

MY LIFE STORY

by
Arstanie Astle Nye



In beautiful Star Valley, Wyoming lived John Francis and Laretta Hepworth Astle with two small children, John Francis, Jr., and Klea Laretta. Their home was on a small farm one mile south of Grover. They had two horses, several cows and a few chickens.

When Klea was but a month old, the father was called on a mission to the Southern States. His first thought was, "How can I go?", but feeling it was his duty and a call from the Lord he knew he must accept. The mother said, "I will do the best I can with the help of the Lord and the family." John was gone for thirty long months and made several baptisms and friends along with the trials and mobs he faced. He had to sleep out some nights in a barn or under a tree. When he returned home he found everything working quite well. The family was really happy to have him back. The children hardly knew him.

John put away his Prince Albert suit and Duffy hat and took over the farm work along with Laretta's and the children's help. A year later little baby Vernon was born to them. How happy the children were.

The time goes by and the work must go on. One day after long hours of work, cows milked, supper over and the children tucked in bed, they settled down for the night. Mother was very tired. Well, before morning I made a disturbance and arrived at the Astle home—a girl, their second daughter. This was October 19, 1899, a Saturday I think, and all was well. This meant more work, but each new baby was a great joy.

I was born in the north room of a log house with two rooms down and two above, not yet finished, and with a shingled roof. There was a door on the west and a window in each room toward the road, the corrals, stable and sheds. There was also a door on the east side where one could see the mountains and beautiful alfalfa and wheat fields. In the southeast corner of the kitchen was a stairway to the floor above. In the floor of the kitchen was a little trap door to the cellar or pit where potatoes and vegetables were kept for the winter.

While Dad was on his mission he met a nice family with several girls. One of them had the name Arstanie, which he liked very much, so that was where I got my name (which I still spell and pronounce for people).

Other babies were welcomed at intervals of about 1-1/2 years. Pearl, my sister next to me, was my constant companion. Mother dressed us alike only Pearl's dress would be pink and mine blue. People called us the twins. Later came David, then Evelyn. I remember coming downstairs the morning Doretta was born. Sister Eggleston was there as midwife. She let each of us in turn hold the new baby, which we all loved so much.

I was a small, timid little girl. One day some children who were visiting neighbors came over to play. I went in the house—timid me. They later became our long-time friends.

Grandpa Astle with his second wife and family lived east of us near the mountains and small canyon. Their daughter, Mary, and I were the same age and had many good times playing together. One day her older brother, Jim, rode up and like all big brothers liked to tease. He said, "I am going to cut your ears off," and he took his knife from his pocket. We ran and he laughed and rode away.

Each Saturday night was bath time in a No. 3 galvanized tub by the stove in the kitchen. Water was carried in from the well or ditch and heated on the stove in the tea kettle and reservoir connected to the back end of the stove. Chairs were placed together with quilts spread over the backs for curtains. We each took our bath, then after family prayer away to bed we went.

Sunday mornings all were up early to get the chores done, breakfast over and all ready for Sunday School, which started at ten o'clock. Dad was superintendent and was always there early to see that everything was ready to begin on time. Sacrament Meeting followed, so it seemed a long day to us.

Charles Thurman was the first teacher I remember having in Sunday School. He was a slim-built young man with sandy red hair and freckles across his nose. He walked with a limp because one leg was shorter than the other. He was faithful in his work and always prepared to tell us the stories from the Bible, which we loved to hear.

The meeting house was one large room with a stage at one end and a large potbellied stove in the center. Wood was cut and brought down from the canyon and cut into blocks four or five feet long. These were split into quarters or more pieces which would stand on end when put into the stove. It really warmed the big room. Wires were put up across the room each way with curtains to divide the room, making places for each class.

Relief Society and Primary were held Tuesday afternoon. The children in Primary were taught to pray, to sing, say memory gems, and play together. They were told stories from the Bible and other good books. Mutual was held in the evening. Dancing and entertainment's were also held in the meeting house.

-Holidays-

On the 4th and 24th of July, the ward would have a big celebration beginning with the shooting of a big cannon at sunrise. Dad and others took a large tin can and put black gun powder inside some way, then lit the powder which would go off with a big bang. It was heard all over town, giving the signal that everyone should be up and about. The people were to get their milk out early for the milk man to get it to the creamery so all could be there for the parade and other activities.

We thought it a great privilege if we could dress up and ride on a float in the parade. Then a short program was held followed by games, children's races, horse races, and a ball game between the married and single men. It would be nip and tuck who won the game. Quite exciting!

I remember one race we girls about the same age lined up to run. A man called out, "Run as fast as you can." The first one in would win the prize which would be some candy, gum, or maybe an apple or orange. Florence, the last one in the race, ran so hard but not so fast, and came in all out of breath. Everyone laughed. They gave her a prize anyway and she was happy.

After the chores were done in the evening, all went to see the fireworks. The children all went home to bed, being tired after a long day. The older ones would end the day dancing.

At Christmas time a large pine tree was brought down from the canyon and set up in the meeting house. It was trimmed with tinsel, paper chains, popcorn strung on thread, and wax candles for lights. On Christmas Eve, everyone would come bringing their children. After a short program, we would listen for sleigh bells, then with the singing of "Here Comes Santa Claus" he would enter with a big "Ho, ho, ho!" With he pack on his back he would dance down the aisle, his bells ringing and a big hello to all. Many little hands went up when Santa asked, "Have you all been good?" Each little boy and girl received a small gift and a sack of hardtack candy and peanuts. Then Santa would hurry away saying "Merry Christmas to all and a jolly good night."

On Christmas morning all would be up early to see what Santa left in their stockings, which had been hung with care before we went to bed. I remember my first doll. It had a china head with golden hair painted on, a cloth body, arms, and legs, a blue dress and pantaloons. I really loved that doll. Pearl got the same, only hers had black hair and a pink dress. In the foot of our stockings was hardtack candy, peanuts, and an apple or orange.

In the afternoon we all went to dance around the big potbellied stove to the music of a fiddle and organ. Lots of fun! In the evening the older people had many good times dancing to the music of the fiddle played by Brother Lars Halling and someone at the organ. Oh what fun everybody had!

-Childhood Memories-

Sometimes we would go with Mother to Grandma Hepworth's house to visit and help her do her washing and clean her house. We would carry in the wood to fill the box. She didn't always have cookies, but always homemade bread. She would spread butter on the cut end of the loaf, cut a slice, spread another and keep on until we each got a piece. Yummy – really good! I thought it great and learned something new.

Many times Grandma Hepworth would come and help Mother by darning stockings or making buttonholes as they visited together. There was always work to be done for a large family. I remember Mother Making a cup of tea for Grandma. She came from England when she was just a young married woman. Her first baby, a girl, was born while crossing the ocean. The captain of the ship paid much attention to the baby and asked the parents to name her after his wife, Catherine Sarah, which they did. Little Catherine passed away when still a young girl and was buried in Smithfield, Utah.

Once in a while Grandpa Hepworth would come and have a Sunday dinner with us. He was living with his second wife. He always had pink and white peppermint candy in his pocket, so we got a piece for our dessert to end the meal.

-School Days-

When I was six I started school, walking the mile with my older brothers and sister. Miss Lilly Field was my first teacher. She lived in a small room at Grandma's house. She was a pretty lady and we all loved her. Florence, my mother's half sister, was my age and we would sit together. The desks were made for two. We learned the ABC's from a large chart in front of the class and learned to read from primer books. We read such things as, "I see a dog. I see a cow. They will get their feet wet," and so on. One day Florence and I made dolls, using our coats. We tried not to make a noise, but I guess we did because we had to stand in front of the class where all could see us holding our coat dolls. That wasn't much fun, but there were no more coat dolls.

When the snow came and it was cold, Grandpa Hepworth took us to school with a team and sleigh. One morning as we all got out, the horses started up and I was in the way. They went over me. Someone hollered and Grandpa stopped the horses, I didn't get hurt, but was very scared. So were all the others. Grandpa said, "Thanks be to the Lord!" and then went on his way.

I remember sitting in a big rocking chair holding the baby on a pillow while Mother and Klea were washing. I wasn't big enough to carry the baby very much. Another time I was standing on a box turning the washer when Pearl came and wanted to turn it. I said, "No," and very quickly she bit me on the arm, leaving her tooth marks. Mother told her, "No, No," then gave her a bite just to let her know it wasn't nice. I don't remember getting any more bites.

Another time Francis and Klea were going to the meadow to pick wild strawberries and flowers. They told us we were too little to go, but we followed anyway. All we got was wet feet, so we sat down to wait for them to come back. Pearl was tired and went to sleep. Another time we looked everywhere for Pearl. When we found her she was asleep behind a big barrel in the shade of the house.

We really had fun playing house and making mud pies, using tin cans for pans and pieces of broken dishes for plates. We would gather the fine dust in the road made by the horses' feet and wagon wheels to mix it with water. How smooth and creamy they looked when placed in the sun to bake or dry.

One day Pearl and others came running, all excited. She said, "Come quick, there is a buggy coming without horses." We all went out to see it. Sure enough, here it came down the street, turned the corner and went on its way. Well, it turned out to be a car – the first one we had ever seen.

Dad always had cows to be milked night and morning before and after a day's work in the fields. They were put in a big corral with a shed on one side to stay the night and be milked. Sometimes Mother would let us take a tin cup and go across the road to get a warm, foamy drink of milk right from the cow. One time I just got inside the gate when a cow started after me. How I did run for the shade, with her close behind. Was I scared? I believe that was the fastest I have ever run, but I got my cup of warm, foamy milk.

I remember many times jumping a big ditch of water and rolling under the fence to get away from big boys on horses. They would laugh and ride away.

In the late fall, Dad would kill a pig for our winter's meat. First, water would be heated on the stove in the wash boiler and tea kettle, then put into a big barrel. The pig would be dunked in upside down to loosen the hair so they could scrape it off easily with a knife. A scaffold was made of poles on which the pig was hung head down and then cut open. The insides were removed, then the pig was washed out with warm water and left to get cold before being cut up ready for use. Mother would render the fat into lard, leaving the cracklings to be made into soap. When spring came and the weather was warm, the cracklings were cut into small pieces and put in large tin honey cans along with waste grease, water and lye. They would stir and stir as it heated to mix it well as the fat melted and the lye dissolved and thickened to a creamy stage. When done, it was poured into tubs to cool and set. Next day the soap was cut into bars and placed on boards to dry in the sun. The color was a pale yellow or off-white, really good for washing clothes, scrubbing floors or most anything. How pretty the sheets and cloths looked blowing in the wind.

In the summer of 1906, dad sold that home and farm and bought a larger home in town across the street west of the school house. No more playing after school. There was wood to be cut and carried in to fill a large wood box in the kitchen and blocks for the heater. It was work and more work for a large family, but it was good for us to learn young.

We thought it would be fun to make bread, so Mother told us to put a large pan on a chair so that we could easily reach it. She told us to put in three or four sifters of flour and add 3 teaspoons of salt. Now make a shallow hole in the center, then add 1 quart of homemade yeast from the bottle, leaving a two-inch start in the bottle. (To make more starter we added potato water and a little finely mashed potato, a little sugar, and water to the yeast in the bottle). Next, Mother told us to take a spoon and stir flour into the yeast liquid until thick, then knead with our hands, adding more flour until a large, not sticky ball is made. Place a cloth over the dough and let it rise until double in size. It is now ready to divide into loaves and be placed in baking pans to let rise again and be ready to bake. This would make 5 or 6 loaves.

Mother taught us to do dishes this way: Place two pans on chairs, one for washing dishes, the other for draining. Pearl nearly always wanted to wash and that left the wiping to me, which really didn't matter. She would start pouring hot water in the pan over the dishes. Many times she would wiggle and dance and say, "I have to go to the outhouse." And away she would go on the run. Sometimes she didn't hurry back. At times I played along wiping. The plates would dry standing, and I thought that was alright until Mother went to put them away. There rough dried. So you know what, we had to do them over. Just another lesson we learned the hard way.

There were other times when we were called to do things besides dishes. The baby needed tending. It was usually me with the babies because I must have had a special touch or something and they would always behave well for me. When the dishes were done, Pearl could go back to play, but my work wasn't done because the baby was still awake. No matter how long it took, I would wait for that big relaxing sigh of deep sleep. Most times I could then lay the baby down.

I remember back in January 1914 our little Jane was born – a beautiful baby. It was cold and we had plenty of snow. Things went on as usual. Jane was Mother's 12th child. When she was about four months old, she became ill. We girls had been doing the wash, which took most all day with all the boiling and rinsing. We turned the washer by hand, scrubbing on the board. Afterwards I went in where Mother had been all day with little Jane. I took the baby and walked the floor with her. After a few minutes she settled down with her little head on my breast and went to sleep. Mother said to me, "If I had thought it was you she wanted, you would have been in here long ago." I was 14 at that time.

After the chores were done and supper over, we would sit around the table with a coal oil lamp in the middle to do our homework for school the next day. Those arithmetic times tables were repeated over and over. We thought they were very hard, but we kept trying and learned them.

In July 1907 Agnes was born. It was a dark, cloudy afternoon with thunder and lightning and plenty of rain. Grandma was there as midwife. She came from the bedroom and said, "We have a nice baby girl in there and your mother is feeling pretty good." Doretta was just a baby of fifteen months, so it was up to me to care for her. Mothers at that time were to stay in bed ten days for a complete rest. She would tell us what to do and how to do it.

On my eighth birthday, October 19, 1907, I was baptized in a beautiful clear stream of water west of Grover. I was baptized by my uncle, George Hepworth. They put a quilt around me and took me home in a white-topped buggy. The next Sunday I was confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by my Father. Several other children were also confirmed that day.

I remember while still very young learning about the paying of tithing. The folks always had chickens which we fed and gathered eggs from. Mother told us to always remember that the eggs gathered on Sunday are given to the Bishop for tithing. It seemed we got one or more eggs that day. At that time tithing was paid with eggs, butter, vegetables, or whatever we raised or earned.

One Sunday morning in May, 1909, we had stake conference in Afton. The horses were hooked to a covered wagon because it was raining and we older children drove the five miles to attend the morning meeting. The horses were tied to the back of the wagon and fed some hay. I remember that meeting very well, it being President George Osmond's birthday. He was given a big black leather chair. When we got home, we found a new little baby sister. She was named Elva May.

Father was a hard-working man and a good provider. He owned a large farm three miles northwest of town. Many times I rode a horse to the farm to bring home the cows, twenty or thirty of them. They had to be milked by hand twice a day. We all had our own work to do and we never said, "No, I don't want to," or "I won't." We all learned young when Dad said, "Do it," we did it. He never used a hand or stick on us and he never said a swear word, but by the tone of his voice we knew he meant it. Mother was different in many ways, but very kind and needed our help.

-Another Mission-

In the fall of 1909, Father went on another mission to the Eastern States, leaving Mother with ten children. Francis, the oldest, was just seventeen. We all helped with the work, which was hard and heavy, and we worked long hours. Mother did the best she could. Many nights she was too tired to sleep. Father was only in the mission field a few months when he became ill and had to enter the hospital for an operation. The mission president, Ben E. Rich, thought it best for him to return home, so gave him an honorable release.

In the winter of 1911, we were quarantined in with whooping cough. Was that ever a long winter! Evelyn, the seven-year-old, got pneumonia and passed away, making much sadness for us all.

We always got a lot of snow and cold weather. Sometimes it was 45 degrees or more below zero, but the work had to go on. I remember Dad driving the horses and sleigh over the fence to the field on the

crusty snow to feed the young cattle and then bringing a load of hay home to feed the cows and horses. We played Fox and Geese on the crusted snow in back of the house and coasted down the hills above town. We got freckled faces and skinned knees, but oh what fun!

In the spring when school was out we moved to the ranch to be closer to the farm work. We lived in a rough lumber granary and tents. The walls and floors were scrubbed and a stove and necessary furniture put in to make the granary livable. We climbed a ladder to the floor above where some of us would sleep; the others slept in tents. We worked hard, long hours but were happy.

When we moved, there were cows, calves, and pigs to drive. Some of us walked all the way. The pigs thought different, so under fences, through ditches, and most everywhere they went. Was that a long three miles, and we were tired.

We worked long hours in the field, then had the cows to milk and calves to feed. I would leave the field early to go for the cows so as to have them at the corral ready to milk when the others came. The mosquitoes were so thick we put newspapers in our stockings and above our knees to keep them from biting us. The cows would be so covered with mosquitoes they would look gray.

Salt River ran through the pasture which I had to cross to bring the cows back, fording the river. I herded the cows up through the willows to the gate. A large Holstein bull always was among them. He would sometimes walk back and forth in front of them as much as if to say, "I am boss." One time, as I got the cows to the gate, he came at my horse, striking it on the breast rather suddenly. I hit the ground with a thud. I picked up a large stick; he looked at me and then walked away. I wasn't hurt but said, "Thank you, Heavenly Father, for Thy protecting care." I then got up and opened the gate and took the cows on home. Dad went after the cows at free times after that. It wasn't long before he sold the bull before someone got hurt.

Another time after the cows were milked at the pasture gate, all the folks had gone home. I saw a calf outside the gate. I had the pony, and without a saddle took after the calf on the run. The calf made a quick turn, the horse made a quick stop and I hit the ground with a quick thud. I slowly got up, put the calf in the pasture and shut the gate. Then I climbed the fence to get on the horse and slowly rode home. It was dark by that time. I staked the horse down along the creek and went in the house. I had no broken bones, just a large black and blue hip. I went to bed without supper, feeling too sick to eat. That was another time that my guardian angel was close by my side.

When the service berries and chokecherries got ripe we would take a day to go picking. A lunch was packed, horses hitched to wagons, then away we went to the hills to pick berries. It was fun for awhile, but then we got tired. Besides that, the horse flies and mosquitoes were thick and biting. Mother cooked the berries with sugar and water, spices, and a little vinegar, and were they good!

I remember the marble games we played on the kitchen floor. A large circle was drawn with chalk, marbles placed in the center, then we each picked a marble for a taw. Sometimes Dad would play with us, having much fun. Other times Dad would give the little ones rides on his back to make them laugh and say, "More, more!" One time he and I stood up in a high swing, working ourselves up until the rope went away slack, then it would straighten out with a big jerk. We laughed, then slowed down to a stop. We would sometimes play Kick-the-Can or hide-and-seek after the chores were done in the evening until dark – a change from working all day.

One day Mother and one or two of the kids were raking leaves and burning them. Sparks got through the cracks of the granary and burned the whole thing to the ground. Nothing was left. Mother had told me to get the newly washed underwear I had just taken from the clothesline and put away, but in the excitement of the fire I never did make it in to get it. Neighbors brought bedding, etc., for us to use and we lived in tents the rest of the summer. We put the stove in a tent for cooking.

About that time a man from Afton came down wanting to sell Dad a car. Dad told him it was a poor time to try to sell a man a car when he has just lost everything. Dad did buy the car however. It was a

secondhand Overland. The man who sold us the car took Dad and some of us to Afton to buy some clothes. The car served us well, but broke down in Burley, Idaho, as we were going on a trip to Nevada. It was either sold or junked and we bought another small car to bring the rest of the family home.

I graduated from the eighth grade and went on to high school in Afton for one and a half years. At that time, Dad didn't think girls needed much schooling past the eighth grade.

-Brother and Mother Die-

It was in 1918 when the influenza epidemic started in the valley. All schools were closed and no church meetings or other gatherings were held. The doctors really didn't know what to do and many people died. Vernon, my twenty-year-old brother, was put in the hospital where he died Dec. 23, 1918. He was buried on the 24th. None of us got to see him. We were all sick at home. Mother and Dad were in separate beds in the same room when Dad saw Vernon come for Mother soon after he was buried. Dad cried out, "No, you can't take her." But he couldn't touch them. This was Dec. 24th about 10:00 PM when Mother died. The rest of us were in other rooms. It was almost more that Father could bear.

The Bishop told two ladies in the ward if they would come and help us they would not take the flu. They came to help and didn't take it. There were no funerals held at that time. Mother was dressed in her white temple robes and green apron and looked beautiful. We all stood looking out the window as they took her away in a sleigh pulled by horses. The snow was quite deep and the air was cold.

Grace, the youngest, was not quite six. We had no Christmas that year, but gave thanks to our Heavenly Father for His watchful care, that we were getting well, that we had a good home and plenty to eat, and also had each other.

Going back a few years, there were two babies born younger than Grace. Jane Hepworth was born January 16, 1914, and died April 19, 1914. Isaac was born July 14, 1915, and died the same day shortly after receiving his name and a blessing by his Father. That made thirteen children for my parents.

I never went back to school; there was plenty of work to do at home. We stayed on the farm for awhile, but it was not the same.

-Move to Providence-

Father felt we needed a change and a chance to better ourselves. He sold the farm and went to Cache Valley where he bought a large house and a small-acreage farm in Providence, Utah. On June 18, 1920 he moved with his seven daughters and one son to a strange place and a new way of life. Some went in the car and David and one or two of the girls were in a wagon. All of our belongings were loaded into wagons and hauled to Utah by team and wagon.

We had never been out of Star Valley very many times. I remember once going with Dad as far as Montpelier, driving a team of horses with a load of pigs, taking them to market. He drove ahead with his load. I was about fifteen. My sister, Doretta, went along to keep me company. This was our first time out of the valley. It took us three days to make the trip. We slept out two nights on the ground by the side of a beautiful clear stream of water. While in Montpelier, we had dinner in a Chinese café. This was a new experience and we enjoyed it very much.

After moving to Providence we worked together hoeing beets, pulling weeds, and whatever else needed doing. I went to work for a family in Logan by the name of Loveland – nice people. There were six in the family and they had three men boarders for breakfast and dinner in the evening. My job was to

do housework and cooking, making bread, pies, etc. One day I made a lemon pie for Mrs. Loveland's club ladies. One of the ladies asked if I had made the pie. I told her that I had and she said, "That's as good a pie as I've ever eaten."

Mrs. Loveland paid me twenty-five dollars a month along with room and board. I only stayed there three months, then quit. She thought I should also work in the garden for the same money, and have no time off. I then went to work in the Union Knitting Mill sewing dresses, shirts, sweaters, and other wearing apparel. It was pleasant work, but the pay was low; sixteen cents an hour to begin. When we got up to thirty cents, that amounted to big pay; \$60.00 a month, with no taxes held out at that time.

During this time I lived at home and rode the branch train coming in from Hyrum and Wellsville. This was in the 1920's. Many nice girls worked at the mill including my sister, Pearl, who worked on one of the special machines. She had been a very close companion to me all our lives. One day each summer while working at the factory, the manager arranged an outing for us up the canyon or to Brigham City for Peach Days. It wasn't long, but it was a change and we had fun.

During this time, Pearl met a brother of a girl working at the factory. His name was George Carling. They were married in September of 1925 and made their home in Logan.

On February 25, 1925, I went to the temple in Logan for my endowments. I went back many times to do the work for others who had died many years before. These people were unable to do the work for themselves. I would go after work in the evenings.

During this time, Father, being very lonely, went on a six-month mission to Texas. He labored mostly in Austin, the capital of the state. He did a good work, teaching and baptizing several people who became members of the small branch there.

My oldest brother, Francis, and his family were living in Logan with not much work. Problems developed and his wife left him with four small children—the youngest under one year. This was in early December. We took the children to help in every way possible. I took care of little Kay until Francis married again and almost wished I had kept him longer.

Father returned home from his mission and found everything working quite well, but he quickly realized he was badly needed at home. The younger girls needed his love and counsel; we all needed him very much.

Father was lonely and seemed more so since his return home. He started corresponding with a lady he'd met while in Texas. She was a member of the Church. He planned a trip to drive down to Texas and he invited me to go with him. This was very early in the spring, and the roads through the mountains of southern Utah were snow packed. We had to go the long way around, through Las Vegas and across to Phoenix where we stayed the second night. We then drove to Mesa and into New Mexico, then down to El Paso, Texas. We got there after dark and had a time finding a place to stay the night. Next morning we drove back up half the state to Austin, Texas, where Clara Steen lived with her two sons and one daughter. We visited around the city and among the church members for several days. Then plans were made to start the trip home, taking Sister Clara Steen and her daughter, Ann, and youngest son, Roy, with us. We drove to San Antonio, Texas, where we met the Mormon Elders, visited around the city and attended a short street meeting before going to our motel and to bed. Next morning we did a little shopping before going on our way home. The roads were good, but when we got to Cedar City it was snowing a little and continued most of the way home. We had no trouble and were surely glad to get back. The folks at home were well and glad to see us.

After a short time, Father and Clara were married in the Logan Temple. This made a big difference in our home, because we girls had been used to keeping the home clean and comfortable and doing all other things pertaining to it. Clara's ways were much different than ours since she had never lived on a farm or in the West. She had a lot to learn as well as us, so we all learned together, the hard way

many times. I sometimes stayed with Pearl in Logan, mainly when a new baby arrived. Since Pearl and I had been so close all our lives, I really missed her at home.

I was still working at the factory in the summer months. Charlotte Shepherd, a friend who worked with me, made me acquainted with her brother, Frank O. Nye, from Paris, Idaho. He was a widower and much older than I, but seemed very nice. This was in January 1929. He would come to Logan on weekends when he could and we corresponded some. We were married October 2, 1929, in the Logan Temple. His sister, Charlotte, served a lovely dinner in her home afterwards to the immediate families.

We drove to Salt Lake and spent our first night in the Newhouse Hotel. Next day we visited several places of interest around the city and attended one session of General Conference. Weldon, one of Frank's sons, was married and lived in Magna. Went out there and spent a day or two. Frank had a family of six boys and one girl. Rollo, Weldon, and Elva were married. Jim worked in Logan, Bill, Ora Kay, and Ernest were living at home with their father in Paris. I stepped into a practically grown family and a big responsibility. They were all good to me, so we got along very well.

We moved my bed and other pieces of furniture up from Providence. The house was cleaned as we got acquainted and adjusted to each other's likes and dislikes. We had several cows, a horse, and some pigs and a few chickens. We also raised a large garden every summer. We increased our flock of laying hens to three or four hundred and sold the eggs to the Idaho Egg Association in Pocatello, Idaho. A big truck came around each week.

All of the family were welcome to come home at any time, day or night. Sometimes they came and brought friends. All of them were very good to me.

This was during the depression of the 1930's. Frank worked some on the W.P.A. One day he was brought home after an accident. He'd had one of his fingers about cut off by an electric saw. That was the end of that work for him. Two of the boys were going to school, but worked at different jobs after school and on Saturdays.

I drew out my twenty year paid-up life insurance to buy a secondhand car to have some way to get around. It was a one-seated Buick. We really enjoyed that car, although I didn't learn to drive very well.

-Baby Boy-

On March 14, 1931 a little boy baby was born to us, for which I was very happy. I and the family had hoped for a girl. Elva had been left a widow in January just before and lived in Evanston at the time with her two small children. Bill was staying with her and working in the railroad yards. They all had a hand in choosing a name for the baby. Bill, not having much to say, said, "Why not name him Roy?" So, Roy Astle Nye it was. We gave him my maiden name. Roy A. Welker, president of the Bear Lake Stake, came to the house and gave the baby a name and a blessing.

That was a very happy time in my life. Roy grew and learned to walk and talk and I guess was a little spoiled. He was almost a two-family baby because Frank's brother, Joe, and family lived just over the fence, all adults. Anyway, he about became Bill's shadow and Bill didn't seem to mind at all.

When Roy was still a baby under one year he became very sick with double pneumonia in both lungs. His temperature was 104 degrees or more. The doctor was called in, which didn't seem to help. We called the Elders to administer to him. One Elder anointed him with oil and the other Elder sealed the anointing. They asked me to join them in the circle around his little bed, which I was very happy to do. I knelt beside the speaking Elder and during the prayer I felt the power of the Spirit come from him through me, on to the next and the next around to baby Roy. I would say it was like a slight electric current. I knew then that Roy would get well. He improved from then on. What a testimony to me! He was promised he would grow to manhood and be a good worker in the Church, fill a mission and later become a father. All this and more has been filled in his life, and I have seen it come to pass. I now have four

grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren, as of January 1985. My two grandsons have filled missions and my two granddaughters' husbands have filled missions.

Roy had a nice singing voice even as a young child and occasionally had a chance to perform. I remember his singing "Home on the Range" at a Nye reunion. When he was 6 or 7 he sang "The Holy City" in the Bear Lake Stake Tabernacle for a stake priesthood group. He was accompanied by Ruby Boulton. Roy also took piano lessons. He loved the piano and never had to be forced to practice. One of his cousins remembers hearing him play "Nola" when he was a young man and was very impressed because that number was considered to be a difficult one.

Because of his musical abilities, Roy has been a choir director several times. He is currently a choir director in his ward in Cincinnati. His choir has been invited to sing at one of the sessions of the upcoming dedication of the Chicago Temple.

There is always work in the Church of each and every one if we take advantage and accept the opportunities when they come. I was a teacher in Sunday School in the Providence First Ward before I was married. After moving to Paris, Idaho, I was secretary in the Relief Society for a short time, then was a counselor about two years. From May 1941 to 1943 I was a second counselor in Primary to Sister Madge Hoge with Annie Rich as first counselor. I taught the Beehive Girls and also the cub scouts for several years. I was again made a counselor in Primary with Adeline Tueller from June 1951 to the end of April 1952. She was then released and I was made president for three years. I spent twenty three years doing Primary work and enjoyed every minute of it. I was also a Relief Society visiting teacher while living in Paris.

Now to go back to the many good times we had as a family when we were home together sometimes at Thanksgiving. Each couple brought something for the dinner. When it was all put together we had a very delicious meal and a good time.

One time Jim and Thel came up from Logan with plans to take us to Yellowstone Park. Food was packed in boxes, blankets and quilts were put in and a tent to sleep in, with beds to be made on the ground. Roy was 4 or 5 years old, so he went along and really enjoyed seeing the bears, birds, and other animals and exciting things. It was really a wonderful trip.

Another time Weldon and Amy planned a trip to the parks of Southern Utah. Roy was older then so he stayed home with Bill to feed and care for the chickens, gather the eggs and milk the cow. He had us make a list of things to be done each day so he could mark it off and wouldn't miss doing anything. Bill was working each day for the Government Forestry Service, but would be home nights, and all went well. We saw all the beautiful parks beginning at Bryce Canyon,, where we stayed the first night. It was really beautiful to see, but different. At the north rim of the Colorado River we could see away down over the steep rugged cliffs, looking down toward the river. When looking out straight across the canyon as the birds fly, it wasn't so far, but to get there we had to go many miles the long way around. The sun was getting low in the west so we got a cabin and made ready for an evening meal. Weldon went to buy a loaf of bread. When he came back we started to laugh. He said, "This is the only size I could find." The loaf was at least 18 or 20 inches long, but rather tasty.

There were deer in the park tame enough to eat from your hand. They had horses you could ride for a fee down the long narrow trail to the bottom of the canyon, but we didn't take the ride. The next day we drove across the painted desert where green and red trees and bushes grew in the smooth, red sand. I asked Weldon to stop. I wanted to touch or feel that red sand; it looked so pretty. We stayed at the Hoover Dam that night and saw the film of the building of that great construction which controls so much water. Very interesting.

Now it was time to head for Magna and on home to Paris. We really enjoyed the trip and all the things Weldon's family did for us. Roy had taken very good care of the chickens, had the eggs all cleaned and cased and everything in order when we returned. He was very glad to have us back.

Frank's family told me a number of times how much they appreciated the love and care I had given their father and them. As time went on, Frank began to have a gradual hardening of the arteries and he was restricted in what he was able to do. It was hard to see him slowly going downhill in his health regardless of what we did for him. The family helped all they could and we tried to keep him warm and comfortable. I also cared for the chickens and eggs each day. As the days went by he went into a semi-coma, but still would say, "bathroom." I said, "I will try once more." I got him on his feet with one arm over my shoulder and started toward the door close by when a sharp pain hit me at the base of my skull. I held on and got him back on the bed and said, "I cannot do it any more." At that moment Bishop Athay opened the front door saying, "What can't you do? I have never heard you say 'can't' before." He called Rollo and Bill. They were soon there and thought it best to take their father to the hospital. We put a blanket around him and got him into the car, and started the ten miles to Montpelier. But just our luck, we had to wait for a train to pass before continuing on. Frank passed away before we reached the hospital. This was November 24, 1956. He was 85.

We returned home. Bishop Athay and his wife, Mabel, and several others were already there. Roy, who was living in Grand Island, Nebraska, was called first then the others. The necessary things were talked about before they went home. Lena Caldwell, a neighbor, stayed with me the long night. It was almost a sleepless night with the jerking legs and the thought going through my mind, "What will I do?" Sleep finally came for a couple of hours. Frank was buried Nov. 28, 1956 in the Paris City Cemetery. There was snow on the ground and it was cold.

I continued to live in the old Nye house by myself with all the creaks and different noises one can hear when you can't sleep. I cared for my laying hens and did some babysitting in the neighborhood. I also worked one winter in the school lunch room. Going back several years, I went into the home of Morris and Mabel Athay to care for Robert, their one-year-old son who was learning to walk. They were teaching in the Emerson Elementary School in Paris. He was a cute little boy and I learned to love him as if he were mine. He called me "My Nye" when anyone asked him who I was. I took care of him three more years. Roy was on his mission at the time in the Western States. We needed the money and it was used for a good purpose. Frank took care of the chickens and cows along with my help.

-New Decisions-

Now going back to my lonely times when I lived alone and had to make my own decisions, mostly about what I should do for the best. Bill and Mildred lived next door, which really helped. We decided it best for me to sell all my chickens because the work was heavy, the winters cold and long, and besides that I need to find work. We killed and dressed out all the chickens and sold them at the stores in Montpelier. I bottled some of them to keep in my storage.

Now what next? After thinking, worrying, and praying about it, plans were made to move to Salt Lake and give it a try—for awhile anyway. I hated to give up my home and friends and go to a strange place. This was March 1, 1959. Roy came from Sandy to move me down to their home for a few days. I did some babysitting out there until I could find something better. I went one day to visit Diane, a granddaughter. We looked at the want ads in the paper about work. Then I called the home of Wallace Jenson in answer to their ad. We drove to their home to meet the lady and inquire about the work. Their little boy, Mark, was recovering from rheumatic fever and the mother wanted to go back to work. They lived on the south side of the gully across from the highway coming out of Parley's Canyon. Their home was not so big but nice with a big back yard where the children and big dark red and gray retrieving bird dog could run and play. It was a nice pretty dog but a nuisance when sprawled out asleep on the kitchen floor. Mrs. Jenson would pay me seventy-five dollars a month with room and board, which I thought was pretty good. Mark was a nice little boy about three years old. He was a little shy and sucked his thumb. Diane and I went to Roy's for my bag and I moved in with the Jensons. Norma, the mother, was a nice woman with blond hair and a slim-built body and dressed beautifully. She worked in an office earning her own money and needed a change. Besides caring for little Mark, I did the washing and cooked the dinner and had it ready for them when they came from work. Mike, an older boy, went to school and played ball with the neighbor boys. As time went by, more work was added. I made several dresses for Norma and

did other things. Mark improved in health and grew. He and I had good times, but I was tied rather close in one place, having no time away from the house alone. We, as a family, went for a ride one time, a one-day fishing trip. I enjoyed it and stayed with them for eight months, but I needed a change and to be by myself. I talked to Mrs. Jenson about it before I did anything because I wanted to still be friends and she could make other arrangements. Mark was much better.

I had talked to Roy about making a change. He suggested I go to the Church Office and maybe they could help me. He came on his lunch time and took me down there. The first lady I talked with said there wasn't anything in that department and that my age would be against me, but suggested I talk with another lady. This I did. She told me Elder S. Dilworth Young had called that morning about needing someone to go into his home to care for his wife who had had a stroke sometime earlier. She called him at his office to tell him about me, then a three-way conversation was arranged. I went to his third-floor office to meet him and have an interview, feeling rather shaky. He met at the door of his office. After talking together, he asking questions and me telling him a little about myself, he seemed to think I would be the one who could do the work. An appointment was made for me to meet him in a couple of days at his home at 575 "J" Street to meet his wife and learn what would be required each day. This was a Tuesday. On Thursday Diane, my granddaughter, took me up there shaking in my boots. Sister Young was sitting by the table reading, hardly looking up and not saying a word. He showed me through the house, saying what was to be done each day. We talked about when and how much money I would receive each month. I told him I would give it a try starting Monday. He was well pleased. Then we were on our way to look for an apartment. After looking at several, I got one at 128 "B" Street. It was an upstairs studio apartment with a pull-down bed in the living room, a kitchen and bathroom furnished for \$50.00 a month. There was good bus service for me to go up each morning. I then went back to Jenson's to tell them the final plans and made ready to move my things.

On Saturday, Weldon took me to Paris to get quilts, blankets, dishes, kettles and other things I would need to start housekeeping. I kept my home up there for a number of years thinking I might go back to live. We came back to Salt Lake by way of Evanston and stopped at Jenson's to get my things from there. They were not home but the door was not locked. The room I had used was already fixed for Mark. We then stopped at the apartment to leave the things there, then on to Magna. Saturday night and all day Sunday I stayed in bed most of the time really sick with a terrible cold and cough and maybe nerves. I called Brother Young on Sunday evening to let him know. He said to take another day and then call him. I called again Monday evening still coughing some, but he said to come up Tuesday morning. This was Dec. 8, 1959. Sister Young was sitting by the table with her book on a stand which held it open, but she could turn the pages. She was patient and didn't talk much. I would go up on the bus each morning, then he would go to work. They liked to have their cooked main meal at noon, so I would try to have it ready when he came home. At first Sister Young would sit at the table and feed herself, doing fairly well. He would then walk her back and forth across the room a few times before going back to work. We would balance her, holding her on the right side, then she could swing her left foot forward to take short steps. It was hard with her left leg and arm being paralyzed. To move them we had to lift them all the time.

Days came and went. We waited for her to express herself if she was satisfied or pleased with what I was doing. Two weeks or more went by when I heard her tell someone on the telephone she had a nice lady helping her and him, but she never said a word to us. He would ask me each day if she had said anything. When I told him about the phone conversation, he said, "Good, we are all set."

Sister young was a well educated person, had been a good housekeeper and cook, and always ready to work in the Church and all other things. It was really hard for her in many ways to be handicapped. Sometimes her mind would wander away down to Mexico and she would ask me to go with to help her walk. I would say, "Sure," and keep on with my work. She would doze a little then say, "I am ready to come home now. We are in Colorado but can't come home from here and I don't know why." She was a granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt who had once lived in Mexico, so she had lived down there in her younger life and loved the place and people.

The days would be long and tiresome for her, but she didn't complain very much. One of the first things I would do each morning was to fix her breakfast of maybe a cooked cereal and a hot drink, or

pancakes with jelly or pure maple syrup, her favorite breakfast. Then it was time to get her up, comb her hair and get her dressed ready for the day. I would change her bed and do the wash almost every day. Then it was about time to cook the dinner for 12:00 o'clock, then maybe take her for a walk back and forth in the kitchen before Brother Young came home. One day a week a lady came and went through the house cleaning. That was a big help. After the dinner was over, dishes done, and she was down for a rest and maybe sleep, I would relax and read or maybe do a little handwork. When he come home from work he would bring me down to the corner of 3rd Avenue and B Street, let me out and go back home. For his supper he would have the leftovers from dinner or whatever was in the refrigerator. He would put her to bed at night. She already had had a light supper or evening meal.

Sometimes I would take her out in the wheelchair for a ride up and down the driveway. She enjoyed getting out in the fresh air and to see the green grass and blooming flowers. Neighbors and friends came in quite often for a short visit.

One time they had some of the Seventies and their wives in for dinner in the evening. I baked the leg of lamb, potatoes, and other things. The side dish was half of an avocado with ripe strawberries and maple syrup. Not too bad. The would have me stay to eat with them. I felt a little out of place, but enjoyed hearing them talk. After they were finished eating, they still sat around the table visiting. Brother Young said, "Now the party is over, You can all go home now." Knowing him, they all laughed and were soon on their way with good feelings. He even had me ride down with some of them. Sister Young was put to bed, then he did the dishes.

Sister Young really enjoyed having the Relief Society visiting teachers come to visit and tell her a little of what was happening in the ward and everything in general. One time Brother Young had to go to Tooele so came and took us for the ride. Another time he took us down to see the Beehive House after it had been all done. She was in a wheelchair so got to see everything pretty well and I enjoyed it.

When he had to go away to conference on weekends he said he could feel at ease with me there, knowing everything would be taken care of. Sister Young didn't seem to mind him going, knowing he was doing what was his duty and the Lord's work. It did make a rather long week for me. He would say, "When you need a break, say so. Don't let yourself get down."

Their daughter, Lenore, and her family came quite often to visit for a short time, not wanting to tire her mother too much. I would make cookies so they could have a grandmother's treat from her cupboard. Their only son was killed in World War II. Lenore and her husband had a family of nine or ten lovely children. Brother Parkinson, Lenore's husband, was going to school and working to get his degree to teach. It was hard for them, but they were determined to make it. For a short time they lived or camped in Young's basement and he finished at the university. The children, some in school, would take turns coming up to eat dinner with us.

There were times when I felt, "I've had it! I can't go back." But after sleeping on it I would take the bus back the next morning. They needed me and I needed them. I was getting an education in more ways than one.

While still at Young's, one day in 1963, I had had a very trying day. I said to Sister Young, "I'm going to retire in October." She said, "You're what?" I repeated my comment. She said, "You can't. What will I do?" A couple of days later when we were eating dinner, Brother Young said, "What's this I hear about you retiring? You can't retire, not as long as I need you." So I didn't retire. I stayed until April 1964.

On April 1, 1964, Brother Young and his sister, Loren, from Denver were there for lunch and had a nice visit with Sister Young before going back to work and meeting. It was General Conference time. I got Sister Young up to read for a while before giving her dinner at 4 o'clock. When it was time to eat, I walked her around the bed to put her down. She could handle her food better that way. She said, "I have a pain in my side," and tried to show me where it was. I, thinking it might be gas, gave her two teaspoons of hot water, then sat her up patting her back. I saw a change of color in her face, so quickly called Brother

Young, then stepped back to the bed. She gave two little gasps and that was all. He came as quickly as he could, but it was too late. I was there alone at the time. Another experience for me.

Sister Young's funeral was held in the evening in the Ensign 4th Ward and she was buried the next morning in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. This was April 4, 1964. Brother Young said to me, "There is one thing I still want you to do." I asked, "What is that?" He said, "You are to go on that tour to the World's Fair in New York, the Hill Cumorah Pageant, and see a little more of the world as you had planned." I went, leaving Salt Lake on a morning in July 1964 on the Red Bus No. 2077 at 6:00 AM. The driver was Tom Barker. Tom and LaVon Bea were hose and hostess. It was a beautiful morning and all were happy.

We went up Parley's Canyon into Wyoming and into Denver, Colorado where we stayed the first night in the Oxford Hotel. It was hot and noisy and being in a strange bed, I didn't get much sleep. We were up early, had breakfast, and were on our way through Kansas, staying at places of interest. That night we stayed in Kansas, City, Missouri. We found the grave of David Whitmer in a very old cemetery in Richmond, Missouri. We also saw the monument erected in honor of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and David Whitmer. We saw the Reorganized Church in Independence, Missouri; it was beautiful, but different. We also saw the place where the temple will be built, and many other places of interest while traveling through 22 states and into Canada, Quebec and Montreal. We spent part of two days at the World's Fair in New York, then visited Washington, DC. There we saw the Lincoln Memorial and many other places too numerous to mention, all beautiful and interesting.

Now comes the pageant on the beautiful hillside of Hill Cumorah, which had been transformed into a stage on which are re-enacted events from Biblical and Book of Mormon days. The music, singing, and the scenery was all very beautiful and inspiring. Over 300 volunteers were in the cast. The music was recorded by a symphony orchestra and a pipe organ and a chorus of 200 voices; this, as well as the spoken word, were all heard through stereophonic sound from loud speakers nine feet deep. Hardly a sound was heard from the vast audience. It was something to remember.

We went back to Rochester and stayed the night. Next day we visited the Peter Whitmer and Martin Harris homes, then the Sacred Grove. It was beautiful and quiet. One could feel as if standing on sacred ground and almost hear the sound of a voice. We also saw the home of Joseph Smith, Sen.

July 31: The first thrill of this beautiful morning was the Uncle Sam tour ride on the St. Lawrence Seaway through the Thousand Islands at Alexandria, New York after returning to the United States Bridge. It was high and long. One could see many little islands in that big river. It was really beautiful. We then took a boat ride out among the islands, some big, others small. Some had homes on them. There was much beauty all around and it was a very enjoyable boat ride.

We went on to Chicago where we stayed at the Rickenbacker Hotel and visited large stores and many places of interest. In the late afternoon we took a boat ride on Lake Michigan and saw the lights come on in parts of the city. We went on to Nauvoo where we saw the homes of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and many other homes and places of interest. We also saw the temple site.

Time went by and we still had many miles to go and places to see. We stayed at the Birkington Hotel in Iowa. We had trouble with one of the busses, which made us late getting to Omaha, Nebraska. There I visited with my son, Roy, and his family. There were well and happy. I had dinner with them and then went back to the hotel because we were leaving early in the morning.

We drove through Boys Town next morning on our way out as we headed for Cheyenne, Wyoming to spend the night. We stopped at Fort Bridger for a rest and all the watermelon we could eat. Then on to Salt Lake and home after a trip of 27 days—a trip to remember and talk about. I was really glad to be back on Aug. 8, 1964. Weldon and Amy were there to meet me and they were happy for our safe return. Vera, Amy's sister, had been my companion and roommate all the way.

After resting a few days I went to Filer, Idaho, to visit my sister, Doretta, and her family a few days. From there I went to Providence, Utah, to visit with my sisters, Pearl, Agnes, Elva, and Grace, and Brother, David and his wife, Margarita. They were all well and we had a good time.

My little apartment on "B" Street in Salt Lake was home to me now. I needed a rest and besides that I needed to go back to work. I had friends in the neighborhood and I liked to sit on the porch and visit with them across the street.

I then stayed with Brother Young's mother, who was 90 years old. She was a lovely, sweet little lady who lived with her daughter, Emily, who was working days. About a month later Sister Young passed away quietly in her home. Then I had a month or more caring for a Mrs. Cannon. She lived in the Belvedere Apartments on State Street. She was a beautiful, elderly lady who was hard of hearing, nearly blind, and quite demanding, but we got along pretty well. I was there 24 hours around the clock. I cooked her meals and did other things for her. There was one time in the middle of the night she asked me if I knew who I was talking to. I told her I did, but she was to stay in bed because I needed my rest and sleep. She got hers during the day.

I worked for a short time for a Ruby Henderson, another elderly lady who also lived in the Belvedere Apartments. The two ladies were nice and sweet, but very different. It just took kindness and understanding and patience. Some time later I went with a friend, Martha Bucher, to the Cisco Nursing Home on the corner of 3rd Avenue and "C" Street to meet the owner, Alice Cisco, and the fourteen elderly ladies living there. It was interesting; no two alike. They would reach out for a "hello, how are you?" or a pat on the face or shoulder. I worked there part-time as an extra when needed, then went on night duty for awhile. I also bottled fruit for Mrs. Cisco to be used in the nursing home. One Christmas I gave each of the ladies a nice card in a red envelope. To see their faces light up with a big smile and a "Thank You" really did my heart good. It meant so much to them. The work was interesting, the ladies were patient with a few ups and downs and some sadness, but life is what we make it, as a rule.

-First Train Ride-

Now I want to go way back and tell about my first train ride. Early one morning, Dad and family left Star Valley in a nine-passenger Overland car headed for Salt Lake and beyond across the valley west into Nevada to visit with Uncle Will Astle and Family. It was a very long ride over desert sand, alkali, cactus, and a few flowers, but very few cars. Sometimes the car slowed down and almost stopped. We would jump out and push it then get back in, very slow going for a few miles. Night came and it got dark, so we tried sleeping in the car for a few hours. Off in the distance the coyotes were howling. Well, morning finally came. We ate the sandwiches left over and drove on to Uncle Will's in Metropolis, Nevada, where we stayed a couple of days having a good time.

We went to Rupert and Burley, Idaho to visit with more relatives. We had more car trouble which would cost a lot to get fixed. Dad and the others thought it best to buy a smaller car, so this is where the train ride came about. They put Pearl, Elva, and me on the train at Rupert, which would take us to Montpelier, Idaho. Three scared girls arrived there about midnight. It was snowing a little as we took our bags and started up the street to the Burgoyne Hotel to get a room, three to a bed, to stay the rest of the night. The next morning we were to go on to Afton, Wyoming with the mail man. His truck had to be fixed, so that meant another day and night. We then went to a Chinese Café to get something to eat, looked around a little, then went back to the room. We arrived home early the next day.

This next incident was later, but was a train ride. Roy and his wife, Beverly, were living in Olympia, Washington. He was in the Service and was stationed at Ft. Lewis and living off base. A little boy was born to them, my first grandson, on February 26, 1955. I took the train out of Montpelier, which happened to be a very slow one. It stopped at every farm, or so it seemed. I didn't get to Portland, Oregon until 11 PM the next night and learned there was no train going to Olympia. There I was, in a strange place all alone. What was I to do? I called Roy, or rather his landlady. Roy happened to answer the phone. After taking a deep breath, he said, "Where are you?" I told him my problem and after a minute he told me

to call a cab and go to the bus station, which I did. I got my ticket then found there were three busses lined up. Just my luck—the last one was going to Olympia. It was dark and raining, but after a long night I arrived there at 6:00 AM. No one was around but one man working on a truck. I only knew Roy's route mailing address. This man called a cab for me. The cab came and I got in and told him the landlord's name. He made a call from the cab and got the address then drove right to it. There was still a fine, wet sleet falling. I got out and went down a few steps and looked inside the apartment to make sure. By that time the landlady met me and asked me if I was alright and then suggested I go to bed and get some sleep; I hadn't slept for twenty hours. When Roy came home from the base he was relieved to see me. He said, "Am I glad to see you. I worried all day." He had to be on base one hour earlier that morning. Beverly was still in the hospital and she and the baby were doing fine. I stayed with them seven or eight days and then took the train back, which didn't take quite so long.

-Vacation Trip-

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Some time later, Doretta, Elva, and I went on a little vacation up through northern Idaho into Montana. The scenery was beautiful all the way and we took a number of pictures. We stayed one night in Butte, Montana, but before morning, (3:00 AM), we got up and left. The fumes from the mines really got to me and I nearly coughed my head off. After driving up into the mountains and fresh air the coughing stopped and I felt much better. We drove until about sunup. We came to a nice looking eating place, so stopped and had a good breakfast. Then on to Glacier Park and a beautiful lake. We stopped for a rest and a lunch of sandwiches and a can of pop. We drove along the lake shore making many turns and enjoying nature when all of a sudden there was a sharp turn and then another taking us up a steep narrow dugway going up to the top of a high mountain. Doretta said, "I can't drive up there," so Elva took the wheel and away we went slowly to the top. Across trickles of water running down among the pine trees and brush to the bottom and maybe into the lakes. This was called Glacier National Park. At the top was a beautiful log lodge where they served sandwiches, drinks and perhaps people could stay the night. We took a short rest, looking at the beauty on top of the high mountain coming up, but going east from there we went slowly down into the more open country to a little Indian village where we stayed the night. The yards and cabins were clean and well kept. Since it was Sunday we thought about going to church, but by the time we were ready and drove around we found the meeting had already started. We didn't go in, but went back to the cabin and soon made ready for bed. Monday morning we started over the Big Country of Montana. We could see for miles in every direction, seeing many a farmhouse here and there and not meeting many cars. We drove into West Yellowstone Park where we stayed the night in a little cabin listening to the rain on the roof with a few drops coming in through the cracks. In the morning when we opened the door, the sun just coming up was beautiful with the raindrops glistening in the sun. Everything was wet, but it was warm.

We then went on our way to beautiful little Star Valley, the place where I was born. We stayed with Aunt Mary Hepworth where we got a big welcome, as always. I had the misfortune of getting an upset stomach, I couldn't find the light switch, so fumbled my way down the stairs to the bathroom. Morning came and Elva drove to Afton to get some medicine that settled my stomach. Then I thought, "If those birds (pet canaries) would keep quiet, I might get some sleep." Aunt Mary and the girls went to visit with more relatives and friends. When they came back and after my nap I felt much better. We then drove on to Paris to see Mildred and look over my old place. I still owned my home there which was standing empty.

We arrived back in Logan after our long, fun vacation to find everyone well and happy to have us back.

-Family Reunions-

We had many good times as a family at reunions and at other times. The days and time goes by and things change. We grow older, some pass away, which happened in our family. John Francis, Jr., my

oldest brother, died October 9, 1951 after a long illness. My father, age 83, died Nov. 7, 1951 after a very bad stroke. Then in January 1952 Doretta's husband, Wells Hoskin, passed away with heart problems. That was taking them fast, which was hard and sad to take.

We, as a family, stayed close together, keeping the reunions going each summer, giving words of love and encouragement. We must carry on in our homes, our church, and try always to say, "Thy will be done."

On the second weekend in July 1968 the Astle family drove into beautiful Star Valley, Wyoming. We have many memories and good times there. The Astles still living there had the reunion in charge. We were to be there in the early afternoon. They had the dinner preparations underway with fresh beef, potatoes, carrots and onions being cooked in Dutch ovens over the hot coals in a pit; there was plenty of it. Then there were rolls, salads, drinks—you name it. How good it smelled and tasted to a group of 75 or 80 hungry people. After the dinner was over and everything cleaned up, we all went this way and that, some with campers, others with tents to find a place to spend the night. Others went with relatives or wherever a bed was offered. By the time all were settled down, there were still a few hours left for us to sleep, breathing in the cool fresh air.

Early next morning with the sun coming up, the children were getting up and moving about. The older ones thought, "not yet." Those of us who had slept away were driving in and could smell the cooking of bacon, eggs, hash brown potatoes, and all other good things to eat made everybody hungry. Pearl soon joined in helping the Carling group make ready. The children were hungry after riding the horses and playing around the yard. I had a few bites with several tables that morning. They would say, "You haven't eaten with us yet." I was the only one there without a family of my own. This all took place in the back yard and front lawn of Dee and Gayla Astle. It was beautiful weather and a great big welcome added with a lot of fun.

We then moved on to Afton City Park where there were swings and other things where the children could play. We had a nice program of singing and other things followed with more visiting. They had a man come and take pictures of the entire group. Aunt Mary Hepworth and her two daughters, Doris and LaVern, and friends came to visit to catch up all about the family, where everyone lived and what they were doing. You know, we Astles lived over there in Star Valley many years, all being born there.

We had a light lunch and a punch drink before breaking up and going on our way home. Good-byes and best wishes were said, and we were on our way.

We have had our reunions every year at various places with each family member taking over the plans and arrangements, including the evening meal. There are only four of the original family living now. We are all past seventy years old, three are widows, and the other one, Agnes, still has a living husband. Agnes had a stroke recently.

There are a large group of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and on down the line. Many have filled missions, gotten married, and so on. I am speaking about back to my father's time and the like just now. The younger ones don't think so much about carrying on the reunions. They have different interests with all the goings-on each day and year. But I am proud of and love them all.

-Living in Salt Lake City-

When I was at 128 "B" Street, across the street to the west lived six or eight elderly women in a big house owned by the 18th Ward. Each had a small apartment or just one room. They cared for themselves and were happy. Some evenings after coming from work at Young's, I would go over to sit and visit with them and learn a little about the ward, the Relief Society, and things in general. I really didn't join the ward until after Sister Young passed away in April of 1964. We need friends wherever we make our home, and these were lovely ladies. But we all get older and may need help so we go live with a son or daughter

or maybe go to a rest home before being called home by death—a much different, and we hope, a better way of life with those who have gone before.

On October 11, 1976, I moved from “B” Street around the corner to 272 Third Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, into a red brick one-bedroom house, where I am still living. It has a full front porch, a double room across the front, a large kitchen, and a screened glass porch across the back. There is an unfinished half basement where the furnace and hot water heater are located, with cement walls half-way up a flat surface where boxes, bottled fruit, and storage are kept. I have a small back yard with a waist-high rock wall, a wire fence with a gate on the east end, and a gate on the west side with a cement walk next to the house on both sides. There is an old apricot tree, several rose bushes and a small lawn. I enjoy having a place to raise a few tomatoes and other vegetables. In the front is a lawn and two bushes which I don’t think are very pretty. I have petunias, geraniums, and other flowers to watch bloom and to have a little color. I live close enough to walk to church and also downtown to shop or go to the temple, or take the bus if I want to. The walk does me good. This house is home to me.

-Memories-

Now I am going back a few years, which I have plenty of time to do every now and again. This was in the early 1960’s when my grandchildren were quite young. Roy and Bev were living in Sandy. A good-paying job was hard to find. They were trying to buy a home and raise a family and make ends meet. After changing jobs several times, Roy finally found work with an insurance company. To make a long story short, the company transferred him to Omaha, Nebraska. This was the summer of 1962. Roy called to tell me they were moving and where, It nearly took my breath away. I said, “I surely hate to see you move so far away.” He then said, “Mom, we have our lives to live and you have hours.” I took a deep breath, then said, “I know,” but it hurt just the same, Roy being my only child and their four children my only grandchildren. In a couple of days their furniture and everything was loaded into a van and they were off with hardly a word of so-long or good-bye.

I went to work each morning and back to my apartment at night as usual. When I told Brother Young about it, he said, “They may, and I hope they can, become big toads in little ponds, while out here they have been little toads in big ponds, as the saying goes.”

Many times since I have thought maybe things would have been different if I could have kept the old home in Paris—a grandmother’s home to visit, with cows, chickens, and a big yard with room enough for the children to run and play. Besides, there are things in the house to see and hear about. Grandparents usually have a few keepsakes which mean so much to them. Now these things are only memories to me while I sit here and rock with my crochet hook and yard, or making many stitches on the many beautiful quilts I have made for people close by or far away. I’m sorry I didn’t keep count of the number of quilts I’ve made. Those days are gone forever, no reality but still precious memories to me.

Now going back in time to when Roy was living in Omaha. The bishop and others asked him to teach an early morning seminary class, which he enjoyed very much. Besides working at his other job, he advanced in experience and knowledge.

Roy was changed to another insurance company and was moved to Kansas City. He continued teaching seminary there.

One Christmas I took a jet plane and flew out to Kansas for a visit. I had to change planes in Denver. It seemed I walked almost a mile to find the plane I was to take to Kansas City. Most of the other passengers were already on the plane, so I had to take almost the last seat. Roy and Bev were there to meet me when I arrived. The wind was blowing and it was cold. Roy went back to work and Bev picked up the children from school.

They had a nice Christmas. I went to church with them on Sunday, which was nice. After several days, I got to feeling like I was in the way so I’d better go home. The morning they took me to the plane it

was rather cold and miserable. When we arrived in Denver the sun was shining over the cold snow-covered airport. Just as the plane lifted off the ground the pilot said, "We'll be in Salt Lake City in two hours," and we were. Weldon, Amy and others were there to meet me. I was surely glad to get home.

I have four grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren, but don't get to see them very often. They live too far away and everybody is busy. I have seven step-children, three of them still living, and seventeen grandchildren. When it comes to the great and great-great grandchildren, I haven't kept up with the count. I'm sure it's quite a number. I love them all, although I never see them.

-Eye Surgery-

A number of years ago I had a cataract removed from my right eye. I now wear a contact lens. The left eye cataract isn't ready yet, so my eyes are not working together properly. A friend of mine with bad eyes helped me to get a slow-speaking record player from the library, so now I get records from the Reader's Digest and others from the library. When I'm finished with the records I can turn the card over to send them back. I receive the Ensign Magazine, Relief Society lessons, and others which I keep. I have a tape recorder, so I can buy tapes such as The Book of Mormon and single tapes and other enjoyable things. This surely helps to pass the time with good things to hear.

It is a pleasure for me to step in to visit a friend or a shut-in, with a plate of cookies or a glass of jelly or jam and to see their faces light up. I surely miss my friends Sister Cisco and Grandma Mary Mackay.

The time moves on...and my thoughts go back and forth, being by myself so much of the time. Roy and Bev have worked long and hard and have reached their goals. His goal was to be district manager of the Reliance Insurance Company. Bev has her TV programs besides giving lectures on nutrition and better home management. Both of them travel much of the time. Their children are all married. They have a lovely home in Cincinnati.

In December of 1982, Roy called and said, "We are sending you a plane ticket so you can spend Christmas with us." I said, "That is so far away for me to come alone." My friends told me it would be nice for me to go. Sister Colleen Pinegar, the bishop's wife, took me to the airport to see me off. It was a beautiful morning, but with a cold wind blowing. I had a seat next to the window going both ways. I could see very well as we went up and up over the city and mountains. There was a nice couple sitting by me. As the plane left the ground, the young wife said, "I want to go back," but it was too late. This was her first plane trip.

I had to change planes at St. Louis. We left the plane outside, walked a short distance and up a ramp into the airport. I had no trouble finding where to go, but had to wait awhile before boarding the next plane. They had a tire to fix and luggage to load before we were on our way. The time zone was different here and we had to move our watches two hours ahead. One could see lights by looking out where cities and farms were as we flew over them. Finally the plane started to circle to make a landing at the airport, which was on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River. Everyone was to stay seated with belts buckled until the plane stopped.

Roy, Bev, Heidi, Kim (Stephen's wife), and three children, Emily, Nathan, and Christian were there when I came up the ramp with a coat on my arm and carrying a small case and a handbag. I was glad to see them. Stephen had a meeting to attend, so I'd see him at home.

We were soon ready for bed. It had been a long day. It was then that I had the misfortune to lose my contact lens when I took it out. It fell somewhere and we couldn't find it. I had to get along without it until I got home to call my doctor.

Roy would go to work each morning before I was up and not get home until after dark. Bev had her work lined up for part of each day. One morning I went with her and Heidi to see how it was done.

A large table was set out with all the things needed to make a casserole. Bowls and other things were brought in, the lights and music were turned on. Beverly went to work, telling how to cut and place everything as she put it in. It was a colorful, beautiful casserole and so nutritious. We had it for our evening meal, and it was really good.

Roy's office was on the tenth floor of a beautiful new building. One day Roy took me to lunch on the twentieth floor where we could look far out over the large, beautiful valley. It was a beautiful place and the food was delicious. The waiter was a very courteous black man.

Roy went back to work while we went on to see and do other things. The weather was cool.

Bev's work really keeps her busy giving lectures on nutrition, family budgeting, homemaking, and other things. She appears on television for the Proctor and Gamble Company.

For Christmas a beautifully decorated tree stood in one corner of the living room, dining room, and kitchen all combined room. It was different, but interesting. There were heavy beams across the room painted brown where buckets of different sizes and colors were hung, making it decorative but also useful. Everyone could hear and see what was going on. No need to miss a thing.

Bruce, Heidi's husband, and children were coming by plane from Salt Lake for the holidays. She had been there for some time helping her mother get TV programs on tape or film. That was a happy meeting when they came off the plane.

Next morning was Christmas. Santa Claus had been there and all were happy. We had a big turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

On Sunday morning we all went to church. Roy taught the Gospel Doctrine class and really did a good job, not hesitating for words. He got pretty good participation from the class. Sacrament Meeting followed and was conducted by my grandson, Stephen Nye, a counselor in the bishopric. The ward choir sang two numbers beautifully, led by Roy, the choir leader. Beverly and Heidi were in the group. They have a large ward and the meeting was well attended. I enjoyed the meeting very much. We went to several homes to visit some of their friends and ward members.

The time came for me to go home. On December 29 we were up early to go to the airport. It had rained a little during the night and the air was cool. Bev hadn't been feeling well for several days, so I said my good-bye and many thanks at her bedside. Roy, Heidi, and Travis went to the airport to see me leave and say their good-byes. Roy went on the plane with me and to my seat by the window. He spoke to the stewardess as he went off about me needing a little help as my eyes were not good. She told me to stay in my seat until the others had all left the plane when we got to St. Louis where I changed planes. We were soon on our way up over the snow-covered valleys and mountains. It was a beautiful morning. The sun came out, making the snow look as if it were covered with bright, shining diamonds.

A nice friendly lady sat next to me who left the plane at St. Louis, where she lived. When the plane landed, the passengers were on the move, headed for who-knows-where. When it came my turn, the stewardess helped me down the steps to the open where another one took me up the ramp into the airport. There she got a wheelchair for me to ride some distance where I would board the plane. She was very nice and friendly. She took me to the door of the plane where a young man took over and showed me to my seat, again by the window. Here we could turn our watches back two hours to Mountain Standard Time. Then we were up again toward the pretty blue sky into the sunshine over the white snow-covered mountains, almost like flying like a bird into the great beyond. Soon the stewardesses came with sandwiches, salads, pickles, and something to drink, like Sprite or 7-Up. It didn't seem long before we came over the mountain and into the Salt Lake Airport where we soon were landing, all happy to be nearly home.

The pilot called out to say there were ice spots and the wheels wouldn't hold, and for all of us to go back the tail way down some steps to the outside, then back up more steps into the airport. When I

entered, a nice-looking white-haired man stepped up and asked if I was Sister Nye. The he said, "I am Dick Cox, second counselor in the bishopric of my ward." Sister Colleen Pinegar had asked him to meet me in her place. We picked up my luggage and were soon on our way home, and he learned where I lived. I unlocked the door and stepped inside. It was warm and everything was in order. A pile of mail was on the table. I was glad to be home. It had been a nice vacation trip and I really enjoyed riding on the plane, likely my last plane ride. It was near the end of 1982.

Early Monday morning I called Dr. White, my eye doctor, to ask him to send me a new contact lens for my right eye. We never found the lens I lost in Cincinnati. That wasn't the first one I had lost.

-The Beginning of 1983-

New Year's Eve came and went very quietly as most nights and days do, and 1983 began. When one lives alone with their thoughts, as many of us do, you would be surprised how often your thoughts go to memories of long ago. Here is a memory of long ago, which must have been a dream. It made an impression and stayed, and comes back to me now and again these many long years. It happened before I was married and was still living at home in Providence. I saw in a dream, I guess it was, that we might have the privilege of seeing our bodies prepared for burial. I was out hoeing beets and pulling weeds. Next I saw my body picked up and being prepared for burial. I was hovering just above their heads. They were talking, but I couldn't hear what was being said. At that point I woke up. I have wondered, and still do, if it was true.

This poem reflects many of my feelings:

One by one my thoughts slip back
In treasured realm of memory
And one by one I think again
Of things the way they used to be.
No picture comes of wealth or fame
Nor hero great is in my store
But simple things as yet remain
Like children sleeping on the floor.
A family bed which mother made
In joy and haste in evening light
Because the aunts and cousins came
To swell our family group one night.
We walked to school a mile or two
The simple pleasures still remain
Within my mind a treasured dream.
The taffy pull, the spelling bee;
The snow and syrup-style ice cream.
I would not change the present way,
It has rewards for man to reap
But oh, I'm glad another day
Within my heart is buried deep
For there I will let them sleep.

I have watched the Church grow for many long years. As a young child I was taught to pray by my mother. Among other things in the prayer were the words "Please bless President Joseph F. Smith to keep him well to carry on the great work here upon the earth." He was the first president I remember. He was followed by Heber J. Grant, George Albert Smith, David O. McKay, Joseph Fielding Smith, Harold B. Lee, and Spencer W. Kimball. The were all wonderful presidents who did a great work and were loved by all. President Kimball, the 12th president, passed away Nov. 5, 1985.

On June 9, 1978 President Kimball announced to the church and people of the world that all worthy Negro members of the church could be ordained to the Priesthood. We as a family were just leaving the cemetery in Providence, Utah, after the burial of my sister, Elva May Kendrick, when we heard the announcement on the radio. We could hardly believe what we had heard. It was a day to remember.

President Kimball's motto was; "I you have anything to do, do it now!" Another thing he taught us church members was to lengthen your stride. There is so much to be done.

Ezra Taft Benson became the thirteenth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on November 11, 1985.

On March 15, 1986 the Relief Society of the Canyon Road Ward had a party to commemorate the organization of the first Relief Society in the Church. A lovely lunch was served. We had a nice program and honorable mention was made for all sisters who were born before the turn of the century. There were ten or twelve in the ward who were born before 1900. I was one of them. They presented to each of us a beautiful corsage of pink carnations and a dark rose-colored ribbon.

-My Testimony-

When I was young I would say, "I believe the church to be the word of God." But as I grew in years and experience I can truthfully say, "I know that God lives and Jesus is the Christ and our elder brother." I have had my prayers answered and the prayers of others by administration of my father and others. As I related earlier in this history, my son, Roy, was miraculously healed by the power of the Priesthood.

I know with all my heart that God, our Heavenly Father, lives. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen