

RUTH JARDINE NORTON
1900-1996

I was born on 21 Jan. 1900, on a cold Sunday morning in a big 6 room farm home. The last of 13 children of Richard Franklin Jardine and Luna Caroline Ellsworth Jardine, in the small community of Lewisville, Idaho.

My father's parents were James Jardine and Isabella White Jardine. They were both born and raised and married in Scotland. They were converted to the L. D. S. Church and wanted to join the Saints in Utah. They left Scotland in the year 1855. It took them 5 weeks to cross the ocean. They stopped in Pennsylvania and worked the mines long enough to earn enough money to take them to Utah. My father was only 8 years old, but he led the donkey in the mine to help earn the money. They traveled in the Edwin Stephenson Co. Of pioneers in 1859. They settled in Wellsville, Utah. Later they moved to West Weber, Utah, and became successful farmers there.

My mother's parents were Edmund Lovell Ellsworth and Elizabeth Young Ellsworth, the oldest daughter of Brigham Young and Miriam Works, his first wife.

I was blessed the 29 January 1900 by my father. My mother had very poor health, when I was born and they had to sent to Rexburg for a doctor, He was the first doctor they had ever had in the house. My bed was in the rocking chair. On the 29th day of January, someone looked at me and I was so black that they thought I was dying. Father picked me up and said "What shall we name her? She can't die without a name." My sister, Belle, said "Ruth." I got my name in a hurry.

My folks said that I began to whistle before I was one year old and whistled so loudly in church that one of the Bishopric got up and asked for whoever was whistling to please stop. My sister, Belle, said that she and her friends would coax me to do it.

My first memories are of my sister, Mary, and I pulling our dolls in shoe boxes over to Grandma's the summer after I was 2 years old. Grandma, Elizabeth Young Ellsworth, died in February after I was 3 years old. I also remember Grandma and Aunt Vilate, her sister, sitting side by side in our living room and Mama telling Mary and me to pull up our dresses and show them our new underwear, which was black. Mary and I always had a playhouse somewhere and more things to play with than any other of the children. We had a little table and chairs. Father made us cupboards to put our cute little dishes in, and when I was 4 years old, Papa bought us a big wicker doll buggy with a purple satin parasol. How all the nieces and friends loved to come play with our things. But we always saw to it that they were well taken care of.

We had a nice big farm home with 3 big rooms downstairs and 3 nice bedrooms upstairs, which was always kept so clean. The house was a T-Shape with a porch on the front (North) and one on the east with stairs leading down to a nice cement cellar, where Mama kept the milk and butter in the summer and the canned fruit and vegetables in the winter. A big pantry on the south west corner was sometimes used as a bath room when we bathed. A screened-in porch on the west led out to a buggy shed, Papa's work shop, the barns and corrals. There was a good sized canal between the yards and the front fence where the horses and cows drank during the warm weather. In the winter, the canal would freeze over and they drank from a long water trough at the well. The well water was drawn up in wooden buckets on a rope with a pulley. In later years, it was replaced with a pump, which was worked by hand. There was a little irrigation ditch between the house and the well which watered the big orchard. There were 3 kinds of

raspberries, different kinds of apples, pear trees, plums, red and black currants, gooseberries, pie plant, horseradish, and I am sure I have forgotten some.

I remember when automobiles were first seen on the country roads. The horses would get so frightened and would start to rear or run. When we would see one coming in the distance, if Mother was driving, she would pull over to the side so she could tie the horse to a fence pole and wait until the car passed and was almost gone from sight before we would get back in the buggy and be back on our way. I think the cars would be going about 15 miles per hour.

I started to school the summer after I was 6. Lella Marler was my teacher. I stopped, though, to go with Mama to Provo to the Young reunion. That was my first train ride. While we were there, Papa sent word that he had taken my sister, Ellen, to Ogden for an appendectomy, so Mama and I went right to Ogden and stayed with Aunt Fanny, Mama's half-sister. While there, I had my first auto ride. Dr. Rich took us to the hospital to see Ellen. We also went to West Weber to see my grandmother Jardine for the first time. She talked so brokenly that I couldn't understand her. She told me that I was a baby because I sat on my mother's lap and that my cousin, Florence, never did that. They had to tell me what she had said, but after that I never thought I liked her very well. She died the following September. Papa took Mary with him to the funeral.

We were always taught to work. Mary and I each had our own chores to do, carrying wood into the wood box, everyone burned wood in those days—scouring the silverware, cleaning the lamp chimneys. We did not have electricity until we moved from the farm in 1917. We each had our pans and small mop rags, and small scrub brushes. Mary took ½ of the floor, and I took the other half to clean the big kitchen floor. We did love to wash Mama's pretty dishes. She had so many and we knew who gave her everyone.

As I grew older, I had to help in the field, thinning beets, hoeing beets and potatoes, picking up potatoes when harvested, tramping the hay on the wagon after the men pitched it up there, driving the derrick horse, riding the cultivator horse, which I surely hated to do, picking raspberries, currants, and gooseberries. I was glad to leave the farm. In 1917, Father sold the farm to my brother, Will. He bought a town site from my brother-in-law, Jim Wilson, and had a nice bungalow type home built there by the railroad track, where the folks enjoyed living until their deaths.

My first grade teacher was Jennie Waldrom. Second grade was Mary Robb. Third grade was Miss Simpson and Miss Roberts. 4th grade was Charlotte Campbell, 5th was Troposia Pratt, 6th and 7th grades were George Chadburn. And 8th grade was Harrison Hurst. In High School, a very small one, Brother Moench was Principal, M. Stuart, Mary Criner and others that I don't recall. The second year, Brother Moench was Principal, Mr. Izutt, whom we girls all had a crush on, Irene Lowe, Barbara Hirschi, and others I don't recall.

In my first year of high school, I took the main lead in the school play "The Matrimonial Exchange." The next year I played the leading lady in the Lewisville Home Dramatic in 2 plays, "A Prairie Rose" and the other one I don't recall. Irene Lowe and Barbara Hirschi, the high school teachers, also took part in them.

The 3rd year in High School was a bad one for me. My 2 best friends, Lulu Kinghorn (my Niece), and Elsie Green were not there. Lulu quit school and Elsie had to go to Rigby to school. I really felt lost without them. Gladys and Evelyn Kinghorn, Evelyn Girard, and Violet Marler were other friends. The next year I quit school to get married.

We never had a picture show house in Lewisville, but we always had a dance hall and I

learned very young to dance and always loved to. For 2 weeks during the holidays there would be a dance every night, if not in Lewisville, it would be in one of the neighboring wards. We would go. We also had some good plays, the Home Dramatic plays and also some good traveling shows.

During the winter we had skating parties and sleigh rides. During the summer we had trips to the mountains and outings to Heise Hot Springs, all M.I.A. sponsored. We had really good times. These trips were all with horses and buggies.

I started teaching Primary at the ripe old age of 13. Then a Sunday School, then YLMIA, Secretary at 16. As a child, I always attended Sunday School, Primary, & Religion Class.

The winter of 1916-1917, my sister Mary attended business college in Idaho Falls and she started going to the public dances, so I would go down and go with her. She knew Frank Norton from college and she met Charles Norton at a dance and she introduced us. Introduced Lula to Frank, and the four of us, Lula and Frank, Charl and I, began running around together and really had some good times. We became engaged and the 4 of us went to Salt Lake to be married in the Salt Lake Temple on 15 Nov. 1917. We stayed at Charles's sister's place-Rain and Maurice Woffinden's and also 2 nights at the Wilson Hotel.

My parents gave us a nice big reception and we received so many nice gifts, many of which I still have. All of the relatives and friends and most of the ward members were invited.

We stayed at Norton's while trying to find a place to live. Then my brother, Lester and his wife, Rhoda, said that we could have 2 rooms in their house in Idaho Falls. So we bought furniture and moved in with them on First Street. We lived there until it was time for the spring work to begin so then we moved back to Norton's in one large room, so Charl could be there to start the spring work on the farm. (Lomax Street was probably the place they lived.)

Our oldest son, Charles Keith, was born there on 3 Oct. 1918, with Dr. Cline attending. When Keith was 3 years old, his father was called into the service of Uncle Sam in World War I. He was in the hospital with the flu most of the time while he was away. There was a terrible flu epidemic and many lost their lives. The Armistice was signed on 11 Nov. 1918 and Charles was home before Christmas. Keith and I had stayed with my folks. Keith was a cute baby and he started to wink one eye, when he was only 8 months old.

The next spring we had a home built 1/4 mile north of the Norton Home. (The Bonneville High School was built on the corner many years later. This is the Lincoln, Idaho area. My brother-in-law, Jim Wilson, built it and we lived there until we came to California in September of 1940.

The next fall, 24 Oct. 1919 Lincoln, Idaho, Richard Wayne was born. Dr. Hollister attended. Grandma Norton and Aunt May were there. Then my sister, Mary, came and stayed with me for 4 weeks. He was so cute and such a good baby.

Keith was 6 and Dick was 5 years old, when on a Sunday morning, 19 Oct. 1924, our little girl, Joyce Jardine was born in the LDS Hospital in Idaho Falls, Idaho with Dr. West attending. How very happy we were to have a little girl added to our family. When she was 3 months old she had plural pneumonia. She was so bad for 3 weeks that Dr. West said he had never seen such a sick baby recover. But he would not take the credit for it because he said it was through faith and prayers and good nursing. Grandma Jardine had come and stayed 3 weeks. We were at Grandma Norton's in Idaho Falls.

Grandpa Leander D. Norton died 5 Jan. 1924

Grandma Martha E. Cooper Norton died 9 Dec. 1930

Grandpa Richard Franklin Jardine died 30 Jan. 1927

Grandma Luna Caroline Ellsworth Jardine died 27 Feb. 1929

In the fall of 1931, Charl was chasing a pig when he fell, his hand stroking a rusty nail. He was rushed to the doctor to be treated, but blood poisoning had already set in. He was in the hospital for 2 weeks, then home for a while and then in the Veteran's hospital in Boise for 3 months. The boys, Keith and Dick, then 13 & 12, did all the chores and took care of things all the time he was gone.

In the fall of 1936, to supplement our small income from the farm, C. L. Was working at the Sugar Factory in Lincoln, when he fell 20 feet on to the cement floor. He was rushed to the hospital with a broken pelvis bone and many bruises. He was still in the hospital when our little curly headed baby, Renee "J" was born on 5 Dec. 1936 at Idaho Falls LDS Hospital. Mary and Lyman were with me and took me to the hospital.

When Renee was 2 years old, she had a growth come under her arm. It suddenly got worse and Dr. West said it must be operated on. Thinking it might be malignant, he sent it to Boise for a biopsy, but we were very thankful never to hear anymore about it.

The fall Dick was 9 years old, he was operated for ruptured appendicitis. He was very bad and Dr. West didn't give much hope for him for 6 days. But then he improved and left the hospital on the 12th day. I had been with him all the time that he was there. We went over to my sister, Belle's, and stayed for a few days before going home. In 2 years, Keith, then 12 was operated on for appendicitis. He got along fine and left the hospital on the 10th day, then going to Rhoda and Lester's for a few days.

The summer before Joyce started to school, we took Keith, Dick, and Joyce to the hospital, where Dr. West removed their tonsils. We had tried twice before, but were unable because Joyce had pneumonia. The 3 had always had bad tonsils. My sister, Ellen, came down and stayed with me for a few days to help care for them.

I worked in different organizations in Lincoln, but mostly in the Primary Presidency and Secretary, but I always taught a class, too. In 1933, I was chosen Pres. Of the YLMIA and acted in this capacity to the best of my ability. I resigned 1 ½ years later to go back into the Primary with my very best friend, Hilda Wallace. She was Pres. For years

We surely had some good times. One group that we danced with, going to Riverside Gardens (North of Rigby, Idaho) mostly, were Ora and Elick Warnock, Sadie and Jack Madison, and Hattie and Charlie Wilson. After dancing, we would always go to one of our homes to eat. We met another group of people from one of the other nearby wards there. Another group in Lincoln had card parties and sometimes played all night—Hilda and Streeter Wallace, Laree and Reed Blake, Reed's brother and his wife and others. Then there was a Primary group we had many good times with. Our dancing came to an end when Charlie Wilson died and our baby girl, Renee, was born.

We all did everything we could in the ward when called upon. C. L. Was in the Presidency of the Young Men, while I was in the Young Ladies. The boys always took part in the ward and school and even became Eagle Scouts. Keith went to High School in Ammon for 3 years, then to Idaho Falls, where he graduated. Dick graduated from Ammon High. Joyce went there 2 years, then we came to Inglewood, where she graduated. Keith came to California in 1938, to work, and also continue college. He had gone to Idaho State College at Moscow, also

Ricks College in Rexburg, then in California. He stayed with Bish and Greta, C. L.'s sister and brother-in-law. He secured a job with Coca Cola Co., delivering. He made 4 dollars a day and that seemed like a mint to us, when a man with a team was getting only 2 dollars per day at home.

In the latter part of March of 1938, Joyce, Renee, and I took a trip with May and Hank, C.L.'s sister, and her husband, and Bob, Hank's son. In San Francisco, we stayed with Hank's cousin, Bess. There we went to the World's Fair, the Japanese Tea Gardens, the Wharf, and so many places. It was wonderful. We left there for Inglewood to see Greta, C. L.'s sister. Then the girls and I stopped to see my sister, Belle, for a few days, and on the Greta's where we enjoyed the sights there. It was really a great trip for us. May and Hank were so good to us in every way.

In December of 1939 C. L., Dick, Mary, My sister, Joyce, Renee, and I started for California on a trip, but had an accident outside Brigham City, Utah. The car rolled over twice so a bystander told us, but I was the only one hurt and was taken to the nearest hospital where they found I had a crushed collar bone. Needless to say we did not finish our trip, and just returned home.

Dick did go to California in the spring of 1940. He had gone to the State College at Pocatello for one semester. He and Keith rented a room and were living together. He secured a job at a service station. They attended church in Inglewood and liked the ward very well.

The boys being in California, C. L. And I decided to go there and spend the winter with them. So in 1940, C. L. Couldn't leave until all the crops were harvested, but Joyce wanted to be there when school started, so Keith came to help drive our loaded Chevy to California. We drove straight through all night. In the morning we were in Ontario, California, and stopped there to fill up on orange juice—all we could drink for ten cents each. Needless to say they did not make any money on us.

We arrived at Aunt Greta's about 10:00 a.m. on Sunday. The boys got right out to look for a house to rent, and found one in Inglewood at 214 Lime Street, just south of the high school where Joyce went and graduated in 1942. C. L. Arrived on the 15th of Nov. Bish, Greta's husband, gave him a job in Burbank, guarding a construction plant for Buttruss and McClellan. Later on, he worked for the church in a butcher shop in Inglewood. Then sometime later, he secured a job at North American Aviation, where he worked until he retired in 1957. Joyce also worked there.

World War II was in full force and Keith was inducted into the service of Uncle Sam, 8 August 1941. He was in several training camps, and having the desire to become an officer, he went to Officer's Training Camp at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he graduated a 2nd Lt. He had been going with Betty Iverson of the Mar Vista Ward. She met Keith in Georgia, and they were married 2 Sep. 1942 at Phoenix City, Alabama. He was in several camps, then shipped to Emmkellin, Ireland, then to Utah Beach, France, from there to Paris, Belgium, then to Germany, Colon Plaine. While there he got some metal in his eye and the day they were going into the big battle, his eye was so bad he couldn't go. He did take part though, in some of the biggest battles of the war. I felt as though that had saved his life—not going that day. He had gained the title of Captain when he was released to come home, the 16 October 1945. They bought a home in the MarVista Ward. While living there, they had a baby girl, Sherry, born to them the 18 Oct. 1946. He secured a job with the Coca Cola Company, and they sent him to Germany to live. There they had another little girl, Sandra, born 1 March 1949. They came home on a visit, and Betty

told us she was applying for a divorce. What a shock. I couldn't believe it. Keith stayed with us and the little girls were there most of the time. We were so very happy when on 20 Aug. 1959, Keith and Virginia Lambert Hasson were married in the Los Angeles Temple.

Dick and Elaine Zimmerman had been courting for 2 years, and knowing that Dick was going into the service of Uncle Sam, they wanted to be married before he left, so they went to a little church in Los Angeles and had a civil marriage. Only they, C. L., Joyce, Renee, and I were there. They took a little honeymoon trip to northern California 24 July 1942. He returned to work, then was drafted into the service in August of 1942, and inducted into the Army Air Corp. He was trained as an airplane mechanic. He was in several training camps. Elaine always went wherever Dick was sent. She would get an apartment and always find work. She was a commercial artist. Dick was shipped overseas in June of 1943, to the European Theatre of Combat of the 8th Air Force, operating in England. England was being bombed all the time, so it was a very scary place to be. He was there 2 years and 4 months. He returned home the 14 October, and released the 15th in 1945.

Keith and Dick met in Ireland for a visit. Dick and Elaine lived in a little apartment until they had a little home built on 109th Street, Los Angeles. A little later, they had a larger home built there. They had 3 children born to them there: Richard Bryan born 21 Jan. 1947, Robin Lynnette born 17 May 1950, and Janice Elaine born 2 May 1955. In 1956, they had a new home built at 35 Alto Drive, Oak View, California, and have lived there ever since.

In Inglewood, we surely had good neighbors, Fern Iliff on the left side. They had 2 little boys, Loyal and Joey. Renee played with Joey. They moved. Then the Moores moved in and they were so good and so good to Renee right up until she was married. Florence Laurian on the right side, her daughter, Shirley, came at Christmas time to live with them. She had been going to school in San Diego. She and Joyce became very good friends. They had 2 other friends, Elaine Pierce and Dorothy Barum, who both lived in the neighborhood. The 4 mothers also became good friends and had many good times together. Mrs. Barum had a car and she knew her way around, so we were always going somewhere—to Hollywood, Beverly Hills to see movie stars homes, to Knott's Berry Farm, etc. The girls had good times, too. They attended dances at the U. S. O. And had many boy friends. Joyce went with Mitch Wallace mostly until she met Virgil Johnson from Nebraska at a dance. Elaine Pierce was the first one of them to be married, then Joyce, then Shirley, then Dorothy.

We had a nice wedding and reception for Joyce and Virgil at the lovely home of Aunt Greta on the 12 January 1945. They lived in our little garage apartment. Ruth Ann and Neal were both born while they lived there. Ruth Ann the 2nd of January 1946, and Neal 19th of February 1947. They then moved to Redondo, where Lynn Renee was born 22 May 1952, and Shelly Dawn was born 1st April 1960.

Renee took dancing lessons at the Maglin Studio and was good. She and Janie Dye danced together to the tune of "Me and My Shadow." We took them to dance in so many places, to Hollywood, and as far away as Garvey. Mrs. Turner, our neighbor and good friend, did all the piano playing for the studio. Renee also took piano lessons from Fern Crowley across the street, also another teacher for years and played at several recitals.

During the war, I worked at Smoot Holmans for 10 months, U. B. Packing Company for 4 months, until Joyce was married.

Soon after coming to Inglewood, Sister VanCina, President of the Primary, asked me to be a teacher, then she chose me as a counselor to her in Junior Sunday School. In Relief Society

I held several positions.

We bought the little place, where we lived and in 1954 we had a new home built on the back of the lot, and we moved into it in July. We enjoyed the newness, also having more room, which we really needed.

Renee graduated from high school and was working at North American, where she met Brian Lauffer. They courted for some time, then were married the 28 April 1956 at the Little House Around the corner in Inglewood. They had a double ring ceremony performed by Bishop Peel and had a big reception there. They lived with Mrs. Lauffer until they found an apartment on Plymouth Avenue. They lived there until just before Lori was born 20 Sep. 1957. Then they moved into our little house. It was so good to have them there for us to enjoy the babe. When was 2 1/2, they bought a home in Torrance, where they have since resided, and had 2 more little girls added to their family—Christie Lynn born 6 March 1964, and Lisa Karen born 25 October 1965.

We had gone to Idaho and Utah for a visit every year since coming to California. We had good fishing trips with Mary and Lyman and May and Hank, and some times both of them.

In January of 1950, C. L. Had a heart attack and was ill for some time, but went back to work as soon as he was able. On the 7 April 1962, on her birthday, Lulu Norton, my life-long playmate, niece, and friend, passed away in Salt Lake, Utah, where they had been living for a few years.

In the early morning of 15 June 1962, C. L. had another heart attack. I was unable to get Keith, but got the girls and they came right in. We got the doctor on the phone and he said to take him to the hospital. So we did. They did everything they could for him all day. About 9:00 p.m. he seemed better, and they told us we must leave the room. So we went home. Renee stayed with me. At 11:00 p.m. Keith and Virginia came and said his father had passed away. It was a shock to all of us. Dick and Elaine and their family came right down from Ojai, where they had lived for some time. Grace brought Ellen, Mary and Lyman from Idaho. He was buried the 19 June in the Inglewood Cemetery. Mary stayed with me for 3 weeks. Grace took the others back as Ellen was so very miserable. She got steadily worse.

Bell and I went to Idaho the first part of August 1950. The doctor said Ellen might live 6 months, so Belle and I came home thinking we would go back up when?? But Ellen had a heart attack and passed away in a week the 5 September. Belle and I never went back up to Idaho.

As time went by, I was in the hospital several times and once for 2 months with my nerves. I had had severe a severe attack with my gall bladder, so Dr. Richards said he just as well remove it while I was there, and he did.

24 July 1969, I left with a group on a Church History tour and points east. We saw the Mt. Rushmore, the Passion Play in South Dakota, even had a 6 hour steam boat ride across Lake Michigan and into Canada. We saw Niagra Falls on both sides, the Church Pageant at Palmyra, the Joseph Smith home, and so many of the homes of the early men of the church. We went to Adam Ondi Ahman, and had a meeting there. We had a testimony meeting in the Sacred Grove, and a 3 hour ride on a steamboat on the Hudson River, the Carthage Jail. I just couldn't begin to name all we saw. We returned home the 14th of August—a 3 week trip. The trip was the high-light of my life. I had wanted to see New York City all of my life.

In the summer of 1972, Keith and Virginia sold their home in Inglewood to move to Valencia, California. I felt as though I couldn't go on in Inglewood without them, so I put my place up for sale, but had no luck in selling it, so I decided to rent it. Renee took me around

some in Torrence, looking for a place to rent and we found one not far from her place, 3938 West 178th Street. Mrs. Lauffer wanted us to live together to lighten expenses, so she moved in first, then I moved in the 2 Nov. 1972.

I have loved the ward and friends I have made and have had good neighbors. My dearest friend, Ione Winn, lived across the street on the corner. She passed away 1 Feb. 1980, Elsie Davis moved to Whittier, California, the Braithwaites were so kind and good, taking me to the Temple and other places. He died 4 Jan. 1980. Grace Melquist was such a good friend—then they moved to Utah. Other friends, Katie Simmons, Janel Feer, Martha Conley, the very best neighbor-Carmen Mickles, then she moved to Arizona.

In my younger days, I was 5 ft. 4 in. Tall, less now, brown eyes, brown hair before gray, 128 lbs. Now, size 14 dress and 6 ½ and 7 size shoes.

August 16, 1981 copied August 5, 1985

P. S. Mrs. Lauffer died 10 Aug. 1980 with heart attack.

On the 29 Nov. 1980, Vera Luna came to live with me. We got along fine and she stayed until 26 July 1985. To Long Beach for she and her grandson live together in an apartment. How I hated to see her go.

2 Lady Missionaries moved in with me the 27 Sep. Peters and Barrett. Barrett was released and Sister Long came and they are still with me. 2/10/86

THINGS I REMEMBER

Mary and I pulling our dolls in shoe boxes over to Grandma Ellsworth's often, I was probably around 2 years.

Mary and I pulling up our dresses to show Grandma Ellsworth and Aunt Vilate Decker our new black underwear.

Wearing long black hand knit stockings that Mama had knit.

Never more than 2 Christmas presents.

Our weekly Saturday night baths.

Straw ticks on our beds for a mattress.

Woven rag carpets on the floors.

The horse and buggy.

Only kerosene lamps for light.

All the homes heated with wood stoves and later coal.

A 2 cent postage stamp for letters. United States post cards were 1 penny.

25 cents for the 4th of July to celebrate.

Only home-made ice cream sold on the 4th of July.

All meetings were 2 hours long.

As many as 6 or 7 speakers at funerals.

One orange a year for Christmas.

2 new dresses to start school (one a week all year)

My first train ride, Mama & I went to Provo to the Young Reunion 1906.

My first car ride in Ogden. Dr. Rich took us to the hospital to see Ellen.

My first time seeing Grandma Jardine in West Weber (all 3 the same trip in Utah.)

Never any movies in Lewisville.

10 cent movies in Idaho Falls and at first in Inglewood.

A meal for 15 cents, hamburgers were 5 cents, so was soup or pie.

Nearly always a good 4th of July parade and also on 24 July.
Always a new white dress for the 4th of July.
Either a new red or brown dress for Christmas.

Later items remembered.

The fall of 1922 Mary and Lyman and us went to Pocatello for the men to find employment. Due to a strike in the Railroad Yards, there was work there. We found a house large enough for us to take 2 boarders. We did have to give this place up, we found a smaller apartment.

I took sick in March with my heart. Mother and Father both came down and Mother stayed until I was better enough to go to Idaho Falls to Dr. H. Ray Hatch. We stayed at my brother, Lester's, place, until we went up to mothers. Lyman and Charl worked in Pocatello until the spring work started on the farm, they went home. I was to mother home for 6 weeks, then I went home. May, my sister-in-law, helped me with my house work all summer.

During one of my sick spells in the late 60's. I was at Joyce's in her bed. I had been asleep and when I awakened, I was conscience of someone setting in the rocker to the back of the bed. I never moved at all, but Joyce came in the bedroom and I knew the person got up and vanished. I said to Joyce, "Who was sitting in the rocker?" She said "Noone." I said, "Yes, someone had been sitting there." Joyce said "Well, it was your guardian angel."

I never saw the face, but I saw her skirts, when she got up to leave. She was quite heavy-set and though her clothes were white, they didn't seem to be temple clothes, though. I wonder just who is was.

Ruth J. Norton

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE

An experience my parents had while living in West Weber, Utah.

Early one morning my father was outside doing the chores and harnessing the horses to go to Ogden. My mother was doing the morning housework, when there was a knock on the door. . Mother went to the door and there was a person there. She said according to the voice, it was a male, but the clothes he wore, one wouldn't know, male or female, and his skin looked like leather.

He asked if he may have some breakfast. Mother said surely, to come in and she would hurry and fix him some, as they had already eaten. He sat down in a chair near the hearth. He reached over and picked up a baked potato, left over from the night before, and started to eat it. Mother, said Oh no, that it was cold and that she would hurry and fix some breakfast. He said, "No, this is all I care for." Father came in then, and the man asked him, if he may ride to Ogden with him. Though there hadn't been one word said about going to Ogden. Father said of course, he may, so the 2 went out and climbed upon the wagon seat. They left for Ogden. Father said they talked all the way, as any 2 men would do. Just before getting into Ogden, Father said he went on talking and there was no answer. He looked around and the man was gone. He stopped the horses and looked all around, but the man had completely disappeared, No One In Sight. Who do you think it could have been?

(Aunt Ruth lived with Ranee for a while. Then in a Rest Home for a short time. She died 17th September 1996 in Torrance, Ca. Buried in Inglewood beside Uncle Charles.)

Typed into the computer 7 Nov. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf (niece to Aunt Ruth) Idaho Falls,
Idaho

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