

Voices From the Past

The Settling of Presto Idaho

By Agnes Reid

July 5th, 1970

Tape #13

Oral Interview conducted by Harold Forbush

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The interview which follows, 1st recorded on a reel to reel tape, is now placed on a c60 cassette through the facilities of the Upper Snake River Valley Historical Society. The technician, Harold Forbush, being done on this 3rd day of April, 1984.

HF – The oral history of the Upper Snake River Valley. It is my distinct privilege this afternoon, it being Sunday afternoon of the 5th of July, 1970 to be in the home of Agnes Just Reid. A lady who has distinguished herself in writing and has left for us to read letters of long ago, and I understand some poems that she has written have published, but one of the very early children of pioneers here at Presto. Presto, Idaho, one time the site of a post office. I'm going to ask you a few personal questions to start off; for example would you kindly state your first name and the date and place where you were born.

AR – My name is Agnes Just Reid. I was born September the 7th, 1886 in the place where I still live.

HF – And that is at Presto?

AR – Presto, we call it Presto, but hardly one knows where Presto is any more.

HF – So it's....

AR – On the Blackfoot River in Bingham County.

HF – And that would be which direction from say Blackfoot?

AR – Well it is up the Blackfoot River, East and North of Blackfoot town.

HF – About 15 miles more or less?

AR – 15 miles.

HF – Now who is your father, Mrs. Reid?

AR – My father was Nells A. Just.

HF – When was he born and where?

AR – He was born in 1847 in Denmark.

HF – What do you know about his background, his parents? Why did they come to America? Just briefly, can you narrate something about his background?

AR – Well his parents came to Utah as converts of the LDS church, but they left the LDS church and joined the Morrisites, after a brief time in Utah. I don't know how many years they were there before this happened, but in 1863 they came to Soda Springs, Idaho, and from then on they were mostly in Idaho, or some of them went back to Nebraska.

HF – Now on your mothers side, who is she, her full name, and a little about her background?

AR – My mothers name was Emma Thompson. Her father was named George Thompson. Her mother was named Francis Thompson. They came from England; they came across the plains in '54 and had the comforts of a team, a horse team. They didn't come as primitively as some people did, but they had a rough time crossing the plain.

HF - Were they Mormon converts also?

AR – Yes, they were also Mormon converts, but they left some time around the same period of history, they met in and joined these Morrisites that came to Soda Springs.

HF – By way of digression, would you comment about the background of the Moricite? It's kind of a break off of the Mormon Church?

AR – It was an organization that tried to start a church of their own. They had this Joseph Morris that they called a prophet. I don't even know how many members he collected, and I don't know whether the church is still in existence. I never was interested in it, never followed it at all.

HF – Was it an organization that more or less was initiated after they had moved to Salt Lake?

AR – Oh, I think it grew up right there in Salt Lake, that's where my idea is of it anyhow.

HF – I think in your book, letters of long ago, your mother was called upon to go back to Salt Lake, to testify at a trial?

AR – That's right.

HF – And this was an actuality wasn't it?

AR – Oh it was a very grim actuality, my mother was frightened to be called in court, it was the last thing on earth that she wanted to do.

HF – Was it this Morrisite movement that induced your people to come to Idaho?

AR – Well I suppose it was, but they were brought there with military escort, after a battle.

HF – What do you mean? What Battle?

AR – Well the Morrisites and Mormons had real battle in the Ogden vicinity. Just close to Ogden and many were killed and that is why my mother went back to testify against the people who were instrumental in the killing.

HF – Was this sort of a little settlement formed by the Morrisites?

AR – Well it seems to me that they just went there and made it, but I don't know if there were people there before or not. I'd always thought that the soldiers established the settlement first. Anyhow, my mother was one of the ones that discovered the good 90% soda water there.

HF – Is that right?

AR – Yes, she helped dig it out.

HF – Can you give us just a little background on that, a narrative on that?

AR – Well it seems like there's not much to tell, it seems like it perfectly natural that a bunch of young folk turn around and found something that was good to drink.

HF - Isn't that interesting, and did they more or less commercialize on it in the early days?

AR – No, it never came to be anything for years after that it just satisfied these young people.

HF – Military men were stationed there you say?

AR – Yes, a company of soldiers from Connors command came to Soda Springs vector. Of course the Indians were everywhere and they stayed there to protect them from the Indians.

HF – What induced your mother and father to come over here into the Upper Snake River Valley and settle here on Presto on the Blackfoot River?

AR – My father had freighted through this country before he met my mother and his oxen was the way he came onto Blackfoot and my dad recognized right away that it was a good place for a home. So, 100 years ago he came out here and spread out his bed.

HF-Under the stars?

AR-Under the stars. There was nothing but nothing.

HF – Did they come together, your mother and father?

AR – Yes, they had just been married. They gone to Malad to be married, and they came throughout the year because it was the 9th of November when they were married, and they had to get a shelter prepared for winter.

HF – After they had decided that this was the place, they of necessity had to go to Malad to file maybe, or was Blackfoot the place where they filed homesteading?

AR – Well, it was what they called the squatters right, they couldn't get any filing for some years after they came here as I remember.

HF – A hundred years is past since your folks came here and settled. Is your understanding that they were the first white settlers in the immediate area?

AR – No, there was a man already living on the place above. Three quarters of a mile above us.

HF – Now that would be?

AR – Bristle Borough.

HF – East?

AR – Yes, up the river; east.

HF – He was alone, or did he have family?

AR – He was bachelor, and he later helped my father build my fathers cabin.

HF – Now this is what they commenced doing once your mother and father arrived to construct a cabin?

AR – The first construction was a hole in the ground, a cellar, and a dig out. They didn't have time to do all that on top of the ground that first year.

HF – Did they put any land under cultivation that first year?

AR – Oh no, you see it was late when they were married, they barely got into winter quarters.

HF – So the following spring they commenced to?

AR – I doubt that they planted more than a garden, because there were many things to be done and the land supplied much that they wanted and all of its game everywhere. Chickens and fish in the river, the living was not too hard.

HF – Now how far were they from the Blackfoot river, quarter of a mile?

AR – Not even that far.

HF – They found an abundance of fish?

AR – Yes, there was always fish that he caught in season.

HF – Do you remember as a little girl going down and fishing?

AR – No, the fishing was pretty much gone by the time; see my people had been married 16 years before I was born. Pioneer years were sort of over when I came.

HF – From your book, you had five brothers? Five older brothers?

AR – That's right.

HF – And you are the youngest in the family, and there were girls that they didn't survive?

AR – The four girls died in infancy.

HF – There were no doctors?

AR – Yes, we always had a doctor available. Over at Fort Hall, it was Fort Hall then, but now it is known as Lincoln Creek. The soldiers were stationed there and there was always a doctor available 11 miles away.

HF – That would be right straight south from here?

AR – In a southerly direction alright.

HF – Around the contour of the mountain?

AR – Yes, follow around the mountain to Lincoln Creek, and that's where the fort was.

HF – Was this the site of, the present day site for the reservation?

AR – There is nothing there anymore but Indian farms. The Indians who lived there were moved to what is now Fort Hall on the railroad.

HF – That would be on further south than wouldn't it?

AR – Mostly West.

HF – Were those military men here for the purpose of protecting the settlers?

AR – I think that was the object, yes. Of course they were there for a number of years. The officers' lodge used to come visit my mother. That was one of the nice things that happened to her; she often had them as guests.

HF – Now I think in your book, it mentioned how she loved to dance and on one occasion she went to fort hall I believe for a dance and it lasted into the wee hours and your father didn't care much about it, but he cared for his wife, so he went and got her.

AR – That's right, that's the way it happened. He got uneasy about it, and then he took a little walk of 11 miles to bring her home.

HF – That would be quite an experience. As the years passed, other settlers did come in and you had neighbors?

AR – Oh yes, they were all good friends with the Stevens family down 20 miles down the river. Twenty miles is a long way to go, they didn't go very often.

HF – Now when you say down the river, you are talking about the Blackfoot River?

AR – Blackfoot River.

HF – Did they divert water from the Blackfoot River rather early to be used on the land?

AR – Yes, both the Stevens people and my people got water out of the Blackfoot River at the very early days.

HF – And the lands are low enough that the water can be diverted directly onto the land?

AR – Yes, that's right.

HF – And the Blackfoot River is a tributary of the Snake.

AR – That's right.

HF – I think in you book you mentioned something about an Idaho Canal?

AR – Yes I did, that was really the big thing of my father's life.

HF – What background can you give that you understand today as to how that came about? I understand that your father was one of the big promoters. What can you tell us about the excavation of that important canal?

AR – Well my father had his helpers, a surveyor named Joseph A. Park. He lived in Idaho Falls and was a father of our later governors. And then a man named Tauphaus, for whom Tauphaus Park is named, was the third one, and they raised the money in some

way I just don't know how. My dad and his sons did a lot of the actual work, but when it was done, we put water on 35,000 acres there.

HF – Where was the inversion point made?

AR – Well I think it's about ten miles farther up the river from Idaho Falls, but I'm not to sure of that.

HF – It was made out of the Snake River of course?

AR – Yes, it was taken out of the Snake River and brought clear down.

HF – Could it be Mrs. Reid that it had its beginning up in the Great Feeder or the dry beds up in Jefferson?

AR – No, it didn't go that far. No, that's not the Idaho Canal.

HF – Now about your childhood, did you find it possible to stay and go to high school, or did you have to go away to go to high school?

AR – I never went to high school, I went through the grades here and then went to Albion (SIC) the state normal. I just skipped high school.

HF – How interesting. Your mother was quite inclined for education wasn't she?

AR – Oh yes, mother loved education, but she never had the means for a whole year of school in her life.

HF – Because of this thing, she couldn't impart schooling to her children, and yet she did provide some type of some training to her children and she read and so on.

AR – Oh yes, she was a great reader and during her early life, she had seen a Shakespeare plays on the stage again and again. She is probably a better Shakespearean daughter then any college graduate you ever saw.

HF – Is that right. Now this was prior to the immigration?

AR – No, this all happened in Salt Lake and in Montana. She married a soldier at Soda Springs, and he was an educated man and so he took her. She got the best of everything that was to be had.

HF – There in Salt Lake of course, in the early days Brigham Young opened this Salt Lake Theatre?

AR – Salt Lake Theatre, and she never visited Mormons.

HF – I suppose the talent that was demonstrated there was truly remarkable?

AR – Oh yes, some of the very best people, the best they had on the stage came to Salt Lake in the early-early days.

HF – And she had fallen in love with this type of thing, but she had come from London?

AR – Yes, she was born in England. She left there when she was four years old. All of her education was American history.

HF – You mentioned that you went to Albion which is a state normal school where they trained teachers. I just read recently, read where Harold B. Lee of the council of the twelve got his education there. Did you know that?

AR – No, I never knew that before. Well it is interesting.

HF – I'm not sure what year that was of course, he was born around Clifton. Now this would be in the Malad Valley. No, in Preston, around Preston. And he attended Albion, but I'm not sure which years.

AR – I imagine he is younger than I, so I wouldn't have known him, though I was there several years.

HF – Now following your training there which was what two years maybe?

AR – I was there more than three years.

HF – Did you teach school following the graduation?

AR – I taught long enough to get a husband.

HF – Where was this?

AR – A little place back in the hills called Cedar Creek

HF – In this area?

AR – Yes, just right back up the river from here.

HF – Sister Reid, can you tell us what were the factors that sort of compelled you to write your book of letters of long ago?

AR – So many people urged me that it should be written while my mother was here, and I knew I should, but my children were little then, and mother wasn't very well, so we would take of session of writing it and then we would go a year or two and write it, and

we finally had it finished before she died. It was on the press, she never held it in her hand.

HF – You used this little vehicle of actual letter writing between herself and her father after he had returned to London. In actuality, I'm supposing and you let me know that she did have correspondence between your father.

AR – Oh yes, my grandfather went back to England. My grandmother was ill and unhappy in this country, and he started to take her back. Poor old woman, she never got to her home, she died at Liverpool. And then he stayed on there and married again, and after many years he came back to this country. The correspondence went on, but I recreated it, the letters hadn't been kept, and so I said the things that undoubtedly my mother did say, but it wasn't the actual letters.

HF – But with your mothers coaching and suggestions...

AR – She was here and read every letter that came from the typewriter and sanctioned that everything, verified everything as being the truth.

HF – I think in your letters you pointed that this covered the period of how many years of the correspondence between your mother and your father?

AR – It just seems to me that it was about twenty years, but I'm not sure.

HF – I think this is right. If I recall the letters started about 1871 and ended up after Idaho became a state, which was in '90. In the act of writing this book, did your mother seem to get a tremendous thrill in seeing this grow and develop as kind of reminiscence to her? How did she react to all this?

AR – Oh, I think she was pleased with it, but I don't think she ever had any idea that other people would be interested in it, she just looked upon it as her story and she had told all these stories so many times that I just tried to tell it the way that she told it. So, I don't think it was very remarkable to her. I think she would be most surprised person in the world to know that it is a collector's item.

HF – How many copies were made at the beginning?

AR – We had a thousand made for the 1st publication, and the 2nd edition another thousand.

HF – How much later was the 2nd edition?

AR – '23 and '36

HF – Just about 13 years later, and all of the 2nd edition had been sold out?

AR – Yes, you can hardly get a hold of one now.

HF - Have you thought about doing another one?

AR – I've tried to get someone interested in it, but it's a little bit of a controversy. Some people say that some chapters on Morrisites shouldn't have been included, and some have been hurt by it, and so it's a controversial subject.

HF – Actually, there wasn't really too much in there on it, but from a historical point of view. When I read your book, I chatted with our district judge up there whose name is Burton, Judge Willard C. Burton and I think it was his great grandfather who was this Robert Burton who was on trial. I can't remember for sure, but when I button holed him about it, why he didn't have to much comment you know.

AR – Oh yes I do know. It's a historical event and you can't get away from it. It's a part of Idaho's history.

HF – Mrs. Reid, of course in the book, one of the drammatial portions of it is where there was very definite Indian scare from the Indians who had been confined to the reservation and who had perhaps were kind of on the war path. As I understand it in 1877, Chief Joseph had come from up North and was coming through this area. His escapades undoubtedly had there effects on those Indians confined to the reservation. Would this be so?

AR – Well in my mothers imagination it was so because she was so desperate, she'd been alone because my father worked other places, and she was so desperate that everything she saw led to her thinking that the Indians were right upon us and so she decided to drown her children, she had a baby in arms and three older boys. She had it all planned how she was going to take them down and throw them in and then walk in with the baby.

HF – In the Blackfoot River?

AR – In the Blackfoot River and it was just early in the morning so that she could see things that were happening in the distance. She saw dust down the valley, it was either dust or fire, but in either case it was the Indians who had just finished the neighbors lull and would be seeing her in a little while, it was just a matter of time till they would take her life. So she got a board in her hand to write a message to my father.

HF – Where was he at the time?

AR – He was somewhere at a distance, I don't know exactly where, but anyhow she started to the river with the children and a board to write on. She looked back like Lot's wife and my father was just topping the hill, so she could see plainly that my father had made the dust. And of course he made all sorts of fun of her, but he was never going to leave her alone again, but she thought she had a good excuse for getting rid of them.

HF – But, rumor had it how mean the Indians were.

AR – Oh yes, they had done a lot of degradation. Every time we had brought home a paper there were stories of how people had been killed in a lonely little home, and she thought she was next.

HF – That would have been a tragedy. Yet, it was almost miraculous that he appeared on the scene at the proper time. Now the elevation of the homestead was such that I guess she could look quite a distance and see around South and West. With respect to the Just name, JUST, are the Justs who bear that name in the Upper Snake River Valley today, all descendents of this original Nells Just?

AR – I think it would be safe to say that they are, I've never known of anybody named Just in this locality. One time there was a Hank Just, a railroad conductor, but his home was in Ogden and that's the nearest I've ever known of anyone having that name.

HF – Now did his five sons or your older brothers continue to operate the place here and live in the Presto area?

AR – No, his sons of course are all past on, but some of the grandchildren or great-grandchildren are still on the land, and in Idaho Falls and Blackfoot. Scattered around in many towns.

HF – Now the ranch currently is this...

AR – The old homestead is in the Reid name, I being the youngest, stayed on here after the boys had gone on places of their own. The Just ranch has become the Reid ranch.

HF – Now Mrs. Reid, to whom did you marry and when and where?

AR – I married a pioneer boy from southern Idaho. He had grown up in the McCammon neighborhood. He came up here to work on a power site, and I met him when I came home from Albion and I never went back to Albion.

HF – And you've had how many children?

AR – Five sons.

HF – And they are in this area?

AR – They're all near. The oldest boy is across the Snake River [...]. There are four sons living right here and the one isn't married and two of the boys have seven children each and the other has four, so we are quite a big family.

HF – Now formally when your father and mother were together, I suppose over the years they had brought the land under cultivation to produce Hay and Grain wasn't it?

AR – Yes, yes, they raised wonderful Alf Alfa during my father’s life. They didn’t have any trouble with weevil and everything grew just the way they wanted it to.

HF – Did he establish quite a Dairy or a cattle business?

AR – Oh yes, he was always in the cattle business; he was never a dairy man. He was always in the cattle.

HF – Quite a cowboy I suppose a rider?

AR – Well, he knew how to raise cattle.

HF – He didn’t care much for horses huh?

AR – No, he would rather walk to Shelley 9 miles than to ride. Even late in life he did that, he came walking home when he had been some place.

HF – How old was he when he passed away?

AR – He was only 63.

HF – And your mother was much, much older?

AR – Well 73, yea.

HF – I would like to have you share with us as we close this tape, something from your book of poems that you’ve prepared.

AR – Well the book is called “Rugged Runs” and they are rugged, they are written about the land. They are not very well polished. This is one is called “The Man in Rubber Boots.”

HF- Can you tell me how you came to write this one and about what year?

AR – Well it was written when I was really young. I think perhaps in the early 20’s. I’ve been writing ever since. “The Man in Rubber Boots,”

In the land of irrigation where the desert blooms with the rose,
There dwells a knight in armor whom everyone loves that knows.
He guides the streamlets to famishing stems and roots,
He carries light in his shovel the man in rubber boots.

He doesn’t write great sermons nor argue in front of the court,
He doesn’t like to battle and he has no time for sport.
But just to be next to nature he leads all other the groups,
And spends his life in the open deep in his rubber boots.

The river ought in the valley where man is scarcely tried,
Keeps calling calmly to him the [...] inside.
And the song of the river gives music with him he cries for troops,
When he hurries away to our service deep in rubber boots.

Sometimes when we quit shopping for brave and battle slain,
[...] main.
Perhaps we have seen some places when he had no need for those boots,
But made the wakes uneven by toiling in rubber boots.

HF – Very Good.

AR – This next one I like to read whenever I have a chance because I've been trying fight wars now for 80 years and I never have done anything about it. Sorry I never had a chance to read any, I read this

“Dear Santa Claus”

Dear Santa Claus please bring to us and folks of every land,
The rarest gift you've ever brought, I hope you understand.
It is not wealth nor power nor fame shift on seventy,
It is not [.....] we have enough of these.
It is not guns nor bayonets nor mighty submarine,
It is not airships for the air nor powerful gas machines.
The thing we want is simple quite but means our souls released,
So when you finally bring us the Christ's gift of peace.
So come on extra reindeer with sideboards on your legs,
And start out bright and early to make your day a day.
And hurry from the north land to homes of every kin,
And put peace in stockings and in the hearts of men.

AR – And here's one that is dear to my heart, “Home.”

A little home among the trees,
A warming sun, a cooling breeze.
A childish voice, a welcome light,
A man that whistles home at night.
A cheerful fire, and a savory meat,
What more could any mortal reach.
A feeling you'll never grow,
These are the things that make a home.

AR – Perhaps I should read this “Our Gratitude.”

We are grateful to you pioneers, our hats are off to you.
You've left a mighty heritage to us the children few.
You came with flawless courage to till the virgin soil,
To you we sing our praises, brave pioneers in God.
You left your home and loved ones to seek this wonder land,

Finding fast is on the rough encouthed on every man.
You've dressed in tattered garments that we might have it good,
You drank the water alkali that we might have a meal.
You suffered in the winter blasts and summers scorching heat,
But we'd like to have the luxury to have the dance and eat.
You walked through mountain pasture through sand and [...] bear,
That we might ride in luxury on rubber soft thin air.
You came with savage races; you killed the saints in there,
You plowed the land the hard existing sod and put the water there,
You done it all you pioneers there is little left to do,
For all our lives we'll give a prayer of gratitude for you.

HF – Very, very good. I appreciate these poems that reflect your philosophy of course and this is real good. And especially that last one and the first one I especially enjoyed of the unsung contribution of the man with the shovel and who was able to feed the thirsty soil, in position to get water.

AR – The farmers like the horses doesn't get much credit. He did the work, but he doesn't get much credit.

HF – Now Mrs. Reid, referring to your book, I recall that your mother was quite disappointed at times in the ruggedness of the area. I think there was a sense of longing to see her loved one, her father. She undoubtedly though was reconciled in latter life as her family continued to live near and so on. Do you have any comments along that line in her justification or defense of being a pioneer and yet full of courage and so on?

AR – Well I wouldn't defend my mother because I think she was probably not quite fair to my father. I was slanted in her direction, she always had all my sympathy, but she didn't have a good life considering what they both went through and when her father came here before he died, everything was forgotten. She was glad to have him back, but then the tragedy was that he was killed, in a most tragic manner.

HF – After he arrived here?

AR – A few years after he came back to be with her.

HF – Is that right?

AR – Killed up in kind of the Roodie country, he went into the Roodie post office that I think it isn't anymore. He'd been to the Roodie post office to mail a letter back to her to tell her that he was alright. And the horse ran away and threw him and his sister against the embankment of a bridge. They were mangled as if they had been in an automobile accident. But even so with all that she had, she was a cheerful person and a joy to meet.

HF – From the imagery you made of her, I would guess her to be an intellectual type of girl that would like to go to dances and enjoy those things. She loved life.

AR – She loved life. And got the most out of she could.

HF – And your father maybe on the other hand was just a good hard steady worker, wasn't he?

AR – No, my father was very fond of people. I often tell people that this old floor has been played by dancing feet. Few people would drop in and he would always want to dance. If anyone was ready to make music, he was always ready to dance. He was a fun-loving person; he liked to work and did a lot here also on the farm.

HF – Now this room in which we are sitting, was it one of the original rooms of the home?

AR – No, the original log buildings were torn away as they built this brick house made from the brick burn yard of the place. The larger rock was used; it was convenient, not fancy at all, but convenient.

HF – When was this home built?

AR – This was built just back when I was born, so it is more than 80 years old. The kitchen part was built first and then the next year they built the rest of the house.

HF – This was her lovely home that she referred to?

AR – Yes, this is the home that she was so pleased with. Big comfortable rooms, and a brick house never was here because they weren't very common.

HF – Now out here there is an area surrounded with a metal fence. Can you tell us why that was put there?

AR – That was my dad's idea of a flower garden; he thought he would get something as strong, so the livestock wouldn't break into it. Because it is black, nearly everybody thinks it is a cemetery. It is a cemetery fence really, but the burial ground, my people are buried just up on top of the hill.

HF – An established cemetery now or is it a family plot?

AR – No, it's a family cemetery, it is original.

HF – But with reference to the fence, your mother loved flowers?

AR – Oh yes, my dad wanted to have a good place for her.

HF – And the cows would get in and cattle and so on and destroy those?

AR – The cattle couldn't get to them.

HF – Did she have a lot of lovely flowers then?

AR – Yes, she had different ones, but she always had someone helping her and together they did it. This big pine that is really a Douglas Fir, she brought from Wolverine Canyon back here.

HF – Still standing out here?

AR – Yes, it is the biggest thing around the house.

HF – So the home here is well over 80 years old?

AR – Yes, over 80 years.

HF – Truly remarkable. Now do you have a vegetable cellar where you store your vegetables?

AR – Yes, we still use that. A good lock up cellar that is still in good shape. Of course the land is covered with cellars now.

HF – I suppose you personally have known a lot of the old timers in the area? You mentioned the Jones family, John W. Jones, and his brother, and there sister Blanch.

AR – Oh yes, I knew so many of them. I knew them well.

HF – Those were close people to my wife of course. I knew John W. before he passed away, I have been in his law offices several times and now my wife used to work for Dr. Walter Hoge, as his nurse. A few moments ago you commented that if you were going to pay tribute to an individual of years gone by who influenced your life as a young woman, it would be to Dr. Cutler, And Why?

AR – Dr. Edmond Cutler. Well he just was so full of common sense and he always the best advice. He never made you think that you were sick when you weren't. He never tried to get your money. In fact he almost starved to death trying to give his services. He was a grand man, and some of his descendants are still here in the valley, and I'm very proud of knowing him.

HF – Well it's been a real pleasure for me to be here. I've wanted to come an interview you and check with you and meet you for a long time after having read your letters of long ago. I think that Mrs. Madsen had said something about you in this writers league and others, and I did want to meet and I appreciate the opportunity of being here in your home.

AR – I've enjoyed it as much as you have.

HF – As we complete this, if you have any comment, final comment about pioneer life, the heritage that they have given to us, that you and the rest of the pioneers have given to myself and my family in this generation. Any comment that you might wish?

AR – Well, I don't think of any comment, I've said it all so many times that it's become monotonous to me.

HF – Your poems reflect a lot of wonderful philosophy, and we appreciate those Mrs. Agnes Just Reid.