

Interview with
IDA ELIZA (ANDERSON) TERRY SULLIVAN

December 3, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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IDA ELIZA (ANDERSON) TERRY SULLIVAN

Ida Eliza (Anderson) Terry Sullivan was interviewed on December 3, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in various parts of Denmark and Utah.

FH: Would you please give your [full] name?

IS: [My name is] Ida Eliza (Anderson) Terry Sullivan.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

IS: [I was born] September 1, 1891.

FH: [Where were] you born?

IS: [I was born in] Copenhagen, Denmark.

FH: What was your father's name?

IS: [His name was Anders] Andrew Peter Andersen.

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

IS: [Her name was] Margarete (Jensen) [Andersen].

FH: Tell some [events] from your early childhood.

IS: We emigrated [from Copenhagen, Denmark] and settled in Brigham City [Box Elder County] Utah. I was a child when we emigrated. There was a [LDS] missionary [who] had been [inaudible]. He [Peter Sorenson] lived in the mission home where my mother was [living]. After I was born he wanted me named after his wife and that was how we came to move to Brigham City — my mother took care of the missionaries. While she was in the mission home, the more she heard [about] The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints], the more she wanted to belong. She prayed all the time that she could be a good Latter-day Saint woman.

We were poor. In time, the missionaries talked her into coming to Utah. We didn't have the means we [needed]. My sister was only six years old. The missionaries talked my mom, through her faith, into letting my sister go to Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah] all by herself. They found a lady to take her and keep her there. My brother who was five or five and a half [years old] went to a place called West Weber [Weber County, Utah]. My mother has said many

times how she cried. She had lost a daughter, her name was Elsie [Kristine Anderson, and she was] older than me. [Mother] said she would walk to the cemetery and back many times and cry. [Emotional] Through faith and prayer and the missionaries, we emigrated.

FH: What about your father?

IS: He couldn't see [joining] the church at that time. He was there, but he worked. About a year after we emigrated, he joined the church and emigrated.

FH: The missionaries probably worked on him quite a bit over there. Can you remember [anything about] Denmark or any of the trip [over]?

IS: No, I have heard my mother tell that when we were on the ship coming over, we [traveled] third class because we were poor people. I was [very] sick and mother didn't know if I would pull through or not. There was another lady there [on the ship] and her baby died. When you were on the ship in those days and a child died they threw [the body] overboard and that was it. Every time the custodian came around, this lady would put a bottle in the baby's mouth or she would put it in the bed to see if she could save it until they got to New York.

FH: Was she able to bring it to New York?

IS: Yes, she did.

FH: That was a comfort to her. Can you tell about living in Brigham City, Utah?

IS: I can remember as a child playing. Mother use to do a lot of knitting for different people to make a little money. She couldn't speak English and the clerks couldn't understand her. In Denmark, onions would be leeks. I can remember her asking for things in her native tongue and they wouldn't know what she said. She would have to go around the counter and point to what she wanted.

FH: Did she ever learn to speak English?

IS: Yes, in time, she got pretty good at it.

FH: That first year must have been pretty hard for her.

IS: Yes, it was, it was terrible. When I think about what some people go through, I wonder what it is all about, she was wonderful and sure had faith.

FH: When you first came, what was your home like in Brigham City?

IS: It was a log house with a charter oak stove, just a table, a few chairs and bare floors.

FH: Did you have sleeping facilities?

IS: I guess we had a bed. I know mother did because my brother [Andrew Peter Anderson] was born in Brigham City, so she had her bed. The other two children were not there. My sister [Christina Marie Anderson] and I slept on the floor and the snow would blow through the logs on us.

FH: It wasn't very warm [for you]?

IS: I guess not, but we survived [somehow].

FH: How old was the sister you slept with?

IS: She is two years older than [me]. My mother was pregnant [with Andrew Peter] when we emigrated. My father came [later] and found a new son.

FH: Did you go to school in Brigham City?

IS: No. After my father came we moved to Ephraim [Sanpete County] Utah and [I] went to school there. We lived in an adobe house; it had two rooms upstairs and two downstairs and a shanty. We thought it was a nice home. Mother and father worked when they could find work.

FH: How did you move? Did you come with horses?

IS: I don't remember. [When] I started school in Ephraim, I had to walk about five blocks to school. In the winter time we used to walk in snow up to our knees. Sometimes the snow plow wouldn't come around in time for us to get to school so we had to make our own trail. We would always follow the same trail to school.

It was a good school, we learned like [in] any school. We had separate grades like now. I remember two teachers: Vail Quinn, she was a lady, and Herbert Christiansen. I don't know why [I remember them] maybe because they took a little extra care of me or helped me. I imagine I needed a little more help than [the] average [student]. I always liked school. They used to have plays and I used to recite a poem. A neighbor lady and I would sing in the plays or have a part in them. It was nice.

FH: How much [education] did you get?

IS: I could have gone farther if I wanted to, but in those days it seemed like it was hard to get by. When you got in the eighth grade, people thought you were ready to get married and settle down.

FH: How old were you when you [were] through with school?

IS: [I would have been] around thirteen or fourteen [years old].

FH: In that day, you would have been considered ready for marriage.

IS: That is about the way you would hear people talk. We would go out to dances, but we didn't date like they do today. [We would] just stay together and go together.

FH: Can you tell us about your church activities in those days?

IS: We always knew when it was Sunday; we had to go to Sunday school. It was expected [of us]. After school we had to go to Primary. They had [something] called Religion class years back [and] we always went to [that] once a week. That was something that mother insisted we do. We didn't always have to go to Sacrament Meeting if we took the other [classes]. Sometime she would say we didn't have to go. We use to get together on Sundays and make homemade ice cream and things like that.

FH: Did you ever sluff Sunday school?

IS: Sometimes; I had a girlfriend who I think a lot of yet, and her parents were good Mormons. They had a Methodist piano teacher and my friend's sisters and brothers took lessons from her. Sometimes my friend would say, "Come on, let's go over to Mrs. Reeds and see what she has to say."

FH: What was this girl's name?

IS: [Her name was] Kate Lindhardt. So instead of going to our Sunday school we went to her's and then came home.

FH: Did your mother find out about this?

IS: I didn't let her know.

FH: Were you impressed by the things you heard and saw at the other Sunday school?

IS: I guess it was alright, I don't know that we were impressed. One thing I remember that she did was: when it was winter she would have us eat by the stove. When she came, she always had water that she would drink when she came to her meeting. I used to wonder that she hadn't walked very far [how] she couldn't be cold enough to drink water. I am not sure what she drank, but I took it to be water.

FH: Or a warm drink from the stove?

IS: Yes.

FH: That sounds like a good idea! [Laughter] Tell what you remember about your father.

IS: [My father] was an average man; he [spoke] very poor, broken English. He used to work at the stone quarry in Ephraim. He worked there several years and then he worked on the railroad for several years.

FH: Do you know what his occupation was when he lived in Denmark?

IS: No, I don't know.

FH: He probably had to find a new way of life when he moved here.

IS: Sure, that is what he did.

FH: The language barrier would have been a problem. Were there quite a few Danish people in Ephraim?

IS: Yes, that is why we settled there.

FH: That would make [life] easier.

IS: There were a lot of Danish people there, wonderful friends. [It was] just a wonderful place. It was nothing to come home from school and see two or three people there. We had a pantry and my sister and I used to call it the guest place because [mother] would always put something in [it] and if someone came she would have something to feed them.

FH: Did your father live a long time? Tell a little more about him.

IS: [Father] died [January 9,] 1918 and mother died [August 21,] 1913. Mother was only forty-eight [years old] when she died.

FH: Your father wasn't very old when he died either.

IS: No, he wasn't very old. I would have to look at the record to find out.

FH: What caused his death? Do you know?

IS: No, I couldn't say; he lived with my sister after mother died. The doctor [was called], but I don't know if it was his heart or just what it was.

FH: Do you remember if your father was a pleasant man?

IS: Yes, he was a good father and liked to hear a good joke or tell one. We had a nice home. We had a buggy and horse. They used to go riding like they did in those days. I think they enjoyed [riding] and we used to go riding with them occasionally.

FH: Was he active in the church?

IS: Yes, they both were and both sang in the Danish choir. I think we had a good [life] like the rest of the people. There were not any rich [folks] there. One thing about the neighbors there [was that when] there wasn't any money, if our cow went dry, which it did, then our neighbor would say that they would give us all the milk, butter and cream we wanted. Then it would reverse back the same way and so it was with the garden. If someone had something we didn't have, they would share it with us and we would share something that they didn't have. That is the way it worked.

FH: The community was cooperating together.

IS: Yes, all of them were; that is what I have often thought about that was different than [here].

FH: We don't do that in our day, do we? It is quite different.

IS: Or they would help each other in sickness and things like that and would not expect pay. They would go when somebody was sick and do everything they could do to help them. If there was a disaster they would go and help in that way. I used to think it was the only place; they were all good, accommodating people.

FH: How many children did your parents have? Would you tell something about each one?

IS: [My parents had] six [children]. I don't remember anything about the first one [except] her [first name] was Elsie [Kristine Anderson]. My other sister went to school in Denmark and then went to Salt Lake City, Utah to live. My brother didn't go very much to school in Denmark.

FH: The two who came to America first, did they come back to live in your parent's home when [your parents arrived] here?

IS: Yes, after we settled in Brigham City; that [was] mother's first thought. Peter Sorenson, who lived in the mission home, told mother how to connect with the people who had her children. That was the first thing she did. She went to Salt Lake City and picked up my sister and then went to West Weber. The lady who had my brother wanted to keep him and had [inaudible]. When my mother came for him, the lady said, "No, we don't have anyone." But my brother knew my

mother's voice and busted out, "I know it is my momma." So they came to Ephraim [and] lived at home with us.

FH: [Did] you almost lose a brother?

IS: Yes, that is how it was.

FH: Will you tell about the brothers and sisters that you know about?

IS: When we settled in Ephraim we all went to school. When we [were] older we all had to work. That was our routine [when] we [were] older. My older sister [Kathryn Sorena Anderson] married and then my brother married. My older sister married Emil Olsen from Ephraim. They lived in Ephraim [and] he was a carpenter there. My brother [Simon Christian Anderson] went to Idaho and worked there for some time. Then he went to Park City [Summit County] Utah, worked in some of the mines there and met his wife there. He married Lillie Stringer and they had one child born in Park City named Margaret [Stringer]. They moved to Ephraim and made their home there.

There was a family named McCafferty who ran a store. My sister [Christina Marie Anderson], older than me, lived there and helped raise their children [while going] to school. She met her husband [while] going to school. His name was Will Delive and they lived in Wayne County [Utah]. All of their children were born there. [Later] they moved to Ephraim and lived and both died there. Their children were scattered after their mother and father died. [They] moved away and lived in other places. I worked in Richfield [Sevier County] Utah for some time and met my first husband [Ephraim Wilson Terry] there.

FH: Let's leave your story there and tell about the child younger than you; then we will come back and tell your story.

IS: My younger brother was Andrew Peter Anderson. He was named after my father. He worked on different jobs. [He] was a very good singer [and] sang quite a bit. He didn't marry until after my [parents] died. Then he married Floris [Lavern] Allred from Spring City [Sanpete County, Utah]. They moved to Los Angeles, California. She died, but he still lives there with his children.

FH: Were there any faith-promoting incidents from your or your parent's lives?

IS: No, I don't know [of any].

FH: What did you do just for fun while growing up?

IS: We used to play outside at night; the [youngsters] would all gather [as] there was quite a bunch living around [us]. When it [was] cold weather we would pull a sleigh up Gardknoll Hill and ride down. Many times [the] crowd would be frozen

stiff. We would go to the dances as we got older and had honey candy pulls because they raised a lot of bees there. We would get together and play Steal-the-Pile, [a] card [game], and make the honey candy.

FH: [Did] you have a lot of fun making your own entertainment?

IS: Yes, we had to.

FH: [Did] you enjoy [the] dances? What kind of music would you dance to?

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

IS: Yes, I liked to dance. Sometimes we would have an accordion and violin or sometimes someone could play the organ that was there [or] the harmonica, whatever they had. It was held in a small hall. Sometimes they would have dances in homes. People would get together and have dances in their homes.

FH: What were the names of dances they would do?

IS: [We danced] the Virginia Reel and Turkey in the Straw, waltzes, two steps — that was called about three steps sometimes and quadrilles — all the old dances.

FH: Did you think it was a lot of fun? Do you think the [young people] have as much fun dancing now-a-days?

IS: Yes, [dancing] was a lot of fun. No, I don't think [so].

FH: [Did] you go to the dances in groups and not with partners?

IS: Yes, [we went to dances] in groups until we [were] older.

FH: [Did] you enjoy music?

IS: Yes, I liked music.

FH: Did you sing some? You mentioned that your parents both sang in the choir.

IS: They did, but I was lost when the tunes came out. We used to try. A neighbor girl and I would sometimes sing in Primary and Sunday school. It went over, but I am not saying how good it was.

FH: Have you enjoyed reading?

IS: I like to read. I used to like to read good stories; novels with good morals. I read a novel about keeping two steps ahead of the law. I read that more than once and thought that it was a good story. Always be sure that you are two steps ahead of

the law and you [will] have nothing to worry about. To this day, I think about that when I read or hear things.

I like to read our church books, you can see they are scattered here, and like to read them. I like to hear other people read when they are good readers and have something worth listening to.

FH: Tell about your courtship and marriage.

IS: When I worked in Richfield, before I met my husband, I used to go with a boy and we [would] to go to dances quite a bit. I worked quite a long time in the Southern Hotel in Richfield. I used to run around with this boy. One night at a dance [Ephraim] "Eph" Terry and his brother were there. He asked to take me home. So I said yes and we walked to the hotel where I lived.

We dated and became good friends. After I quit working there and went home, we still corresponded. He asked if he could come down. He came to Ephraim and met my [parents]. One thing led to another and it didn't take long before he asked me to marry [him] and I did. [We were married in the] Manti Courthouse.

[The familysearch.com record states that Ephraim Wilson and Ida Eliza (Anderson) Terry were married June 8, 1911 in St. George, Washington County, Utah.]

After we were married, he worked in Gunnison [Sanpete County] Utah. A sugar factory was being built. We moved there and lived in a tent in Joseph [Sevier County] Utah. [We] had a big grocery box for our table and our stove was an old-fashioned range. The man who owned the orchard had these [items] for the sugar tramps, we used to call them, who worked at the sugar factory. Our chairs were boxes, the floors were the ground and we slept on cots. My brother came there to work and slept at a neighbor's house because we didn't have room. I would cook breakfast, they would eat, go to work and I would do my work. We lived that way for several months while he was working there. In time, we moved down here.

FH: Were you there during the winter?

IS: No, we were married in June 1911 and moved here in September or October [of 1911].

FH: What brought you to St. George?

IS: My husband was born and raised here. His parents [Charles Alphonzo and Emeline (Wilson) Terry] were dead [and] they divided up the property. [We] lived in the old home that his parents had lived in and he gave the difference to his brother for the home. His brother built a brick home next door [when] they divided the lot. We lived there and my children were all born in Sand Town [northwest section of St. George]. We all got along good and when my children

[were] old enough for school, they [attended]. My oldest daughter, Grace [Terry] always took an active part in Primary and Sunday school.

FH: How long were you in St. George before your first child was born?

IS: [We were here] about three years. Grace liked to go out and run around like [youngsters] do. She went through the eighth grade, through high school and graduated and then went to [Dixie] College for a year or two here in town. She worked at the [Brown] Hail Motel here in town. She was a waitress there for years. She ran the night shift, came home and slept and got ready for school.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

IS: They use to have a CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] group from Washington [City, Washington County, Utah] who would go to the motel and sit around and talk and kill time.. She came home one day and said there was a boy there that she believed she could go for, that he seemed [very] nice. I said. "If you think he is what you want and he is worth you, why don't you talk to him and get better acquainted, but if you don't want him drop him, don't lead him on." That is the way it worked out. Pretty soon he came to the house, they got acquainted and they [were] married.

FH: Where was he from?

IS: He was from San Francisco [California]. They married and he still worked for the CCC and she worked [at the motel] and they lived at our place. When they saved enough, they decided to move to San Francisco and that is where they are living now.

FH: Do you get to see her once in awhile?

IS: Yes, I had a [bad] sick spell a year ago and she came home and was here for some time.

FH: Do they have children?

IS: [They have] one boy.

FH: Would you tell about the second child?

IS: [That would be] Ruth [Terry], my second [child]. She went to school here and graduated from high school. Then [she] went to Las Vegas, Nevada to work for the Mineers while the [Hoover] Dam was [being built]. They decided to take her to South America with them after the dam was built. I couldn't stand that. She kind of wanted to go. I said, "You just can't go that far away. If you go, I would never see you any more." They tried to talk me into letting her go, but I said no,

she couldn't [go]. She didn't go [when] they went and she felt a little hard toward me about it.

She [found] another job in Las Vegas and worked there. Of course, this is my version. After she had worked there about a year I [received] a [telephone] call that she was [very] sick. I found [someone] to take me down and we brought her home. The doctor told us that she had pleurisy pneumonia [a viral infection] and was [very] bad. He advised us to put her in the hospital and [we did]. I didn't know [if] she would make it, but prayed every day that she would. One day when I went [to the hospital] in February I thought that I would put a lot of rouge on my face so she could not see that I had worried. She said, "Momma, I want to talk to you. I wish you would turn out the lights". I said, "What for? It [will be] dark?" She said, "Momma, I know you have put a lot of rouge on your face [because] you don't want me to see how bad you feel, but I don't want you feel bad because I am going to go. The door is already open for me. Don't feel bad because I know I want to go. Just think of me, that's all." [Emotional]

I had to telephone my daughter in San Francisco [to come]. The night nurse wanted to know when she would come [as] I told her I was expecting her this night. When she came, we went into Ruth's [room]. Grace said to her, "When you get well Ruth, I want you to come to San Francisco and live with me." She said, "I am never going to San Francisco. I am going to someplace else." [Emotional] I said, "Oh, you are not, Ruth." She said, "No momma, this will be it and I want you to promise that you won't feel bad." It didn't take long before the nurse came and told [us] we could go in and that was it. She knew all the time that she was going. She was twenty years old and never married. That was a hard experience, but I lived through it.

[Ruth Terry died February 26, 1936 in St. George, Washington County, Utah.]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: Tell about the next child.

IS: [The next child] was Roma [Terry]. She is quite nervous. She went to high school and graduated. She is a very great leader. She is an outstanding child; for her religion, she is perfect. I don't know of a thing she does that she shouldn't do. She goes to church and quotes the scriptures by heart, she studies all the time and is a hard-working woman. She lives in Rockville [Washington County, Utah] and they have a ranch [to work]. [She] is liked very [much] there. She married June S. DeMille from Rockville, Utah and they get along good together. They don't have any children. I would say that she is perfect as far as anyone can be; she tends to her prayers and reading all the time. She pays her fast offering and everything that belongs to the church, she is there. Just outstanding is my idea.

FH: How long have they been married?

IS: [They have been married] about twenty years.

FH: Is that all [of your children]?

IS: No, I have [a daughter] Ora May [Terry]. She was an ordinary child and graduated from high school. She worked at the hospital for several years. She ran around with a girlfriend and when her brother came [here] from the [United States] Army they began to go together. That is who she married and they live in Pleasant Grove [Utah County] Utah now. His name is Boyd Haywood. His parents used to live in Hurricane [Washington County] Utah.

FH: How did they pick Pleasant Grove?

IS: They were married and lived in Hurricane for quite some time. He had an aunt who lived in Pleasant Grove and [the Geneva] Steel [Works] plant [in Provo, Utah County] was just coming along. He thought he could get a steady job if he went up because he was just working here and there. He went up and [was hired when] it first opened. He sent for Ora, his wife, and has been working ever since at the steel plant. They don't have any children.

FH: What have we missed that you might like to tell?

IS: [Ephraim], my first husband, was riding for a man called [Preston] Nutter. He had a lot of cattle out Mt. Trumbull way in Parashant in Mohave County [on the Arizona Strip]. So we moved out there. I had two children at the time, Grace and Ruth. [Ruth] was two years old at the time. He [Preston Nutter] hired a lot of men and I did the cooking for the men who were out there.

When my husband [finished] work, he used to set coyote traps. We had an old horse and he would have me get on the horse and go and see where the coyotes were so he didn't have to go around [to] all the traps when he got off a shift. So I used to do that. I would put my baby in front and my other daughter behind me and we would go and [check] the traps.

One day I was going up a hill and the horse wouldn't go up, it just wouldn't go up. The more I tried, the more it kept turning around [and] turning around. Awhile after that, there was a man [there] called Grandpa Charley. He had two mountain lion dogs. [Dogs trained to hunt mountain lions.] He came down and was hunting and telling about this big lion who killed a critter on this knoll. I told him that I knew exactly why the horse wouldn't go up there, he could smell [that critter]. If I had gone up there I would have been torn to pieces. Was he ever mad about that, he [inaudible] it to my husband, "Eph." He told him to never again, as long as he was out there, to let me get on that horse [and] how dangerous it was out there. That ended for me going around hunting coyote tracks. I was young and didn't realize like I do now [how dangerous it was]. I sometimes wonder, some of the

things I did out there, how I dared to go out there, but I didn't fear it, but I [would] today. We used to sleep out there and I would be out by myself. I would hear a coyote howl and would be glad to hear something alive and moving. [Laughter] You were lonesome and miles from no place. My neighbor was fifteen miles away. The men would come to [the] supper that I cooked for them [and] then they would go to their own bunks. The evening would be long and lonely for just the two of us.

FH: Did your husband make money at trapping?

IS: Yes, we made good money. We did very well at trapping besides his wages. I and the children could go out, not too far from there, and gather pine nuts. They would be out of the burrs [cones and] lying on the ground. We could go out there and pick up a fifty-pound sack of pine nuts. We did extra well [with] that.

FH: Tell about your life and activities.

IS: We moved here and had everything fixed so that we knew what was ours and what was his brother's. We had grapes and used to raise radishes, onions and [vegetables] like that [as] there wasn't much money. The children used to peddle them around and that helped and he worked. Even after he came in from his job out there, he went out and worked and stayed for weeks at a time at the job out there. Then he would come in. We sold grapes and things that we could sell around the place and had a fair living.

The [Great] Depression kept creeping on more and so I had to go to work. I went to work and he couldn't find any work. There just wasn't any work and so I was working all the time. We got along that way. He couldn't sell any grapes, [so he] started making wine and sold the wine. You don't want to hear this.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: Tell a little bit about what happened to you.

IS: The CCC used to buy a lot of it. People would buy it, which was against the law. I couldn't take [that] so we started to drift apart, more so than the other way. Finally, I got a divorce and moved [by] myself in another place. I was working all the time. The two [older] girls were married and I had the two younger girls [at] home with me. We lived in a place and I found work and worked all the time. I got along pretty good.

I had a friend and she came to my home one day and said, "I have been thinking about you and "Cliff." He needs someone and you need someone. Why can't I bring him up here to your place and [let you] get acquainted with him?" I said, "I don't care, you can bring him if you want to."

FH: Who is “Cliff?”

IS: That is Clifford Sullivan, my husband. This lady was Ellen Sullivan. She and her husband lived in Hurricane at the time. Another friend was Ada Humphries and her husband. They came down to my house and brought “Cliff” and we all sat around and talked like we usually did. I made [some] coffee and we all had [that]. They left and Ellen said they would bring “Cliff” back another night. I said alright and that was the beginning of how we got acquainted. After he had [been at my house with them] twice, he asked if he could come and I said yes. He seemed [very] nice. He ran the pool hall — that was his work. It didn’t take very long [before] he asked me to marry him, so we did. The people from Hurricane seemed to know [that we were getting married]. [They] came down and took us to Las Vegas [where] we were going to [be] married. After we went down [there] he backed out. [Laughter] I said, “It is now or never.” So we went to the justice [of the peace] and [were] married.

[Clifford Vance and Ida Eliza (Anderson) Terry Sullivan were married February 11, 1936.]

We came home and it [wasn’t] long after we married that we moved down here [to St. George]. I went to work at the old hospital [Dixie Pioneer Memorial Hospital] for several years. I had the two children here and he had two boys [Clifford Vivian and Merlin Whitaker Sullivan] here that had to be supported. We got along grand. I said, “I don’t know you boys and you don’t know us, so if we have any difficulties of any kind let’s keep them home and not talk about them [except] at home.” I don’t think there was anyone who got along [as well as all of us did].

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

IS: — even when he would be out on dates, out at night like that, he would come in, if I wasn’t in bed or if I was in bed, and sit down just like he was my [child] and tell me what [had] taken place. He had so much confidence in me and would tell me about this and this, what this one said and all about [the occasion] and what [did] I think about it. They were wonderful boys [and] we got along [fine]; all of us did. They both went in [military] service in World War II. [Clifford] Vivian [Sullivan received some] shrapnel [wounds]. [He] went to Washington [State] and found a lady and married her. [He] lived there until he died [very] young.

FH: This was the oldest boy?

IS: Yes.

FH: What was his name?

IS: [His name was Clifford] Vivian. Merlin was round-a-bout like I told you, here and there. [He was] a good [fellow] and worked and helped in the pool hall. We got along [while] I worked in the hospital all of the time. He [went] with Dorothy McAllister and married her. [They] lived in St. George and I kept working [at] the hospital.

FH: [Was] this boy also in World War II?

IS: Yes, they both went in. One of them served in Australia and I don't remember where the other one served. Merlin said that one time when he was in a shell hole [fox hole], the bullets were flying and he couldn't tell what it was or what it wasn't, "but someone carried me right out and put me in another one [fox hole] where the bullets weren't flying." He said, "I don't know who it was or what it was, but they carried me right out." I said, "Maybe it was your mother." I just said it and I thought [a lot about that] to myself. He said it [would not have been] long before he could have been shot.

He [returned] home, married Dorothy and they lived here. I worked and "Cliff" became sick. When he first became sick, he thought he was [feeling] funny, that was all I knew about it. I took him up to Doctor [Wilford J.] Reichmann one day. He said, "Oh my dear Ida, my heart goes out to you to see what is ahead of you." He didn't say [anything], only that and I didn't realize what he meant. I kept wondering and wondering what he meant, but as time when on "Cliff" began to say funny [odd] things, act funny [odd] or see things that couldn't be seen. I used to think: I don't know what to think [about] the way he acts. I wonder if he is trying to be silly to me all the time. I couldn't get into my head what really possessed him. The first [time] I really began to know [that something was wrong] was when we were eating breakfast [one day]. He shoved the dishes off the table and said, "Whew, there is a mouse." That is the first [time] it dawned on me that he was losing his mind. I thought: how dumb could I be, but it just couldn't sink in. I just couldn't believe it. Then I began to be scared and could see what Doctor Reichmann was talking about.

It went on. He bought the place next door [and] said to us, "We don't need the place, why don't we give the place to Irene [Sullivan], who is his daughter. I said, "I don't know, let's think it over." He [Cliff] said, "I think we should. It is an old home and we don't need it. Let's give it to Irene. She is a good neighbor." She was his daughter, so I said alright and he signed the place over to Irene. As time went on, I was [still] working. She [Irene] could come over, which was handy, and look after him while I worked. It went that way for quite some time, but he kept getting worse. I don't know what happened between her and her husband, but she [began] drinking. I could see that it wasn't going to work out so I had to give up my job. I didn't know anyone I could get to stay with him and I couldn't afford to pay anyone anyway.

I had worked at the hospital for about ten years. I told them I would have to quit because I had to take care of "Cliff." I couldn't do anything else. So I quit the

hospital and we were here together. I got a bed from the hospital, they let me take a bed, and had it right over there. He would sleep in his bed in the daytime and at nighttime I would take him to bed with me and put my arm over his arm so I would wake if he moved. That is [what] we did for quite some time.

He could get out of bed and sit around. One day he said to me, "I have some land in Parowan [Iron County]. I gave Graffs some money and if you will write me out a check for \$50.00 I will pay it to him and the land is ours." I said, "Alright, I will do it." I took a [piece of] paper, scribbled [on it] and handed it to him. The next thing I knew I heard the front door slam. I ran out and he was going lickety-split up the street. I talked and talked and finally got him to come back. I told him that if he would come back I would give the money to Graff so he came back and [the episode] ended.

One day when his brother, Gordon [Sullivan], was here, he said to Gordon, "I have a home down in Bloomington [Washington County, Utah]. There is a big bear down there and I don't dare go down there. Will you go down and get the bear out?" Gordon said, "Yes." I said, "Oh." [Cliff] said, "You think I am a damn liar, Ida, but it is the truth." I said, "Yes, it is the truth." That is the way it was.

We had a car and when I went up town I had to take him. It got so he would get out of the car and go places and then I would have to hunt [for] him. So [that] wouldn't work. Then it got [to where] when I went up town with him, I would take his shoes off and then take him in the car because I couldn't leave him home. I would buy him some bananas or oranges and that would quiet him until I got my shopping done, then I would bring him home and he was good.

Then he got [very] bad. One time he got on the table and said he was putting gas in his car. I had to call Jake and Wanda Truman to come down because I could not handle him. They were [very] nice about it. I had to call them several times, because I couldn't handle him although he was good. He [was very] bad and I had the doctor come. [He] advised me to take him to the hospital. I had quit work and worked with him around home and worrying. It got to where I passed out all the time and we were both in the hospital. Doctor A. W. [Alpine Watson McGregor] came in one day and said to me, "Ida, I will tell you this, it is your life or your husband's life. You can't bring him home [again]. You can't do anything with him again. If we can take care of you, we might build you up. You take your choice. In his condition and the way things are with you, why don't you send him to [the Utah State Mental Hospital in] Provo? That would be better for both of you. Get a written permit from the children. If they won't let him go up there, then they are the ones who will be responsible. I won't let you [care for him] any longer." So I did this, I had his brothers, sisters and his children sign the paper. They all signed it and handed it to me. Then the officer came and his brother took him to Provo. He didn't know from that day to this that he was there.

I got better and came home. I used to go up [to see him] every chance I got. His brother would take me up every so often; Uncle Charles would [take me also]. I would go in and talk to him and he always thought he was down here in the hospital. He would say to me, "If you get my shoes and things, then I can walk home because it is not very far."

One day he had to go to the bathroom [while] I was there. He said to the man who was tending him, "Now, if Ida was here, I know she would get the Indians out of the bathroom and I could go." The man called me and I said, "Come on dear and we will go in and I will scare them away." So we went in. I brought him back and the man said that he always said how good I was to him, "You must have been wonderful" I said that we got along, had a lot of good times together and shared things together. I will say that "Cliff" [was] wonderful, there was no mistake. With my children he was grand. I have always said that if I did wrong with divorcing "Eph," I gained it through "Cliff." He was so good and provided [for us]. We had everything and the best of times. He died there [On April 16, 1953]. I worked and did what I could do. The girls were all married and I was here by myself. I [had] worked all my life. That was all I knew — is work. I did not know anything else.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: [Did] you [start] getting sick [when] you were here alone?

IS: I was here alone and kept vomiting all the time. I would go to the doctor and he would give me laxatives and more laxatives. I didn't get any better and it went on for a month or two. I kept falling away. One day a neighbor, Sarah Hardy, came over. She said that the doctor was in surgery. She said, "Doctor, if you don't do something for Ida she is going to die." He said, "Is it that serious?" She said, "Yes, and I want you to do something about it." He said to bring me to the clinic.

Pearl Spendlove took me to the clinic. After he examined me he said he would operate immediately. Pearl signed for me to be operated on. I was in the hospital for three weeks. In the meantime, the children came home. My daughter [Roma] from Rockville came and stayed with me. I got better and went to Rockville and stayed for a while and then went home. I was sick again, [very] sick, all night long, vomiting and vomiting. In the morning I went into the bathroom and as luck would have it, instead of walking out forward, I got turned around and I fell on my back. [I] don't know how long I laid there. When I came to, I crawled over here and tore the telephone down and called the central [telephone exchange] and told them [to] send Wanda Truman down because I was dying.

She came right down and called Doctor McGregor. He said to bring me down immediately. She said, "I will be back in just a few minutes." She went home, got her husband. They picked me up and carried me out [because] I couldn't walk, I had hurt my back. [They] put a blanket around me and put me in the car. Every

now and then she would say, "Are you alright?" I would say, "Yes, I am alright." I went back to the hospital and she called my daughter [Ora May] in Pleasant Grove and told her. They operated on me again, the second time. My daughter [Grace] from San Francisco came home.

While I was having the second examination I thought I was in the clinic. I kept talking to Lorraine and wondered where Roma was. [Lorraine] was the lady who works in the hospital. I couldn't comprehend that I was in the hospital. Anyway, I was operated on. One day while I was in the hospital, I thought: it seemed like it was twilight. This is as near as I can explain it and I have told it to others. I could see the people working so fast. I kept thinking: what do they want? Why don't they talk to me? Who are they? Why don't they go home? What is it here? I kept thinking: why doesn't someone come [and] talk [to me]? I could see just their heads and, to me, they were moving so fast in this twilight. I didn't know at this time that they had about given up on me. I didn't know that.

It seemed maybe a half hour, but maybe it lasted only a minute, but to me it seemed like a long time. Finally, I came to enough to realize I was in the hospital and they had tied me down. When I came [to enough], I asked what this was for? The nurse said, "We don't know what happened or what it was, but you kept saying 'I have to go help them. I have to go help them. They can't get along without me.' So we had to tie you down to keep you in bed."

My ward prayed for me and my neighbors and children prayed for me. Vernon Worthen and his counselor gave me a [very] good blessing. I had many blessings while I was there. From then on, I began to recover and to be normal. There were several things they told me about that I don't remember that I did and said. I don't know what it was, but I have often wondered what it could have been. It wasn't dark, it was twilight and to this day I have wondered if someone was coming for me and why would I be tied down so I couldn't go and help them? If you can explain that to me, you are doing something. I have told this to different people and they all say not to worry about it.

FH: [Would you] give counsel to the future generations?

IS: I am glad for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren. I hope that they will begin to see my way of life. That there is a true God and if they are faithful and live their religion like they should live it, the time will come to go to the temple and we will be united again and enjoy each other's company.

[This] I believe very much. If we can live that way and enjoy it, as we do here on earth, we [will] have good times when we are all together. It would be marvelous if we would live that way. I think that is about it.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]