penny's and got 3 housedresses and 2 blouses and went to another store and got a nicer dress. So I really was well outfitted. Merv got shirts, socks and Timex watch. We also got books from Dad and Elenora and a beautiful copper plate from Pakistan.

I was sure glad to see the day end. They start advertising for Christmas way before Thanksgiving now and by the time Christmas comes the kids are in such a tizzy they don't know which way to turn. I think we will try to protect our kids a little next year from so much excitement. That probably sounds ridiculous and I guess it is. But we can always hope.

A week after Christmas it was Virginia's birthday. We were so pooped from colds and sitting up with sick kids that she kind of got neglected. We did give her a purse and house slippers that look like panda bears, with a puppet to match. We are finding out that one present means three presents and so the next time will have to act accordingly. That doesn't work at all.

Louise just hates to take medicine and I always have to measure it out in a spoon and then put it in a medicine dropper so that I can get it in her mouth and not all over the place. We get it all over anyway but the dropper helps a little. Last night I measured out the amount and took half of it in the dropper and turned back to get the rest of it off the cupboard. Well it was gone and Marilyn had taken it. She just sucked it out of the spoon with her lips. Such is life. Louise took in a mouthful yesterday and blew it all over me. And it's a nice thick red raspberry flavored mess too.

We decided to put our house up for sale. We need more room as Dad and Elenora can testify. We probably won't be able to sell it for a while but when we do will get a lot and build our own house. We can get

more room and lower the monthly payments which will be a big help to us...

1 July 1962: ...I have been working now for almost a month. It has been very enjoyable to get away for half a day. I haven't fallen too far behind on my work so far and don't expect to unless somebody gets sick. We have been lucky so far. My work is the same as it was three years ago, chemical analysis in the State Chemists office. I have spent most of the past 10 days learning new methods so I will be prepared when the large work load comes in during the next two months. (Oh, for a refresher in the 5th grade decimals!) We will be working on insecticides and fertilizers mostly this summer. When I started I worked on commercial feeds. The manufacturers make up these products and then they are required to specify on the label what they contain. We run analysis to make sure they have what they say they have. If we find a violation, the manufacturer is in trouble. It really is very interesting but can also be quite routine. They asked me a few days ago if I would be interested in working three mornings a week during the winter. I didn't say yes or no. But I am thinking of it seriously if we can get adequate babysitters.

Merv returned yesterday from a week in California. They had to go to Davis for Entomology meetings. He had to give two papers and they took a field trip that lasted two days. He came back very tired but I think he enjoyed the meetings. He got back just in time to take care of the first of the month finances that the ward has. He has been over at the church all day and so we've hardly seen him. Before he left for California he had been working on the ward corn patch every morning at 5. So the kids have hardly seen him for about three weeks. They had to dust the corn first by hand (each ear) and then had to pick and sell it. They didn't make much money but are going to raise some more as soon as they get this all taken care of.

The kids are all well, thank goodness. Louise is adjusting to my being gone very well. Virginia doesn't take to it quite as well as I thought she would. I think it's because the baby sitters make too much over Louise and she is getting jealous. I will take care of that problem tomorrow I hope. Virginia doesn't ask for loving like the other two kids do. It's not because she doesn't want it, it's because she is more of an introvert. But she blossoms under affection. So I have to walk the chalk line and hope I don't give one child more than the others and the baby sitters don't understand that yet.

November 1962 [written to Dad and Elenora].

...Marilyn watched the World Series one day with Merv to see some "Home Made Runs." She decided that Virginia was the Momma and she was the baby one day. Virginia covered her up in the wagon. Then Marilyn stood up and said to lift her down. Virginia held up her arms and naturally they both went down in a heap with Virginia on the bottom. She is just like a faithful little puppy and follows Marilyn around all the time. When Marilyn is gone she asks me a hundred times "Where Marnan go?" She is old enough now to be trained but is a little stubborn so I'm not going to force the issue like I did with Marilyn. We'll do it when she gets ready. Marilyn gets to go to Primary and Sunday School now so she thinks she's quite a big shot.

Louise has tried a couple of times to pull herself up at the furniture but each time she has fallen and so is being quite slow about doing it. She can get around real fast in her scooter so is not too eager to try anything new. I think she is trying to cut more teeth lately so has been kind of cross.

I have been able to go to Relief Society a few times and to Sunday School with Marilyn. It sure has seemed good to get away. I have plenty to do at home and very nice neighbors but it's still nice to see new faces.

Merv is still working on his mission. He should be released around November 1. But they haven't said anything about it. He has a lot of papers to write this winter and hopes they will soon release him so he can work at night...

This was the year, 1962, Santa brought each of the girls a Barbie with a wardrobe of clothes made by mom. That was very successful, although the tiny clothes took forever to make. The girls played for hours with the Barbies. That year Marilyn got her first small bike and Virginia inherited the tricycle. I believe that was also the year they got a red wagon large enough to ride in. I remember putting all three in the wagon to go to the Circle K that was nearby. On the way, I tried to get over the curb and tipped them all out on the ground. There were no injuries, just hurt feelings.

April 1963. ...Dad and Elenora got in on almost the only really warm weather we have had this spring. We did have one other spell but it didn't last long. We don't care. As long as it stays cool it holds off our hot summers.

Last week Merv's brother [Bud and Julia] from Salt Lake dropped in for a couple of days. It was nice to see them but they didn't stay too long because that happened to be one of the hot days and they couldn't take the heat. We did manage to take them to a nice place for dinner and I got to see some of the new shopping centers with Julia. I saw some nice places to shop as soon as I get my next check. Oh, boy. The place we went to is called Thomas Mall [probably one of the first malls of its kind in Arizona]. It is a tremendous shopping center that is all enclosed. In the summer you can go from store to store and not even go out in the hot sun. The Mall has beautiful fountains all down the center and birds and fish. The kids were thrilled to death. We even found an escalator that we had to ride on about three times. That was the hardest thing to get away from. While we were there I went into the nicest department store (Diamond's) and got Merv a suit carrier. It is like a large garment bag but is made from very heavy plastic like a suit case and folds over so that it can be carried like a suit case. That is for his big long trip next summer. It was his birthday the 7th so I splurged a little bit. We are hoping that he will be able to carry his suits easier without wrinkling. I also went in the Montgomery Ward's that is there and got the kids some summer clothes. Now I know where I'll go shopping most of the time next summer.

Bud (Merv's brother) also gave us some tips on our finances. He works for the real estate loan department of a bank and knows a great deal about this sort of thing. We had been saving money so that we could pay cash for a new car. But he said we shouldn't touch those savings. That we would actually save money by leaving it there to draw interest and borrowing the money for the car. It sounds silly but it really works.

The savings draw 4%, the loan would be 5 to 5½%. That means that in the long run our loan would only be the difference between the two of 1%. Does that make sense? He also gave us some good hints about selling our house so that we could bring it down to a reasonable figure for people interested in buying. We felt well paid for the short visit we had with all the information he gave us.

We have been having German measles. Marilyn started, Virginia has them today and I don't know when Louise will get them. Virginia had trouble with her stomach when they started out, other than that they haven't been very sick. In fact I guess I exposed quite a few people because I didn't recognize any of the signs until the rash was in full bloom. I guess that is why there has been such an epidemic here this spring. Everybody is having the same trouble I have had.

My hay fever is in full bloom the past few days. It got a late start this year but is just as bad as ever. Practically everybody in Arizona has some form of allergy. If you don't have it when you get here just wait a while and it will come. The only complaint I have is that I don't get enough sleep when I have it and so am tired most of the time.

We thought that Louise would have to have a tonsillectomy soon but I took her to a specialist in Phoenix Monday and he said they were enlarged but that he would recommend that we wait until fall because she is so young. Unless she has a severe infection and then it will have to be done.

Merv ordered the lumber for a fence across the back of our yard today. He and the neighbor will build it and hope it keeps out a few kids and dogs. We will put up the rest as we get around to it. It surely does make for a more private yard...

April 1963. ...I am going to enter Marilyn in kindergarten in preparation for school tomorrow. She is really thrilled and excited to think that she is at last big enough to go to school. Virginia and Louise will kind of be thrown on their own resources with her gone. But I think it will be good for them. They depend on her an awful lot. When she was sick last week they played together and had such a good time getting into mischief that I think that they just really discovered each other. Louise wasn't able to pronounce Virginia's name. I heard her call Virginia something one day a few months ago and found out that she was calling her "Betty." We are trying to teach her to say Virginia because we don't want that nickname to persist but so far have gotten only to "Berdingya."



Marilyn - age 3

We looked at some home movies last night. It was lots of fun. It is the first time the kids had seen themselves on film and they had a ball waving to the pictures. Marilyn and Louise are so much alike when they were the same age that it is remarkable. Marilyn's nose is a little different. Virginia seems to be the different one in every way. She is so impulsive and reckless sometimes that I really have to keep an eye on her. But she is so sweet and when she decides to be loving she nearly squeezes your neck off...

We had a routine for getting everyone to bed — all three girls in the tub at once. As each was scrubbed they were wrapped in a towel and sent to Merv in the living room where he would dry and dress them. They

were put to bed by 7:30 which was a great trial in the summertime. The sun didn't go down until after nine and the girls would look longingly out their windows to see their friends playing outside. The early bedtime gave them so much rest that they were up wanting to be fed by 6 or 6:30. It also created a game called, "Mommy and Daddy," where they would pretend to sneak out into the hall and the one playing Mommy would chase them back to bed with much squealing. Marilyn had a room of her own by age two and many times we would find her asleep on the floor next to the door where she could see the light. She hated being cut off from the family at night. We finally realized we had to let her sleep with the door open. We were "old" parents and learning came hard.

25 April 1963. ...We finally decided to break away for a few days and over Easter weekend took off for San Diego. We left on a Friday morning and came back on Monday. We went through Yuma and El Centro. It was very beautiful Friday and Saturday. We found a nice motel to stay and were there for two nights. Frank Hasbrouck, Merv's friend from Oregon (now at ASU) went with us. His motel room had a little kitchenette attached so we had two meals a day there to go easy on the money. Naturally the biggest event of the trip was taking the kids to the Zoo. That was the main reason for the trip in the first place. They were so excited that we could hardly contain them. I had made them matching pink Easter dresses and they wore them that day to the Zoo. Zella, it is just as wonderful as I remember it was. Only I guess a lot bigger. They are adding new buildings and cages all the time. We couldn't possibly cover the whole Zoo in the time we had. As it was we spent two and a half hours walking around. We saw most of the big animals and the monkeys but didn't have time for the Children's Zoo or the Reptiles or the water animals or the birds. Anyway we have a Children's Zoo near here so didn't feel too badly about that. While the kids napped, Merv and Frank went back to see some of the exhibits and museums. That night we went to a place called Anthony's Grotto and had some wonderful shrimp and fish. The next day we meant to spend by the ocean but it was cold, rainy and windy. We didn't want to miss part of it so went anyway dressed in our winter clothes. We had promised the kids that they could make a sand castle and found an almost deserted beach with wonderful sand to play in. They all decided to at least get their feet wet so all took their shoes off. I had to stay where the car was parked because we can't lock it and didn't want to leave it unattended. Merv took Louise in and washed her feet off and dried them. (I was way high up on a cliff where I could see everything.) Then Frank brought her up to me while Merv took care of the other two. He took Marilyn and Virginia out to wash their feet off and little independent Virginia pulled away from him. He turned his head to grab her hand again and just at that instant a bigger wave hit them and knocked Virginia off her feet. She went flat on her back in about three inches of water and got sand and water clear up to her neck. Well that ended the dip in the ocean. We had to change her from the skin out. She didn't seem to mind a bit. Didn't even cry. Even though it was cold as Greenland.

We went on up the coast toward Newport Beach where Merv's sister lives. On the way we had a ferry ride and stopped for lunch at LaJolla cove which I had remembered from being there before. Then it started to rain so we went on up to Merv's sister's place and stayed there

that night. Frank, who is a bachelor, about had his fill of kids after we got home, what with our three girls and Bev's three boys. We came home on Monday which was another beautiful day. It was kind of hectic but a lot of fun and we were relaxed in spite of it.

When we got home Marilyn came down with some kind of virus. She seems to be getting better but is still a little droopy. Other than my hayfever we are all well. Merv is currently planning another trip to Washington, D.C. to see some more leafhoppers and we are still anxiously waiting for August to come.

It was on this trip that Louise, who was partly trained, sat on Frank's lap in the front seat. All of a sudden he lifted her up and said that his pants were all wet. That was one more reason why he was exceptionally glad to get home.

* * * * *



Louise - age 3

When building the house on Fifth Street, we had the builders leave a space about three feet wide for a sand pile on one end of the patio. The girls loved this arrangement and played house on the patio for hours. I had obtained the small table, chairs and cupboard that Maxine and I had played with as children and that furniture, placed on the patio made for a wonderful playhouse. One day, during the excitement of playing house, Marilyn decided that they needed to have some

food in the dishes, and used what was available—sand. I hurriedly called the doctor. Dr. Ewart just laughed and told me to feed them some bread to help the sand go through. There were no ill effects—just sand in diapers. The girls played outside most of the time. The heat in Mesa never seemed to bother them. We later had to cover the sand pile with a lid. The neighborhood cats found it too convenient.

We attended the Sixteenth Ward on University Avenue. Waldo DeWitt was Bishop. Not being around children much growing up, I didn't realize that small children should attend Primary. Marilyn didn't attend until the Primary President called me one day after Marilyn was four. We started her in Primary that very week. The Primary children were lining up outside the church as we arrived and I tried to get Marilyn to go and line up with the other children to march into Primary. She didn't want to go by herself and I had to get the other two children out of the car to walk her to the line. After the first time we had no problem with attendance at Primary.



Marilyn - First Grade

In 1962 Marilyn was due to start Kindergarten. The city didn't have a whole year of Kindergarten as they do now. They had a six week session in the summer just before school started. That year I worked again for the State Chemist's

Laboratory for three months. Marilyn left for Kindergarten from the baby sitter's house and I have a memory of watching her skip all the way down the sidewalk on the way to the school in her little yellow dress. She loved Kindergarten. We had a Ward member, Sister Baraclough, babysit for us for those three months. The girls loved to go there and were treated royally. Louise saw some beautiful beads on the edge of the tub, put some in her mouth and swallowed them. They were bath beads and Sister Baraclough gave her raw egg to make her throw them up.

August 1963. ...[After returning from a trip to Utah and Colorado to see Zella and Ted and family after their return from Pakistan.]

I finally decided that if I didn't set everything aside and write you would never hear from me. Life has been really confusing since we got back...

We had an easy trip across Wyoming. When we left there we got a few miles from Santa Fe and started to have car trouble. We had visions of all kinds of things wrong with the car and so looked for a motel with easy access to places to eat and a garage. We were lucky and found one. After about an hour or less Merv came to the motel and said the repair was minor and that we would be able to get home all right. The rest of the trip was kind of uneventful except for a ticket for passing that we got shortly after we got in Arizona. The speed limits in New Mexico are 70 miles per hour and as soon as you hit the border, the roads are the same but the speed limit drops to 60 miles per hour. It's kind of hard to remember it all the time especially on the good roads and I guess the city of Springerville gets quite a bit of revenue that way. The whole country from Ft. Collins almost home was just beautiful and green. There had apparently been lots of rain and even the plains were green with grass. Eastern Mesa had a rain storm which caused quite a bit of damage. We could see where parts of the road had been undermined and where a lot of water had been but no major damage. I guess on the other side of Phoenix they weren't so lucky.

We have had a couple of rain storms which were badly needed since we got home. Maybe you read about some of the towns north of Phoenix being called disaster areas. We are far from that area and are high enough that we are in no danger from high water.

While we were in Santa Fe, we had a motel with a TV in it. We listened to a news broadcast and happened to hear that the police in Las Cruces had caught the man who killed my friend, Eunice Kelly last May. I sure was glad because I didn't think that kind of killing should go unpunished.

I have Marilyn partially outfitted for school. Fortunately the weather will stay warm enough for her to wear some of her kindergarten clothes for a while. We go to the school tomorrow for an interview with her teacher and Tuesday will be her big day. I think she is nervous about it but won't admit it.

Merv leaves next Wednesday for Mexico for five or six days. He is going to collect insects with another entomologist in Sonora. The government is sponsoring it and Merv will probably be able to get another paper out of it.



Virginia - age 4

The neighbor to the east of us is having a baby any time now and the neighbor to the west of us is having a very precarious time of it with her health. She has just about everything in the book and is staying alive just by pure will power. Between the two of them I kind of keep busy going back and forth. They both have been real good friends to me. The one who is having the baby has often taken the kids when I have been sick or had an errand. So I feel that now they need my help and I hope I can give them some.

I start my three mornings a week after Sept. 1 at work and I will be kind of glad. The house needs to be housecleaned and I need to get some sewing done. It's nice to have this little job but sometimes it gets to be a grind.

This is kind of a kooky letter but it is kind of late and I'm not thinking too clearly. Again, many thanks for your hospitality. I'll try and write soon again.

* * * * *

30 August 1964 [Written to Dad and Elenora].

Many thanks for the lovely meals. We surely enjoyed our visit with you. It was too short but all our visits are.

I hope you are feeling well now, Dad. You looked so good that it was hard for me to believe that you had been operated on [for Prostate trouble]. Try to keep you spirits up and remember that we all love you and are thinking of you.

Marilyn says, "1 and 1 are 2, 2 and 2 are 4, 3 and 3 are 6, etc. Now I know my arithmetic before I go to school." She is eager to learn and I sure am hoping they won't disappoint her...

I worked one more time for the State Chemist's Laboratory in the fall of 1963. It was while working there that we got word that President John F. Kennedy had been assassinated. We did not believe the secretary who told us and ran home to our TV to get it confirmed. We watched many hours as that horrible story ran its course. We were watching when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin. The country went through a major trauma then. Whenever I hear the ruffle of drums, I can still see the funeral cortege as it was then. It was hard to believe that such a young vital man was gone. It was only in later years that we learned much more about Kennedy to his detriment.



Nielson Girls

It was also during the '60's that the Vietnam War was going on. We were not closely involved with this as some families were, but followed on TV the losses and gains of our service men and the bitter demonstrations all over the country. It was a sad blot on our country's history when the service men and women were reviled and spit upon when they came home for having fought in an unpopular war. That decade was not a happy time for anyone. It was also the decade of hippies, free love, and the beginning of an extensive use of drugs by many young people.

I was still teaching the four-year-old class in Sunday School. At one time I had two children with Cystic Fibrosis in that class, Carla, 5, and Scott Beecroft, 3. They always had terrible coughs. Carla said to her mother one day, "Don't worry, mom, Sister Nielson knows what to do." I didn't, but sent her for drinks of water several times. While I was her teacher, she entered the hospital and died after two weeks of unsuccessful treatment. Scott died earlier that same year. Carla was never afraid. Her parents had instilled a great feeling of security in her and she was able to comfort her parents. I have never seen anyone look as beautiful in her coffin as she did, although it was heartbreaking to see. That family lost at least one or two more children to this disease. Carla was the same age as Marilyn.

A couple of years after this I went to teach my class one Sunday and couldn't do it. I had a complete burnout and have never been able to confront a class of small children since. I believe that the long period of teaching (15 years) plus having three small children 24 hours a day at home helped cause it. I have always felt badly about this because I enjoyed teaching the class stories and songs each Sunday but I never had the courage to try it again.

* * * * *

January 1964. [To Dad and Elenora] ...Many thanks for the beautiful book. The kids and I will enjoy many hours reading it together. I guess I'm still a kid at heart because I still love the old stories.



Easter - About 1963

We took the kids to see "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" the day after Christmas. Most of it was over the heads of the two little ones but they loved the dancing and the stories. They didn't like the dragon though and still talk about that big alligator. Sometimes they call it a dinosaur. It is a beautiful movie though and we enjoyed it, especially the scenery.

We were sure sorry to hear about Beth [probably her gall bladder operation in Panama] and I am writing to her today. If I can get hold of some paperback books I will send them to her. I shouldn't think reading would hurt her.

I enjoyed talking to you so much. Dad, you sound like a new man. I think you must be about over that awful [prostrate] operation. Have you ever thought about making things to sell. I was talking to someone over at work one day about rock hounding and she said that there is a market for boxes that they put something in called thumbnail samples. Maybe you know what I mean. Small boxes that contain very small samples of the rocks people collect. There also is a market for what Merv uses to mount his insects in. They are called "Schmidt boxes" and most entomologists use them. I think if you had some way to work with your hands the time would go much faster for you especially if you could

sell what you make. Maybe Jack could let you use his shop smith. He doesn't seem to have much time to use it any more. You should investigate all possibilities. When I think of all the inventions you made around your farm, it seems a shame to let it lie dormant. The writing is wonderful but I know you don't feel like doing it all the time and if you are like me you just have to do something with your hands that seems like you are really accomplishing. I guess that is why I cling to my job even though I really don't have time for it.

We haven't heard anything about the Africa deal but feel that President Johnson has frozen it along with all other government hiring. So we have kind of forgotten about it. Maybe it will come again some time in the future.

Well I must finish the rest of my letters, especially the one to Beth.

P.S. I got the enclosed letter yesterday. I hope you can answer it. I can't imagine why Cousin Lillie told her to write to me instead of you. I am going to refer her to you and also to Stephen in case he has the papers.

* * * * *

7 January 1964. ...I will try and make an extra copy so hope everybody can read this. We have been having the most beautiful weather that you can imagine. Our marigolds have been blooming for three months and are just now beginning to look like they might be fading out. Our poinsettias are still bright red even though we have had freezing weather the last two nights. And to top it off Marilyn took a red rose to her teacher yesterday. How is that?

We had quite a Christmas. The kids got so excited that for three weeks before we could hardly live with them. Louise didn't like Santa but the other two managed to see him about three times. Marilyn saw him at her school party and came home and said that it was a man dressed up like Santa and then she said, "At least I think it was a man dressed up like Santa." She has asked a million questions this year so I think by next year she will begin to realize what the score is. At the ward party Louise cried and wouldn't talk to Santa and so she was supposed to share a sack of candy with Virginia. Then she really cried and said daddy wouldn't let her have a sack of candy. When we got home she got in her pajamas and sat down by the Christmas tree in front of a paper Santa that Marilyn made in school and told it all her troubles. She did that for two days. All about how daddy wouldn't let her have a sack of candy and what she wanted for Christmas. Virginia wasn't a bit afraid. Every time we saw him she would wave her hand and yell, "Hi, Santa Claus." No matter where we were. It got a little embarrassing at times.

The kids all got Barbie dolls with clothes painstakingly made by Mommie right under their noses. They never asked any questions. They got beds and toy jewelry for Barbie and small dishes. They also got crayons, color books, sewing cards, bathrobes, and house slippers. In fact everything was three alike marked with their names. It is surprising how little fighting there has been. Marilyn got a small record player that Santa said was to be played for all three, Virginia got roller skates, and Louise got Krazy Ikes. They have only played with Barbie so far. They got homemade bracelets from Grandpa and Grandma Nielson (who are rock hounds for those who don't know), a beautiful story book from Grandpa and Grandma Wood, and some very pretty necklaces from Aunt Dorothy back east.

Merv and I did pretty well too. Two weeks before Christmas we saw a sale over in Phoenix in a store that was having a Grand Opening. So we went over and outfitted ourselves. Merv got a black flannel suit with two pairs of pants, slacks, two shirts and they gave him a little memo book and a man's overnight suitcase. I got a beautiful Cashmere coat, a three piece suit (jacket, skirt and jumper) in bright red, beads to match, white blouse and they gave me a small suitcase also. We feel like we really got our money's worth. I gave Merv a sweater, Marilyn gave him some fancy hankies and he got a homemade Western tie [bolo] from his folks and a tie clip from his sister. I got a Universal hair dryer, stockings, bracelet made by Merv's folks, pin to match my sunflower earrings, Maxine, and Marilyn gave me a beautiful pin also. Then we also got some of Zella's delicious candy which only lasted until about Christmas Day.

Some friends of ours invited us for Christmas Day and they wouldn't let me do a thing. So I had a very relaxing wonderful day. I enjoyed the calls from everybody but there was so much to say that I couldn't think what I wanted to say first so didn't get much said...

* * * * *

8 [January or February] 1964. [Written to Dad and Elenora]
You said that you might come down when it gets warmer. Is that a promise? Why don't you come down for Easter. Zella and Ted are going to be here the week of March 15. You could come the week after. We have arranged for extra beds for them and if you can come we will just hang onto them for you. We promise to make you a little more comfortable than you were the last time. We hope that the weather warms up a little. We have had the coldest February in history. And also one of the driest. It is cloudy today and we are hoping that it will rain and soak everything really good.

Austin Haws is coming down next week. So if you think that you can come, why don't you send a message with him. We are planning on having him stay with us, too. He had dinner with us when he was on his way to South America last year and we really enjoyed our visit with him. The enclosed picture was Marilyn's school picture [picture in the yellow dress]. We were a little aggravated that the teacher didn't put her collar down or comb her hair but it is kind of cute anyway and we thought you might like to have one too. She is so proud of herself. She can read many of the primers and does very well on the books I get her from the library. I have been trying to teach her to play the piano but so far we have had nothing but difficulty. I think I have trying to push her too fast. So I am slowing down and trying not to expect too much and maybe it will work out better. She wants to learn but only in her way.

Virginia and Louise have grown so much this year that you would hardly know them. They enjoy each others company and usually get along pretty well. Virginia is so impulsive that she is always getting in scrapes. Louise is more easy-going and is the most loving child I have ever seen. She is always wanting to kiss us and is so sweet about it you can't get mad at her.

Merv is in the yearly process of growing a beard. It is a painful process for all of us but it usually lasts only about six weeks. He gradually shaves it off, little by little until there will be only a mustache left and then that will go too...

* * * * *

Spring 1964. (To Dad and Elenora)

We wish you were here to enjoy the warm sunshine with us. But I'm afraid in another two weeks you will think it is too hot for you. I went to the library today and a perfect stranger came out and said, "Isn't this a beautiful day." And it is too. The birds are singing their heads off and the citrus smells so strong you can't get away from it.

It would be very nice to have Mom's mixmaster if you have no use for it. I do have a hand mixer which will pass for most things and the others I just don't make. Of course, with Merv on the diet we can't have many sweet things around anyway. If you are sure that you won't need it, we will pick it up in the summer. We tentatively hope to make a trip up to the Northwest then to see Merv's brother who isn't at all well and all the other relatives who are on the way. We will come back by way of Logan and will get it then. Of course, this is still in the talking stage and anything can happen between then and now. And we won't be able to spend more than one night there anyhow because Jack [in Sweden] will be gone and we will have to stay in a motel. But we could see you for a short time and hope to do so.

I'm glad that the winter is about over. I'm sure it has been rough for both of you. We will try to write as soon as Merv is through with his [ear] operation to let you know the results. Hope you are both well.

* * * * *

2 March 1964.

This has sure been a queer month. We have had lots of things to do and think about.

About three weeks ago Merv called me from work and told me that my boss [Clem Olsen] had been fired. He didn't know any details then and I had to wait from Monday to Wednesday (my regular working day) to find anything out. He was in charge of the laboratory and had been for almost 20 years. He has a personality which makes it difficult for anyone to get along with him unless you are willing to give in on every point. Anyway he had been having disagreements with the State Chemist for eight years on everything. Last November it kind of came to a head. The State Chemist let it go on until February hoping that Mr. Olsen would come around and cooperate but he didn't. So there was no alternative but to let him go. It has been very upsetting. Mr. Olsen is the one who hired me and has been very good to me in the laboratory. This doesn't affect my job in any way. I was assured by the State Chemist that he wanted me to go on as I had been and he would help me in any way that he could. They haven't rehired Mr. Olsen and don't intend to and they haven't found anyone to take his place. There are a lot of things under the surface that I don't know anything about (and don't want to know) and it makes it kind of hard to concentrate when I am at work. There may yet be some repercussions if Mr. Olsen decides to go to court or anything like that.

When this happened Merv and I were in the midst of re-upholstering our couch and chair. We haven't yet finished up the details of them yet but hope to finish them this week. We really sweat over them believe me. I sewed and cut and Merv hammered the pieces back in place. We are quite proud of our end product. Some of the spots look kind of amateurish but we have had lots of compliments on them and have had people ask us for help. We went into it kind of blindly but took off the old upholstery and cut the new pieces from them. The chair turned out better than the couch but I guess that was just beginners



Nielson Family - Passport Picture

luck. I learned enough so that if I ever do it again I would do some things different than I did this time. We both enjoyed it thoroughly.

Merv talked to Washington a couple of weeks ago on some business. When they got through he asked them about Africa again. We find that it is still in the fire, that the houses are well under way (3 bedrooms, 2 baths) and that we are still being considered. The job in Nigeria has been

removed and there is a new one in Senegal besides the one in Uganda. We have seen several films on that part of Africa on the TV and are more excited than ever about going. The reporting date is now August or September. We are really hoping that they send us and Merv reminds them about it every time he gets a chance.

We also have had many discussions with a friend of Merv's who joined the John Birch society. The rumors here are that they sent Apostle Benson to Europe to get him out of the way. The church members are joining in droves. Reed Benson makes two or three appearances here every year and it had encouraged many to join. He quotes a scripture the D & C about joining a cause in which you believe and backing it up. It has affected many people. Some of their beliefs are just sickening and I can't understand why some of the authorities don't say something about it especially since so many members are joining. They can cast a cloud on a prominent person just by casually calling them a "communist," whether it is true or not. Then the person has to prove that they are not and some of them never recover from the scandal. That is the prime method of the Birch. When we asked Merv's friend about this, he said that the main purpose of the society is to "wake people up" and that they feel free in using any method necessary to do it. Including blackening innocent people's reputations. I get so mad when we talk to him that I can't sleep at night. I wish we had some specific things with which to refute his arguments. If any of you have any, please send us copies or references.

* * * * *

About 30 April 1964

This morning Marilyn got up grumbling about "those stupid birds that sing in the morning and wake me up." She said, "Every morning, tweet, tweet, tweet." I started to laugh at her and she finally cheered up. There is a mocking bird that starts in about 6:00 a.m. and sings it's heart out right in our back yard and there have been many times that I have threatened to get after it but nothing discourages it. It's the same one that got all mixed up last year and started to sing when the moon came up about two o'clock in the morning. "Tweet, tweet, tweet."

It has finally turned real hot. Yesterday it was 98 and probably will be again today or higher. We don't have our cooler turned on yet but haven't suffered too much. The nights are almost cold and the house stays cool until after noon.

Well, it's two weeks tomorrow since Merv had his operation. [Merv had an ear operation to make an eardrum and clean out the scar tissue

from early infections to prepare him for a cochlear transplant which is the operation spoken of here.] I'm sorry I didn't get a letter to you sooner but things got pretty involved and I never found a single minute. The operation was set back from morning until afternoon on the 19th. I got over there about 12:30 and Merv was pretty groggy from the sedatives. He talked steadily for 45 minutes until they came and took him away to the operating room. He was gone two hours and when he came back was pretty nauseated. I didn't get much out of him so waited around for two hours until the doctor came. He said the operation seemed to be successful but we would have to wait until he was healed up to know for sure. Merv was supposed to come home the next day but when the doctor came and looked at him he was so dizzy that he couldn't sit up so



Pat - 1965

he stayed in the hospital for another day. I have never seen anyone as dizzy as he was. Every time he would get up or lay back down again he would get nauseated. He said it was like you were sitting in a glass barrel on the ocean, bobbing up and down and all of a sudden the barrel would turn completely over twice. I had to get a friend to go over to the hospital (he was in Phoenix) to help me get him home. As long as he held his head absolutely still he was all right so we sat him in the middle and I held him and our friend drove the car. We got him home all right but after we got him in bed again he was quite nauseated and I had to pour the tea in him before the food started to smell good again.

He was flat on his back for about five days. He could get up to go to the bathroom and I managed to get him in the living room for a change of scene but he was pretty content to stay quiet. After about three days the worst of the somersaults [in his head] left and the dizziness gradually left until yesterday when he didn't have a dizzy spell all day. As for the hearing, it was so acute when he first got home that in spite of a cotton plug in his ear, he could hear sounds he never heard before [like the sheets rubbing against his face]. That gradually faded until the day he went to see the doctor (April 22) he couldn't hear much of anything. That part of it seems to vary. Sometimes he can hear very well and other times not so well. I feel as the inner ear heals he will improve in hearing, Merv is not so optimistic. The doctor won't comment. It has been quite an experience for both of us. We found out the other day that there are only 7 doctors in the U.S. who can do this operation. We feel very fortunate to be so near one of them.

The kids have been real good about this whole thing. The days I had to go to the hospital they were parked around with various neighbors and baby sitters and were very cooperative. They have been pretty well this month. I thought that it was just our family that had so many colds and things but a public nurse told me last night that it has been a very bad year for sore throats and colds.

If I don't finish this right now it will still be another day before I get it off and I do want all of you to know we appreciated your thoughts and prayers. I'm sure that everything will turn out all right in time. One of the reasons I haven't written was so that I could give a more definite report but I guess it will be a while before we can give that. We'll write more soon.

It was later in the summer of 1964 that Merv had to take a trip somewhere. While he was gone we decided that it would be a good idea if I visited Zella for a couple of weeks. With that in mind I made matching yellow and white checked gingham dresses for all three girls and we caught the plane from Phoenix to Denver. Fortunately for me and the girls, the flight was only about 1½ hours. The girls were all so small that I shudder when I think of doing such a thing. But they were wonderful. They carried their Barbies and played with them all the time we were in the plane. People all around were exclaiming how cute they were. But, of course, I knew that. We arrived in Denver where Ted and Zella met us and took us to their home in Ft. Collins. It was a wonderful visit. Everyone was so good to us. Louise made sure to kiss everybody goodnight when she went to bed—even total strangers. We flew home where a friend met us and took us to our home. Merv returned home shortly after we were settled in. Security at the airport was nothing like it is now. We had to walk from the very small terminal and climb the steps to board the plane. In Denver, Ted and Zella came right out on the tarmac to meet us.

* * * * *

13 September 1964.

Please don't faint. This is about the only letter I have written all summer. I have been working every morning since June 1 and it has left things in kind of a turmoil. Louise has a cold this morning so I am keeping her home from Sunday School. This gives us an opportunity to get at least this letter written.

About two weeks ago my neighbor was telling me about sending her little girl to kindergarten. I have been teaching Virginia in Sunday School and have noticed many times that she is getting painfully shy. She was supposed to give a little verse and wouldn't even do that without me standing right by her. So I decided on the spur of the moment to send her to kindergarten. Our neighbors volunteered to take her back and forth with their girl and I felt that it was too good an opportunity to miss. Arizona doesn't have kindergarten in the public schools any more because of lack of space and teachers. So Virginia is going to a Lutheran kindergarten to the tune of \$20 a month. Even at that it is cheaper than most of the others. Her birthday (Dec. 30) comes one day before the deadline and so she is actually one year younger than some of the other children (which is another argument for the kindergarten). I have already noticed a change in her. Her ability to color was developing rapidly and is already first grade level and I imagine she will surpass Marilyn in that. She hasn't been too interested in learning to write but I think that will come in a few months. She is our lefty and so I have been letting her go her own speed on these things and have been amazed at how fast she is going. She is also developing her self confidence and I have been encouraging her to tell me everything she does. Friday she told me about a little girl who has shoes just like hers, made out of alligator and fuzz.

Marilyn entered second grade last week and was thrilled to death to be in school. Her teacher looks considerably like the new Miss America and when all the daddies see her I'm sure they will all want to enter school again. It remains to be seen how much she can teach them. Marilyn is kind of disgusted because they are still doing that "easy first

grade stuff.” She is wondering when school is going to be hard. She has started bringing home jokes again and some of them are pretty hard to bear.

All this has left Louise out in the cold as far as playmates are concerned. She has to go to the baby sitter all by herself. The first day she said she didn’t ever want to go there again but I think she is making the adjustment just fine. It will do her good to be on her own for once in her life. She is pretty spoiled.

Merv had a bad cold last week but is recovered. It’s pretty rough to be sick when the temperature and humidity are about ninety. It’s been hot and humid ever since we got home from Utah. Usually it’s just hot in September. I have been working every morning as I said so I have enough to do so that I haven’t had time to worry too much about the heat. After I decided to send Virginia to kindergarten it meant a hurry up sewing job which I haven’t finished yet. I probably will start working only three mornings Oct. 1.

Anyway I feel that I have been on the run all summer and now have to face a fall housecleaning chore which would “gag a maggot.” The kids stayed home all summer with a teenage girl which didn’t do too much for the state of the house. I hope after I once get it clean it will stay that way for a day at least. That is provided I can keep the Barbie dolls under control. They are wonderful toys (for our kids at least) but they sure can be messy.

Well I am about at the end. We enjoyed seeing most of you this summer and now have some prospects of seeing Maxine sometime. Write when you can.

* * * * *

19 October 1964. To Dad and Elenora.

Many thanks for sending the book. I thought sure that I had lost it. I’m glad that you found another copy of it.

About a month ago one of the secretaries over at work retired. To celebrate or whatever you call it we took her to a fancy and expensive eating place over in Scottsdale. All around this place which is called “Trader Vic’s” is a whole area that I am sure you would just love. We didn’t get time to explore all the little shops but someday I’m going to find an excuse to go back and look at the whole thing again. It’s much more interesting a place than the part that I showed you. I guess I should get around more so that I would know more about these places. We had a wonderful dinner with a maitre’d hanging around most of the time to see that we got what we wanted and had proper service and to explain the foods to us. They had a combination of American, Polynesian and Chinese dishes and the dish we had was a plate with a little taste of all the Chinese kinds that we could manage on one plate. It was absolutely out of this world. If you have ever tasted the sweet sour sauce that the Chinese put on their meat you know what I mean.



Grandma Nielson with
Nielson girls

The kids are getting along fine. Marilyn loves school this year. She has complained a little that they are not teaching her anything new but I expect that to change very soon. She passed her dental examination again with flying colors—no cavities. But

we did learn that she might have to have some orthodontic work done sometime in the future. Her teeth are coming in quite crowded.

Virginia loves her kindergarten. When she first started to learn to write her letters they came out mirror images of what they were supposed to be. I talked to her a while and worked with her and it suddenly dawned on me that she is left handed and she was making her hand go exactly like the teachers only on the left side. I finally convinced her that she was supposed to move her hand in the opposite direction and she is improving very fast. Her coloring and drawing are far advanced of what Marilyn was at her age. I'm not sure that's because she has learned so much from Marilyn or because she is artistically inclined. We will find out eventually.

Louise gets very lonesome and nearly pesters the life out of me while they are gone. I have to keep thinking up new things for her to do and sometimes I get pretty close to the bottom of the barrel. My last resort is to let her wash the dishes for me but that sometimes gets pretty messy.

I am now working three mornings a week and hope now to get caught up on some of the things I have to do. I went to the doctor for a general check up last month. He said I am in pretty good condition except for a slight lower back strain which would improve as soon as I had time to get off my feet a little. It has improved and I feel fine. I hope to get a lot of things done before we start having birthdays and holidays at our house. My time before Santa Claus is growing very short compared to what I want to do so I don't have to worry about not having enough to do.

Well it's time for Merv to come home for lunch so I must clear up and get a little food out. We have been enjoying the most beautiful fall you ever saw. They keep telling us that it is going to cool down but so far it has been warm days and cool nights. Write soon again. It sounds like you will be traveling around some this fall. I hope you have an enjoyable time.

* * * * *

3 March 1965. [Written to Dad and Elenora]

I have had these pictures for a couple of weeks but haven't had time to send them to you. The kids forgot what I told them to do about their hair and Marilyn wouldn't smile on account of her missing teeth but they are cute anyway. We will have one of Louise next year when she is in first grade.

We have had one of the kids home all year long. We surely have had a lot of sore throats this year. And now we have chicken pox. Louise had them two weeks ago and Virginia has them this week. I also have Marilyn home today with a mild case of the flu. Virginia has chicken pox much worse than Louise or Marilyn but she is now over the worst part and will get better fast. Judging by the way the kids are fighting none of them are too sick.

Merv has been in Kansas since Feb 12. He will be back on March 12. So we still have about 10 more days to go. It sure has been hard without him this time because of the chicken pox but I guess he will be glad he missed it.

The weather turned very warm - 70° and above for several days and then suddenly turned very cold again. It's hard to dress the kids properly this time of year. We dress them for the cold mornings and by afternoon they are sweating.

Hope you both are very well now and not snowed under. We'll write soon again.

* * * * *

June 1965.

Well, the thermometer finally blew its top Monday. It was 112° yesterday and we expect it to get hotter today. Thank goodness the humidity is still kind of low or we would really suffer.

We have all been busy since school let out. Louise entered the city kindergarten for six weeks last week and has learned more than she learned all last winter. It has really been good for her. Marilyn and Virginia are going to one of the other schools three days a week. The City Recreation Department has a program where the kids can go and make things and learn dances and games so they really have a ball. Marilyn is also going great guns on her music. Last week in her class the teacher asked if anyone could play "Nick-nack, paddy wack," and she raised her hand. She played it for them ten times while they sang. I was really amazed because I didn't think her music had sunk in that good yet. She is also going to volunteer to play a solo in primary. They are giving all the kids who are learning to play a chance to play if they want to. So it is really a good chance for her to play before an audience. Virginia is also going to the same class that Marilyn is but is in a different age group. She really seems to enjoy herself. We have about decided that she is going to be more athletic than the other two but not as bookish. I have been working with her every day on her reading. She does pretty well but can't seem to remember the sounds of the letters. I guess it will sink in sooner or later but she is so happy-go-lucky that she doesn't care too much.

The last week in May Merv had to go to Oregon to pick up a government car that has been transferred to him. He took advantage of that trip to go on up to Seattle to see his brother. It was kind of an upsetting trip for him because Norman is suffering from the effects of the automobile accident four years ago and may become paraplegic before too many more years. There is scar tissue pressing on his spinal cord and the doctors don't seem to be able to do much to relieve it. After visiting with them he picked up the car which was brand new and drove it home by way of his sister's home. He had a good visit along the way and really enjoyed the trip.

After he got home he had to see the doctor. This time they gave him a hearing test and found that his hearing is very nearly normal. The doctor decided not to do anything to the other ear. He wants to have it as a "spare." Merv has had quite a time identifying sounds. People's voices sound different to him and sounds like crickets, planes, and motors are coming through for the first time. He tests himself almost every day with the clock and the clock now is pretty nearly at arms length and he can still hear it tick. How about that!

As for me, I worked like mad to get Marilyn two dresses done for our Relief Society fashion show and then worked like mad on that day to help with the show and luncheon. We had made up some cookbooks to sell and since I am secretary I sold them. We had about twice as many there as we anticipated and so by the time all the help got around to eating all the food was gone. We didn't care though because it was a rousing success and we sold over 50 cookbooks. (If anybody wants one, please send \$1.50 and I will send you one). That's a commercial. I have been sewing also for the kids to have some clothes and me too but can't

make too much headway on that score. In another month we will be starting to sew for school so I guess I have to hurry.

We will be coming to Utah about Aug. 7. We very likely stay at Stephen's that night, Nielsons the 8, 9, and 10, Dad and Elenora 11 and 12. Go to Zella's the 13th. We plan to attend the meetings in Colorado the next few days with them. Then go to Albuquerque the 19th, stay over the 20th and home on the 21st. Let us know if there are any conflicts and we will rearrange this, except for the meetings.

Hope all is well. We'll see you in a couple of months.

* * * * *

About 1 September 1965.

Well, we have arrived home safely from our vacation, which I suppose is a minor miracle with all we had happen to us. I'll only give a brief rundown since it would probably make dull reading.

We started out two days before our vacation with stomach flu, presumably 24 hour variety. Louise came down with it on the day we were to leave so we delayed a day hoping she would be better. She and Marilyn both had stomach troubles all the way to Kanab which was our stopping place for the night. Since they were sick when we started I had packed a wide assortment of medicine and so kept them dosed with tea and paregoric for the two days of our travel. By the time we reached Provo they were starting to perk up and did eat a little. In fact Virginia ate a cob of corn which removed her front tooth (it's almost back in again). I tried to work on Stephen's genealogy but without him there to help had some difficulty in finding the right sheets. We went on to Salt Lake the next day. I wasn't feeling too perky but put it down to the fact that I was tired from trying to cope with sick kids while traveling. The next morning I went to the genealogy library there to try and sort out some of the information which I have and which I couldn't get from Stephen. I guess I was sick by then because I was so cold that my fingers got numb. After 2½ hours I gave up, put my names through the Index Bureau and left. I saw Evelyn for about an hour that afternoon and admired her beautiful apartment and cute car. She seems well settled. Anyway the Nielson's had a big family party scheduled that night so that we could get to see them all. But by 5 I was so groggy that I finally had to admit that I didn't feel so hot. They took my temperature and I was hot after all, 102° to be exact so they put me to bed where I stayed the rest of that day and the next. This meant that in order to keep the schedule we had and get to the Entomology meetings in time, we had to cut our visit to Logan short.

I still wasn't too well that morning but by the time we reached Logan felt much better. Elenora had her Granddaughter staying with her so we arranged to stay with Claire. We left the kids with Claire and had a quiet visit with Dad and Elenora which we enjoyed very much. Claire and her Billy really enjoyed the kids, took them to the fair and played with them all day. I took Dad over to the old house and Orma Jean introduced us to the people who live there and took us through. It surely isn't the same house. They have completely remodeled it. We drove around River Heights a little. It hasn't changed much. Then went up to the Cemetery where we saw the new grave stones. They are very nice.

Then we went to Ft. Collins, got there Saturday night and left Sunday morning for the meetings in Cameron Pass. There we had a nice



Easter Outfits - about 1965

cabin which was a little deficient in modern conveniences. We had a nice wood stove, outhouse and plenty of nice cool weather. It took quite a bit of time just to do the basic chores of cooking and washing dishes but Zella and I had plenty of time to visit and the kids fished until they were blue in the face. Merv even saw to it that they each caught a fish even though it was only about 5 inches long. The main event there was that Virginia stepped in the muddy edge of the river and since she

only had one pair of shoes with her I had to wash them and dry them in the oven which turned them from white to a sort of light beige. We left there about noon on Wednesday and got back to Zella's ahead of them. I guess I must have washed about every thing we had with us that afternoon but I got through by the time they got down. We left the next day for Albuquerque and spent a day visiting with Maxine and Ralph. We left the kids with Anne and spent most of the afternoon and part of the evening

Virginia entered the first grade in September 1965. We had entered her in a Lutheran Kindergarten earlier that year. She wasn't interested in learning anything at that time, but Lori Siervogel next door was going so Virginia went too. They had a good time but didn't learn a whole lot. They both caught chicken pox there and gave it to Louise who was about 4 at the time. Virginia enjoyed going to school to play with the other children but I had a terrible time getting her interested in words and reading. We had flash cards and used them every day. I feel that she was too immature to be in school and feel that I should have



Virginia - First Grade

waited another year to put the pressure on her. Louise was right behind her (ten months younger) and I should have held both of them at home for another year. Louise did not want to leave home and mommy. She used to walk to school every morning with the others, crying every step of the way. She seldom could eat her lunch and I knew that she had to have food as soon as she stepped in the house after school. However, the authorities said that the children should be in school by a certain age. Now the parents feel they have more control. If the children are too immature, they can keep them home for another year.

* * * * *

Much of the information in the letters is repeated. But it is felt to be a necessity for clarity in telling the story.

Early in 1965 Merv found that there were jobs available in USAID in Africa. He was excited by this and was anxious to go and help those

people with his knowledge. My sister, Zella, and her family spent two years in Pakistan and enjoyed every moment of it. So we started to get all the preliminaries completed in order for us to go, passports, pictures, shots, etc. I had been having very heavy periods and was very nervous about going to a foreign country with hemorrhage a strong possibility. I went to the same gynecologist who had delivered my babies, Dr. Stanley Blake, with my problem. After a thorough examination, he said as I was 38 years old and had three children, he would recommend a hysterectomy. He knew nothing of medical conditions on that continent and was also wary of sending someone with my symptoms out of the country. As a result, in the fall of 1965, I entered



Second Passport
Picture

Mesa Hospital and had a vaginal hysterectomy. I had very mixed feelings about this and had we been going to stay in the U.S. would never have considered such a drastic measure. The doctor did say he found some very large fibroid tumors, but nothing life threatening.

It took me over six months to recover. In the meantime, we were working on all the other conditions for the trip and received several letters telling us first, we were to be sent to Uganda and then second that we were going to Nigeria. The second place is where the government finally decided to send us. The day I came home from the hospital we had to have passport pictures taken and it is obvious from the pictures how I was feeling. Another letter arrived, telling us of the house available, the color of its walls, etc. We would have to take curtains among other things.

As a final precaution, each of us had to have a physical examination to make sure we were healthy enough to go. I passed my physical in spite of the recent hysterectomy, but Merv did not pass his. The doctor found traces of sugar in his urine. After further intensive testing, sub-clinical diabetes was diagnosed. He was put on a strict diet and ordered to lose 30 pounds. When this information was received in Washington, D.C., Merv was turned down as a representative of USAID. Now they don't consider this a serious problem and allow people to go anyway. At that time, any health issue was a detriment because of medical conditions in third world countries. We were very disappointed not to go in some ways. But I have always felt we were not meant to go at that time.

There had been changes in the place where Merv worked. He started his job in a nice office in Mesa at the Mesa Experimental Station on Main Street. After one year he took up a position on the USDA farm in Tempe. This place was small, dark and dirty with a boss who was very unpleasant to work with. Merv was very unhappy at this location but worked with diligence to do everything they asked him to do. Shortly after Louise was born he had to attend a training course in Manhattan, Kansas, and was gone a month. He had to travel to farms all around

Arizona in the course of his work, after his return and to many other places in the country for meetings. So he was gone a lot during the year.



Louise - First
Grade

He was able to publish papers and continue with his research on leafhoppers while doing the work of the Station. I remember many times being left in a parked car on the side of the road to and from Utah with the children while he beat the brush with an insect net for leafhoppers. We also went on many trips into the desert with a picnic for the same reason. He was able to build up an outstanding collection which has been donated to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. Louise started first grade in the fall of 1966. This transition was very difficult for her. I have thought many times that she did not want to leave me alone or that she did not want to leave the sanctuary of home. She would walk to school with Marilyn and Virginia crying every step of the way and I had to force her to do it. Once she was in school with the teacher she was fine and made wonderful progress. This went on for about a month. Then she must have decided that it was inevitable or she made some friends—whatever the reason, she finally adjusted. She would not eat her lunch sandwich, however, only the chocolate chip cookie and the milk from the thermos.

In June of 1967 Merv was transferred to Tucson, Arizona. We were somewhat reluctant to go but felt that this was a step forward. The children had to leave very congenial friends next door and across the street. That neighborhood had been a good place to raise small children. I was also reluctant to leave. I had been given the job of secretary in the Relief Society. Leona Hayes was the president and became a very close friend. After we moved to Tucson her husband was killed in a gasoline fire while working on his car. It was hard to leave the many friends we had made. We missed them all.

11 January 1967.

I can't figure out what I am doing wrong but I have twice as much to do as when I was working and taking care of house and family. One of the men I used to work with said I must be "making work" for myself. Maybe so, but it's there to be done. Anyway I have one small piece of news this time which I will save to last so that you will read all of this dry letter.

A couple of weeks ago Marilyn said, "I wish some of my teeth would come out so that I would get some money." I decided that it must be time to give her a small allowance so that she can afford to get some of the things she keeps pestering me for. And yesterday both she and Louise lost a tooth. We have really been dropping teeth around here lately until the tooth fairy is getting quite poor. One day the fairy forgot and there were lots of tears until I sneaked in the bedroom and slipped a dime under the pillow while the kids were eating breakfast. When they made the bed they were so surprised and couldn't figure out why they

hadn't been able to see her. Louise and Virginia are still firm believers in fairies and Santa Claus.

They had a wonderful Christmas and got all the things a little girl could desire. One of the main things was a "granny dress," which is just a long old fashioned dress to play in. I had to make them each one because all my "old" dresses were still too good to give away for them to play in. They wore the dresses for a solid week until the dresses became almost solid and I had to take them away to wash. They each also got plastic high heels (which lasted about three days) and a plastic wig and makeup so that they were really fancy for a few days. They also got dolls, games, etc. One game was "Mouse Trap" and I caught them using Amigo, our hamster, as the bait in that game the other day. Poor Amigo really has a hard life and his whole purpose in life is dedicated to escaping from his cage. He does this all night every night. A couple of times he has managed to escape and he has given us a hard time trying to find him. We have his main hiding places spotted now so when he does escape it hasn't been too hard to find him.

Well I guess I had better use the rest of the space for our news. Some of you may know Frank Leiberman who has been Merv's boss in Tucson. He has been threatening to retire for years but nobody believed him. Just after Christmas, Mr. Barnes, who was Merv's boss when he first came to Mesa did retire and they had a party for him. That same day Mr. Leiberman called and said that this was his last day of work, that he had submitted his retirement papers and [they] had been accepted. Merv was pretty bowled over because there had been no definite notice of this. Well, about a week ago Washington called Merv and asked if he would be interested in Leiberman's job, Investigations Leader. We had been hoping that they would ask, but didn't know that they would. Merv didn't say Yes or No. It would involve moving to Tucson. There has been some trouble there with the co-workers and the University people. I am sure that Merv can straighten it out but it will take some doing. Anyway, we have not made up our minds and in any case would not move until the kids are out of school in May. We went to Tucson last Saturday to "case the joint," met many people and looked around the town. It reminds me a great deal of Albuquerque or El Paso. There are many residential roads which are not paved and there are run down areas mixed right in with the nice areas. It is a more historical area than Phoenix and we could show you more when you come down than we can here. It does not have the manufacturing that Phoenix does and is held back somewhat in that respect. On the whole I liked the town and think that we could survive very well there. There are not so many Mormons but there are several wards and so we would not suffer in that respect. Well that is the story. We will be interested in your reactions. Stephen, we have not heard from you since early fall. Are you mad at us? How about a letter? Write soon and we will let you know our decision as soon as it is made.

* * * *

We left Mesa the day school was out in June. The house had sold fairly quickly. Merv found a small rental house for us in Tucson a few blocks from the Experimental Farm on Campbell Avenue. We arrived there before the moving van loaded with our household goods. The landlord was an old man with very definite ideas about what we should do and how we should take care of the house, in spite of the fact that the

water heater leaked and there were other things that should have been repaired. We stood his pestering for about two days and then hurriedly found another house a little farther away. Merv borrowed the government truck to get us out in a hurry. The landlord tried to follow us to see where we were going to live. I guess he was mad that we wouldn't stay in his crummy house. He had made sure we heard the story of the previous tenant who had committed suicide. The house did not have a good feeling in it. Merv was later reprimanded for using the government truck for personal reasons and had to take two weeks without pay as a result. He spent those two weeks with his mother in Salt Lake doing his family's genealogy. The girls and I stayed home.

The new rental house was on the northwest side of Tucson in the Flowing Wells School district. Tucson was still a fairly small city in 1967 and didn't really start to boom in population for about 10 years. We spent a lot of time looking for a house to buy as soon as the money cleared the bank from the sale of our Mesa house.

On our first Sunday in Tucson, Merv woke up with a pain in his side. We decided to locate the Church, send the children to Church and then take him to the Emergency Room at St. Mary's Hospital. I was anxious about leaving the children alone at the church but did not know what else to do. We did not know anyone there at the time. Unfortunately, we found that Merv was suffering from acute appendicitis and needed an immediate operation. I left him in the Emergency Room and went back to the Church where I located the Relief Society President, Nelda Page. We had to find someone to stay with the children while I went back to the hospital to stay with Merv. That day remains very confused in my mind. Nelda found a family, Joe and Mitzi Fillerup, to take care of the girls where they spent most of that day. We were happy that we had contacts with the church to help us during this hard day. The Bishop and one of his counselors went to the hospital to give Merv a blessing before he went into surgery. He was in the hospital for three days.

Our TV didn't work when we arrived in Tucson. So before Merv got home from the hospital, I went to a store and purchased a new one that came with a cart on wheels so that it could be moved around wherever we wanted it. We were glad to have something to entertain the girls and for Merv to watch while he recovered his strength. Before he was quite recovered, my brother John and his family came to visit for a few days. They were quite amazed to find that we didn't know anything about Tucson until they heard what our first month in the city was like. We took them for ice cream one day and it was the first time that I had seen licorice ice cream eaten. One of John's twins insisted on it and it looked and smelled pretty bad.

We spent many hours looking for a house after Merv's recovery in July 1967, and found one, 3721 N. Cherry Avenue, just three blocks from Merv's office. We were able to close on that house and move in

before school started in September. It was in the Amphitheater School District and was one block from the grade school. Marilyn was in fifth grade, Virginia was to enter in third grade and Louise in second. I had



Nielson girls on Cherry Ave.

thought that the girls were all too immature to go into the higher grades. I made an appointment with the school principal to ask his advice. Virginia had some difficulties in first and second grades and I thought she might be better served to wait a year. This would have caused problems with Louise who was right behind her in class. The principal heard all my worries and assured me that Virginia should continue in the third grade. He

thought she would improve and that it was wrong to try to hold her back in the circumstances. So she entered third grade that September, always missing her best friend, Lori Siervogel. Louise still hated school and wouldn't eat at the school cafeteria. She was always nervous there and usually only ate a cookie and drank some milk. The visit of Uncle John Wood and family was the first time she threw up from nerves. It happened more frequently as she grew up.

The first Christmas in Tucson was interesting. Virginia had Hong Kong flu and was very ill. On Christmas morning she got up with the rest to look at presents but shortly had to go back to bed. She improved enough in the next few days to enjoy her Christmas. Later that year Louise developed Valley Fever and spent most of a month in bed. Valley Fever is a fungus that is always present in the dry desert air. Most people have it at some time or other, exhibiting only signs of a bad cold. Louise had a moderate case of it, showing at first only swollen hands with small water blisters scattered over them. Later she was so fatigued that she couldn't even hold her head up to watch the children's shows she loved on TV. There are no cures for this disease—only vitamins and bed rest. There were some people who had such severe cases that they died. Louise recovered without any ill effects, but missed a lot of school. Her teachers were very helpful and from time to time would send her small amounts of homework so that she could keep up.



Marilyn, Louise, Virginia in Tucson

Marilyn continued to have colds and flu. She had gamma globulin shots from time to time to build up her immunity and was fortunate that she never had anything more severe. While she was in grade school, she did suffer from warts on her fingers. She had to undergo treatment with nitric acid for several months before they were finally gone. The

treatment was extremely painful for her and for me to watch. Her fingers were bandaged during the whole treatment which took several weeks.

The ward we lived in had a great many wonderful people in it. The Bishop was Tanner Brown and we were very grateful for his help and the help of Relief Society President Nelda Page when we first moved to Tucson. There was a very fine organist living in the ward, Ann Kersten. She had also majored in Food and Nutrition at Utah State and so we had a lot in common. Her husband, Clyde, was a chemist and also an artist and he had a lot in common with Merv. We became very good friends. I asked her if she would be willing to teach Virginia and Louise to play the piano and she agreed.



Drum Major Virginia

Louise stayed with Ann for quite a while and eventually also learned to play the organ. She seemed to really take to music and later in life used her knowledge to help make a living. During Junior High School Louise wanted to play the violin also. She played in a quartet for that school, but then decided she liked the piano better. Marilyn didn't take to the piano. She didn't want to practice. In Fifth grade she decided that she wanted to play the flute and we bought one for her. She kept up with that through Junior High School, but stopped playing in High School. Virginia decided in Fifth grade that she wanted to play the clarinet. She had also decided she didn't want to play the piano. She played the clarinet through Junior High School, where she was Drum Majorette, and for a short time in High School. She was in the High School Band and wore a school uniform as she marched in the Rodeo Parade in downtown Tucson the first year of High School. The schools were Amphitheater Junior and Senior High Schools.

Later on, when Marilyn was a Junior, she decided to try out for the Amphitheater Cheer Leading Squad. She didn't make it the first year, but she did the second year and was really happy in that group. Virginia also tried out for the same Squad after she got out of the band and was accepted the first time she tried as a Sophomore. She also loved it.



Cheerleader Virginia

* * * * *