

the "Modernaires" dance band, which toured England, France, Belgium and Holland. While overseas and homesick, he wrote "Sketches from the Rocky Mountains" his own composition, which was later played in Massey Hall in Toronto by Sir Ernest McMillin. A copy of this composition can be found in the Embassy of each country throughout the world. Bob's life now is entirely devoted to music: playing, arranging, composing and conducting. Joan his wife is a wonderful help in his work. She spends much of her time each day in copying his arrangements.

5. Donald McMullin our 5th child was born in Ogden, Utah on February 17, 1923. He was always sweet, thoughtful of everyone and loved by all that knew him. He was especially nice to children in need and was always giving away some of his clothes. He loved fishing, hunting and all kinds of sports. He was in his last year of high school when he was killed at the Raymond Sugar Factory at age 18.

6. Delores McMullin our adopted daughter married Gordon Scoville in the Cardston Temple. They have six beautiful children:

1. Sherry Scoville
2. Terry Scoville
3. Gordon "Gordie" Scoville
4. Shelia Scoville
5. Regan Scoville

Gordon is a farmer and raises livestock and is active in the church and scouting. Delores and her children are a blessing to me.

Wesley McMullin died on May 22, 1958 in Raymond, Canada.



Ruby Eames McMullin, Lizzie Eames King & Mary Eames Shurtleff

No. 7 - William Henry Eames

William Henry Eames was born in Almo, Idaho on December 23, 1894 to Robert J. and Lucy Knight Eames. We lived on a farm in what is called the Big Cove. I was the 7th child in a family of 12.



William Eames

I was born in a log cabin that had five rooms and a back porch. It had a cellar where we kept our vegetables and other fresh produce, which was harvested, from our farm. Near the house was a large beautiful orchard where we raised our fruit. Close to the orchard was a shed and granary. The grain that was stored in the granary was used for feed and flour. There was a well in front of

the house that my father, and brothers Lonnie and Robbie had dug. We used this water in our house. The woodpile by the well was replenished each fall. Father and the three boys would spend almost a whole week in the hills, which was some distance from our log cabin, cutting logs for the woodpile. We would cut enough to last the entire winter. Father went on a mission to Iowa in 1899 when I was only five years old; however, I had to help the older boys on the farm. I remember the rabbits I had under the house. I used to cut Lucerne for them to eat and one day, I cut my thumb so severely that I still have the scar. The cellar door afforded us much entertainment. My sister Ruby and I spent many happy hours sliding down the cellar door, which would make our dog, Rover, bark and play with us. One day, he became so excited that he bit her on the arm. I remember an old man by the name of Mr. Plumb who stayed with us and did odd jobs for father. He was afflicted with St. Vitas dance and when he drank his coffee, his hand would shake so terribly that he would spill it all over. One day, while we were all sitting at the dinner table, I laughed at him and the next think I knew, Mr. Plumb was shaking me good.

When I was six years old, I started school. Our schoolhouse was a log cabin. It was about 1½-miles from our house. I walked to and from school each day until I was old enough to drive a team. I attended this school until I was about 10 and at that time father bought my Uncle Merle Heath's place, which was one mile west from the house we were living in. It was after this move that I changed schools and attended the Grape Creek School. I drove a team of horses hooked to a sleigh in the winter and a white top buggy in the spring – this was much better than walking. When I was 10 years old, I remember that I had the job of riding the derrick horse and rack horse at haying time. At

this time every year we would help our neighbors, the Durfees, who lived just over the hill from us, and they would help us. For recreation, my brothers, sisters and I would hunt rabbits, fish and ice skate. We had picnics at the City of Rocks, which was a nice place in the mountains (southwest of Almo) and it was in this area that we picked pine nuts. I remember one wintry day when it had turned extremely cold and I had urged the horses into a fast trot so that we could hurry and get to school. We came to a turn in the road and because we were traveling so fast, the box slid off the sleigh, which frightened the horses and caused them to run. I held onto the lines as long as I could but the horses continued to run and ran all the way to school.

Needless to say, they got there before we did. Because father needed my help on the farm a great deal, I was never able to graduate from the 8th grade. We had good times at home, too. Mother and father bought a used organ, which my older sister Lizzie played when she was home. We would all gather around including my mother (bless her heart) and sing songs. Mother always taught me to pray when I was a small boy. I remembered these teachings throughout my life and gained much strength and guidance through prayer. One instance that illustrates my complete faith in the power of prayer happened when I was taking care of my younger sisters while mother and father were away. Opal was eating chicken and got a bone caught in her throat – it cut off her oxygen and she went black in the face. I told my sisters to all kneel down and pray for Opal, which they did and very soon she coughed up the chicken bone.

Our trips to the mountains were not always just for picnics or pleasure. Whenever we needed them, my brother Robbie and I would go up after fence

poles. We would go early in the morning and be gone all day. It would usually be dark before we could get loaded up. On one trip, we forgot the axe so Rob sent me down the canyon alone to get it. I was young and frightened half to death – in fact, the doctor told mother he thought that was the reason I came down with Typhoid Fever a short time later. It was sometime before they knew whether I would live or die, but finally through the fine care that mother gave me and through prayer, I came out of it. I had to learn to walk all over again. Mother and father always encouraged us to take part in church activities. On Saturday evenings, father would get a team of horses ready and would hitch them to the white top buggy on Sunday morning. Away we would all go to Sunday School, which was five miles away. Sometimes mother would prepare sandwiches and we would stay all day. We would have Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting soon after. One afternoon in Fast and Testimony Meeting, Sister Durfee, who was the President of Relief Society, got up to bear her testimony and started to speak in tongues. Bishop Durfee, her son, got up and interpreted what she said. We also attended Mutual. I played basketball on the Mutual team and it was while I was at Elba, Idaho playing basketball that I first became interested in a girlfriend. We enjoyed the dances sponsored by the Mutual and when a bunch of wild and woolly boyfriends would get together, we would really have a wonderful time. One night at Mutual we all got to laughing at our teacher who wore his glasses down on the end of his nose. Bishop Allen came in and took his boy out of the class; he then had the rest of us arrested by the constable. We all had to appear in court but were released very quickly. I was ordained a Deacon when I was 12 and passed the Sacrament. I fulfilled my requirements in the Priesthood always

and was therefore, promoted, as I should have been.

With 12 children in our family, father was always very busy making "ends meet". Once or twice in the fall of the year, father would go to Montello, Nevada with a load of potatoes, apples and grain and had me to go with him. To get there, we traveled about 68 miles south into Utah and then 17 miles west into Nevada. On our way we camped out, once at the base of the mountain and again in Grouse Creek, Utah. We made our bed down by the wagons. Father drove one wagon and I drove the other. I lay there listening to the horses munch hay and watched the stars twinkle until I fell asleep. Father always took the rifle along in case we saw any wild animals.

One morning, we started out and father saw a coyote running up a hill. We stopped the horses and took a couple of shots at the coyote – he came rolling down the hill and father sent me up to drag him down. We skinned him and sold the pelt when we got back home. These trips are my fondest memories, as a boy, of time spent with my father. John Hull bought a ranch in Almo when I was a young lad. He was an excellent trumpet player and he decided to get a group of boys and men together to form a band. My Uncle Harry Eames was made Assistant Bandleader and got me interested in playing an instrument in the band. The first instrument I had was a baritone, and later I changed to a solo alto. I rode a horse five miles once a week to practice with the band and after some time, we became a very fine band. We were invited to play at many celebrations and other gatherings. It seems that I had a nose for trouble – One afternoon I was riding a horse to a ballgame in Stravell, Idaho. I saw a young lady walking along and so I very gallantly asked her if she would care for a ride home. She lived down by the Raft River and when she got off the

horse her boyfriend saw me. He took after me on his horse (he was big enough to eat me up). When he caught me, he dragged me off my horse and I ended up with a broken nose. When I was 19 (in 1913) my mother decided she wanted me to go to school in Oakley, Idaho to the old academy and take the Missionary Course. I liked the idea very much so my cousin Vern Eames and I went to Oakley and signed up for the course to prepare for a mission. My brother Rob was married but was living close enough to help father on the farm. However, at this time, he decided to leave so father could not spare me and I had to leave the school and go home. For this reason, I was never able to go on a mission. In 1915, father sold the ranch and came to Utah to care for my grandparents Alonzo and Catherine Knight who lived in Plain City. The Utah-Idaho Central Railroad was running a spur into the canning factory in Plain City and my first job was working on the tracks. About 1917 my father bought a farm in Harrisville, Utah. My grandparents moved in with my family and stayed with us until their deaths. I continued to work for the Utah-Idaho Central Railroad on the section gang and then went up to work in the brickyard in Harrisville. I worked on the brick press and wheeled brick. It was while I was hauling that I dropped bricks on my left foot and smashed my big toe. I had just recently met Winnifred Lowder (who later became my wife) and it was her mother, Ida Lowder, who treated my toe every day for about two weeks. It was during this time in November of 1917 that I became better acquainted with Winnifred and we had an opportunity to teach Sunday School together.

William H. Eames & Winnifred Lowder

On August 21, 1918, Winnifred and I married. She was 19 and I was 23. We left at 6 AM on the morning of the 21st

on the Bamberger train to go to the Salt Lake Temple. It took us all day to go through the temple and return to Harrisville. World War I was raging at that time and the temple was filled with young service men and their brides. Because of my foot injury, I was not able to get into the Army. Winnifred looked beautiful in her white wedding dress. I gave her a plain gold wedding band that has since been replaced with two diamond rings set in platinum. Her engagement ring was a ruby set in a tiffany setting. Our daughter Betty Eames is still wearing the ring, which is in the original setting. After our wedding, Winnifred's parents, William and Ida Lowder, gave us a party.

It was held outside on the lawn and over 250 people came. We received many lovely gifts. I remember driving dad's team of horses hitched to her folks' white top buggy to get chairs for the party and Winnifred's brother, Milo, going with me. I drove the team on a dead run through the gate onto the road. I had to make a quick turn and the buggy went on two wheels. Poor Milo Lowder laid flat on his stomach in the bottom of the buggy. He thought I was the wildest driver he had ever seen and I guess I frightened him nearly to death! We lived with Winnifred's folks for four months. They were the grandest people on earth to us. I was young and inexperienced so I worked at whatever job I could get. One day my father-in-law told me he would have to talk with Rufus Garner, Assistant Postmaster of the Ogden Post Office. They were good friends and after he talked with him, they put me to work carrying Special Deliveries. It was at this time that we bought a little two-room house in Harrisville. I borrowed Milo's bicycle and rode it back and forth from our house in Harrisville to the Ogden Post Office and I carried Special Deliveries on it all day. One Halloween night, it was late and I was in a hurry riding along the trail. I

had to cross a ditch on a small bridge, which to my consternation, had previously been removed by a group of boys who were pulling their usual Halloween pranks. I hit that ditch and went flying through the air. When I picked myself up, I was surprised and very happy to find that neither my bicycle nor I were broken up. We lived in that little house in Harrisville about one year and then sold it to Hyrum Romrell who was our neighbor. He paid us \$500, which was what we had paid for it originally. We bought a house at 832 26th Street in Ogden and lived in Ogden for the next 44 years. Our three oldest girls were born on 26th Street: Erma, Mildred and Betty Eames in that order.

I was still working at the Post Office and still rode my bicycle back and forth. I worked from 3:30 PM until midnight. After I would leave for work, Winnifred put Mildred and Erma in the buggy and walked up to her mother's house at 2669 Van Buren Avenue. She stayed there until almost time for me to come home, and then she would wheel the girls back home. During this time, my church activities varied; however, I remember being Secretary of the Elders Quorum and a Ward Teacher. One year we borrowed Dad's car, it had hard rubber tires on it. We took the three girls and as we felt we had room for one more, we asked Winnifred's sister Dott Lowder to come with us. We started out at 4 AM for Almo, Idaho to see my sister Alice and her husband Asael Ward. On the other side of Tremonton, Utah, we had to unload and pack our things up the hill (this car wouldn't pull your hat off) and to top it all off the windshield fell out on Aunt Dott's lap. Dott was a good sport and held it on her lap all the way to Almo. We didn't arrive in Almo until 2 AM the next morning - we had a wonderful time anyway. We lived on 26th Street for six years and then we bought a house at 1068 29th Street. The

girls were old enough to start school and they went to Quincy School that was five or six blocks from our house. Our oldest daughter Erma had quite a time adjusting to school. Mother would take her over to school and she would no more than get home when Erma would arrive back home. I was in the presidency of the YMMIA in the 17th Ward while we lived on 29th Street. In fact, we helped build the 17th Ward while we lived there. Those were happy days. Every year we would go on a vacation and take the family with us. I bought an old Chevrolet and we drove to Yellowstone Park, Wyoming and to Canada to visit my sisters Lizzie King and Ruby McMullin and their families. remember a trip to Portland, Oregon where we went to see my sister Lucy Stout who lived in a little town just on the edge of Portland. She lived in a little cabin in a beautiful grove of trees with a canyon close by. Near to where she lived, there was a blind man who lived in a little shack by the Columbia River. He earned money by setting crab traps in the bottom of the Columbia River to catch crabs to sell to restaurants. The girls had fun swinging in a big tire swing tied to the large trees and they also played in the canyon. This vacation trip to see Lucy was one of our nicest trips we ever took. We took many trips up Ogden Canyon for fishing and picnicking. One trip we took with Winnifred's brother Oscar Lowder and his family. Our car was so loaded that we had to drop our tent off to go up the hill and when we went back to pick it up, someone had taken it. We had to improvise sleeping facilities by cutting limbs off trees to make our bed and stretched a canvas over our heads for cover. We took another trip with Oscar and his family to Jackson Lake in Wyoming. Oscar and his family were ahead of us in their car and we were driving along rather cautiously on a winding road when we came to a hairpin turn. Because I didn't see it soon

enough, instead of staying on the road, we took off through the brush and our oldest girl Erma landed on top of the 10 pounds of bananas. We all laughed despite our fright, as the girls were only concerned about the bananas. When we arrived at the lake, Oscar told us that he had almost gone off the road too. We rented a cabin and stayed a few days, fished and had lots of fun. It was nice to know our girls were having a good time along with us. Although the girls are all grown up now, they still reminisce about the many wonderful vacations we took together. Many times Winnifred and I had an extremely difficult time financing the trips but we loved adventure and if we camped out instead of renting cabins and took food along, we went very inexpensively. Much of the closeness, which our family maintained throughout the years, can be attributed to our sharing time with our girls. As our family got older, we had to have more room so we turned our place in on a larger house on 1022 24th Street where our youngest daughter Carolyn Eames was born. The girls soon became active in the 13th Ward. Mildred and Betty studied music and played the piano in Primary and played duets at church gatherings. Winnifred became active in Relief Society and I was asked to be in the presidency of the YMMIA. Later, I was set apart as the Ward Clerk under Bishop Edward Chambers. President Samuel G. Dye ordained me a High Priest, which has meant a great deal to me throughout the years. My wife was good to help me with my church work. As Ward Clerk, I had to put in many hours making out reports. We made many fine and lasting friendships through our associations and work in the 13th Ward. Our daughters became teenagers when we lived on 24th Street and were always playing pranks. One time when my daughter Betty came in from a date, we were in bed asleep thinking that she was also in bed. Erma and Carolyn saw the lights go on and off

in the living room and thought that a burglar had come in. They crept into our room and awakened me so suddenly that I was nearly frightened to death. As I grabbed the living room doorknob, poor Betty took hold of it on the other side. I held the door fast and shouted, "who's there?" Betty and I laugh now because we wonder which one of us was the most frightened. While we were living on 24th Street, Erma met Floyd Young. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple. After 11 years on 24th Street, we decided to build a home so I bought a lot on 1100 block of Porter Avenue and built a five-room brick house. My father passed away and mother moved to Salt Lake City into an apartment across the street from the Salt Lake Temple where she did temple work each day. For the first time in many many years, my family was together for father's funeral. We had our picture taken and it means a great deal to me now. I was the only brother alive with seven sisters. My sister Viola and her husband Martin Harris took over the folk's house in Harrisville and mother continued to live in the shadow of the temple for many years until she passed away. Our daughters Mildred and Betty graduated from Ogden High School and went to work at the Utah General Depot, working for the defense of our country because we were fighting World War II. Many people moved into the Ogden area at this time because many plants were built there during the war. The city government asked Ogden residents to build apartments in their homes to help the housing shortage that was created and so we finished off some rooms in our basement and took in some boys. This caused us nothing but headaches and hard work for Winnifred because the boys nearly ate her out of house and home. Erma and Floyd were living in an apartment in the basement of our home during this time. In August of 1924, I had an operation for a double hernia and after going to two

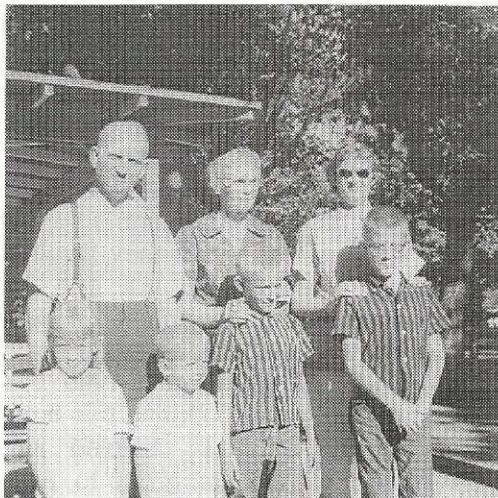
doctors, a chiropractor, my wife's good care and many prayers, I finally was well enough to go back to work around the first of the year. When Mildred and Betty were working at the Utah General Depot, they both married. Mildred married Fred Wilson, Jr. who was employed at the Depot so they moved into an apartment in Ogden. Betty married Herbert Brown in the Logan Temple. He was a pilot in the Air Force and was stationed in Deming, New Mexico at that time so Betty moved to Deming, and then continued to move around with him until after the war ended. Erma and Floyd moved out of our basement into an apartment by themselves and we sold our house on Porter and moved into the Tribe Apartments. Our daughter Carolyn was in high school then. After we moved into an apartment, Winnifred was a bit freer from housework and because the defense plants needed help, she went to work at the Utah General Depot. This was the first and only time that she worked outside of our home. The mail load increased at the Hill Air Force Branch Post Office so I was asked to go work with Frank Hazen who was the Superintendent there. Up until this time I had worked at the Ogden Post Office since I began my career with the US Postal Service. I worked with Mr. Hazen until April 1945 when I was appointed Superintendent of the Branch and he was appointed Superintendent of Mails. I worked there for 12 years driving 30 miles a day. I took riders, which helped on the expense of maintaining my automobile.



Winnifred & William Eames

I have many pleasant memories of those years at Hill Field where I met many nice people. The military personnel invited my family to their Christmas party and would give gifts to the children. I bought a pair of Chinchillas for new hobby. Since I had no place to keep them, I ranched them out and as time went by they increased in number and I enjoyed learning how to raise Chinchillas. Because of the sudden changes in temperature and other complications that arose, the Chinchillas began to die so I sold the ones that were left. In 1951, our daughter Mildred and her husband Fred built a house on 26th Street. They had been living in Harris Apartments on Adams Avenue and when they finished their home, they moved out and we moved in their old apartment. I was made chairman of the High Priests group of the 6th Ward and held this position for two years. During this time, I was instrumental in helping our Quorum become the first group to put a calf on the Ogden Stake Welfare Farm in Huntsville. The Quorum gave donations and through the efforts of Brother Frank Bingham, who deals in livestock, purchased the calf. During the next few years, we moved several times. Carolyn quit high school and at the age of 17, married Marion Albiston.

After they had three of their four children, they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. I retired on February 1, 1957 from the Post Office. Later that year, my daughters and their husbands took us to a lovely restaurant for dinner to celebrate my retirement and our 39th wedding anniversary. They gave me a nice book and Mildred and Fred gave me a 10-year membership in the duck club. This event meant a great deal to mother and I. We now live in a small house on #6 Custer Court where we expect to stay. We have enough room for our girls and grandchildren to come and visit but are not burdened with too much housework or yard work. Our daughters are raising their families now. Erma is clerking in a drug store in Ogden and her husband Floyd Young is a grocery Produce Manager; they have three children: Larry, Sharon and Ricky Young. Larry is the oldest boy and served six months in the Army after he graduated from high school and attended Weber State College and is a salesman at a men's clothing store.

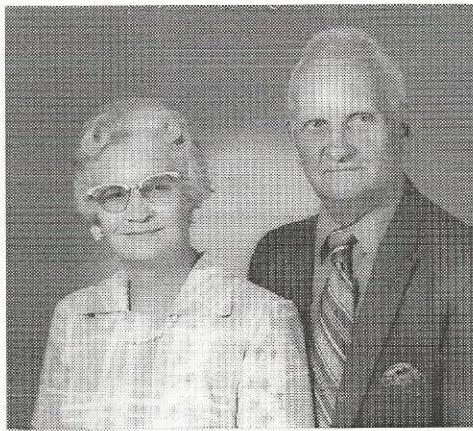


**Back: William & Winnifred Eames,
Carolyn Eames Albiston Front: Deborah,
David, Scott, and Greg Albiston**

Sharon is going to Ben Loman High School and is active in her ward. Ricky the youngest boy is in elementary school. Erma died in 1991. Mildred was

married 17 years before her son Randy Wilson was born and is her only child. She worked for First Security Bank in Ogden. She and her husband separated about the time that Randy was born. Betty worked for the Board of Education as a secretary to the Superintendent of Schools in Columbia, Missouri for three years. She taught junior Sunday School for 17 years and was in the Primary organization for 10 years. Her husband Herbert Brown has been active in their branch teaching and was second Counselor in the Superintendence of the Sunday School. He graduated from the University of Utah with a PhD in Anatomy and then they moved to Missouri where he taught and did research at the University of Missouri. He holds the rank of a Major in the Air Force Reserves. They have two children: James Brown is in high school and Kathleen Brown is in junior high. They are active in church and school and have both taken piano lessons. Carolyn has five children (four boys and one girl). Gregory Albiston is in junior high school; Scott, David and Deborah Albiston are in elementary school and Steven Albiston is the baby. They are active in their ward. Her husband Marion Albiston graduated from the University of Utah with a BA. He works for Pierce Music Company as Assistant Manager and is playing in the Utah Symphony as the first trombonist. Carolyn died in 1981. I am sorry I did not keep a diary of my life. It's difficult for me to express the fullness of my life and I omitted many things in order to be brief. Winnifred wrote: "I am thankful to Robert J. and Lucy Knight Eames for their son William who became my husband. We have never had worldly riches nor have been unkind to each other but we were blessed with four beautiful daughters and 11 grandchildren, which means so much to us now that we are older. We have always strived to live a good life and teach our family the same thing. The

Lord blessed us in so many ways – these blessings we are indeed grateful for. Winnifred Eames died on April 28, 1967 from heart failure. Three years later, William married Ethelyn Shaw.



Ethelyn and William Eames

No. 8 - Marion Stephen Eames

Marion Eames was the 8th child of Robert and Lucy Eames. He was named after Marion Knight, Lucy's youngest brother. He was born on May 2, 1897 in Almo, Idaho. He was a beautiful baby and we all loved him very much but his stay on this earth was cut short when an epidemic of Scarlet Fever broke out in the community and in less than a year, he contracted the disease and died on March 22, 1898 at age 11 months.

No. 9 - George Washington Eames



George W. Eames

George Washington Eames was the 9th child out of 12 children born on February 22, 1899 in Almo to Robert and Lucy Eames. He had light hair and blue eyes

and had a kind loving disposition. In 1917, he helped move his family to Plain City, Utah. In 1919 at age 20, he came to Canada on a visit and returned to Utah that same year in July. He went back with Ruby and her husband Wesley McMullin who sold their home in Magrath and were moving to Harrisville, Utah. George wrote the following letter to Lizzie after arriving home:

Dear Sis: I have just been home one week. Got here in time to help put up the second crop of hay. We are having a dry spell but the crops are not bad considering. Wes got a job the very next day after he got here. I am glad to get back but I think Canada is a fine country. Ada wanted to know why you did not sell out and come down here to live. She thinks you are about right. I will send the money as soon as I can. I appreciate what you did for me. I will write more next time.

Brother George

George was engaged to be married to Ada Mae Taylor of Harrisville, Utah. He had planned to go on a mission when he was killed working for George A. Lowe in Ogden. Ada Mae was broken hearted, yet she was a great comfort to Lucy Eames in this greatest tragedy of her life. The following newspaper clipping was in the local paper of Raymond, Canada: "George Eames is killed in Ogden. Mr. George Eames, brother of Mrs. L. D. King, was accidentally killed in Ogden recently. A descending elevator at the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company's warehouse struck him. Mr. Eames is well known here. He died December 30, 1919."

No. 10 - Viola Katherine Eames

Viola Katherine Eames

"In the year of our Lord 1884, a young couple with two children left their home and loved ones in Utah and traveled 150 miles in a covered wagon to new surroundings in Idaho, to a home in the mountains where 10 more children were born to them. I, Viola Katherine Eames being the 10th child was proud of my wonderful parents. The best and happiest time of my life was spent with my parents, brothers and sisters in a four-room log cabin that had dirt for shingles. On a beautiful June night, my mother woke up my brother Lonnie and told him to hitch the team to the buggy and go after Helen Nicholas Edwards, the mid-wife who lived about 2½ miles west of our place. There were no doctors within 25 miles of our town. I was born on June 28, 1901 in Almo, Idaho, while my father Robert Eames was filling a mission for the LDS church in Iowa. My father did not see me until I was 18 months old, although he wanted me named Viola after one of his friends in the mission field and Katherine after my grandmother Catherine Meguire Knight.

There was an old man, a welfare case, who lived with us to help with the expenses by the name of Mr. Plumb. He, mother and the boys picked fruit and strawberries to keep the family and to send money to father in the mission

field. In those days, the missionaries traveled without purse or script and depended on us to help them. We lived on 360 acres taking care of a large orchard that my Grandfather Alonzo Knight had planted. We milked cows and made butter to sell. Everyone worked together and had a good time doing it. When it came time for my father to be released, everyone was happy but me, I was frightened to death. I loved my older brother Lonnie and I guess I thought he was my father, but as time went on we got acquainted and I loved my father very much. A short time after my father returned, my brother Lonnie was called on a mission, which he never served because he came down with Typhoid fever. Looking back through my life, the first recollection I have was that of my brother Lonnie being sick and going to see him when I should not have gone in his room. He had Typhoid fever and soon passed away. I remember him being laid out in our home and how I missed him. The next thing I remember was sending for a baby sister out of the Sears and Roebuck catalogue and sure enough she arrived on March 7, 1905. She was named Mary Eames. Annie Green was the mid-wife then and delivered her. We lived on a ranch about five miles from town. In Almo there was the church, the Eames Brothers Mercantile, a post office and a schoolhouse – that was town. Aunt Julia and Uncle Harry Eames had a hotel that was used by people who were passing through town. We didn't have close neighbors. Herman and Sarah Taylor were our closest neighbors who lived about 1½ miles away. Their children Bertha and Fred Taylor were about the same age as my brother George Eames. Sometimes we played with them but mostly, we played by ourselves. George and I were real pals, and in the evenings we gathered around father while he sung songs and told us stories about when he was a little boy. I remember climbing on father's lap,

combing and curling his hair and tying ribbons in it while he sang songs to us. I see mother studying her Sunday School lessons and sewing. My mother taught for 21 years. I loved those evenings; they were very happy ones. There were six of us at home at this time and mother had four girls to sew and knit those old black long wool stockings, which I used to hate so much but it did keep our legs warm when we had to walk 1½ miles to school. When the snow got too deep, father took us to school in a sleigh. My first teacher was May Lowe. Our schoolhouse was up in the trees on a hill where the first grade through the 8th grade was all in one room.

When I was a little girl, I remember my brother George and I catching large toads and playing like they were our horses. We made wagons out of matchboxes and tied the toads to the boxes so that they hauled grass in the boxes, playing like it was hay. I guess my brothers made a tomboy out of me, as I loved to go hunting with them. I became a very good shot, killing many sage hens and rabbits, which mother would cook for dinner. I loved riding horses and helping my brother George in breaking them. He would snub them to his horse and I would crawl in the saddle. I have been thrown and have had my horse rare over backwards with me but always came out without any broken bones. I helped on the ranch riding derrick horses, tramping hay, racking hay and milking cows. My father got mad at me one day and scolded me and I cried so hard that he gave me a horse of my own to shut me up. Perhaps, I had a method in my madness! This fancy gray mare was the fastest horse in town. I loved her and was very proud of her.

In the fall of the year, father would go after wood and we all piled in the wagon taking a lunch and we gathered pine

nuts, while the older children loaded wood onto the wagon. They gathered pine and mahogany; then the boys had to chop it into stove lengths. In the fall, the Indians would come to Almo to gather pine nuts. They camped outside our front gate and built a fire at night to roast the pine nuts. We took bread and traded it for nuts. There is nothing like fresh roasted pine nuts! On Sunday mornings, we all went to church in the white-top buggy and remained for Sacrament meeting following Sunday School because it was five miles to travel back and forth. We loved to go to church so we could visit with our friends. I remember the wonderful times we had on the 4th and 24th of July, running races and spending our 10 cents and thinking we were millionaires. Later, we traveled two miles to school. Sometimes when we were wet and cold, we would huddle around the pot bellied stove to dry out and our schoolteacher, Mr. Belnap would say, "I would like to see you when you are old, I dare say you will all have rheumatism." We lived at the house where I was born until my sister Mary Eames was born in 1905, then we moved about a half-mile to the house where my Uncle Merle Heath lived (he was father's half brother). Soon after that, my sister Opal Eames was born in 1907, which made 12 children in our family. We moved off the ranch for a few years when my father built a log house in town that had six rooms. It was real nice. Mother boarded two schoolteachers by the name of Miss Stapleton and Mrs. Banner. Miss Stapleton taught me to play the piano and I was in her room at school. After she left, I took piano lessons from Delpha Bronson. We did not live far from our beloved Uncle Harry and Aunt Julia Eames. Aunt Julia was mother's sister and Uncle Harry was father's brother so us kids were like brothers and sisters. Their children were born within six months of us so we each had a playmate and had lots of good times

together. Ina Eames was my age and Louis Eames was George's age. Uncle Harry had a dance pavilion and we would all gather from miles around to dance. Ernie and Lena Jensen and their father had a dance band that would play for the dances. People would come far distances to see our famous City of Rocks. We used to climb them especially Bath Rock. If you could climb it, you were good. There was a big hole on top of the rock that was nearly always filled with water. Another rock that we used for shelter when a storm came up was Camp Rock. Our family moved back to the ranch when I was about 12. I had graduated from the eighth grade in the Old Cove School with Miss Johnson as my teacher (1913). My best friend Georgia Bruesch lived on a ranch about a mile and half from our place. We rode our horses all over the hills. One day when we were miles from home, we came to a large rock. We were going to get off the horses and climb it but our horses wouldn't get close to the rock. They would get so close and then whirl and run. As we looked up, there was a large Mountain Lion lying on the rock ready to spring on us. We took off riding like mad to the Bruesch place. Georgia's brother Walt brought his gun, but when we got back the mountain lion was gone. At nighttime, you could hear the mountain lions yelling. When I stayed all night at the Bruesch's place, we had to go outside to the outhouse. It would scare us to death when we heard those yells because they sounded like they were right behind us. My other friend was Maud Erickson and her brother Gus and all us kids in the cove would gang up in the evenings riding into town for the mail. We had races and did trick riding all the way to town and back. In those days, Gus Erickson was my boy friend and in the wintertime, we went to bobsledding parties. Sometimes, we tied a small sleigh on the back of the bob sleigh and took turns riding and

taking spills in the snow. One day Ernie Jensen came up, gathered a load of us kids to take to his house for a birthday party. He was running the horses and turned a curve fast and tipped the sleigh over on top of us. Luckily, no one was hurt; we just picked ourselves up and went on to the party. Ernie was also one of my boy friends when I was a kid. We sure had lots of fun and someone was always thinking up something to do. Mr. Jensen was sure a lot of help to the young people of Almo; all the young people liked him. My brother-in-law Al Stout played the violin and we had dances up to big Jim Durfees – he had a large room and played a large violin.

My parents were very hard working people and very unselfish. When their aged parents asked them to move back to Utah to take care of them, they sold everything they possessed and moved, settling in Harrisville where they cared for my grandparents Alonzo and Catherine Knight until their deaths. So my parents with five children (William, George, myself - Viola, Mary & Opal) moved. I was 16 (in 1917) when we moved and stayed with the family from July to September, at which time I was sent to Salt Lake City to study to become a nurse. I lived with the Morris family and worked for my board and room before and after school. I went to school for 1½-years. While I was in SLC, my folks bought a farm in Harrisville. They moved Grandpa and Grandma Knight in with them. My grandparents had their own two rooms in the back of the house. When I came home for Christmas vacation, my brother George was working at the brickyard at nights. I wanted to see him so my sister Mary and I walked up the road to the brickyard. A young by the name of Martin Harris came by in a beautiful new black buggy pulled by a beautiful black horse and stopped to ask us where we were going. We told him and he said, "jump in and I'll take you

"there" so we did and that is how I met my husband. I did not go back to school. When my father died, mother moved to Salt Lake City and did temple work until her death in 1948, enjoying every minute of it.

Martin Harris

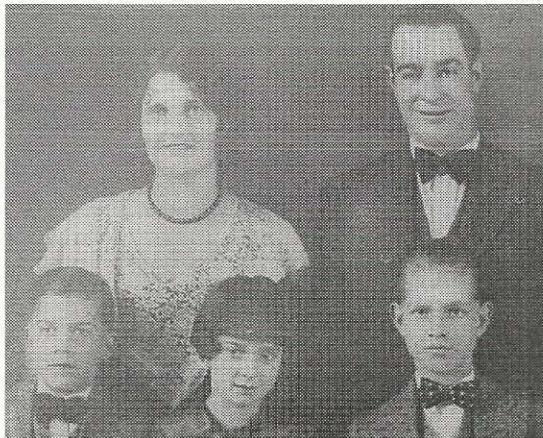
I was born March 8, 1898, a son of Martin Dennis Harris and Lillie Rosetta Hayes in a brick house just west of the railroad tracks in Harrisville, Utah. My great Uncle was Martin Harris who was the witness of the Book of Mormon. On March 8, 1906, I was baptized into the LDS church on my birthday. I had a great boyhood with days of hunting, fishing and swimming in the canal. My friend and myself liked to ride horses thinking we were cowboys. We used to ride along side of freight trains and catch on the handles and ride the train to the Hot Springs and walk back. I had to drive four head of horses to the Sugar Factory for a load of beet pulp in the wintertime so that my father could feed his cows. One winter I made over \$600 trapping muskrats. I trapped them as far north as the Utah Hot Springs. I worked on the thrashing machine and thinned sugar beets. We packed grain for the thrasher all day for 50 cents an hour. One evening, a friend and myself were riding our horses along the road. There were some older boys who were pushing a railroad handcar. They asked us to put a rope on each side of the track and pull them. We pulled them until they were going fast and just as we rounded a curve, there was the dummy engine coming. We had no way of stopping the hand car so it ran into the engine and the kids went flying in every direction but no one was hurt. My friend and I were always riding our horses and one evening, we decided to get up in the teacher's office where they had hot chocolate and donuts for lunch. We threw our ropes up onto the ledge and climbed up the rope. The teachers could not find out how we had got up there

and offered a \$5 reward to anyone that would give them information. I used my dad's team to sprinkle the roads to keep the dust down. One day, dad sent me up to Fielding, Utah to help my Uncle Emer clean the canal, as I was old enough to drive the team. When I left, there wasn't any electricity west of the railroad tracks and when I came home and got off the streetcar at Harrisville, every house was lit up with electricity. It seemed so funny!

I had a good team of horses and when people would slide off the road, they came to me to pull them back on the road. My team saved my life one time by pulling a load of hay off the tracks when a train was coming. In September of 1916, my dad, Levi J. Taylor, Leander S. Harris, Lewis Shurtleff and myself used father's horse to haul three sections of pipe and cement and tools to the top of Lewis Peak. We had to drill a hole in the rock, to put the pole in, put a brass plate on the pole and cemented our names in the bottom of the pole. While climbing to the top, one man got behind and I went back down with water and food to help him back up to the top. The peak was named after Lewis Shurtleff of Harrisville.

Viola Eames & Martin Harris

Martin and I went together until September 13, 1918, when we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. On October 12, 1919, "Douglas" Martin Harris was born. Martin worked at the brickyard for \$3 a day. On July 2, 1921, Marion "Robert" Harris was born. On March 16, 1924, a very black-headed baby girl was born whom they named Shirley Harris. Sometimes, they made fried chicken and picked up a gallon of root beer to go to the canyon for a picnic, let the children play and watch squirrels run down their holes.



Viola and Martin Harris; Front: Robert, Shirley & Douglas M. Harris

The war came along and Martin was classified 1A and was all ready to go when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. The whistle blew for 30 minutes and everyone was making all the noise they could. George Eames and Martin were topping sugar beets for Mrs. Connely at the time. For a long time, there were only three automobiles in Harrisville. It was horse and buggy days and that was their only transportation. They walked to church. They always had a good celebration on the 4th of July. There were three-legged sack races, wheel barrel races and all kinds of foot races. There was always a big horse race. Once there were two thoroughbred racehorses in the race and Martin had a saddle horse that was a fast runner and he won the race. Martin used to train his horse to run down his father's lane by the field when he went after cows. Bishop Brown and several other men bet on his horse and won some money. His horse died in 1925 of brain fever; a lot of good horses died that year of the disease. Martin liked to hunt ducks and would get 25 ducks a day, selling them to people in town for extra spending money. His brother Alma Harris and he went goose hunting west of Corinne and brought home 26 big geese. They had to make two trips to carry them. He liked deer hunting and in 1936, he killed a deer at

Lost Creek and it weighed in at 278 pounds at the Kemmerer, Wyoming sports store. Martin wrote: "I had lots of jobs but didn't like any of them!" I was a brakeman on the Southern Pacific railroad, a streetcar motorman, a boiler maker's helper at Ogden Iron works, a salesman for Utah Bottling works and I was also a director for the Western Irrigation Company for 20 years. In 1932, we bought the Robert Eames farm so that Martin could work at the things he loved, farming. Grandpa and Grandma Knight had passed away so they moved in with Robert and Lucy Eames. Robert passed away and Lucy moved into a small apartment across from the temple devoting her life to doing temple work. After Lucy died, the war broke out and the government wanted land to build a supply depot so they took the farm along with other farms to build this depot in 1941. Martin and Viola moved and Martin got a job as a fireman at the Navy Supply Depot holding this job for 18 years until they closed the Ogden Depot after World War II. Martin rode with the Weber County Sheriff Posse for 10 years. He went as far north as Blackfoot, Pocatello, Burley, and Rupert, Idaho, and also Elko, Nevada to perform. Viola and Martin both belonged to the Wasatch Riding Club and won several trophies and ribbons. Riding in pairs, a square dance was performed in the Ogden stadium during the 24th of July celebration and in several other places in Idaho and Wyoming. In 1944, they bought another farm in Harrisville. He worked two jobs until the Depot closed, farming being the second job. After the Navy Depot closed, he drove a school bus for four years, retiring at age 65. We celebrated our 50th and 60th wedding anniversaries.



Douglas Harris was in the Army when the war broke out and Robert went into the Navy. Douglas Harris married Maxine Carssey and they had one son and a daughter. Robert Harris married Fay Williams and they had three girls and a boy. Shirley Harris married Jesse Layton after he came back from the war and they had four boys and one girl. They live in Eden, Utah.

Viola worked as a counselor in the MIA, 1st counselor in the Relief Society and taught primary for 22 years. She was a hard worker and helped harvest crops as well as keep house while raising her children. She worked at the reform school and at the detention home, she tried to help troubled youngsters. She loved children and worked for many years at a day care center. She was a member of the DUP Sarah Jane Taylor Camp. She served as Election Judge with Ada Taylor for 25 years.

While standing next to the road in front of her home on a Sunday, Viola was killed when a car hit her on April 5, 1981. Martin died on April 19, 1985.

Viola E. Harris

HARRISVILLE — Viola E. Harris, 79, of 558 W. Harrisville Road, died Sunday, April 5, 1981, of injuries suffered when hit by an automobile.

She was born June 28, 1901, in Almo, Idaho, a daughter of Robert and Lucy Knight Eames.

She married Martin H. Harris on Sept. 13, 1918, in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

She lived in Harrisville for 62 years and was a member of the Harrisville 2nd LDS Ward, where she had been a Relief Society Counselor, work director, lunch chairwoman and a Primary teacher.

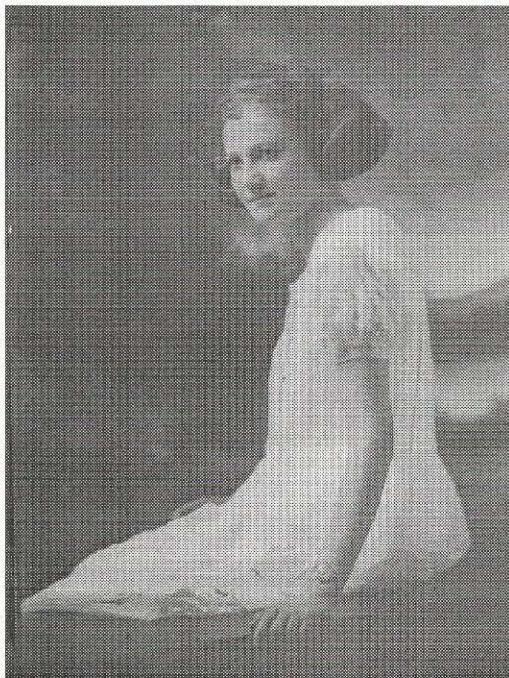
She was a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Surviving are her husband of Harrisville; two sons and one daughter, Douglas M. Harris, Wildomar, Calif.; M. Robert Harris, Harrisville; Mrs. Jess (Shirley) Layton, Huntsville; 11 grandchildren; 17 great-grandchildren; one brother and two sisters, William Eames, Ogden; Mrs. Elizabeth King, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; Mrs. Al (Opal) Blackburn, Porterville, Calif.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 2 p.m. in the Larkin and Sons Mortuary where friends may call Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Thursday one hour prior to services. Interment in Ogden City Cemetery.

108

No. 11- Mary Larennna Eames



Mary L. Eames, age 20, 1925

I was born on March 7, 1905 at Almo, Idaho - the 11th child in a family of 12 to Robert and Lucy Eames. Because I was the first child born after my father returned from a mission in Iowa, I was named Mary Larennna Eames after a very dear friend that father had in the mission field. We lived so far from a store that most of our clothing and household articles were purchased from a mail order house. Happy was the day when the mail brought a large package with new shoes, coats, underwear and perhaps material for a new dress. My sister Viola, who was nearly four years old than I, sent for me from the Sears and Roebuck catalogue. The following is a poem that my dear sister Viola wrote for me on my 58th birthday:

I have a catalogue sister,
I sent for her sometime ago.
There were times I was lonely & missed her,
Until an angel brought her to our door.

She was a spirit from heaven,
And was waiting to come, I'm sure.
But to me she as something special,

I had picked from a dozen or more.

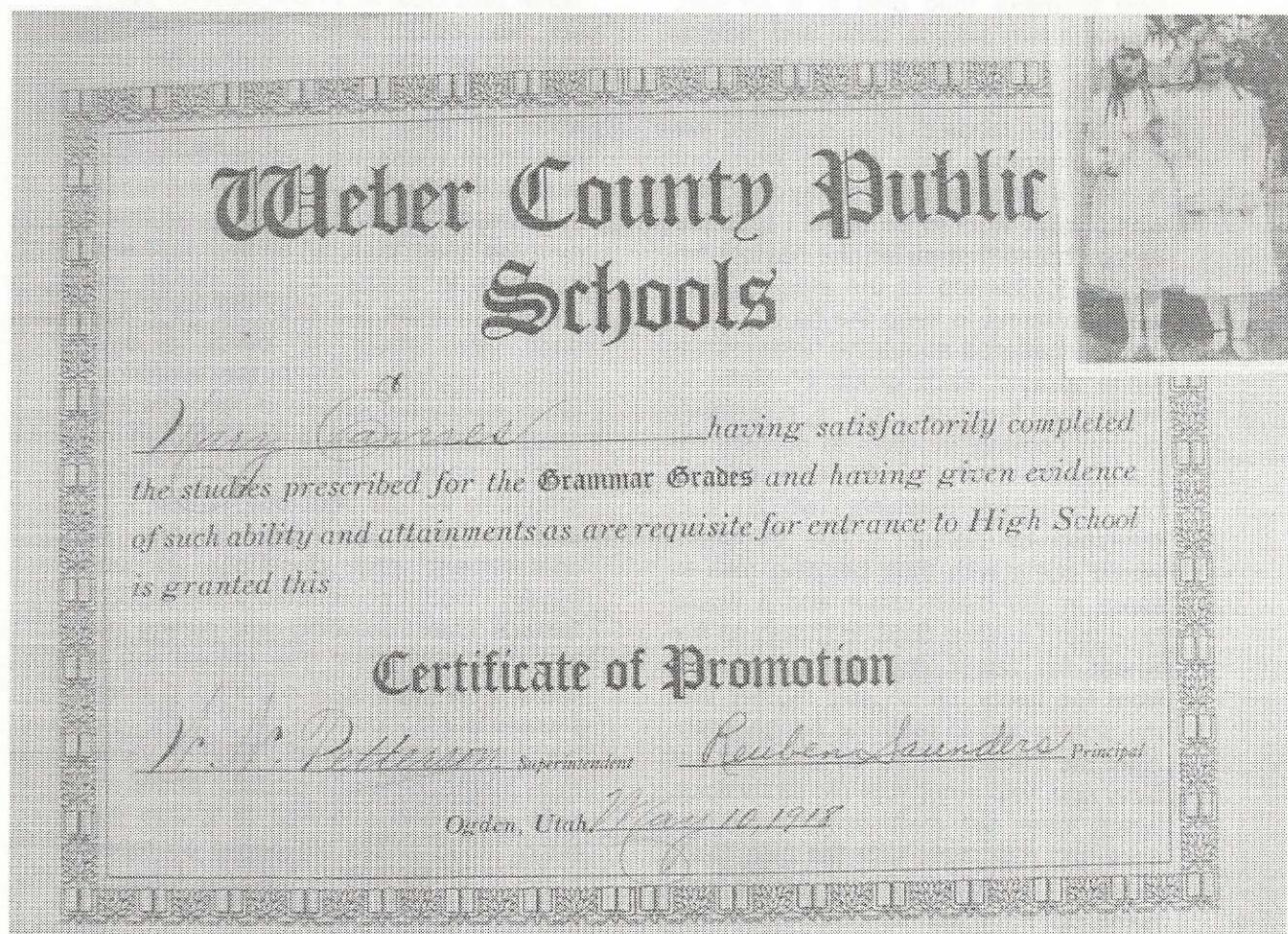
Time has a way of passing,
And gone are our childhood days
She became a beautiful lady,
So kind and thoughtful and gay.

I had a very happy childhood in a very happy home, with love of my dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters. I remember kneeling in prayer each morning around the breakfast table; it was one of my chores to put the chairs, with the backs against the table. We all took our turn at prayer; at night before going to bed, we would say our individual prayers taught to us by a dear wonderful little mother. She taught us the importance of faith, truth, and virtue and how important it was to keep all the commandments of our Heavenly Father. It was my mother who helped me gain a testimony of the Gospel, which I hold most dear. I learned from my dear parents how important it was to keep the Sabbath Day Holy. I believe Saturday was the busiest day in the week, getting ready for the Sabbath, our Sunday meals were prepared, and the old wash boiler was filled with water and heated on the old back wood-burning stove. Each one of us took our turn bathing in the kitchen behind the blankets strung up on chairs around the big round washtub. Sunday morning, all clean and dressed in our best, we piled into the big white-top buggy pulled by two faithful horses, which father drove about five miles to Sunday School. We stayed on to Sacrament Meeting. I remember my dear mother was my Sunday School Teacher for many years and the beautiful stories she taught from the Bible still remain in my memory.

I remember the happy times playing with my younger sister, Opal, building playhouses with rocks, there were plenty to be found in the sagebrush. We would outline each room leaving openings for doors. The chairs, tables and stoves were made of rock. I used to

love to make mud pies in a tin can, stirring them with a stick and baking them in old fruit jar lids. The big swing hung from one of the trees in front of the house. We roasted pine nuts that we had gathered a mile or two from our home. It was not always play for there was always work to be done. I rode the derrick horse that pulled the hayfork full of hay to the top of the stack. There were no barns to keep the hay; just big stacks scattered about the fields with a fence around each group of stack to keep the livestock out. I remember mother cooking for days to prepare for the threshers, who would come with the big threshing machine, which was operated by horses. The threshers would come with their bedding rolls to sleep in the clean straw and it would take them several days to thresh all the wheat my father and brothers hauled from the fields. Of course, mother and my sisters had to feed the hungry men. After the threshers left, we would all get busy and help empty the old straw ticks, which were our mattresses, wash the ticks and refill them with the nice clean straw. The hand loomed carpet was taken up, hung on the clothes line and we took turns beating it with a broom; the old straw was swept from the floor and the floor scrubbed clean, fresh straw put down and the carpet stretched over and tacked down all around the room. Each week we would take turns turning the old wooden washing machine. It had a big wheel with a handle, which when turned would make the dolly turn inside and swish the clothes around in the water and suds, made from homemade soap. Mother made the soap from the fat cut from the animals that father killed for our meat supply for the winter. The old orchard gave us plums, winter pears and several kinds of apples. It was fun to turn the cider press when the apples were harvested. How we loved that home made cider! I remember when the ground squirrels were so thick that

father paid Opal and I one cent for every tail we would bring home. Every morning we would go out in the field and set our traps by their holes. We had about 20 traps and it was difficult to remember where we had set them. We each had a pocketknife and a club and if they weren't dead, we had to hit them over the head, then cut off their tails and put them in a little box. It makes me shudder to think of it now, but we would each earn about 10 cents a day, thinking we were rich. In the evenings, father sat by the kerosene lamp reading while mother mixed bread, darned or knitted socks, sewed or was busy preparing for the next day. There was such a pleasant happy feeling of contentment and closeness in our family. I would sometimes stand behind father's chair, combing and curling his beautiful white hair. He always left a piece of longhair right in front and when I would wet it, I could wave it or make a curl on top of his head. Several yards from the house was a granary where we kept grain and attached to it was the buggy shed where big hooks on ropes hung from the roof to hold the tongues of the buggies. One day when I was eight or nine, my sister Opal and I were swinging on these ropes. We stood on a box to reach the ropes and then kicked the box away to swing until we were tired of holding on; then we would see how far away we could land. On one of my big swings, I let go and the hook caught in my nostril and ripped it open about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Mother worked to stop the bleeding. She glued it together with a piece of sticking plaster. She did a good job because I have just a small scar.



Graduation Certificate, Mary Eames is the girl on the left side of the small photo

In the summer of 1917, when I was 12, my parents moved to Plain City, Utah to care for my grandparents Alonzo and Catherine Knight. My grandmother because of a serious accident had become deaf in her 20's and eventually blind in her 50's. Grandfather Alonzo was losing his sight and they needed help. Later, that same year, my father purchased a farm in Harrisville, Utah and we moved my grandparents with us to Harrisville. It was a wonderful experience to have our dear grandparents live with us for I loved them dearly. We talked to grandmother by forming letters on her hand, which spelled what we wanted to say to her. She would repeat the letters and words back to us so we knew she understood what we were saying. She was exceptionally quick and we used to read books to her, which she loved very much. I attended high school and one year of college at Weber Normal College at Ogden. The summer of 1923 I attended summer school at the University of Utah and that fall through a teacher's placement service, I went to Etna, Wyoming where I taught 3rd, 4th, & 5th grades. The next summer I attended the first National Summer School ever to be held in Utah at the Agricultural College in Logan. I taught 1st, 2nd & 3rd grades from 1924 through 1926 at Milton, Morgan County, Utah.

Mary Eames & Milton Shurtleff

I married Milton Shurtleff in the Salt Lake Temple on September 15, 1926 and we have had a very happy life together and have four beautiful daughters. Elaine Shurtleff was born March 19, 1928 and married Arthur Naisbitt Webb on August 12, 1947. They have two daughters: Christine Webb and Kathy Ann Webb. Joye Ann Shurtleff was born November 5, 1932 and married Howard Eugene Dransfield on June 8, 1953. They had two boys and two girls:

1. Mark Howard Dransfield
2. Holly Dransfield
3. David Shurtleff Dransfield
4. Nancy Dransfield



Mary Eames and Milton Shurtleff wedding picture, September 1926

Kathleen Shurtleff was born on March 23, 1939 and married Lowell Skeen Peterson on September 9, 1958. They have a boy and a girl – Dale Lowell Peterson and Laurie Peterson. At this writing, they live in an extraordinary new home in Eden, Utah with an unparalleled view of the valley.

Susan Shurtleff was born October 11, 1944. She attended Weber College. She married David Vandehei. We have much to be thankful for; our children have been married in the temple and are active in the church. My dear husband was released from being a bishop of the 43rd Ward in Ogden. At this writing, they live Alpine, Utah in a beautiful new home.



Mary and Milton Shurtleff

Back: Joy Dransfield, Elaine Webb, Front:
Susan Vandehei , Kathleen Peterson**No. 12 - Opal Irene Eames****Opal Eames**

Opal Eames was the 12th child of Robert and Lucy Eames, born on January 21, 1907 in a log cabin in the cove at Almo, Idaho. It was very cold and windy and my mother was very sick and in the anxiety for her life, I was wrapped and laid back until they were sure my mother's life would be spared. When their attention turned to me, I had taken cold so I could not cry aloud. Father caught a weasel and skinned it so I wore a weasel skin on my chest until I was six months old. My mother's health was poorly all winter. She hemorrhaged so severely that she was very weak. I was raised on goat milk and honey. My father fixed a large swing in the tall poplar tree where mother could swing and get plenty of fresh air to help her gain her strength back. The memories I have of the old log home are the happiest memories of my childhood. The house as I remember it had three rooms: my parent's room, the kitchen in between and a large room with an organ and two large beds. The boys, William and George slept in one bed at one end of the room and Viola, Mary and I slept in the other bed at the other end of the room. We all shared our big clothes closet. There was a large porch where we had a washer that worked using a handle back and forth. We had a hand pump on the porch and a cooler made with a frame and burlap sack tacked around it with a large pan of water on top and streamers hanging over it to

keep the burlap wet so as to keep things cool inside. The privy was some distance from the house where we kept last year's catalogue. Our house was always clean and comfortable. We used a wood cook stove and kerosene lamps. On winter evenings, we would roast pine nuts in the big pan in the oven for a treat. In the mornings, we would always start our day off kneeling around the table in family prayer. My place at the table was standing up at the corner between mother and father. I must have been 10 years old before I rated a chair. I remember once when I was four or five, I was very sick and couldn't keep anything in my stomach. Mother tried to get me to drink some tea and I said, "No, I'm no man." I didn't start school until I was eight years old, mainly because there was no children my age to start school. We walked 1½ miles over huge snow banks and over fences to school. This was a short cut, by the road it was two miles. The first year at school, I was put in the 3rd grade at Almo School. We rode in a sleigh during the snowy times or on horseback. In the summer, my sister Mary and I would pull wool off fences for a few cents each or trap squirrels for a penny a tail. Father had many sheep, cows, hogs, chickens and raised wheat and hay. We owned two buggies – a large white top or surrey for the family to go to church in and a black top one-horse buggy. Mother drove the black top one to Relief Society or to town mostly. When I was eight, my father baptized me in the Almo Hot Springs. Bishop Lorenzo Durfee confirmed me the following day on Sunday. On July 24, Almo used to have a big celebration with covered wagons, and Indians all painted riding horseback, etc. Mother made me a bonnet like hers and I was riding in the wagon with my parents and an Indian rode up and asked Father if I could go with him to cause a little excitement. Father wanted me to go and I started to cry because I was afraid. Father told me

who it was and that he was only playing an Indian but I still wouldn't go with him. We made camp down by the creek in the churchyard. Campfires were built; women washed clothes and cooked meals. Mother and I walked up the creek and found some watercress. I've always liked watercress since that time.

My mother's parents in Plain City were getting old and feeble. Grandpa Knight was 86 and grandma was 83. We sold our place in Almo and moved to Plain City, Utah in two covered wagons in July of 1917, bringing the household belongings in one wagon and the family in the other. My two brothers, William and George, drove one wagon and my parents, Mary and I were in the other one. It took four days to make the trip, which is about 140 miles. The wagons were heavily loaded. The chuckholes were bad in places, which made the wagons tip from side to side. We camped at nights, made a fire and cooked our supper, fed and watered horses, then made our bed down along side the road in back of the wagons. One night, I remember, we made our beds near an alfalfa field and the mosquitoes were so bad – that was my first experience with them. In the mornings, mother prepared breakfast while father and the boys took care of the horses and made ready to travel again. For our noonday meal, we ate from the grub box in the wagon. To make time pass more quickly for us, Mary and I would count the white horses we saw. As we neared Brigham City, we started to count the automobiles. After we had counted up to 50, it wasn't fun anymore. Grandfather and Grandmother Knight were very happy to have us with them. They lived in a four-room adobe house, two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. We had to talk to Grandmother Catherine on her hands. I learned to spell my name on her hands and she was very pleased. I couldn't talk to her so I'd want her to

talk to me, so I'd take her hand and lay it across her breast and that would mean I wanted her to tell me a story. For a treat, she would dip a piece of bread in the cream on the top of a pan of milk, then sprinkle it with sugar. Our stay in Plain City was less than two months. Father invested in a 10-acre place in Harrisville, Utah, about 10 miles east of Plain City. We moved our grandparents with us. They had two rooms to themselves and we shared the same bathroom. This was a very modern, red brick house. It had a full basement with electric lights and hot and cold running water. To make his living, Father had several milk cows, raised alfalfa and had 500 layer hens. The following summer after we moved to Harrisville, father had to return to Almo on business. I went with him in a wagon drawn by horses. On seeing our old home, I was heartsick because it looked so rundown. While in Almo, we stayed at Uncle Harry Eames' place. On our return home at Bear River, the wagon broke so we had to make camp a mile or so out of town. Father walked back to town to get some welding done and left me at the camp with the wagon. I waited for hours and I cried and tried to sleep. I walked around until I felt I had to go find my papa so I took off for town. After I got there, I didn't know how to find him and started knocking on doors asking if they had seen my papa and that he had white hair. After several negative answers, I walked back to the wagon. Things were the same; I got scared and knelt down to pray, then fell asleep. I awoke with the sound of father's footsteps. I was so happy to see him and I felt my prayers were answered. He got the wagon fixed and we returned home safely. I loved being with my papa. I always felt that he was wise and whatever he said was right. I loved to hear him sing his funny little songs. My mother had a deep devotion to her parents. While they lived with us, she scarcely went any place and never left them alone. She always

made sure that someone was there to stay with them. I read several books and many stories to Grandmother Catherine on her hands. After I came home from school, my first duty was to read for an hour or so to my grandparents who would listen. In the evenings in the summer time, Grandpa Knight would ask me to go to the Artesian well and get a cup of cold water for them. I didn't like going out at night to get the water but I always did. One night I thought I'd get it from the faucet in the sink. Then I heard grandfather spell on grandmother's hand "Opal is a good girl to always go out to the well to get us water. I am going to give her 50 cents". I quickly poured the water in the sink and ran to the well for the water.

I finished elementary school in Harrisville; the 9th grade I finished at Milan Fort School. During my sophomore year at Ogden High School, I took sick with rheumatic fever. I had such pains in my wrists and the best medicine that they could give me was to have mother sit and rub my hands and wrists. Since that time, I have thought so much of the love and care she gave me. My grandparents always set the table in their kitchen, then came to our kitchen to get their meals. One morning mother told me to go see why Grandpa Knight was so late in coming after their breakfast. When I went into their room, I found him lying across the floor. He and grandma had had prayers and when he went to get up to come after their breakfast, he had a stroke. He had not completely recovered from this stroke when he had another one. This last stroke claimed his life at the age of 93. Mother's time was all the more taken up with Grandmother Knight, sometimes to my father's resentment.

Opal Eames' Nursing Career

During my sophomore year at school, I made up my mind that I wanted to become a nurse so mother made my

blue and white striped uniforms, which was the regulation of the hospital. I entered the Dee Hospital on April 2, 1924 at the age of 17. I loved being a nurse and helping the sick. After three months, I was proud to wear a white cap and bib with my uniform and apron. After I had been at the hospital as a nurse for a year, a young man was brought in for an appendix operation. He was in the men's ward with six or eight others and of course, just another patient. I carried bedpans or took their temperatures. On the second or third day, he called me Opal. I was very indignant with him and said, "My name is Miss Eames, if you please, Mr. Blackburn." Then of course, he had me flustered. He was very good looking and I noticed on his chart that he was LDS. After that when I took his temperature, I think my pulse raced harder than his pulse – so this is how we met. After Alva had been at the hospital a week, he got his clothes and walked home, which was about a mile. After he left, I missed him and was disappointed for I didn't know if I'd ever see him again. A couple of days passed and he came back to the hospital, which made me very happy. After going together for four months, he gave me a ring. Now it was the policy of the hospital that nurses were not allowed to date ex-patients. When the main supervisor found out that I had a ring, which I pinned under my apron while I was on duty, she was furious and gave me such a talking to that I cried until it made me sick. I went home for a couple of weeks and planned to go back but as the time neared, I decided I'd rather prepare for marriage. In September of 1925, I helped mother make me a quilt and I spent a lot of time with Grandma Knight.

She gave me a stronger testimony of the gospel because she had met the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Robert Eames & Lucy Knight Family

Opal Eames & Alva Blackburn



Opal and Al Blackburn

On June 2, 1926 in the Salt Lake Temple, "Al" and I were sealed for time and all eternity. We were very much in love and still are. Our first home was in Ogden, Utah. On March 15, 1927, our first child, Elva Jean Blackburn was born. We named her after Al's Aunt Elva. Al was working at the Security Bank in Ogden as a bookkeeper. His health became poor and he felt he needed a change. His brother Elvin Blackburn had a job in Klickitat, Washington in a lumber camp and wrote saying there was work there. He asked Al to come work there and bring Elvin's wife Pearl with him. We went to Washington and when we arrived, there was no housing so we rented a house tent. It had a board floor and was built up on the sides with 1x12s and had a tent top. It was nice enough for the summer. Elvin, Pearl, Al, Jean and I lived there for a couple of months until houses were available. We lived in Klickitat three years and during those years three more children were born to us: Alva Dee Blackburn, called Alva after his father and Dee because of Dee

Memorial Hospital. Al's mother was with us at the time and "Bud", as he was called, was born on October 9, 1928 on his grandmother's birthday. A year later, Grandmother Blackburn made another visit for a baby girl who arrived on December 8, 1929. When Veva Mae Blackburn was just a day old, her father was hurt and was taken to The Dalles, Oregon for a hernia operation. He was there a month while Grandma Blackburn stayed with me, which I really appreciated. It was the dead of winter and we had no car but had plenty of wood to burn for warmth and she was a lot of company and comfort to me. On October 18, 1930 our 4th child was born whom we named Betty Lucille Blackburn (named after a neighbor girl who came over to play with Jean). My sister Lucy Stout came to stay with me; her home was in Vancouver, Washington at the time. When Betty was a few weeks old, Fred and Ann Brown came to see us. They were old friends and lived in Willows, California. He offered Al a job at the Lucerne Creamery if we could get to California. Al liked Klickitat because the fishing was good and he had been promoted at the lumber mill but I thought this was a good chance to get away and do something else. We had only been to church six times in three years because we had to borrow a car to go to The Dalles, Oregon across the Columbia River. We sold our belongings, took nothing except our clothing and one trunk, and took a train to Willows, California. We arrived at night with no place to stay and very little money with four small children. Veva Mae couldn't walk, not being a year old and we also had our tiny baby Betty. We found the Brown's and stayed with them a few days until we had a payday and found a house. We only lived in Willows a year. Al's sister Elda Blackburn stayed with us that summer in Willows and in October, Al made arrangements for us to go to Ogden on the train. Our 5th child, Anita Gay Blackburn was born

in Ogden at Grandmother Blackburn's on November 1, 1931. My father Robert Eames blessed her and gave her a name. At this time, he was just recovering from a bad fall he had taken through the hayloft onto the barn floor breaking both of his feet. He had to walk with a cane and it hurt me to see my father crippled. We were in Ogden two months before we returned to California. I stayed at Grandmother Blackburn's most of the time because she had more room for all the children. Sometimes we stayed at mother's in Harrisville but it was right after my brother Robert Eames had died with a tumor on the back of his brain and his wife Bessey Eames and family lived in part of the house. While we were in Ogden, Al transferred to Hanford, California to Swifts & Company Creamery so he packed our belongings and moved us into a comfortable house just a few blocks away from his work on Park Avenue. When we returned to California, we were in a new home and town. Bertha Blackburn and her oldest son, Fife Blackburn helped me home on the train with all the children, which I felt I couldn't have managed alone. We were happy to be home. There was a wonderful surprise waiting for me – our first washing machine. That summer Anita Gay got pneumonia. The doctor wanted to hospitalize her but we wouldn't consent so we had the Elders administer to her and she became well again. This gave us the opportunity to get acquainted with a few members of the church and become active again. There were only four or five families that belonged to the church in Hanford and we held Sunday School in an upstairs lodge building. In September 1932, Jean started Kindergarten. The next fall, Bud started Kindergarten and our family was growing up. He was a good marble player and always came home with his pockets bulging with marbles and the knees of the pants worn out. We moved to a cement house on Ivy Street in

Hanford, across the street from the school and became active in the church but we had to depend on someone to take us because we did not have a car. Primary was held at Martha Campbell's home and some times we had 12 children there. In April of 1934, Grandmother Blackburn came to see us. This time we had a baby boy who was born on April 30, 1934. We named him Edward Carl Blackburn after an Elder that we had thought so much of. The missionaries came to live with us. We let them have our front bedroom and they ate their meals with us. At this time, Al was making \$19 a week at Swift and Company but we can say that we never wanted while the missionaries lived in our home. When Eddie was 10 months old, he walked and could handle himself well at a year. We had a large lawn in front of our home and a gold fishpond lay in the middle of the lawn. The children would come home for lunch and stay until the bell rang and run across the street to school. On May 15, 1935 after I heard the school bell ring, I went out to look for the baby because he was out with the children. I looked quickly around the house calling him, then ran to the front and I screamed for I saw him face down in the fishpond. I pulled him out (this was the hardest thing I have ever done and to this day, have never gotten over it). A neighbor took us to the hospital; they did all they could. Al was at work and came to the hospital. Nothing more could be done. This horrible nightmare – can't we shake it? Won't we wake up and find out lives happy again? Somehow the neighbors took over. My dear husband helped comfort me even though he was in shock too. Plans and permissions were made to take our baby to Ogden for burial after a funeral in Hanford. We took his little casket in the back of a friend's car, one seat coupe and the four of us rode to Ogden. Another funeral was held and we buried Eddie in Ogden Cemetery. Our friends in Hanford

watched our children while we were in Ogden. Soon after we returned, we moved because of the memories of that place, although we did fill in the fishpond with dirt. We rented a house on Ivy Street and a year later, Grandma Blackburn came to our house to welcome Marilyn Joyce Blackburn on June 13, 1936. We were happy again to have a baby in our house. During this year, Al was set apart as Branch President over Hanford and Visalia and every Sunday, we traveled to Visalia so we got our first car. When Marilyn was a year old, we traveled to Harrisville, Utah. Father was very sick and when we arrived, he had passed away. All the family was home for the funeral. It was hard to leave mother to return to Hanford but arrangements were made that Aunt Julia Eames would stay with mother so she wouldn't be alone. To me my mother was always the most lovable, perfect person who had ever lived. I have always wanted to pattern my life after her but my faults are numerous and I can't think of one she had. I felt envious of some of my sisters that had her near them during their married lives, as I never did. After returning to Hanford, we moved to Dorsett's. They lived in a large house on a farm, which was plenty big to accommodate two families where we shared expenses. We lived there one year and Robert Eames Blackburn was born on January 30, 1938; he was named after my father. He was a lovable baby. The next summer we moved back into town, lived there a year and then moved to the ranch. We had five cows and two horses, and a few pigs and chickens. This was a new experience for us but something we wanted to do. Al worked at Safeway, a grocery store and milked cows early and late. We all worked. We went on one trip a year to the St. George Temple with several couples. When it came time to go, we'd sell a calf so we'd have money for the trip. We lived on the ranch for three years and Thomas Henry

Blackburn was born on April 19, 1940, being named after Al's father. When Thomas was a year old, we moved to Porterville and bought a 40-acre ranch on December 1, 1941. This ranch only had a well on it so we lived in town while a home was built. The children attended Bellevue School. On December 15, 1941, we had another boy at the Porterville Hospital whom we named Douglas James Blackburn. I was very sick and hemorrhaged and it took a long time to get my strength back. Golda Wrey a friend from Hanford stayed with me after I got home until I was strong enough to take over my responsibilities. In January of 1942, Grandmother Blackburn died and Al went to Ogden for a week. A milk barn was erected and we moved into the barn. We had upper and lower bunks for beds and it worked out nicely. We had a tent for our kitchen. Jean caught a bus into town to attend high school. My other children walked to school. We planted cotton and all the family was required to chop cotton. The baby took sick. Al made arrangements to rent a cabin in Woodville so I could have clinic privileges. Al and the other children got sick, all had diarrhea. We were in the camp for three weeks. The children would get better and then sick again. We were having a bad time and I was about worn out. Sister Viola Frazier asked us to live with her in her home and the children soon recovered except the baby got worse. Douglas was six months old when he went into convulsions. He died at the hospital right after we arrived and he was buried in Porterville. Our life on the farm was very rugged for the next few years. We finally got a three-room house with a bath. Bud slept in the barn. We added three more rooms and a porch. While this part of the house was being built, the river flooded over our property and washed away our building materials and chickens. Al got the family out of the house first and into the car so we could go to the Fraziers. When we left, the

water was filling up our house. It was hard to leave my husband and two older children. While we were at the Frazier's, the children took diarrhea again. There was no way to get in touch with Al. After four days, Bud walked eight miles to see us. The next day we went home and the water was out of the house, Al had cleaned it for us but the second flood came a week later and in the middle of the night, we had to leave again. Our loss was tremendous, all the topsoil was gone and our next year's cotton crop failed. Our 11th child William Keith Blackburn was born on May 26, 1943; we named him after William Wells Meguire my great grandfather. Mother's letters were a comfort. During the summer, Al and the older children bailed hay. We always had plenty to eat and it took quite a bit to keep a large family. We were all active in the branch in Porterville. In 1946, Jean was called on a mission to serve in the California Mission; she worked as a secretary in the mission home in San Francisco for several months, then in Lone and Hanford for a total of 18 months. After her mission, she went to Salt Lake City to work to attend beauty school. Our 12th child Linda Carol Blackburn was born on July 19, 1947 at the Tulare Hospital. We had six boys and six girls. Veva Mae Blackburn married Curtis Reeves in the Salt Lake Temple on August 26, 1947. We sold our ranch and moved to Delta, Utah in September of 1947. Work wasn't steady for Al in the hay mill so he left the family in Delta and returned to Porterville as a labor contractor; he made good money. The family stayed in Delta one year and then moved back to Porterville. Mother flew in a plane to see me while we lived in Delta. Jean's boyfriend in Salt Lake was a pilot and he brought her to Delta and in three days came back for her. She enjoyed the trip very much and we enjoyed having her stay with us. We bought a house with two acres of land in Westfield, California. We had a cow,

sheep, chickens, turkeys and rabbits. Al worked as a labor contractor in the potatoes during the fall and winter months and hauled hay during the summer. If there was slack time, he worked on genealogy. Genealogy and temple work were our favorites. Our eldest son Bud Blackburn married Dolly Ann Thornton on April 19, 1949 in the St. George Temple. Betty Blackburn married Autis Kanady of Woodville. He was not a member of the church and they were married in Visalia on July 20, 1949. Jean Blackburn met Reed Durtschi from Driggs, Idaho and they married on November 22, 1950 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Al gave up his contractor's license because he was underbid so he went to Ogden to work for a frozen food plan called Rich Plan for a year. Being away from home didn't work out too well. We were going to move back to Ogden but with the Lord's help stayed in Porterville, California. Al worked at Riley's Appliances and Montgomery Ward, and then he worked as a liveryman for City Cleaners. After two years, he became manager and has worked there every since. In 1955, Anita Blackburn received a call to the North Western States Mission and served for 18 months. Marilyn Blackburn married Leonard Higham in the St. George Temple on April 2, 1955 and on this same day, Betty and Autis Kanady were sealed in the temple and had their girls sealed to them. In November 1955, we moved to Success Valley and raised chickens for a feed company. Al still kept the cleaners and we all helped on the chicken ranch. The chicken project didn't turn out very successful so we put in turkeys. Robert Blackburn graduated from Porterville High School in 1956 and left for the Air Force. We lived in Success three years and in January of 1958, we moved to East Date Street in Porterville. Tom Blackburn was called on a mission to South Africa. He danced with joy to receive this mission call and left in May of 1960 for the mission home

in Utah. Bob came home from the Air Force in January of 1961; he received a mission call to East Central States. With the heavy expense of two sons on missions, I went to work for my husband at the cleaners. Before Tom got home from his mission in South Africa, Bill Blackburn was called to serve in Argentina.

1. Dr. Reed and Jean Durtschi live in Logan, Utah and they have six children. Reed teaches at the academy in Logan.

Ronald Reed Durtschi
Cindy Durtschi
Vanette Durtschi
Dawnita Durtschi
LuRene Durtschi
Tamra Durtschi

2. Alva Dee "Bud" and Dolly Blackburn live in Visalia, California and the have three daughters. Bud is a field man for Porterville Poultry Producers.

Debra Dee Blackburn
Pamela Jean Blackburn
Karen Ann Blackburn

3. Veva and her husband Curtis Reeves live in San Diego. He is a Navy man (16 years). They have seven children:

Nancy Lynn Reeves
Joan Orlene Reeves
Marilyn Gay Reeves
Kevin Howard Reeves
Valorie Mae Reeves
Paula Lucille Reeves
Kurt Douglas Reeves

4. Betty and her husband Autis Kanady live In Oildale (North Bakersfield), California and have three children. Autis is a salesman.

Judith Irene Kanady
Marjorie May Kanady
Edward Cleveland Kanady

5. Anita worked in Salt Lake City as a telephone operator, married Fred I. Robbins in the SL Temple on February 13, 1962. He is a dairy inspector for San Francisco. They now live in Eden, Utah.
6. Marilyn and her husband Bud (Leonard) Higham live in Bakersfield and have four children. Bud works for Ford Motors as a salesman.

Leonard Alan Higham
Dale Bryan Higham
Elizabeth Ann Higham
John Scott Higham

7. Robert Blackburn returned from his mission in October 1962 from poor health and because of an ulcer. Janice and Dianna Sanson from W. Virginia were visiting their uncle in Riverside and came to see Bob. He had baptized them on his mission. Bob and Janice married on November 6, 1962 and live on a turkey ranch west of Porterville.
8. Tom Blackburn courted Dianna, and then went into the Army in January of 1963. They married in the Los Angeles Temple on June 15, 1963. Tom served in Berlin, Germany.
9. Bill Blackburn served a mission in Argentina and has no trouble with Spanish. His finance is Jacqueline Hunting.
10. Linda Blackburn is a junior in high school and loves horseback riding.

I am very grateful for my wonderful husband and for our family. We have a very happy life and the Lord blessed us exceedingly.