

## History of Mary Savage Stirling, part II (Wife of Adelbert William Stirling--son of William, Jr.)

### II. OUR HOME:

At the time of my birth our home was two room adobe house with a tiny room built on the back and a screened in summer porch, taking up at least half the width of the house which in the summer accommodated the big cook stove and a service ... came the cook stove was moved into the dining room to provide more heat for the house. The front room contained a fire place which I imagine could not be relied on for heat. Later years when the small screened in porch was glassed in the cook stove remained on the back porch and a heater was set up in the dining room.

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood were the family gathered around on a cold winter evening enjoying the warmth and coziness of being closed in together in a relaxed mood. My sisters and brothers studying and doing evening chores preparing supper, washing dishes and mixing bread etc. Papa after a long day at the office; pouring over ledgers, loved to relax on a winter evening with his family. There was nothing he enjoyed more than to sit while one of his children brushed and massaged his hair while he gave instructions on working a math problem or having the news read to him. In this relaxed mood one of his children often read to him even if it was the simple stories from our readers. As a result I don't remember having any difficulties in my reading classes in school. I think this was because of the wide range of reading materials I read to Papa.

The front room was also used as the bedroom. The second large room served as a family room, dining room and kitchen. Much use was made of folded cots in those days. I remember as a small child I often slept in what was called a trundle bed. And other times I, slept in a bed which folded up into a stained hard wood box which stood about as high as a mantel against the wall. One piece of furniture that must have been a proud possession was an organ with many interesting little shelves where was set pieces of statuary and family photos. To the side of the fire place was a glassed in book case and below cupboards to retain magazines and other items. The wood work of the home was stained, a process quite common in those days when hard woods were not available. Our neighbors, the Moss family, were craftsmen in the art of hanging wall paper and painting. The wood surface was painted a light cream color and varnish was then brushed on and with the aid of a soft camel's, or a stiff bristled brush, a stained effect was achieved.

I look back on our home with fondest memories. Our house was placed on a large inside city lot, eight lots to the block. As I compare them with the small compact city lots today they seemed enormous. For a small child's world it provided space and interest that was a constant source of discovery from early morning until night especially during the spring and summer months. Our lots were fenced in by high board fences which gave us privacy. Papa believed in the adage "Well mended fences made better neighbors." Father kept his fences in good repair to keep his children home and the chickens, stock out of the neighbor's gardens. This proved to be added insurance to better neighborhood friendships. How often I stood by and held a heavy hammer or a discarded flat iron while Papa pounded nails to keep his fences in good repair.

Every available space of the lots were utilized to keep the land productive. Most inside lots in our part of town followed a common plan. The houses faced the street and all the barns, corrals and outhouses were gathered to the rear of the lot. Irrigation ditch followed along one long side of the lot and the opposite side a fenced lane gave vehicles and stock entrance from the street to the corrals. Between the fence and water ditch grew current bushes and asparagus, a row of apple trees and plum trees. The

front sections north of the house were planted with grape vines and a row of raspberries and other fruit trees. These were not highly productive but they did provide a variety of fruit for the summer appetites. Fruits and berries were made up into the tartest jellies and preserves. It makes my mouth drool to think about it. Spread on cakes and jelly rolls with cream it was delicious. The current bushes did not yield heavily, however, two or three times a week I carried a bucket to gather them during the productive season so they could be stewed and sweetened as a sauce for our noon dinners. Eaten with bread and butter they were very good.

We always kept a highly nervous Jersey Cow called Daisy and a red cow we called Brun. Father had raised Daisy from a calf and it was the boy's favorite. Our cows were not just ordinary inhabitants of the barn yard they were as integral to the family as ourselves. They provided our milk and butter for a well spread table, rich milk for drinking or to pour over the morning mush, whipped cream garnished cakes and puddings. How well I remember the fluffy golden browned biscuits that I made with cream. I have since tried everything that I could think of to duplicate those delicious biscuits but have concluded that my youthful success was a combination of cream and the old fashioned coal and wood cook stove. I remember one year father & I were alone we had an abundance of milk and butter to sell to the store at 50 cents per pound. Our churn was a large glass jar with a beater which screwed on the top. I remember it being important to keep the utensils clean and had to scald them before producing butter.

I remember one summer afternoon I had been with some girl friends and we had planned to go to a movie so I rushed home to do the evening chores and prepare father's supper. To conserve time I covered my dress with a large apron but failed to change my lovely shoes. I drove our cow daisy to a clean spot in the lane. I carefully strapped her two hind legs together. Experience had taught me how nervous a Jersey cow can be. Placing the stool in place I sat down and I gave her an encouraging pat and brushed down her bag. With the pail placed in position I put my head in her flank and began the rhythmic squeeze of the teats when with a suddenness she swished her tail which landed around my head across my cheek with a stinging slap. At the same moment her two hoofs moved forward and each landed upon my two feet pinning me momentarily down. Crying out with startled rage and pain I forcibly pushed her off my feet, and ruefully beheld a broken strap on my shoe. The milking chore continued through that summer when I convinced Papa that it was not financially sound to keep a cow for just two people. Hay had become expensive so Father sold the dear Daisy, rented the pasture and we bought milk from the neighbors. The following fall I also convinced father that it was more practical to sell the pig which we raised every year to the market rather than have so much pork for two people. This suggestion worked very nicely.

How well I remember those years of arising before daylight to prepare a quick breakfast of mostly mush. Sometimes getting the dishes washed and more before dressing for school and then walking four long blocks to school in the cold. In the winter the sun just tipped the mountain as we entered the High School building being out of breath and our hands numb with cold but complaints were the furthest thing from our minds as we lived closer than many. An hour off for noon my father and brothers appreciated my having prepared a meal for them. Then back to school which resulted in leaving the dishes to be washed after school. Dishes, it seems

there were always dishes to be washed. I think that is the time I held real envy for my friends that they could go home from school to a cozy warm house, dishes washed and usually to freshly baked bread.

On school days I remained at school doing library work with my friends then home to put the house in order and prepare supper. This routine meant a week end of hard work and preparations for the coming week - washing, ironing, cleaning, preparations of food.

How well I remember the thoughtfulness of my brothers and sisters. Henry, who left home during his youthful years to seek employment to pay for his education, sent Joe and me little items dear to children's hearts. Other considerations that stand out in my mind were the many lovely dresses that my sister Clara, made for me; she sewed beautifully. At the County Fair she took the prize one year for the most economical but attractive dress displayed. Josephine also made dresses for me after Clara was married; however, not as many, because she had assumed many responsibilities of managing the home, gardening and holding down summer jobs at the court house. My brothers appreciated my cooking, and even more so after returning from summer employment away from home.

The year I graduated from eighth grade was a year of decision for me. Should I go on to high school without Joe? Joe was retained in the eighth grade. I should explain here that it was not entirely his fault. The teacher was a challenge to the class; teaching from the chair, often with his feet on the desk, he was given more to caustic remarks than instilling a thirst for knowledge. At promotion time at least one-half of the class was retained. Joe was one retained, and we were to be separated for the first time in school. I was reluctant to graduate and transfer to another school and leave Joe. Then one day I heard father make the remark, "I don't know whether I can spare the money for Mary's high school tuition." My mind was at ease, because I knew then that I would stay another year in the eighth grade with Joe. I never regretted it. That year I felt rather smug leading out in class discussions and gained additional confidence in myself which at that time was much needed.

Mr. Fred Fawcett was the teacher and proved to be a challenge to us all. My previous teacher William Woodbury had been an excellent teacher also, and I thought well of him but I found more congenial friends my second year in the eighth grade. I also secretly admired the boy across the aisle. He was very bright and the object of my admiration. It was that year Josephine had been asked to teach school. She was a high school graduate the spring before without teacher training. Superintendent Bentley had a vacancy in the 3rd grade and he asked Josephine to take it. It was quite a decision for her to make. She and her cousin, Flo Foremaster, each had a class in the basement of the library. She has often said without Flo's help and advice, she would never have done the job. But, Josephine was a natural teamer of children and she learned fast.

Because of the added responsibility caused by Josephine teaming school, it was decided best for our family's welfare that I should obtain permission to go home a half hour or so early

before noon recess to prepare a warm meal for the family. The half hour before noon recess was a study period so I didn't miss anything. However, in High School this deprived me of classes in theology which I often regretted later.

I liked school, except theme writing. Unfortunately, I built up a mental block believing that it was an accomplishment for which I had no talent. My sisters seemed especially talented in the art of writing.

My freshman year stands out principally because of two classes. I particularly enjoyed John T Woodbury who taught ancient and medieval history. Not only was he a keen student of history but he had filled a mission to the Armenian people and was capable of making history come alive in the minds of the students. He had married an Armenian girl who had nursed him through a severe illness. This was at a time when the Armenian people were still being persecuted by the Turks.

The other class I like was biology. Walter Cannon taught the class, I knew him as a neighbor and he took a personal interest in me. The cultures we made and explored under the microscope opened up a new here to fore unseen and exciting area of life about me. That year Eleanor Seegmiller Smith and Mac Mortensen instructed me in the art of dress making. I can remember the thrill of making my first dress.

I generally received good marks. The sewing machines we used were electric while the machine at home was the mechanically tread variety. It took some practice approach the electric foot switch gently enough to get a steady speed and even pace. I preferred the mechanically tread knee action machine we had at home.

I was chosen class reporter that year. I found it extremely difficult to circulate among my class mates for news, partly because I was shy and also because I had to hurry home near the assembly hour to prepare lunch for Father because I thought it was my most pressing duty to be home so I didn't get much encouragement to stay with it.

In looking over my grades during my High School years I seemed to have received above average grades. My interest seemed to lean towards history and the sciences with domestic science, now called Home Economics. I also took classes in both Spanish and German. But I changed to German because I was of German descent on my mother's side and also I believed it would be more useful. A little side line incident; Annie Miles had returned to school for additional credit, she laughing bet me a candy bar that I would obtain the better grade. Somewhat to my surprise I received the A and the candy bar.

Roseamand Snow and I even attempted Physics in our senior year. We got quite a kick out of the class being the only girls in the class. I remember I thought it very interesting and studied diligently to justify myself in taking the class but, the math tried me to tears. I was rather suspicious that our teacher Mr. Homer gave me an A just for effort.

I didn't graduate at the end of my senior year because of an incomplete grade I received in an English class. The next year in my freshman year at college I wrote up the makeup work and got my diploma.

I don't remember what year I made up my mind to teach school. There could have been a number of reasons why I prepared to be a teacher. In the first place St. George was mostly a farming community with a population of under 4 thousand and thus offered very little opportunity for employment for girls. Clerking at a store was the best one could expect. Teachers were the most in demand for St George and the other outlying communities.

My family had adopted teaching as a profession. Papa who had contracted arthritis in his youth was physically unfit to engage in the work his brothers followed, farming, ranching and freight hauling by team, so he had entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah and after completing the prescribed course accepted a position as principal at the St. George Academy where he taught a number of years.

My Brother Henry also taught school at Weber College and then moved to Price, Utah as principal of Carbon County High School. Later he became a physician. My sisters Clara and Josephine both accepted positions as teachers when they married.

One little incident that directed my choice to teach was the following summer after Josephine married and Karl was out of town working, I was helping one of the neighbors during the haying season so that left me with all the house work. The day was hot so my Father and I spent the cooler part of the day in the garden and thus I had to do the house work in the hotter time of the day. On this day I was busy sweeping the front porch and door yard when Mona Reber, a girl a few years younger than myself but very pretty, walked up the walk. She said her mother had given birth to a new baby and they were in need of help in the home. Could I work for them? This took me by surprise, as I had never been asked to hire out to do house work before, my oldest sister had done it upon occasions to earn money for clothes etc. This would help me get some new clothes and also I could have learned a great deal under the capable housekeeper like Mrs. Reber but, of course, it was out of the question with work that needed to be done at home but, the incident added fuel to the fire that had been smoldering for some time in my mind. I had often puzzled over the problem of my future which at the time didn't look too bright. Papa was about 60 years old and there wouldn't be too many years ahead to hold down a political job and besides his eye sight often gave him anxious periods. I knew that I must prepare myself to earn my keep and probably care for my father and myself.

Father often said that the best heritage he could leave his family was an education. It was the uppermost objective of his life. His salary as County Treasurer and City Treasurer was not great. In later years the combined salaries paid \$100 a month, and it had to be carefully managed in order to provide necessities for the home, clothes and tuition for all. Thus, I decided to continue my education and try to become a teacher.

In 1925 I entered Dixie Junior College. This was an exhilarating and challenging time for me. Here was one more hard-earned goal at my finger tips. If I could prove myself capable to master the outlined courses for a teacher's certificate, my hard sought dream would be within my grasp.

There was not much flexibility to the Junior College curriculum. The first year the course was English 1, 2, 3, Sociology, Special Methods 1 & 2, Educational Psychology, Principles of Education, Health Education, Physical Education and Bible Literature. My teachers were excellent but to me B Glen Smith outstanding. He taught Psychology and other educational subjects. We students thought him very exciting. Our class chose him as our class advisor. He yielded an unusual influence over us, but drew a line by making us discipline ourselves. We knew he marked by the curve method so we were on our own responsibility.

The transition from High School to College course text books was very difficult for me at first. Each subject required the learning of a new vocabulary.

We who were majoring in teaching soon settled into a groove of becoming future teachers and felt like an elect group. It was at this time Ruth Sorenson and I became fast friends along with many others. Our corner of the public library which was somewhat hidden became our recognized domain to compare notes on each other's progress.

That first year was hard but, I had more time to study due to my home duties were somewhat lighter. Uncle Moroni was not with us that winter, Karl was at school in Northern Utah and Joe had returned home and he was very helpful with duties about the home. Besides it was wonderful to have his companionship at school. He took a great interest in Freshman college and was doing good work. In fact he began to outshine me in his grades. However, before the semester was over Joe was involved in a bad incident at school from a mix up of personalities so he left school and found work at Park City, Utah. It was a real disappointment to us all the Joe missed his opportunity for a college education. But he saved his money which he used to fill a mission for the church in England.

From that time on Father and I were alone at home. Perhaps it was good in a way that I had more time to devote to my studies. But, we missed the other members of the family. During the evenings at home because my father's eyes needed rest from the day's work strain Papa became more dependent on me for entertainment. I read a great deal to him. Fortunately, he was always interested in the text books I studied and the books and news paper articles were interesting to me. Father also spent many of his leisure hours in doing genealogical work. I often helped him proof read the sheets. I have since regretted of not taking an interest in genealogy research.

The year 1926, my second year of college, ?????? out in ??? ???? is the year of crowning achievement. It was the year I completed my normal course for teaching. I discovered that the teacher training period, which I had approached with fear and trembling, was instead a time of enjoyment. I found teaching young children fun and a real delight to put into practice the

teaching theories and see their eager response.

The evening we received our Diplomas was a thrilling occasion. A few weeks previously we had awaited with anticipation a bid at the office of the Superintendent of schools to learn if there was a teaching position for us in the county. The anticipation was heightened by the fact that there were only ten openings for teachers while there were 20 new teachers asking for jobs. To my amazement I was offered Leeds, Utah with a salary of \$90 a month.

#### CHURCH ACTIVITIES:

My parents were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When I was born therefore, I became a child of record. I was given a name and a blessing 7 May 1905 two months and three days following my birth.

When I was very young Papa had Joe and me kneel, one at each knee, to take turns in saying our prayers before we went to bed. Prayers were a daily habit in our family. As the children grew older Papa expected them to take a turn in family prayers. How well I remember his prayer. He said them with sincere feeling. As a child sometimes I thought they were very lengthy, especially when I was hungry before we gathered around the breakfast and supper table. As I grew older I appreciated them deeply since I had matured sufficiently to realize how Papa relied on the Lord for strength in the complexity of daily living. Neighbors and friends appreciated his great faith and reliance on prayer. Often he was called out to administer to them. He accepted the request as a sacred duty. Before he went he always washed and put on his coat.

I remember Effie Cannon was teaching one of my Sunday school classes and she related the experience of her brother being thrown from a buggy hitting a rock knocking him unconscious. My father was called to administer to him and he recovered. Numerous times I recall neighbors awaking us in the night requesting father's apparent gift of healing through the spirit. Many times I and My brothers and sisters, in times of sickness, felt the power of the priesthood with which he was blessed, for we had much sickness in those days.

I gave my father heartaches (to my regret he told me in later life) because I never took my turn in family prayer. I was shy around my family and did not want to take a turn at prayers. Papa wrote out a prayer and asked Joe and I to learn it so we could take our turn. I thought the prayer was complicated and the wording beyond my ability as a child. Joe memorized it and repeated it. But as time went on he gradually reduced it to his own words and thoughts. Since I didn't take part in family prayers he had been much concerned so I assured him I had never been derelict in my private prayers and it relieved his worries.

When I was a little girl I attended Sunday school and primary. Although my attendance at primary was not as regular as Sunday school. Primary was in the basement of the tabernacle.

In primary Sister Crosby taught me how to make a doll dress which I took home. Sister

Rose Jarvis Thompson was another teacher I enjoyed very much, especially for her faith promoting stories. I'm sorry to say my attendance at primary was not as regular as it should have been as it was held on Saturday when all the washing and ironing, etc was done and it was very difficult to take time out to get me ready.

Papa did see that we got to Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. When I became old enough to listen to the testimonies I especially liked them. Church meetings were held in the tabernacle. In those years there was a single great eye painted on the wall above the organ. I felt like it was the Lord keeping an eye on me [to see if I] was a good girl. Much later I learned everything we did, needed to be done with an eye single to the glory of God.

When I was young Joe and I always sat with each other on the south side where the priesthood members most generally sat. Later I could sit with my friends. Papa often bore his testimony. He set a good example for us all. I especially was proud of him when he was asked to preach a sermon, he was a very powerful speaker. He often used gestures and change of voice inflections even emphasizing a point with a pound with his hands on the rostrum. Few people slept when Papa talked. One of his favorite subjects was the foolish virgins and being prepared for the coming of the Savior or prophecies leading up to the Last Days.

He had many favorite subjects; he was strong in his teachings of sustaining church authorities. He believed in the practice implicitly and never let us be critical of those in authority. Consequently we children came to believe them to be almost perfect and most of them endeavored to live perfect lives. I remember Anthony W. Ivins who was a local authority in St. George when he was called to be an apostle and felt he deserved our sustaining vote. I also recall how eagerly we all attended stake conference. The church house was filled to capacity. I heard such great church leaders as President Joseph F Smith, President Heber J Grant who entertained us with his singing.

Papa was a stickler for tithing. He believed implicitly that an honest tithe payer would bring the blessings of heaven.

## TEACHING SCHOOL:

The summer of 1927, as I made preparations to move to Leeds to teach school in the fall, one incident stands out in my mind. I had planted a vegetable garden and had canned some vegetables and fruit. I had just come out of the garden with a basket of green corn to prepare for bottles when a handsome stranger dressed in a navy blue suit knocked at our [door.] I still had on my straw hat and was brushing corn silk from my arms. If I had known I was facing my future husband, my face could not have taken on a deeper blush in the confusion I felt at meeting the handsome young man. I looked like a typical farmer's daughter. He had come to inquire if I would rent his family home at Leeds. The next day I saw him strolling down the sidewalk with Annie Miles at his side. Annie looked cool and coquettish under her gay parasol and Delbert looked extremely handsome. I made a mental note that I would learn more of Delbert Stirling,



the young man to whom Annie was so attentive. From Annie I was to learn not only more of Delbert but also information about the people, students and the school in Leeds where she had taught previously.

My first year of teaching school was an enormous challenge. I found that the gap between the theory of teaching and practice was wide enough to almost engulf me. There was so much I needed to know about the background of the children. In addition, the parents created some of my biggest problems. That first month it was "sink or swim." I missed Papa and wondered how he got along without me. Weekends Papa eagerly awaited my return. He was too sympathetic to my problems. "You know, Mary," he consoled, "You don't have to go through this. You can quit." "Quit? Quit my school? It would be a disgrace! I could never live it down!" I knew I wasn't the first teacher who had left home and found school teaching a bewildering experience. Nevertheless, as I became better acquainted with the school and townspeople, I learned to love my work and the people. As progression of the students became apparent, I began to derive satisfaction in my work and enjoyed the sociability of this small town. Signing a contract to return another year, I looked forward to a second year of teaching there,

It was during the fall of 1928 that Delbert Stirling returned to Leeds to live. I knew more about him than I had previously. My landlady had praised him many times when few jobs were available. Del and I began to see more and more of one another. Our friends in Leeds took it for granted that I was Del's girl and always paired us together; however, our relationship at that time was not so definite for either of us.

After I had taught two years in Leeds, Josephine and Roy inquired about a teaching position for me at Midway, Utah which was three miles west of Heber, Utah. Josephine was expecting her third and needed help with father. There was a second grade opening for me. I looked forward to being with my folks again for I had missed father but was soon to find his illness had changed him a great deal. He was still sound in mind but very weak in body and very impatient.

Del gave me an engagement ring in the summer of 1930. Jobs were difficult to get; the stock market had crashed; many dire predictions of tight money were heard; people were going on public dole. We decided that Del would find something permanent for employment, and I would teach another year in Midway. A year seemed a long time to be apart, but we were practical people.

The government had taken steps to open up certain projects throughout the country that would provide work for people. One such project had begun near Las Vegas, Nevada - the building of the dam at Boulder Canyon. Del obtained a promise of work at the dam, as a foreman over a powder gang, blasting out roads through the canyon. We set our marriage date for June 24, 1931.

My twin brother, Joseph, returned home from his mission in England, and when he learned that Del and I had set our marriage date, he began a vigorous courtship with Norma

Lewis of Montpelier, Idaho, a lovely girl whom he had met in the mission home and finally won her over. Joseph and Norma and Del and I were married the same day in the Manti Temple.

Del and I and Roy Jones, our brother-in-law, as our passenger arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, when the town was small - about 8,000 inhabitants. How well I remember our arrival on that hot, dusty day, July 5, 1931. Our hopes were high, notwithstanding the whole country was in the depths of a depression. At the time we were married Del had \$200 in his pocket, and he had a job promised at the dam.

I was not too depressed as we entered the outskirts of Las Vegas and beheld what is now North Las Vegas. On each side of the road were temporary shacks; some were merely made of cardboard boxes or pieces of tin, if the squatter was lucky, or the less fortunate had tied blankets over mesquite bushes for shelter against the scorching sun. To our amusement, some of these quickly established homes, if they were lucky enough to be near a power line, had refrigerators standing out in the sun providing the luxury of cold drinks and fresh food. As we entered the center of town, I had misgivings in seeing men lying in the Union Pacific park or loitering in any vestige of shade cast by the buildings. We soon learned that there was a strike on at the dam; thus, the crowded condition of the town.

After much seeking for a place to stay, we took a cabin at a tourist camp east of Las Vegas. There we remained a number of days until we could find more promising accommodations. Rentals were not only difficult to find but extremely expensive. We finally settled for a bedroom, but it was in constant use. It was the only place we had to wash our clothes. This was a far cry from what I had envisioned for myself as a newly wedded bride.

In the fall Del was offered a job as shop foreman of the Union Pacific bus garage. This seemed to us a golden opportunity. His employer was Jerry George, who was married to Ethel McMullin, a daughter of Bishop McMullin of Leeds. Ethel was an ideal friend and confidant, and it was through the Georges that our life in Las Vegas had a very pleasant beginning. However, Del's new job had its drawbacks; he was on call at all times; he worked nights and slept days: he had to work on Sundays. That first year I don't remember of Del having a day off. He was happy, though, because the job was a challenge and there was much to learn.

I didn't drive the car in those days, therefore I was somewhat limited in getting around and affiliating with the church members. That winter I read the Book of Mormon for the first time and some other good books. I spent much time visiting with the Georges. The ward was small, and the members were a compact group that didn't seem willing to welcome newcomers. A couple of years later when a larger new church was built, I started attending Relief Society regularly. I was asked to be a visiting teacher, (and with very brief dropouts I have been one ever since). However, when I was asked to give the opening prayer, I felt I truly belonged.

Our first baby, Marilyn, was born December 26, 1933. Del's work still demanded long hours, and I was grateful for Marilyn's company. She became a link for me and other young

mothers.

The following summer 1934 father became very ill. I left with Marilyn to go to Heber, Utah to help my sister Josephine with his care. It was sad to see him in such a condition; he, who had been a tower of strength and faith, was completely changed. No more could we lean on him as we had done all our lives. How many times my brothers and sisters and I have said, "What would our family have done without Roy, a son-in-law, to take a sick man into his home and give him the respect and care that he gave him." Our family will always feel like we owe him a deep debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. My children knew that I have held their Uncle Roy in as much esteem as any of own brothers. I want it a part of my record to my family.

My father passed away November 6, 1934; I was grieved at his passing. He had been both father and mother to me. I was thankful that his life had been spared until after I was married and had a family of my own, a desire which he had often expressed. He was a noble father. His first thoughts were always for his children. He expected a great deal of his children but certainly nothing more than he had set by example. His love for us was genuine, and he expected love in return. I loved him dearly.

In 1937 I had my first opportunity to teach for the church. Even though I was expecting my second child, I was asked to teach primary - the four-year-olds. It worked out nicely because Marilyn, who was then four, could join the class. In those days expectant mothers discreetly remained home during the later months of pregnancy. When Keith arrived, April 3, 1938, we were exceedingly happy that we had a son. However, I developed child-bed fever, and after the critical peak had passed, a pleurisy-type pneumonia developed. After three weeks of intensive care, I learned I owed life to the faith of dear ones and the devoted care of a dedicated doctor and nurse.

In 1938 the government through the FHA program had provided easy payment plans for home owners. After renting so many years, we were eager to have a home of our own. We bought a lot and prepared to build through FHA, but for fortunately a friend informed us of three adjacent lots with houses that were for sale. The corner house was new, about 18-months-old, and there were two older houses. The property was ours for \$6,700 with \$2,100 down-a mammoth sum it seemed to us in those days, but what a steal. In March 1941, we moved into one of the older homes and became landlords to two other tenants. Oh, the joy of having our own home after ten years of renting.

In February 1942, much to my amazement, I was asked to fill the position of Primary President. I wanted to say no, but the passage from I Nephi 3: 7 came to mind. With prayer in my heart I accepted the call. I was blessed in choosing counselors who were very cooperative and had special talents for the work. Still, they depended on someone to lead out and set the pace, so I spent much time in prayer and thought.

Those were busy days. Between working in the church and raising and canning vegetables from our war garden, I nursed the children through a series of childhood diseases.

The outdoor work provided me with therapy that relieved me from the strain of church activity that never came easy for me. Also, I was asked at that time to join a literary club, which gave me much development and satisfaction for the next 20 years.

Other changes came to us. Del, who had worked for the bus garage for nearly twelve years, had come to dislike the work. There were many supervisors with their particular type of back patting and empty promises. Politics in business was the order of the day. Our friends, the Georges, were passed over, and a series of other shop managers took over. When I called Del at work to tell him my share of the money had arrived from the sale of my father's home, he said, "Oh, Good. Now I can quit my job." He did quit and began to work at various garages.

Now we were in a position to move into the newer corner house. However, furniture was becoming very difficult to buy under the war restrictions. My brother Karl and Mae shopped in Los Angeles and obtained furniture for us for the entire house.

After I had held the job of Primary President for two and half years, Las Vegas' only ward was divided. The forming of the two wards was more like a funeral than a celebration of the birth of a new ward. About a week later, Stake President Bryan L. Bunker called at my home and asked me to be the new Stake Primary President of the Moapa Stake. This indeed seemed a very difficult position to hold, for I was not one who liked to go out and meet strange people. However, I could not refuse. Stake supervision extended to wards as far away as Kingman, Arizona and Littlefield, Arizona, both 100 miles away. Part of the time we were limited in travel because of war time restrictions, but because of my physical condition, traveling made me very ill, and I was released in August, 1946, to have an operation. However, I continued to teach Trail Builders in Primary and later filled a position on another Stake Primary board.

In the summer of 1944, Del decided he didn't want to be just a mechanic doing piece work in shops about town, so he went to Los Angeles for about four months to enter a machine shop to learn the trade.

Del had a dream to fulfill: owning his own shop. We had previously bought a lot on the 1200 block of south "A" street in Las Vegas and began to plan for building a shop on the lot. Del had acquired the Cummins agency for Diesel parts and the Agency for Bendix-Estinghouse Brake parts. The past three years he had built a reputation as a dependable diesel mechanic, and the children were proud of him. He started doing business in his new diesel shop in the early summer of 1948.

Two years after Del had begun work in his new building, I went to work with him. I was to answer the telephone, keep up the job invoices, do the daily posting and keep the accounts receivable. There were many ways I could lighten Del's work load. Then, too, I found a new happiness in working with my husband and seeing more of him. We felt also that now we had a place we could keep Keith, our son, busy, and that he could be closer to his father. That fall the Bishop asked me to be Relief Society President. However, the work at the shop became so

pressing that I asked to be released after serving one year to give full time to helping my husband. The next five years I worked with him until he leased the business. The next year or so I had a series of operations.

October 20, 1957, I was called to serve as a Stake Missionary under Bryan L. Bunker, Stake Mission President, who had recently presided over the Southern California Mission. After President Bunker's release, Dr Gerald Jones served as the Las Vegas Stake Mission President. I received my release January 28, 1960. Six months after I entered the Mission, our son, Keith, was called to the North Central States Mission where he served an honorable mission.

Following my mission release, I entered Nevada Southern University in Las Vegas as a part-time student to make up enough credit to teach school. I took classes for three semesters, plus a summer session; however that year, 1961, the school district was not hiring new full-time teachers without degrees. I decided, also, not to substitute teach and was very sorry that I had not accepted a call to teach the theology class in Relief Society. In the fall of 1962, when Bishop Linge asked me to teach the class again, I realized it is not often one gets a second chance at one of the choice positions in the church, so I accepted. I found the lessons required many hours of hard work and spent much time seeking inspiration. I taught the class three years and found it very rewarding.

In the fall of 1965, I had my second cancer operation and was released from the Relief Society teaching position. My service in the church has given me much happiness and an opportunity for growth. I knew the Lord has sustained me in all my endeavors.

My husband Del passed away March 15, 1967, who had retired from working the day before, from a heart attack.

Later Stake President, Samuel Davis, called me to serve on another Stake Mission which I enjoyed greatly and had several good companions to work with.

For several years I would go on the Temple bus each Wednesday to the St. George Temple. This I enjoyed very much. But, when I was unable to drive my car I had to give up traveling.

In 1977 my brother Karl and I flew back east on a trip to see my sister Clara in Philadelphia. It was my first trip back east and it was an eye opener. All those beautiful wooded areas and rivers were a real contrast to the west. Also, the humidity in the summer was hard to take. On our way at the break of day the plane dropped down to the airport at Dayton, Ohio that is where I felt the humidity the most. Clara has refrigeration at her apartment in Pitman, New Jersey.

Clara's daughter and son-in-law Cecil and Bob took us a number of times into Philadelphia where we saw Independence Hall, a play on the signing of the Declaration of Independence. At Christ Church we sat in the pews where George Washington, Benjamin

Franklin and Betsy Ross so that we could try and get an appreciation of their lives. Another trip was to Valley Forge. We went to the Hill Cumorah in Palmyra New York to see the pageant but it rained, so we didn't get to see it. But [something about crossing from the Canadian side] where we saw the Pageant and really enjoyed it. However, we had to drive over 60 miles to find a motel. We also, made a trip to Washington D.C. which was worthwhile. We saw the Washington Temple and while the others visited things on the outside grounds Clara and I went through a session. Bob insisted we travel to Atlantic City but we got there at night so couldn't see much. When I returned home from our trip East my home looked pretty good to me.

In May 1979 the Central Stake was divided. Where I lived was put in the area of the new East Stake. I was moved from the 2nd ward back to the First ward. I had many friends in the First Ward which I have known over the years but, I miss my association with my many friends in the 2nd ward.

In April 1986 the two houses I had rented for many years which were on the south of my home got too old to rent so we had them torn down.

In 1987 I got a good offer and sold my home and property on Maryland Parkway. I could no longer live there alone and it was difficult to maintain the property. The property was sold for \$120,000.00 to the El Cortez Hotel and Casino.

In 1985 my son-in-law Carl filled in his car port at his home, and made a lovely apartment with a kitchen, living room and bedroom for me to live in. It had a front door and a door into the hallway to his home and hallway. It was finished just before Christmas 1986 when I moved into it. It has been a great blessing for me to live in. I have my own place and privacy but, close to them so I can have company and their assistance when needed.