JOSEPH H. BEE

OCTOBER 4, 1884

JUNE 25, 1984

This is my Father's journal. We started this the summer of 1966. Dad's life history was completed till then. It was typewritten and stored in our basement in Firth, Idaho. At the time of the Teton Dam flood our basement was flooded and this copy was lost. I was overjoyed, to put it mildly, to find all my handwritten notes with all the changes Dad insisted upon. This is my Father's journal, but I have to copy it, as he can no longer see to write.

Relia Bee Hokanson
(No. 2 child, but oldest daughter).

In the small village of Bloomington, Idaho, in Bear Lake County, on October 4, 1884, one of God's choice spirits came to earth. His Father was Richard John Moxy Bee, who came from Scotland as a young man of 21. His Mother was Mary Jane Hepworth. She emigrated from England as a lass of nine or ten, walked across the plains and was taken into the home of President Wilford Woodruff. Theirs is another story, but how grateful we are for the gospel and how it brought them to America to be our Grandparents.

Dad spent a great deal of time playing on, peeking around, and sliding down a large rock located in front of their home. After three score and ten years, Dad took us back to Bloomington to see the old home and the "big rock." Dad said, "Well, I guess that rock wasn't as big as I remembered, or else I have grown some." That rock was only about two feet high.

There was no electricity, no automobiles, no oiled roads, or other modern conveniences at this time. Instead of calling the gas man, the oil truck, or turning on the electric blanket, men harnessed their teams and went to the canyon for wood.

During dry weather roads were mostly dust, about six inches of it, a paradise for little boys. I imagine Grandmother wasn't too happy to find her boy in the middle of the road gleefully buried up to his neck, or walking down the road, barefoot, watching geysers of dust form between his toes. When it rained, the picture changed. The mud was bad, teams got stuck, and many a man "hooked on" to pull his neighbor out of a bad spot.

October 4, 1888 was a red letter day for Dad. His little sister Harriet was born. How he must have loved this birthday present. His musical education began on his fourth birthday also. Picture if you will, a four year old boy on the floor on his stomach, blowing on a mouth organ. Complete bliss - a new mouth organ and a new sister the same day. Perhaps Grandmother could see into the future, but that mouth organ could have been a bit of a trial at this time.

When he was six a big change came into Dad's life. Grandmother was a second wife at the time polygamy was sanctioned. Due to persecution of the saints at this time, Grandmother was forced to move. Grandfather took her to a remote area in Star Valley, Wyoming. There in a log cabin on

Willow Creek, one mile from the nearest neighbor and six miles from Grover, Wyoming, Grandmother prepared to make a home. The cabin was about 10" x 12" with dirt floor and roof. With whitewash and a lot of love, Grandmother made a home "with a bit of heaven in it", to quote my Father.

Grandfather saw that she was well supplied with wood for heat and flour for bread. In fact, I imagine that flour bin with the sloping lid occupied a large space in the living quarters. A pig was butchered and they also had a cow in the summer. Wild hay was cut with a scythe to feed the cow.

Dad's oldest sister Mary (age 14) stayed in Bear Lake to work as a milkmaid. She worked for the Community Dairy which was operated by the church.

The three younger children, Joseph (Dad) 6, Eleanor (10), and baby Harriet (Hattie) 2, were content. Little did they realize the problems and heartaches their parents had to face. Monday morning, during the summer, Grandmother would take baby Hattie and sometimes walk, and sometimes ride with neighbors, the six miles to Grover and work all week as a seamstress. She received about 50 cents a day, mostly in trade, and sometimes left over cloth for clothes for her own little ones. Dad just told me she did not receive any cash, it was all in trade. There was no money for exchange purposes at that time. The only money Grandmother saw was a 50 cent piece given to her by President Osmond of the Bear Lake Stake. He was there for Stake Conference. At that time all of Star Valley belonged to the Bear Lake Stake. What a difference, now (in 1979) there are two stakes in Star Valley itself.

Eleanor had to be a little mother. She took care of Joseph and kept the cabin spic and span all week. From the sound of things she kept Dad spic and span also. The only way she had of keeping him put while she left the house to milk the cow was to make him take a bath. He had orders to "stay in the tub till I get back with the milk, get yourself clean and don't you dare splash on the floor." We have always kidded Dad about having to take a bath. This may be the reason.

At times the children would get lonesome and, weather permitting, would start out in the morning to hike over the hills to Grover to see their Mother. I imagine about middle of the afternoon she would say, "Time to start home now you two, scat or it will be dark." Never a word or hint in her actions of the worry and heartache she felt. I can just see her standing in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun till those two little kids disappeared from sight.

By the time they reached Welshmans, that last mile home must have looked pretty long. They very often stopped there to rest. Twelve year old Emma Welshman would sometimes walk on home with them and help them get settled. Just knowing there was someone nearby must have eased Grandmother's worry a bit.

This same summer Grandma discovered an old fish trap left in the creek by the Indians. She cleaned out the dead fish and repaired the trap. Many a fish found its way to the table of this pioneer family. This must have been a welcome addition to their diet of bread, hot water with a little lard, salt and pepper. This drink was know as "Philip Cardon". I fancy they drank a good deal of this during the winter when they had no milk.

Grandmother and family would often go to Welshmans for Sunday dinner and take along the fresh fish caught in the fish trap. Brother Welshman was a little doubtful about asking the Lord to bless the fish caught on Sunday, but I sort of feel He understood. Besides, the fish would have died if left in the trap.

During the summer a band of Indians camped down by the creek. A famous Indian Chief, "Major Jim" and his five or six wives were part of this band. Major Jim visited Grandmother and ate with the family several times, however, minus his wives, as they were not allowed to leave their camp. As they sat down to eat, Grandmother bowed her head to ask the blessing. "Ugh, me eat with Brigham Young". Major Jim bowed his head in prayer. "Me go now. You (Joseph) come with me. I give you pony!" Thoughts of that pony put a gleam in Dad's eye, but the thought of leaving his family soon put it out again.

In the fall of 1892 the family moved back to Bloomington. There were regrets, but Eleanor may have been glad to go. Instead of saying Star Valley, she had heard it said "Starve Ellie." On the trip they were to be separated again. At the Y in Geneva, Grandmother and Hattie went to Salt Lake City, while Dad and the others went on to Bloomington. This was a sad but temporary parting, as Grandmother came to Bloomington later. The two families lived in separate parts of the same house for a short time. Dad was baptized October 4 or 6, 1892 at Bloomington in Bloomington Creek.

In the same month Grandmother and children moved to Georgetown, Idaho. Mary was with them now so the family was together again. Mary was the big sister now and Dad looked up to her and loved her very much.

Their home in Georgetown was two rooms on what had been the "Davy Jones" farm. Mrs. Jones had plastered the cabin with cow dung. In fact, her finger marks could still be seen. Grandma used a lot of white wash and made a ceiling of factory. Soon it was a happy home full of love and contentment.

School also entered the picture at this time, and Dad had his share of fun and fights. One day he came home with some extra pencils and other prizes and proudly showed them to his Mother.

"Joseph, where did you get these?"

"The big boys wanted us to fight. They promised a prize to the best man." Proud as a peacock. "See, I won."

"You take those things right back. I'll not have my son fighting for fun or prizes."

"But gee, Mom!" One look and our little boy's prize fighting career was nipped in the bud.

From then till seventh grade his life was much the same as any other boys - church, school, swimming, farm work, and we can surmise he also discovered girls.

When Dad was about 13, he and his Father went to the canyon after a load of wood. They were coming down a steep pitch, fully loaded and the horses couldn't hold the wagon, Dad couldn't hold the brakes, Grandfather couldn't hold the horses so they all headed for a chokecherry bush. The horses went on either side and the load stopped on top. To this day that bush leans as a reminder. Dad just said it was a serviceberry bush. Any way it was a bush.

The summer he was 14 he went to work with the hay crew for Willard Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard (who was to become my Grandfather) was a wise man and taught his men self reliance. "Now boys, there are the harnesses and the horses. Take your choice." Dad, being new and on the quiet side, stood back. "Now Joseph, if you don't get in there you're apt to lose out. If you want an outfit you had better get in and grab it."

At one time Dad was riding on a load of hay, in fact down in front, with his feet on the double trees and his back against the front of the rack. He was poking one horse constantly to make "him" or "her" keep up with the others. She got tired of this and let go with both hind feet. One foot got Dad on the bottom of his foot, the other one sailed past his ear. The force of the kick pushed him through the front of the rack and into the hay. The front of the hay wagon was broken. He says he may be the only man ever kicked by a horse on the bottom of his foot.

At meal time there was a little red headed girl in the background. Dad was homesick anyway and suffered a bad case of puppy love.

In the fall the wages were figured for the boys on the job. Each one was paid $10.00. Dad took his money home to his Mother. His Mother was proud of him. She reminded him that this was hard-earned, honest money and that he owed one tenth to the Lord. "Jo (Dad), you are so quiet, I know you so well, what is wrong?"

"Mother, I didn't know what to do. Mr. Stoddard paid us all the same amount. The other boys laid off several times, and I didn't."
Grandmother was a peppery little Englishwoman and knew Mr. Stoddard was a fair man. She sent Dad back to him to explain how he felt. After talking things over, Mr. Stoddard gave Dad a five dollar gold piece and a sincere apology.

During these years men planted their grain by hand. The ground was first plowed, then harrowed then the grain was broadcast handful by handful from a sack carried over their shoulder. This same method was used in ancient times. Dad soon mastered the rhythm of broadcasting and spent many a day walking across the fields with a sack of grain on his back.

Some years later Dad went to work at another ranch. The little red head and another were doing the cooking for the crew. Dad began to worship from afar, but was to bashful to do anything but suffer in silence.

In July 1901, Dad's Father took a contract to haul mail from Nounan to Montpelier. Most of the time Dad took the run between Nounan and Georgetown. He had the feeling that hauling the mail was a low class job. This probably came from the former mail carriers reputation. How wrong he was. "The mail must go through" is a cry of honor through the years. Dad would stay at Nounan overnight during the week and leave there at five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer every day except Sunday. There being no mail delivery Sunday evenings, Dad would go to church, then get up at four o'clock in the morning and make the trip to Nounan in order to get the mail back to Georgetown in time for Grandfather to take it to Montpelier. He used a one horse sleigh in the winter and a one horse buggy in the summer and rode one horse when roads were too bad for a vehicle. No snow plows then. He maintained his own outfits and took care of seven head of horses. This included keeping then shod. Some difference from today's cars, trains and air mail service.

One February there was a terrific blizzard. It snowed heavily all during the day. There were people from Bennington, a town about six miles south, in Georgetown for an afternoon Mutual party. By the time they were ready to start home, the storm was so bad and the drifts were so high, they had to spend the night in Georgetown.

However, the "mail must go through" so Dad decided to make a try. He left Georgetown about six p.m. on horseback. As he rode out of sight his Mother must have remembered those days in Star Valley when she watched her two little ones disappear around the bend.

By the time he reached "Wolly's Spur" (about half way), his horse gave out. They had fought drifts until snow was in the seat of the saddle. Dad decided he could not go on and finally made it back home in the wee hours of the morning. One of the few times the mail did <u>not</u> go through.

One Monday morning Dad left Georgetown at four o'clock in the morning. It was early spring and the river was breaking up. Dad was on horseback and had to ford the river. Large chunks of ice kept hitting his horse but he was able to keep his footing and they finally made it to the other side.

They made their way through the canyon and as they reached the edge of Nounan Meadow, a light snow began to fall. The horse was white and there were no bushes or trees. Due to this and the twilight, the only thing Dad could really see was the saddle on his horse. It's probably a good thing it wasn't white also. He lost all sense of direction and even "which way was up."

A landmark finally came into view. He paused to get his bearings and a welcome sound came through the "nothingness." Some geese that belonged to the ranch across the meadows began to honk. He figured he could follow this sound across the next mile and a half and would be at the ranch where he was to spend the night.

He left the stack, still listening to the geese. Another hay stack loomed in front of him. He was making progress. As he came closer that stack began to look awful familiar. Same stack. He tried half a dozen times, but that contrary stack seemed to move and get in front of him again. Daylight came at last and he was able to reach the ranch.

One January morning he left Nounan on his regular morning run. Not so regular though, as it was 40 degrees below zero and the wind was beginning to blow. As he reached the top of the divide, the wind was so strong and he was so cold he got out of his sleigh and walked to get his circulation going. He had to fight to keep awake and has no memory of the last mile or two. He was out on his feet when he reached home and those feet were pretty cold too. The snow that filled his boots had melted enough to form a coating of ice. This saved him from severe frost bite.

In the middle of one winter Dad left Georgetown at about six p.m. He was using the one horse sleigh. Somehow one of the runners was trailning in the loose snow. As they came around the bend at Wooly's Spur, this runner hit a telephone pole and the sleigh came to a sudden stop. The horse didn't. He broke loose and left Dad sitting there with the mail. He had to carry those mail sacks for about six miles. The snow tracks were built up in the road and many a time he would slip off into the snow. By the time he reached the post office it was two o'clock in the morning. There was his horse, safe and sound. He must have had mixed emotions, one to lambast the daylights out of him, the other a sense of relief that his horse was safe.

Another summer, Dad was on his way from Nounan to Georgetown with a one horse buggy. Besides the mail, he had two wash boilers and a tub, among other things. These were being taken to Montpelier for repairs. This, with two mail sacks, was a real buggy full. Dad took the short cut through the sagebrush flat. Things were going as usual until the horse worked the bit out of his mouth. It then became entangled in the breast strap or collar and he, the horse, started running. The only control Dad had was the reins pulling against the breast strap. There was Dad, one hand holding the reins, one hand trying to keep the tubs and boiler from bouncing out, one hand on the mail sacks -- anyway he could have used three hands. The faster the horse ran, the louder the tubs banged, and the louder the tubs banged the faster that horse ran. They made it through the first creek, but as they went up the bank of the second one, a spoke in one wheel cracked. Now, added to the boiler, the tubs and their noise, he had the added worry of the crippled wheel. After a few more bangs, bumps and notes from the laundry section, the traces came unhooked, the shaves dropped to the ground and dug in. Dad, mail, tubs, boilers and buggy came to a sudden stop. They were raised in the air for a few seconds, then with a tired sigh the buggy settled to the ground. Dad had

to sit there and watch that horse take off like the devil was after him. His name should have been Satan. Dad probably said a few choice words and no none would have blamed him. This I know, however, my Father did not take the name of our Lord in vain, then or at any other time in his life.

During December, before the snows came, a lantern was used under the lap robe to keep his legs warm. On one run Dad arrived in Georgetown, transferred the mail, tended his horse, and went in to breakfast. When he came out, buggy, blanket, and lantern were gone. Nothing but ashes were left. Things were warm enough for a while.

During the mail contract years Grandfather gave Dad a violin. He had already learned the mandolin, and due to his natural ability, soon learned to play this new instrument. In fact, he played for dances for the next quarter of a century. Many a night when we were young, we went to sleep with the sounds of the music and the beat of the metronome.

In July 1905 after the conclusion of the mail contract, Dad struck out on his own. He left home with $13.00 and lots of big dreams. He worked at Bancroft, Idaho shoveling coal for $1.00 per day. Each day he unloaded 30 tons a day for 30 days. Just think of 900 tons of coal unloaded in 30 days for the great sum of $30.00

He decided to try his luck in the city and went to Pocatello. At that time Pocatello was a main railroad center, and the red-light districts were flourishing. Dad was young and green. A special providence must have watched over him. A man by the name of Stockins befriended him and helped him find lodging at a hotel. Next day he applied for work at the railroad yards. The only one available was in the round house. He didn't like it and quit after a few days. He bought a train ticket to McCammon but when they announced "Inkom" he got off the train. By the time he realized his mistake, the train was pulling out. He ran and jumped on the back steps but couldn't open the door. He rode about twelve miles to McCammon clinging to those back steps. He got a job in McCammon thinning beets for three or four days. He slept on the ground and ate his meals at a hobo camp. This soon got old so Dad "hopped a freight train" to Montpelier. When the train stopped at Nounan he got off and walked several miles and was home again. He had $13.00 when he arrived home. He had left Bancroft with about $30.00. This period in his life left him with a lot of experience, a new hat, and a pair of new overalls.

Dad decided to settle down now and rented the family farm on shares. He was 21 years old and single. He started looking around, or, as we say, "playing the field".

(January 19, 1980 - My Dad is in his room playing the accordion. He has been ill with pneumonia since Christmas and is just now getting better. Such a happy time and we are grateful to have him well again.) Back to history.

There seemed to be one girl he couldn't forget. The little red head he knew when he was 14. He finally asked her for a date (over the ironing board) and she said, "I guess so." Late that fall he was on the front porch of his home playing this song on the slide trombone, "Do You Think That You Could Love Me, If You Knew That I Loved You?" Even though he didn't realize it, that beautiful melody must have carried a message to her.

Finally at the leap year's dance things began to change. A large, tall girl decided to zero in on Dad. He stalled and asked the little red head for a dance. While they were returning to their seats, she shyly asked him if she could take him home. He pretended not to hear, took her to her seat, and asked her if he could see her home. This began nearly two years of happy courtship.

On December 22, 1909 Dad was united in marriage in the Salt Lake Temple to the little red head he fell for when he was 14. Her name was Silvia Leone Stoddard. They spent their first winter in one room of his Father's house, and Dad worked in the canyon cutting logs for lumber to build their first home. Shortly before they moved in, Mother whispered a secret to Dad. Now truly their "cup runneth over." By fall they would welcome a new little spirit into their home.

On October 28, 1910 an eight pound son was born to them. They named him Roland Willard. They spent the winter of 1910 running a steam powered sawmill located nine miles north of Georgetown. The first part of the winter Mother stayed home with the baby. After Christmas she and baby son went with Dad to the mill. They were snug and warm in their one room 10" x12" lumber shack. The hum of the planer beyond the cabin was to become a lullaby for the baby, in fact he used to awaken when the planer stopped. Dad tells me, "That's the happiest winter we ever spent."

Dad and Mother kept snug and dry in their little room, but not so for the crew in the tents in the hollow below the mill. A sudden rain started in the night in February and the men woke up to a modern Venice. Water was up to their beds, their "grub" boxes were floating and their clothing was a bit damp, to put it mildly. The rain had one advantage, however, the huge pile of sawdust (a constant problem) was neatly washed down the canyon.

The next summer Dad again ran the farm. They used a horse drawn baler. The horses had to walk in a large circle at a fairly even pace to furnish the power. A place was provided for a young boy to sit with a switch to keep the horses on the move. This did not work too well, as it was a monotonous job. Dad finally rigged a system with ropes and pulleys. When he pulled the rope two willow switches did an efficient job on a surprised team. People thought Dad was a bit odd, but within a few months ropes and pulleys appeared on a good many more machines. Progress! Dad tells me the horses soon learned where they could stop (on the sie of the circle) where they couldn't reach them. They could be seen going the complete circle. The boy who was supposed to switch the horses was off playing. I suppose 50 cents a day wasn't enough of an inducement.

Dad again ran the steam powered sawmill the winter of 1911 and 1912. This time at Johnson' ranch about six miles northwest of Georgetown. In the spring of 1912 Dad finally bought the farm and traded homes. He moved his family to the ranch and his parents took over the little home on the hill.

June 13, 1912 they welcomed a tiny girl into their home (me). My Grandfather, Richard M. Bee, passed away July 13, 1912.

1913 saw another sawmill, this time on the home farm. This was run by waterpower, thus making quite a difference in profits in comparison to the old steam outfit.

Dad tried water power at the mill at Johnson's ranch. He tore down an old barn in Georgetown and floated logs and stuff down Georgetown Creek into the river and on down about six miles of the river. They must have had fun. He built and installed a water wheel at a narrow spot in the river where the water was swift. This worked fine until spring when the ice jams came down the river. To quote Dad, "Pieces of ice big as a house." To save the rest of the mill he had to cut a cable and watch that water wheel be smashed to bits in the icy river. Back to steam engine power. This was the forerunner to the water powered mill in Georgetown.

In 1914 Dad homesteaded a farm nine miles north of Georgetown. This locality was know as "pinch gut" and aptly so. My parents farmed this land for two years, one at a loss, and one with about $17.00 profit. Dad traded this land for a homestead down west of the river. Some of the happiest times of my life were spent there, but that is another story.

During this time Dad had lumber left from his sawmill days at Mill Canyon and Johnson's ranch. He decided to make use of this and build a home on the hill next to where his Mother lived. He wanted to be near as she was alone now. My sister, Mary Maxine, was born there June 25, 1914.

Dad was busy farming and running the homestead on the river and the sawmill during the winter. There were more times when the $2.50 he earned each time he played for a dance came in mighty handy.,

During 1918 Dad decided the high wages looked pretty good and went to work on the railroad in Montpelier. (I can still hear the whistles when the news came that the war was over.) Working for wages was not for Dad, as he had made a living on his own time for too many years and we were soon back in Georgetown. Even I can remember Dad's discontent when he had to let a time clock be his master.

When we moved back to Georgetown we still had to do our washing the hard way. We had a washer, but it had to be run by hand power, back and forth for at least 20 minutes at a time. Dad soon found an easier way (for him as well as the rest of us). He sawed a square hole in the side of the porch. A rope belt was threaded through this to the water wheel he had built in the creek. We all were relieved of the washer turning job, but we still had to turn the wringer.

Later on Dad found another use for that water wheel. He installed a small generator in the granary, wired the house and we had electric light. Each evening he would start the generator and light up the farm. The neighbors liked the idea of the light and after talking things over ran a wire a block or two across the pasture to Thornton's house. We had all the lights we wanted and as the power was free, often left them burning all night. There were two families who were the envy of the whole town. Sometimes around ten o'clock Dad would shut down the wheel and it was lights out. One morning Mr. Thornton came over laughing. "Jo, you really did it. You turned the lights off and left my Mrs. Thornton stranded in the bathtub. We were out of kerosene and candles. She was a little mad at you." Years later it was hard for us to get used to Dad saying, "Turn that light out." You see, the public power plant was in and we had to pay for our electricity.

In 1924 Dad took his first contract moving a school house in Bennington. It was a frame building that had to be moved about 100 feet. Wooden rollers were placed under the building and cables were fastened from it to a stump puller. My older brother Roland drove the team and wound the cable around the stump puller. They moved that building 18 inches the first try. The little Swedish architect who had designed and was supervising the construction of the new building stood watching the operation. He scratched his head and said, "I didn't think you could to it. I paid thousands of dollars to learn what I know and I couldn't do dat." Dad was paid $500.00 and moved the building in less than three days. This was quite a thing for him but sadly enough his triumph was short lived. Soon after he put his money in the bank it went broke and he lost it all.

This was the beginning of the depression years. Money wasn't worth much and every one was in the same boat. Later on Dad sold a carload of hay, put this money in another bank and it went broke. To this day I can remember my Father's face when he came home with the news.

In spite of the bank losses, hard times and worry, we knew we had parents who would stick together and take care of us. By then there were three more children, Richard (Dick), Marilyn and Bonnie. Dad was then 40 years of age and had to start over again. He had his sawmill, his cement mixer, the farm, his free lance contracting, and the guts and common sense to put them all to use.

Let me state here and now that my Mother was always "the power behind the throne." Dad could never have been the man he was without her, but this is his story.

The original light plant I told about earlier started the ball rolling, and he soon began to get requests from neighbors and others. In the summer of 1925 he started to install other small light plants. The generators were driven by small water wheels. This business soon expanded into three states, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming.

My Father's light plants were the forerunners of modern electricity, especially in Star Valley, Wyoming. He installed one plant for one man in Freedom, Wyoming. When it came time to turn on the "juice", Mr. Jenkins was so thrilled he insisted on all the lights being turned on. When the neighbors saw the glow, they came from all directions to help. They thought the house was on fire. Dad helped give those people the incentive to use their natural resources and work toward a public power plant. I like to think he gave something to the valley in return for the sanctuary he and his family needed so many years ago.

Even today generators that furnish power for homes, sawmills, factories and many other things are still run by giant waterwheels. Some of our great national developments, Palisades Dam on our own Snake River, Grand Coulee, McNara, and Bonneville on the Columbia, Glens Canyon and Boulder on the Colorado. The great TVA, the giant international development on the St. Lawrence River and many others have all been developed since the turn of the century when my Father was 16 years old.

(There is a note here on green paper to return to pages 35, 36 and 37. Sorry about that as I wrote them in when I came to them. It's all in here but not in the right order.)

We read of the stock market crash in 1929 but weren't too excited about it. It wasn't long until we felt the full impact, however. The President of the United States declared a bank holiday to get things reorganized. Unless a man had some ready cash he was out of luck. Some of the richest men in Georgetown came to Dad to borrow money for stamps.

I remember one man owed Dad $7.00. He had no money and asked Dad if he would take a pig. Just think, a whole pig dressed for $7.00. Now in 1980 you couldn't buy half a ham for that much.

About 1930 Dad sold the farm and we moved temporarily into a small two room house. It had an attic where we slept. There we all had measles and Mother had a new baby. While she was in the hospital, and later at Aunt Mary's, Dad had a large taste of waiting on all of us, cooking, freezing ice on the back porch (it was February), and taking care of the necessary chores due to the lack of indoor plumbing. What the cooking lacked in quality was made up in love. Cooking was not his field. He opened a can of soup once, and I wondered why it was so thick and salty. I realized later he had heated it, but failed to add a can of water. Once in later years when Mother wasn't home (she was in Logan, Utah with her parents), he wanted some cooked cereal, so he boiled his Wheaties.

Soon after this we moved to Soda Springs, Idaho. Dad failed to find what he wanted and was glad to trade for a place east of Georgetown. This was known as "Stringtown." There he ran a sawmill again and we were a happy family of two parents and eight children.

During the winter of 1931 we were to face one of life's great trials as a family. My sister Bonnie fell ill with scarlet fever. She and Mother were isolated from the family for weeks until she was better. How well I remember those weeks. We were all quarantined and really got cabin

fever. When Bonnie was over the fever all the bedding was washed, everything was fumigated and we were back in the business as a family again.

Not for long however. Between two and three weeks later baby Coleen, or "Coney" as we called her, fell ill. Then one by one everyone of us came down with scarlet fever. At one time we had seven beds full. Dad did not take off his clothes for 19 days. He would catch what rest he could by napping on the floor behind the stove. However, when he did undress and go to bed he caught cold and got a bad case of "quinzy. "Dad's nature and sense of responsibility would not let him relax till he felt his loved ones were out of danger. Part of this may have been his bulldog stubbornness and he had enough of that. No one can know the concern and anxiety of parents until they are in a similar situation.

Six of us went into the valley and came out again nearly as good as new. Not so our little Coney. She developed complications and God took her home December 26, 1931. We were unable to hold services of any kind, as we were still under strict quarantine. This part of Dad's story is not happy but it has its compensations. We, as children, learned more of the love and sacrifice of our parents and were brought closer in our need to comfort each other. The courage of my Mother and the strength of the priesthood my Father had (and still does) has been one of the finest inspirations in my life.

"Jo, I don't want the children to remember this as the Christmas they didn't have a tree." We had a tree and Christmas morning there was a small gift for each of us. Mine was a lovely string of beads. Later we soaked them in so much disinfectant the string rotted.

Some people were afraid to walk along the road in front of our house. They felt we had not fumigated thoroughly or we would not have had the second illness. I cannot blame them as they did not understand. We now know that Bonnie was left with a nasal infection that harbored those germs for months. Penicillin would have been a great weapon but was unknown at that time.

Time heals all things and our lives went on. Dad ran the sawmill and helped us with some large raspberry patches. In fact, he invented a hook that we used to clean the old stalks out of the berries. This had to be done every spring and was a back breaking job. Now we could do it standing erect. People called Dad lazy the first year but called him smart the next year, and they all brought him their old rakes with which to
make them a hook.

We had another new experience at this time. "Do you think you could accept me as a son-in-law." This from a young man who had come to court his oldest daughter.

The sawmill was left in "Stringtown" for awhile and we moved back into the "Pinkney house." This was the same home he (Dad) had built on the hill to be near his Mother. She had passed away March 9, 1926.

(January 30, 1980. I've started making too many mistakes so will rest awhile).

On November 6, 1933, his oldest daughter Relia (me) married Brigham Hokanson, a son of Emma Welshman and Olof J. Hokanson. Yes, the same Emma Welshman who used to play with Dad on Willow Creek.

About 1934 Dad was called on a stake mission. This was a joy to him, as he had not been able to fill a mission when he was a young man. He served 25 months and with his group performed 15 baptisms. One of these men became a counselor to a stake president. The last six months of his mission Dad served as District President.

In 1936 he bought a lot from Marion Clark and moved the sawmill to Georgetown. About 1940 he grew tired of commuting from the house on the hill (Pinkney house) and built a small home down by the mill. To quote Dad, "I'm not going to build a large home. Many couples make this mistake and then rattle around when the kids are all married and gone." He sort of had to eat those words, however. The younger girls married and left home, but after Pearl Harbor, when their husbands were in the service, they came home for awhile. Dad had to add two bedrooms.

After the war Dad put up $400.00 as a guarantee of completion of the job of wrecking the old Montpelier pavilion. He sold the material for salvage. When they started to tear out the seats, one of the men spotted a quarter. As they worked they all kept an eagle eye out for change. Each man was allowed to keep what he found. All in all it totaled about $35.00. Finally the old landmark was nothing but a skeleton, only the walls and room remained. There were abut 500 people assembled to watch the final "crash." Bets on whether it would "go or not" were tossed back and forth to the tune of over $1,000.00. When those walls went down it was a large noise and clouds of dust could be seen for miles.

The next ten years were busy with the "usual things", to quote Dad. He did free lance contracting with his cement mixer and digging machine and worked the sawmill. He also acquired a few grandchildren.

He helped pull stumps and clear the corner of the church property in preparation for construction of the new church house. At the time they were tearing down the old church house Dad found a small stool that had been discarded under the stage. He recognized it as one his Father had built to kneel on during the sacrament service. His Mother had covered it over 65 years previous.

He helped on the basement and dug all the trenches for utility pipes, etc. with his digger. Also he helped raise the wall and place the ceiling beams with the same machine. He, with many others, spent countless hours on this, one of the Lord's houses of worship.

The fall of 1959, Dad and Mother, Laverne and Jerry, took a trip to Palmyra, New York. Their route took them through Yellowstone Park, into Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota. They crossed Michigan to Sioux St. Marie and into Canada where they loaded their car on a ship and sailed 40

miles down Sioux St. Marie River across Lake Huron into the Georgian Bay. From there they drove to Niagara Falls and crossed into New York. They toured the Eastman Kodak plant at Rochester, New York and from there they went to Palmyra. They witnessed the Hill Cumorah pageant. They also saw the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Sacred Grove, Carthage Jail, then on to Kirtland, Ohio and viewed the Kirtland Temple. Then to the historic City of Nauvoo, Illinois and from there the return home across Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming and back home in Idaho. Their return trip covered the same route as near as possible, that his (Dad's) Mother walked as a young girl.

Now, as if he did not have enough to do, he decided to build a new home down on the creek at the northwest corner of his property.

December 22, 1959 was a happy day to remember for Dad and Mother. They celebrated their golden wedding with cake, gifts and the whole bit. It was a sacred happy time for them. Children and grandchildren were all there to show their love and respect.

Dad and Mother spent many a happy hour together, planning, building and painting. My Mother loved this sort of work and was always contented when fixing her home. Mother fell ill during the summer of 1961 and was taken to Logan, Utah for gall bladder surgery. Dad was called upon to meet the hardest challenge in his life. Mother passed back into the presence of her Heavenly Father September 12, 1961, and Dad was left to face the years ahead without her.

Sad, yes, but our knowledge of the hereafter and the fact that death is only a temporary separation makes things a little easier. Dad spends his winters in California with LaVerne and Bonnie and his summers in Georgetown. He travels by car or jet. Somewhat different from the horse and buggy days. He has spent a good deal of the summer of 1966 with us. What a joy to see our 15 and 13 year old sons, their Father, and Grandfather bent over some project or other.

"Success is measured in terms of preparedness for eternity."

This is my Father July, 1966

Another footnote. My brother Richard died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage February 5, 1961. He left two children, Richard and Sherrie. Their Mother, Irene, had died of a heart attack several years before.

Dad has lived with us since 1966. This is good, as our children and grandchildren have had a chance to really know their grandpa.

February 5, 1980 - Dad says the years from 1966 have been uneventful but I feel these stories are worth recording. Yesterday Dad said, "You know what, I'm hungry." They were music to my ears, as he has been quite ill since Christmas with flue and pneumonia.

Back in the days when cars had tops that would fold down (not convertibles as we know them now, but the whole car) we were on our way home from conference in Montpelier when a car challenged Dad to a race. He never missed a challenge, but this time ignored it because Grandpa Hayes was riding with us. As the other car passed, Grandpa Hayes said, "Joseph, are you going to let them get away with that?" This was all Dad needed. I can still see Grandpa Hayes kneeling on the back seat waving as we passed that car. His long gray beard was sort of waving too.

Mother and Dad used to scuffle, but Dad usually got the best of it, as Mother was tiny. The only way she could handle Dad was to get to his ribs and he was helpless.

One time Mom threw a beach ball at Dad, he ducked and it went through the window. "Jo, it's your fault. You shouldn't have ducked."

Another time when my sister Marilyn was a baby (before indoor plumbing) Dad started up the stairs. "Jo, get the baby or she will fall." Dad didn't, baby did, down the stairs into the pot at the foot of the stairs. Mother was angry to put it mildly. Dad left the house in a hurry. I don't remember, but I have an idea he stayed away long enough for Mother to cool off and for us all to clean up the mess.

October 4, 1981

The end of a perfect day. It's 10:30 p.m. now and every one has gone home but Roland and Marge. Dad is in his bedroom, tired, but happy and one can see by the list of names we had a houseful. Dad signed his name tonight October 4, 1981

June 26, 1985

So much has happened since October 4, 1981. I cried when I saw Dad's beautiful signature.

One year ago yesterday Dad was reunited with his sweetheart after nearly a quarter of a century away from her. He was with Mary and Jim, as I was at Lucretia's, recovering from major surgery. Vaun and Lou took me down to see Dad on June 24. I was in a wheelchair, but grateful to be alive. Dad knew me and said, "Well, for gosh sakes." Jerry was there and after we left, Dad asked for the missionaries. The next day about noon Mary called and told us he had gone to sleep. I'll always be grateful he was where he was so loved, when I was unable to care for him. There were only three days that he was unable to get out of bed. He would have been one hundred years old had he lived till his birthday.