



Claudius Lee Hamblin



Mary Easton Hamblin

Mary Lorene Bradshaw's parents
Shannon's grandparents

Biographical Notes: Mary Easton

by Robert L. Hamblin and Lorene Bradshaw

Mary Easton was born 14 January 1884, in Almy, Wyoming, a mining town just west and north two or three miles from Evanston off the highway to Randolph. Mary was the oldest daughter and second child of William Easton and Margaret Hood. William was the Mining Inspector at the mine, so she would have been considered one of the rich kids. Only the Mine Superintendent made more money than William.

Mary grew up in a home that valued education, reading, singing, organ music, and living in a nice, well-furnished home. William was a convert to the L.D.S. Faith , but Margaret was baptized some time after her parents and grandparents joined the Church. William's mother joined the Church, but he took the lead in his family's joining the Church and moving to the U.S., whereas Margaret Hood was the ninth child in her family of thirteen. Both her parents and grandparents joined the Church in Scotland, immigrated to the U.S., and died here.

Momma was very close to both of her parents. According to Lorene, until he died, her father referred to Momma as his angel daughter, because she was so well-behaved, so kind and helpful to everyone. However, she identified closely with her mother and, therefore, became a good cook, a good baker, and a very good housekeeper. Lorene: "Momma was also Grandma Easton's confidant, until she passed away at age 53 years," on 24 June, 1924.

Although her father and mother's obvious favorite of nine children, Mary was well liked, close to all of her brothers and sisters. Lorene and I never heard anything but praise and admiration of our mother from any of our Aunts and Uncles. They loved her dearly, which was easy. She was very kind and generous to everyone, and not at all abrasive.

Mining camps were rather impoverished communities, company towns, that only provided an elementary education for the children. Hence, Mary did not have the opportunity to go to high school, which she later regretted. However, she was a very bright student who excelled in her studies through the eighth grade. Her handwritten letters were written beautifully, grammatically, with correctly spelled words. When hand-writing letters, she wrote correctly the first time without crossing anything out. I admired that virtue, in part because I have never acquired it.

Lorene told me several times that Mom's family had an organ, and that they sang a lot to organ music. That being the case, one might surmise that Mary would have become a talented organist and singer. She did sing very well but never learned how to play an organ or a piano, in fact any musical instrument. My parents sang together, and we sang to tunes played on a piano in our home. But it was a player piano, with pre-recorded tunes on roles of paper. When a role was placed into the piano and we pumped a lever, the keys played the recorded tune. Lorene completed three years of piano lessons and was the only one in our family who learned to play. None of Mom's brothers and sisters learned to play the organ, so I assume it was also a player organ.

Lee and Mary were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 9 November, 1909. He was almost 26 years old and she was almost 18. Dad had worked in the mine in Glencoe, near Kemmerer, where Mary lived with her family. They met each other at Church. To earn extra money Dad also played a snare drum or a Katar in a dance band. Lorene reported that Mom and Dad loved to go dancing, so other than visiting her at her home or going on walks, that is likely how he courted her.

Lorene said that Momma and Papa were popular with people where ever they lived. They always went dancing, to parties, and on mountain outings.

Momma's Clothes

Lorene: "When Momma married Papa, grandpa Easton bought her a big trunk-full of very beautiful clothes, more than any of her sisters ever had."

Lorene reported that it was quite an experience to watch her put on her clothes. First, "she wore her L.D.S. garments, with long sleeves and legs to cover her wrists and ankles." The neck was trimmed with a little flat collar," a detail that Lorene apparently liked. "Then Momma wore a corset that Papa usually helped her put on. It was made to fit from her hips to her busts. When she got into it, Papa or one of her sisters helped her lace it up. Then Papa would put his knee on her hip and pull it together until she could hardly breath. Finally, he tied the strings securely. Momma next put on a corset cover, a fancy lace and ruffled affair, followed by a fancy chemise that covered her busts. After that she put on two or three fancy petticoats. Then she put on a shirt with a high neck and long sleeves, usually with fancy ruffles and lace. Then she pulled on one of her skirts, which hung no higher than two inches from the floor. In those Victorian times many thought it was too much of a temptation for a man to see a woman's ankle or wrist. Finally, she put on a matching over-shirt, with

a nice wide sash or belt to give the impression that she was wearing a dress.” Lorene noted that she never understood how Mom could ever wear all of those clothes. But Mom did, and Lorene said she was always very stylish, attractive, and always looked wonderful.

The Birth's of Mary Easton's Children

Mary Lorene Hamblin	18 October 1910	Glencoe, Lincoln, WY
Lela Eugenia Hamblin	17 January 1912	Glencoe, Lincoln, WY
Margaret Hamblin	25 August 1913	Lyman, Uinta, WY
Robert Lee Hamblin	5 April 1927	Lyman, Uinta, WY

Lorene wrote: “Momma gave birth to me in the home of her parents. Mom and Dad were living in Lyman, Wyoming, at the time, because they wanted to have great-grandmother, Mary Ann Corbridge Hamblin, deliver Lorene. However, she had just delivered a child for her daughter, Effie Stoddard Pope, who died after her child was born. Mary Ann was so discouraged and shocked by the loss of her daughter that she never delivered another child.”

“Momma was very ill when I was born, and three days later the doctor found that she had typhoid fever. She nearly died.” Lorene also had typhoid fever and nearly went with her. Apparently she kept throwing up everything Mom tried to feed her. Finally, someone gave her a hot alcoholic drink made with whiskey and Eagle Brand condensed milk (a thick, syrupy combination of milk and sugar) and she was able to keep it down. Lorene told me several times that these whiskey toddies were the only nourishment she had for eight years, until Prohibition was enacted by a Constitutional Amendment in 1918. At that point Dad got rid of all the liquor in the house, because he didn’t want his family breaking the law of the Land. Four years later our Uncle Eugene Eyre, Aunt Ida Hamblin’s husband, fixed her a toddy with bootleg whiskey. She took a sip but said it was the most awful thing she had ever tasted! She never drank liquor again. Both of us speculated several times about the ill-affects of those toddies on her health, later as an adult.

Lorene remembered “the birth of Lela at the home of Momma’s parents in Glencoe.” She mentioned the Christmas tree with its beautiful trimmings and lights (candles) the month before. Lorene wrote: “Lela was a beautiful child with blue eyes and very blond hair. My eyes were dark brown, and my hair was black with reddish highlights. Lela was like the Easton family, and I had Grandma Hamblin’s coloring and build, except I was short.” “Lela was a very bright child, with an

angelic, pleasing disposition like Momma.” She told me that Mother had said that great grandmother Mary Hood was sweetest, kindest person she had ever known. It is interesting that her personality has popped up in later generations. In mother and in Lela, for example.

When Lorene was about two years, ten months old, Margaret was born, in Lyman, Wyoming. It was planned that Margaret be born in Momma’s parents home in Glencoe, but “she came early as the result of an accident.” In the delivery the doctor damaged Momma’s birth canal. As a result, she miscarried several fetuses until Robert was born when Lorene was 16 ½ years old. According to Lorene, Margaret “was in poor health for some time after she was born, which caused Momma to be very protective and partial to her.” She wrote: “Lela and I soon realized that whenever we tried to play with Margaret she ended up having a tantrum, which resulted in Momma punishing us.” So Lorene and Lela “played together and became very dear, very close sisters.”

The 1918 Influenza Epidemic

The 1918 bird flu epidemic (then called the Spanish flu epidemic) broke out in the Bridger Valley when Dad and Mom happened to be living again in Lyman in a rented house. Lorene wrote: “It seemed to me that everyone got it but Momma. She had become a practical nurse by then, and she labored long hours nursing all of her family, neighbors, and friends back to health. All of the women who were pregnant died when they contracted the flu, as did most of their babies. As many as five or six funerals were held every week. And every week my Uncle Gene Hamblin (Father’s oldest brother) spoke at one or two of the funerals. I vividly remember that he spoke at a funeral one Sunday, then died and was buried the following Thursday. Father was also very busy, digging the graves and burying the dead. When uncle Gene took sick, uncle Bob, aunt Lucille, and uncle Marcene came to our place and Momma nursed them all back to health. Grandma Hamblin spent all of her time taking care of Uncle Gene, Aunt Pauline, and Bobby. Uncle Gene’s death was a great loss to the community since he was a very good Church and community worker. I liked his son Bobby more than any of my other cousins.”

Cumberland

That winter the family moved to Cumberland, where Papa again worked in the coal mines. Many of our Uncles and cousins lived in Cumberland at that time, and my parents had a very pleasant life there. Seven men came to board with us that year.” Mary attempted to supplement Lee’s income

by cooking and feeding seven people: "Uncle Peter and Uncle Andrew from Mommas's family in Evanston; Uncle Bob from Papa's family; and Leland Eyre, Clem Eyre, David Balentine and his two brothers from Lyman." Lorene wrote that it was a real education for her to listen to these young men talk about their girl friends. What they liked and what the didn't. "Clem Eyre and Dave Balentine both met wives while there. Leland Eyre also started to go with Laura Hamblin. He was so critical of her that I was very surprised when they were later married. Uncle Andy, Uncle Bob, and the Balentine brothers were too young, so they very seldom went out with girls. In fact, there were not too many girls to go with. It was unthinkable at that time for them to go with Greek, Italian, or Austrian girls because they were Catholics and we were Mormons."

Purchasing the Hamblin Ranch

When Lorene was nine years old, sometime in early 1919, the miners went out on strike in Cumberland, and the owners closed the mine down. Lorene: "All of the people from the Bridger Valley went home. Others went to the coal mines near Rock Springs. And some went to Salt Lake City. Dave Balentine went to Ogden, where he eventually became mayor for many years. We read about him and his wife in newspapers, but never saw them again."

At that time, Grandpa Hamblin had obtained a job as a mechanic at the Roundhouse in Green River, and he wanted to sell the ranch. Lorene wrote: "My folks went back to Lyman, bought the ranch from Grandma and Grandpa Hamblin, and lived there for about thirteen years. Grandmother Hamblin did not like Momma, because she had wanted Papa to marry someone else. Dad must have had some feeling for this other woman, because he gave her name to his oldest daughter.

However, the ill feeling was more complicated than that. Lorene wrote: "Papa had habitually turned over almost all of his pay checks to Grandma, and she insisted on his continuing the practice after he married Momma. Momma "put her foot down;" she said "absolutely not." Fortunately for the family, Papa sided with Momma, but Grandma apparently resented losing the income, and she never forgave Momma. Then when buying the ranch, after some negotiations, Dad and Mom agreed to the asking price, 1,150 dollars. But Grandma wanted to give Rollins, her favorite son, all of the livestock, "because he needed it." Again, Momma said, "Absolutely not," and Dad sided with her.

Much later, after the family moved to Lyman in 1932 and Dad was out of town, Mom and I dutifully visited Grandma and Grandpa every month or so . Mom and Grandma were cordial, but the

truce was uneasy. Grandma was the only person with whom Mom had difficulties. I remember her crying, complaining sometimes about something mean Grandma had said or done to her.

Diphtheria and Lela's Death

In the winter of 1921-22, Dad decided to move the family back to Cumberland so he could work in the coal mine, which by that time had reopened. Lorene wrote: "My sister Margaret came down with diphtheria and membranous croup. She was on the brink of death for three weeks, then Lela and I got diphtheria. Momma was frantic over the prospect of losing Margaret, and we were put into the back bedroom. Momma only came in only to give us our medicine and food. She spent the rest of the time with Margaret because she was so very sick."

"After two weeks I began to recover, but Lela didn't. Our room was very cold, and one night when she had a very high fever, she kicked off the bed covers. She took cold, which turned into pneumonia. Momma did not seem to be concerned about her. She still spent her time with Margaret, who was then recovering."

Lela turned to me for help, and I did all I could. When the doctor came to see us he told Momma that Lela was so sick that he didn't expect her to recover. Instead of helping Lela, Momma went all to pieces crying, moaning, et cetera.

Lela said to me: "Lorene, hold my hand and please don't leave me. I want you with me when I die." So I stayed with her and held her hand. She passed away about a half hour later, on 4 January 1922. I got out of bed and went to the neighbors who had a telephone (the only one in our area). I called the Bishop and Clem Eyre, who both came to help Momma. Papa was working down in the mine, and they could not get word to him. So he wasn't there until later."

"It was odd, but my parents never put me back to bed, nor worried about my recovery. The disease stayed with me and caused problems with my heart for three or four months until I finally felt better. After Lela was buried with a grave-side funeral in Lyman, we returned to Cumberland." Actually, Lorene was troubled periodically throughout her adult life with mild heart attacks. She said her doctor blamed them on damage that resulted from the neglect of her diphtheria after Lela's death.

The Ranch

Lorene wrote: "Papa did not like farming too well, so he hired a couple of men to put in the crops and hire a couple of men to irrigate them, while he went off to shear sheep." My take was that

he sheared sheep because it was so lucrative. He could pay the two men to do the farming for a small fraction of what he made shearing sheep. When he finished shearing, about June 1st each year, "he bought and butchered cattle, sheep, and pigs, then peddled the meat to Kemmerer, Green River, and Rock Springs. We also milked about ten to twelve cows and made butter and cheese, and cased eggs for sale." Lorene also wrote, that she was the only one that he had help him with the chores. "I milked cows; fed calves, chickens, pigs, and lambs; and cleaned and cased the eggs. I also helped make the butter and cheese, in addition to the household chores that I did." In writing this, Lorene was referring to Margaret, who did not work until after she left home. Elsewhere, she wrote that Momma was also so busy doing ranch work and house work that she didn't have much time for her.

Visitors

Lorene: "Momma's brothers who boarded with us at various times when we lived in mining towns were William, Alex, Peter, and Andrew. Later, on the ranch in Lyman, Papa and Momma's home was the favorite place for their brothers and sisters to meet. All of Momma's and Papa's other brothers and sisters, their spouses, and children periodically visited us for day-long parties when we lived on the ranch." The families of Aunt Janet, Uncle Peter, and Aunt Viola were the most frequent visitors, as were the families of Uncle Rollin and Uncle Clark, from Dad's side.

Momma's sister, Beatrice, and youngest brother, Uncle Thomas, came to Lyman to go to High School. They were more like brothers and sisters to me. Papa's youngest brother, Bob, and his youngest sister, Lucille, also came to live with us to go to high school in Lyman. Uncle Bob and aunt Lucille wanted to go to school in Lyman with friends they had known all their lives, not in Green River where Grandpa and Grandma lived. As I remember those wonderful, all day parties stopped when we moved to Lyman. Afterwards, we apparently did not have enough money to finance them.

Momma's Last Pregnancy

Lorene wrote: "When mother became pregnant in mid-1926, her doctor advised her to go right to bed and stay there if she wanted to carry the baby to term." Lorene loved her mother dearly and wanted her to be able to have another child. So she volunteered to stay home from her junior year in high school, and take over Momma's house work and ranch chores. However, Mom's youngest sister, Beatrice, and Dad's youngest sister, Lucille, stayed with Mom and Dad that year to attend high school in Lyman, and they also pitched in. Dad did not leave to shear sheep that year

until mid-April, so until then he did much of the ranch work. However, Lorene was always a very responsible, hard worker, and she cooked breakfast and lunch, tended to her bed-bound mother, and had the house tidied by the time Beatrice and Lucille came home from school. In addition, Lorene home-schooled herself during that junior year by reading the texts, completing the assignments, and taking the tests. Lorene was a very intelligent, hard worker. She got straight A's, even during that year of home schooling.

Robert Lee Hamblin was born about 2 pm on Friday, 5 April 1927. Dad had let Lorene help Beatrice, Lucille and others decorate for the Junior Prom. Lorene loved the excitement of dancing and preparing for dances. After I was born, a neighbor couple volunteered to drive to town, tell the girls the news, and drive them home. When they came home, there was quite a celebration.

However, I was an unusually large baby, 12 pounds. During the birth Mom's legs were pushed out of their joints. That must have been very painful, but Mom never mentioned it to me, only Lorene. Much later, we realized that Mom had contracted gestational diabetes which made me oversized at birth. It was the first indication that she would later contract late-onset diabetes. I will always be grateful to Lorene for sacrificing so I could be born into this family. I dearly loved my Mother, Mary Easton, but I also always loved Lorene, who was always like a second mother to me.

How Mother Dealt with Me

When I reached four years of age, mother took me down to the spring where we obtained our potable water, about 200 yards from our house. We went down a narrow, slanted trail that had been dug into the steep hill, then along the bank of the Blacks Fork River, to the spring which was about three feet above the river, in ledge of shale just below cliffs. The spring had not been used all winter because there was fresh snow enough for potable water. Mom cleaned out sticks and excess shale, until the water was clear. She filled a gallon lard bucket by dipping it into the spring and asked me if I could carry it? I lifted it and said, "Yes." She then filled two other lard buckets which she carried.

Before we left, she had me look at the river which was running high with runoff from the winter's snow. I had been swimming there the summer before with Mom, Dad, Margaret, and other relatives. Then she said: "We only go into the river when we swim together as a family. If you go in alone you could drown." I am not sure I knew what "drown" meant. But from that time on,

several times every day, Mom sent me down for spring water alone, first with one, then two one-gallon lard buckets. I never did go into the river alone.

Tools for Christmas

For the previous and the following Christmas, Santa Claus brought me a little tin box full of child's tools. We had plenty of scrap wood on the ranch, and as soon as weather permitted I started building things with my tools, even though they were all but unusable. That summer when relatives were visiting Uncle Clark's girls saw me working with my saw trying vainly to cut some wood. "What are you building Robert?", one of them asked. "A tat house for my tats." I couldn't pronounce my c's at that time and they burst out laughing. They thought it was the funniest thing they had ever heard. Later in the summer, when they were visiting again, I was also trying to saw something, and one again asked me: "What are you building Robert?" "A shitten toup for my shittens." I couldn't pronounce my "ch" sounds either. They really laughed at that. Both times I couldn't figure out what they were laughing at, so I just shrugged it off. But that became a story that was told and retold at family gatherings as long as we lived at the ranch.

I mention these incident's mainly for two reasons. 1) I had no one to play with, so Mom figured out things to do to keep me busy. And 2) she let me use her kitchen chairs for a saw horse. Eventually, the chairs were all scarred with several saw marks, but she never got on my case about it. We used those chairs for the next eleven years, until we left Lyman for Portland, Oregon. I later occasionally felt guilty about the saw marks, but never asked her why she let me make them. My best guess: my learning to enjoy carpentry was more important than unscared chairs. In fact, I did learn to enjoy carpentry, the trade of our Savior, and, as an avocation have enjoyed building things all of my life. From my example, David, Steven, and Krii, my youngest daughter also learned to enjoy carpentry. In fact, Steven and Krii have become a gifted builders and carpenters, true artists.

Church Attendance

Lorene wrote that when she lived on the ranch with Mom and Dad, she was the only one who went to Church, that she had to find a ride or walk the three miles to and from Lyman. But before we left the ranch I have faint memories of attending Church with the family when Dad was home. Mom did not drive. But after moving to Lyman when I was five years old, during the fall, winter,

and spring Mom and I attended Church every Sunday. We walked to and from Sunday School in the mornings and Sacrament Meetings in the afternoons, about six blocks each way. Sacrament was served in both meetings and both meetings lasted at least an hour and a half, the one with lessons after in classes and the other with talks by members. As I recall Dad attended when he was in town, which was not that often.

Who Are Those Men?

Portraits of all of the Presidents of the Church, plus Hyrum Smith, graced the four walls of our chapel. I often looked at these portraits and wondered who they were. When I was still five, one Sunday afternoon after church I asked Mother. She explained to me who they were, first by pointing to and talking about Joseph and Hyrum, telling me about the events of the restoration with all of the details typically included in missionary lessons. Then she told me the names and a little about each of the men pictured in the portraits, including President Grant, who then was the Prophet. She must have taught me under the influence of the Holy Spirit, because Mom had helped me to gain my first testimony. I know that because I remember saying to myself when classmates were acting up in Sunday School, Primary, and Seminary: "They should not be misbehaving like this, because this is the true Church of Jesus Christ." Now I also believe Mom was blessed with the Holy Spirit when she protected me from drowning by telling me to never go swimming in the river alone, only when other members of the family went swimming. I believe that because I was never tempted to go swimming alone; I totally believed her warning.

Shopping for Mom

In Lyman, we did not have a refrigerator so Mom had me go to the store for her, almost every day, either to Frank Hall's Grocery Store or to the Goodman's Mercantile. The Goodman's were called Jews, but I didn't know who Jews were, just that they were not Mormons. Mom would tell me what she wanted me to buy, up to a half a dozen items. She never gave me a list, and, presumably to train my memory, she just told me what she wanted. It was three blocks each way to Frank Hall's store and four to Goodman's. Hall's was a self-service store, I just told them what I wanted and handed them the money. They got the items, put them in a brown paper sack, and gave me the change. Actually, I enjoyed going to the store shopping then and have ever since. Mom always praised me for remembering, and I doubt I ever forgot anything. That has changed now.

Other Chores

Mom always had me do yard work in Lyman. We had a push style hand mower, and as soon as I could push it, Mom had me mow the lawn every week. At some point, Dad taught me how to chop wood with an ax and how to carry it into the house for Mom. We also had coal for our kitchen and living room stoves, and it was my job to go out to the coal pile, fill the coal buckets, and carry them into the house. Mom also taught me to help her hang her wash on the clothesline, then bring it in again. In the winter, the clothes would freeze stiff, but at the end of the day when we brought them in, they always thawed dry. That always seemed like a miracle to me.

Both houses we had in Lyman had a tap with running water that was positioned over a wash basin on a cabinet. Thus, I no longer had to carry water. We also had electric lights; one cord hanging in the middle of the kitchen and another in the middle of the living room with a bulb screwed into the socket. Thus, we only had to use our coal oil and gasoline lamps in the bedrooms.

Halloween and the Outhouse

However, like on the farm, at these houses we had an outhouse which we used when we went to the toilet. About every second or third Halloween some of the older boys in town with their horses and lariats tipped them over as a prank. Dad and a friend would usually put them up, back in place over the hole which was five or six feet deep. Trick and treating was not a tradition in Lyman, in fact I first encountered the custom when my family lived in St. Louis, MO, between 1957 and 1970.

Movies

In Lyman we had a small movie house that seated a hundred or so people and showed a moving picture with sound on Friday and Saturday evenings. The ticket cost ten cents. The fall after we first moved to town Mom got a job cleaning the movie, I think once a week, on Friday afternoons. This made it so our family could attend the movies each week. She, Margaret, and I cleaned it together, which maybe took us just a half hour, since they did not sell candy, pop corn, or sodas. I always felt grateful to mother for arranging for us to clean the theater, because I loved movies.

Learning to Read

Mom and Dad taught me to recite and to sing nursery rhymes but neither ever tried to teach me to read. When I began first grade, in the fall of 1933, Mrs. Foreman, my teacher placed me in the middle reading group. The children in the highest group, about a third of the class, had already

learned to read some. I felt inferior being placed in the second group. I don't remember bringing home books to read with Mom and Dad, like my wife, June, and I did with our kids. But I worked hard at school, enough to earn straight E's (for excellent) in all subjects for my final grades of the year. I still have that first-grade report card. From that time on I was always among the top students in my classes, in Lyman, and in Portland, but in college I was a B student until I returned from my mission in Samoa. June was a fourth grade teacher, and she taught all of our kids to read before they went to school. I did the nursery rhymes when they were little and, with June, helped them read books that we encouraged them to bring home each night.

That Last Winter in Lyman

In the winter of 1941-42, after the World-War II broke out for the United States, I lost my job at Frank Hall's. Dad had been looking for work in Utah and was staying at Lorene and Mel's on their little farm in Hunter. Lorene and Mel invited the three of us to spend Christmas with them. I do not remember how Mom and I traveled to Salt Lake City, but we may have caught a ride with someone or, more likely, rode the Greyhound Bus. It was a wonderful Christmas for me, perhaps the best ever in my youth, because I really enjoyed playing with Merrill, Dick, and Shannon. I also always liked being with Lorene and Mel.

However, when Christmas was over, Dad had run out of money and could not get work so he came home with us. He had money to buy us gas for the pickup to get us home, but none to tide us over until he started shearing sheep in late February. Mother needed stockings to wear to Church, so I went through the living room couch and the matching overstuffed chair. By reaching deep into the crevasses along the sides and backs, I found two dollars in change, enough money to buy her a pair of stockings. They were the first nylons that were sold in Lyman--woven thick, like women's cotton stockings. They wore like iron, for two years.

Relief Society President

When I was eleven, 1938, mother was called to be the President of the Relief Society by Bishop Clem Eyre, the father of one of my best friends, Bobby. She chose Verna Bradshaw and Evelyn Symes to be her counselors, in part because both had cars and could drive. At first, I took her call for granted but gradually came to realize that she and her counselors were making that women's organization worthy of the name.

Recall that mother had become a practical nurse when the bird flu epidemic occurred in 1918. The epidemic was so deadly mainly because the bird flu resulted in pneumonia, which killed like flies. There were no antibiotics in those days. Mother saved so many lives by effectively treating the pneumonia using hot mustard plasters that people always seemed to catch after coming down with that bird flu. These plasters were made out of hot water, dry mustard, and, likely, some flour as a filler mixed into a paste with hot water and spread on a cloth large enough to cover the chest. Mom then wrapped the patient in a sheet to keep the plaster in place, and covered them with blankets or quits to keep them warm. Lorene said she never lost a patient and did not charge anyone for her compassionate service. Mom felt she lost one patient, however. She had gone to a neighbor's house because she had heard that several adults had the bird flu and were coming down with pneumonia. She treated three, but the forth who looked extremely sick refused treatment. Mom tried to persuade him to change his mind, but he shrugged her off by telling her to come back in the morning. When she came back he was dead. Mom felt guilty that she had not done more to warn him of the danger.

Recall also that she assisted the town's doctor in delivering babies and in providing post natal care for the mother and child for ten days in our home, all for twenty dollars. I can't imagine how she made any money at that price. However, I never heard her complain, even when the husband never paid the bill. Mom just loved to take care of needy people and that is what she motivated and organized the women of the ward to do just that for the next four years, until we moved to Portland. Whenever there was a death, someone sick in bed, a family in need of food, or were otherwise having trouble, the Relief Society Presidency were there comforting the bereaved, assessing problems, giving care, and having sisters bring in food or otherwise help. Mom did not confide much in me about what she and her counselors were doing, but I found out about it indirectly, in a very impressive way.

I remember coming home after school during those years only to find a note and plate of food Mom had fixed me for dinner. The note briefly said that so and so had died, was very sick, or was otherwise having serious problems. She wrote that she and her counselors were doing what they could to help. When I would read those notes, I sometimes felt very lonely. When that happened, a sweet, warm, feeling of love came over me and these words would come into my mind: "Your mother is doing exactly what Jesus Christ wants her to do." I knew the words were true, so that truth and the accompanying feeling totally comforted me. Years later I realized that Mom had to have

prayed each time she left before I came home to care for the needy, that she ask the Lord to look out for me and help me understand. Those were my first experiences receiving personal revelation and being comforted by the Holy Spirit. I treasure them and am so grateful to my Mother for them.

After Christmas in 1941 when we came home after Christmas with Lorene and Mel's family we fortunately had enough food to live on comfortably. We did not have a year's supply, but more than enough to eat for three or four months without suffering. Every year in the late summer, Mom bottled fruit and vegetables that were available in Lyman's two grocery stores. She bottled apricots, peaches, and pears that we ate for dessert, and rhubarb which she used for pies. She also bottled strawberry, raspberry, apricot, and peach jam that we used on her wonderful home-made bread. She always kept on hand plenty of flour, dried yeast, shortening, baking powder and soda, and sugar that she needed for baking and for bottling fruit. We also had a good store of cereal--rolled oats, cracked wheat, and germade (a finer cracked wheat supplemented with wheat germ). Mom also had plenty of spaghetti as well as bottled tomatoes and tomato juice. While in Lyman, we had taken milk delivered by Brother Voss, a convert from Holland who was our Stake Patriarch. He had three or four cows that he personally milked, then did the bottling and deliver. He evidently let Dad buy what milk we needed on credit.

Thus, we had 1) milk, cereal, and toast with jam for breakfast, beans, 2) beans, spaghetti with tomatoes, other vegetables, and bread for our noon meal, and 3) bread and milk for dinner. We had no butter for bread, and no meat except three or four cotton-tail rabbits that I shot and mother cleaned and fried for us. We did not suffer, but I was embarrassed a little once when I was invited to eat dinner at a friend's, Melly Platt's, house. Having gotten out of the habit of eating butter, I didn't butter my bread. Melly noticed and asked, Why? I didn't say anything, just buttered my bread without answering. It tasted good.

As noted, when Dad and Mom moved to Salt Lake City to work in the Temple, mom had been diagnosed with late-onset diabetes. She lost weight, probably 50 pounds, carefully took her meds, and carefully followed the diet that her Dr. prescribed. They first lived in a small apartment within walking distance east of the Temple a few blocks. However, Mel and Lorene had purchased a fixer up duplex on 11th East and about 6th South, two or three years before the folks moved to SLC, and as soon as it was feasible they had the folks move in rental side. They must have lived there for

at least seven years, during which time Lorene took care of Mother, whom she loved dearly. However, she wrote: that during this time she "didn't get to do much Church work, since Momma was very ill." Actually, both Lorene and Mel were also not in very health during this period of their lives, so it was the sick taking care of the sick, except Dad who was in good health and who spent five days of the week doing Temple work for the dead. My family visited yearly from St. Louis, and found Mom, Lorene, and Mel uncomplaining and generally in good spirits, although we could tell Mom's health was slowly deteriorating. Yet she fixed the meals for Dad and her and kept their apartment clean, albeit gradually with more help from Lorene. Mel and Lorene had a pickup and a car, and Lorene always drove Mom to and from the Drs, as was with her when she was being examined and given advice. She was also working full time at Granite Furniture but spent as much time visiting with Mom, helping her every way could, and visiting with her. I remember Lorene being very happy with her relationship with Mom during their period. However, she was probably over-worked. Then there was the stress and worry about losing Mom.

In late May, 1954, I got a call from Lorene that Mom's health was deteriorating fast, that our family should come to come to Utah as soon as possible. The semester at Washington University was ending and as soon as I had turned in my grades, we loaded the car and drove to Utah. When we arrived, Lorene told me that Aunt Viola had demanded the Mom be put in the hospital, against both Mom's and Lorene's wishes. Aunt Viola threatened to call the police, if Lorene did not accede to her demands. Because of her diabetes Mom was beginning to have kidney failure, which was evidenced by edema--swelling due to her inability to get rid of body fluids. Fortunately, we arrived in Utah so I could visit with her two days before she went into a coma, which lasted four days before she passed away. I stayed in the hospital with her the whole time, but since have felt completely inadequate in comforting her or in even detailing for her how much I appreciated all the wonderful things she had done for me as my mother over the years, especially her helping me gain a testimony--a deep respect for and love for Jesus Christ. She taught me so well under the influence of the Spirit.

We had two funerals for Mom, one in Salt Lake City and one in Lyman. They were wonderfully attended, and the talks and eulogies were given lovingly and respectfully. Clem Eyre, who had been Mom's Bishop when she served as Relief Society President in Lyman, wanted to give a talk but Dad said, "No." Looking back, that was an unfortunate decision because Mom's posterity

would have benefitted so much from knowing more details about her Relief Society ministry in Lyman. Mom never said much about it, nor did she keep a journal. I could have interviewed Mom and Bishop Eyre to get the information, but when they were alive the thought never crossed my mind.

I can write now, however, what I really appreciated about my mother. First, I saw her as a totally good person—kind, loving, helpful, and pleasant to everyone. She was always that way to me, even when I needed correction, she was that way. By precept and example, Mom gently taught me under the influence of the Spirit to live by Jesus Christ's moral teachings. For example, she taught me that Jesus wanted me not to engage in sexual activity before marriage, that if I waited until I was married I would please Jesus and would enjoy sex more with my wife more than if I did not wait. I waited and did enjoy sex with my wife.. She taught me so many correct principles under the influence of the Spirit, and then let me govern myself, which helped me to avoid so many mistakes in life by her wise, godly counsel. She also passed on to me a love for Christ's teachings, which resulted in my spending several years of my retirement doing the research and writing that became a book relating all of Christ's moral teachings to the two great commandments and the beatitudes. Because Jesus gave us what he called the key of knowledge, I have tried living each and every one of his teachings. I still have a way to go in mastering some of them, but I have lived each and every one enough to have experienced the resulting natural benefits and blessing from God, which has helped me to understand them more fully and to know they are truth from God. My life has transformed from never having enough because of greed, to buying only what I need and giving the excess to the poor, which has pretty much freed me from conflict and given me peace--within, with others, and with God.

My Mom was a great woman. She made some mistakes, but her intentions were always good. She became one of God's masterpieces created in Jesus Christ to do good works, those which she had been foreordained to do in this life. (See Ephesians 2:10)