

Interview with
CLARA MELINDA (WOODS) TERRY

June 7, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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CLARA MELINDA (WOODS) TERRY

Clara Melinda (Woods) Terry was interviewed on June 7, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in parts of Nevada and Utah.

FH: What is your full name?

CT: Clara Melinda (Woods) Terry.

FH: [When] were you [born]?

CT: [I was born] February 3, 1896.

FH: [Where were] you born?

CT: [I was born in] Barclay, Nevada.

[The Woods family settled in a little valley in Lincoln County, Nevada known to the original pioneers as Clover Valley. In northern Nevada there was another town called Clover Valley. When the railroad came through in about 1905 they named it Barclay. There could not be two post offices with the same name in Nevada. So the name Barclay was used for that small settlement in Lincoln County. Early history of this area refers to both Clover Valley and Barclay. — Added by Kelton Hafen during editing in July 2006]

FH: What was your father's full name?

CT: [His name was] James Bird Woods.

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

CT: [Her name was] Clara May (Bunce) [Woods].

FH: Can you tell something about your early childhood? [What is] your earliest recollection?

CT: About the earliest recollection that comes to me was [when I was] about three [years old]. Mother had Sally, an [Indian] squaw, washing [clothes] for her. She served dinner outside. Sally was sitting out in the shade [and] she served dinner to her. The dogs got up and [ate] the gravy. Poor Sally! She felt so bad about it and we didn't have more gravy. I have always felt sorry for Sally because she didn't have the gravy.

Another [event] that I remember [happened] while we still lived in old Clover Valley [Nevada]. [Inaudible] was going on an [inaudible] porch at our place and called to mother. She was [over at] Grandpa Wood's place. I called to her to come home because I was lonesome without her. She had told me to stay there.

FH: Is there anything else you can remember about your younger years?

CT: [We] moved to Provo [Utah County, Utah] in December before I was four [years old] in February. I remember going on the train. I was living with Aunt Ann Byrd for a few days until they bought a place. I remember the different neighbors as we were growing up there. There were the [the] Broadbents [who] were very good friends, [and] the Davis's. We always had a good time at Christmastime with them. They had sleigh bells and would go from house to house, different than they do now-a-days, about three or four o'clock in the morning. One of the Davis girls always wore the sleigh bells and [the bells would] jingle, jingle. We went to see what the neighbors [had received] and had really a good time [at] Christmas.

I remember [when] I started to school that was quite an event. My first teacher's name was Miss Dangerfield. We lived about four or five blocks from the school. During the school year [we had] good times [going] back and forth to school in the deep, deep snow. They just don't know about deep snow now. We would make paths. [Our] older brother [Clarence James Terry] would go ahead and make several paths along through the field [and] the different lots. It made it a little shorter to go to school.

As I think [back], I [remember] all the fine neighbors we used to see going to school. There was Hattie McClellan. She was such a dear sweet lady. It was her lot that we ran through from one corner of the block to the other. She didn't ever object. She was always sweet and nice [to] us. Aunt Aggie Taylor was always good and Uncle Walter, the Bakers, so many of them [who] made the school days really good days.

FH: Can you remember the name of the school?

CT: Timpanogos School. It still is [called] Timpanogos [and is in Provo].

FH: [Can you] tell about some of the teachers?

CT: When I was in fourth or fifth grade [inaudible] Johnson was the teacher [who] we dearly loved. In the next grade we had Mr. Oberhansen. It was his first year of teaching. He was a young teacher and we had lots of fun with him. We would kind of laugh at him and he would laugh with us. He would tell us to not use slang words and he would say, "I want you to cut it out." [Laughter]

FH: Did you get a certificate or diploma?

CT: Yes, in the eighth grade. The last half year they had [inaudible] high school. It is called Central High School now and they [came] from the four different schools. The eighth grade went to the new high school. That is where we graduated from. Frank Bennett was the teacher. We liked him very much. He was our favorite school superintendent. Just recently, they asked me what I thought about a reunion for the class [of] fifty-seven years. I think it would be lots of fun. I don't know if they are going to go through with it or not.

FH: Do you remember any trips in your early life?

CT: We made two trips up to Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah] with my daddy [in] the horse and buggy. We had a single one-seat buggy and a horse. It was too far to make a trip in one day, so we would go as far as Pleasant Grove [Utah County, Utah] and stay with friends there overnight. Then [we would go] on to Salt Lake [City] the next day. [We would] visit with daddy's cousins for two or three days and [come] back home. That was a wonderful trip because daddy was such a wonderful daddy. He would wrap my feet [for the trip]. One time, right in the middle of the winter [when] it was [very] cold, he heated rocks in the oven all day before we [left] so we could get through [the cold]. We had a lantern. You [would] wrap your blanket around [the] lantern and heat the rocks to keep warm. After two or three hours he would have me get out and walk, move my arms to [get] the circulation going and stomp my feet so the circulation would start again. He would tell me about the times when he was a boy, what he did, how he lived and the horses and cattle he had. He was really a good daddy to all of us.

FH: [Did you have any] sickness or accidents in your early life?

CT: I was very fortunate. I don't remember any accidents. I did have two bouts with sick spells, one in the fall and one in the spring, when I was eleven and then [again when I was] twelve [years old]. I had all the good love and care. Daddy and mother were so good and nice to me. [A] bed was put up in the parlor for me so that I could have good care. I know how concerned and worried they were about me, how they had prayer and prayed that I would be better. [Emotional] Through those sicknesses my female organs developed so that I was never able to have children. I didn't know about that until after we had been married quite a while. I do look back to those days of illness and the kind, watchful care that was given me. They stayed [by me] day and night to give me every care that I [needed].

FH: During these years were you attending The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] organization meetings?

CT: Yes. I can remember going to Primary, Sunday school and when I was a little older, probably ten, I loved to go to sacrament meeting to help take care of the babies. If any baby fussed or cried I would go get them and take them to the back

of the room and keep them quiet so that their mother could listen to [the] church [service]. I enjoyed loving the babies and taking care of them.

FH: Did you attend religion class?

CT: Yes. We had religion classes. We would go after school to Primary and to religion class.

FH: Religion class is something we don't have now-a-days. Were you active in MIA [Mutual Improvement Association]?

CT: Yes, I was organist for MIA and for Sunday school. I really enjoyed the work. We had [a] ward choir and I was organist for them. They had a practice once a week and then [sang] for meetings.

FH: What do you remember about your parents? What kind of man was your father?

CT: Father was a good family man. He used to play the harmonica and accordion. He would get up early in the morning, start the fire, go out and feed the animals, come back and sit on the porch and play either his accordion or his harmonica. We were awakened morning after morning with that music and it was wonderful to me. [Emotional] Daddy was always very kind with all of us. He didn't allow us to ever talk back to mother. He was not too strict with us, but we knew that if he said no he meant no. I can remember the feeling when I could see that he was looking at me if I had done something that I shouldn't, [like] speak back to mother or to be cross with one of the others. I could just tell. If we didn't straighten up quickly he would shake his head and say, "Better be good there," [or] "We need to be good."

Another thing that just came to my mind is [something] that I have always appreciated. We were never allowed in the home to talk [about] church authorities [or] say unkind things of Sunday school teachers. He always told us that that wasn't right, that they were called of God and we should not correct them or talk about them in any manner.

I can remember, when we were younger, mother taking us by the hand [on] fast morning. She would take us into her room and we would kneel down by the bed and have a prayer. Then she would let us have a glass of milk and a piece of toast before we went to Sunday school. As we were older, then we would fast longer. Mother tried to always see that we went to our meetings. I don't think we had to be forced too much because it was just the way we were brought up. We would just go [inaudible].

FH: You didn't think of it in any other way.

- CT: We didn't think of it in any other way and all of us were anxious to go. [On] Saturday our house was all cleaned up, everything was ready, [and] our Sunday dinner was as near prepared as could be; then we went to church. Daddy would wear a tie if I put it on him and [go] to church. By the time he got home, he had the tie in his pocket. [Laughter] That was alright. He was a good daddy.
- FH: Did you go to the temple at an early age?
- CT: When daddy and mother were married, mother didn't belong to the church. She was baptized a little while before I was born. As the years went on, they didn't go to the temple. I wouldn't know why but it was just one of those things. It was easy to put them off. When the second brother was married in the temple, they wanted to go with him. So they prepared themselves, went to the temple and had the children sealed to them.
- FH: How many children were there?
- CT: We had four boys and two girls in the family.
- FH: Were they all sealed at that time?
- CT: No. The older brother — maybe I have that wrong. When "Bert" [Joseph Berton Woods] was married, that is the second brother, they had this work done. In order for me to be sealed at that time — I had just turned eighteen and it was the rule then that after you were eighteen you would have to have your endowments. So the bishop talked to me and asked me how I felt about having my endowments or if I wanted to wait until I was married to receive my endowments and be sealed to the folks. I thought that it was just fine. I had my sweetheart missionary in the mission field and I was sure that he was the one I wanted and it was just fine. So I went through the temple at this time and had my endowments and I was never sorry. I was always proud of the garments although I couldn't have some of the short-sleeved dresses that other [girls] did because the garments [had] long sleeves and long legs. All the time that I [have] worn them, I have never worn them any [other] way, only the proper way. I was proud of it and the folks made me feel that they were proud of me by wanting to go. It really was a wonderful and happy occasion.
- FH: What did you do in those growing-up years for a good time? Did you have a good time?
- CT: Yes, I had a good time. They didn't have as many parties and [events] to go to then as they do now. We used to go once a week to a church dance down [at] the chapel. That was the recreation we had. I enjoyed being home. I loved to stay home and do lots of embroidery and handiwork and some reading of good books. Mother used to try and get me to go out more. I [remember] a few times [she] asked me to go into town with her. She would take me and [we would] have a

dish of ice cream. It was really a treat to go. Mother would teach me how to act and what to do and to say. I was [very] proud of mother. She was a very sweet, lovable lady. Those were good times to go with her because she made me feel good, made me feel that I was important and [taught] me the proper way to [act].

FH: What kind of music do you like? How has music affected your life?

CT: I love good music. I [have] had music in my home nearly all the time. I started taking lessons at the age of about fourteen or fifteen. I took organ lessons the first year from a lady [whose] children I used to tend and paid for my music lessons that way. I still love the organ music. Then, [for] a couple of years, I took piano [lessons] from Professor Baum and I enjoyed that. I didn't get to be a professional but I was in several recitals. After [each] recital, the compliments I would get would make me feel I was paid for what time I put in practicing. My music came in very good, too, in the church work. I was organist in mutual and organist for the ward choir for four or five years [in] Provo [at] the Pioneer Ward.

FH: Can you remember who the choir leader was?

CT: I am trying to think. I should know, but I can't remember.

FH: Would you talk about your courtship?

CT: That was a good part of my life. [Laughter] Soon after I graduated, I had just turned fifteen. This was a year after I graduated. I had just turned fifteen and my cousins were going to school up [at] BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah]. They were coming back down to Barclay where I was born and I wanted to [go] back [with them]. I insisted that I [go] back; but daddy and mother couldn't see [it]. I had the cousins up there for company all the time. I didn't know why I wanted to come but I wanted to [go]. I know every time I would think of [going], I would have a little flutter in my heart. Finally, daddy said, "We got you that nice new piano. Aren't you going to stay and practice?" I said, "I will practice [well] when I get back." I only wanted to go for a little while. He said, "I don't know whether I have money enough for you to go down and back or not." I said, "If I can go down, Grandpa Woods would give me money to come back."

They finally let me go. It happened that these two cousins, their father and my father were brothers and their mother and this young man were brother and sister. This young man, [Jedediah] "Jed" Terry, was helping put up hay. When he came in for lunch they said, "Uncle "Jed", we want you to come meet our cousin, Clara, from Provo." He filled the wash basin and was washing his face and hands and was splashing all over. He was a great one to wash as I learned afterwards. He came toward me washing his face and hands and had a little twinkle in his eye. It kind of pleased me. He stepped over and shook hands with me and I think he was my beau right from then [on].

I was there for a few days and we saw quite a bit of each other. It just thrilled me and took my breath every time he was near. Then I went to Enterprise [Washington County, Utah] to visit for awhile. He accidentally followed up there. He borrowed a team and a buggy and took me over to Panaca [Nevada] to visit an aunt [who] was over there. That was nearly a day's travel and I was a little bit worried. I didn't know how [it would] be to be way out on the desert all that time with some young man because I had always been cautioned so much about what I should do. He put his arm around my shoulder and touched my arm just below my elbow. I thought, oh my goodness! [Laughter] But we had a good trip to Panaca and I was always proud of him wherever he was. He was a perfect gentleman and I guess it must have been love at first sight. I don't know.

When we came back, we stopped at Terry's Ranch. I remember being down [at] the spring with him and he talked kind of nice. He told me how much he thought of me. Then we went back to Enterprise. He had to go back to the ranch and I went home after awhile.

It was nearly a year before I heard from him [and then] only through the cousins. They came back another year to school and they would hear from him. They would tell me he had his call to go on a [LDS] mission. He wrote and asked me if he could call to see me as he was on his way to Salt Lake [City]. I was [very] excited about it. I trembled all over and hurried [to] answer the letter. [I wrote] him [that] yes, I would be happy to see him. I overheard daddy and mother talking and mother said, "I don't know. I am afraid that our little Clara Belle's heart is gone." Daddy said, "Why? What now?" She said, "She had a letter today from "Jed" Terry and he wants to come see her. She was so excited and she answered it right back."

I felt like I should not worry the folks and not [inaudible] I shouldn't so I didn't send the letter to him. But my, I wanted to! I thought and thought. But he was brave and courageous and wanted to see me enough that he came anyway without the letter. He stopped to see the cousins and they brought him over. I was [very] happy and thrilled to see him. We had a couple of [very] good days together and he asked me to save a corner of my heart for him while he was gone. I always thought of him as my boy. [He] was the only boyfriend that I ever had. There was one [inaudible] neighbor [who] walked home with me from choir practice. But that was as much as I ever went with anyone. He spent twenty-eight months in the Southern States Mission and we corresponded quite steady all the time.

FH: What date did he go in the mission field?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CT: He went into the mission field in 1912. He spent twenty-eight months.

FH: Was he under President [Charles A.] Callas? [He received his release from Charles A. Callas.]

CT: Yes.

FH: Did you correspond with him during his mission?

CT: Yes, at least once a month. Maybe that isn't as steady as they would now. It was good. He always wrote me [very] good letters and I enjoyed them.

FH: What happened when he came home?

CT: When he came home, I just took him right now! [Laughter] It was a happy reunion. Then we began to talk and be engaged. I felt we were engaged almost from the time we met and [we] planned a wedding. We planned [it] for the next June. He came home in August and we planned [our wedding] for the next June. He came to see me two or three times during that time. I was in Provo and he was down in Washington County. We had a very good wedding. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 14, 1916 and came to Enterprise to live.

I stayed at home for a couple of months while he had a little home built in Enterprise for us. His work was mostly at the [Terry] Ranch down on the Beaver Dam Wash [Utah]. That was a long way away. It was either [on] horseback back through the hills nearly all day or a day and a half around [on] the road with a team. We lived that way for seven years. It wasn't too good a way to live because he had to be at the ranch a lot and I was alone. I liked helping him but it wasn't too easy [for him] to be gone. Finally, we sold in Enterprise and moved to the [Terry] Ranch and had a long, happy life there. Our one disappointment was that we didn't have a family and we felt so bad about that. We kept praying about it and went to the temple and President Tanner gave me a special blessing. Dr. McGregor told me that the fever that I had [when I was younger] had developed my female organs all out of shape and there was no possibility that I could have a family.

We started to talk about adopting a baby, but it [isn't] as easy as you might think although there are lots of little [babies] in the world needing a good home. He did finally tell us that he had a nice baby coming that he was sure we could get. He said that the mother had made a mistake and her father wouldn't accept it so she would have to give the baby up. Little Melvin [Terry] came to live with us. We took him when he was a couple of days old. I took him from the hospital in St. George [to] down where the mail [carrier] stops at Castle Cliff [Washington County, Utah]. Our daddy met us there with the wagon and we went back [to Beaver Dam] Wash where we were living.

We told the doctor that we wanted another [baby]. We didn't want just one baby alone. We thought it wouldn't be fair and we wanted a family. He said, "We will

remember that.” But it was six years before we got word that there was a little baby girl here. By that time we had the car and it didn’t take us very long to get here. “Jed” didn’t drive fast enough to suit me and he said, “You take the wheel, then.” So I took the wheel. One or two people [who] were going to Littlefield [Arizona] passed us [and] wondered. They inquired afterward if there [had been an] accident or something [because] we were driving so fast! It wasn’t an accident at all. It was this beautiful little girl [at] the hospital waiting for us. She has always been a beautiful girl. She was a lovely baby and that made us a happy family. When it came to thinking about a name for her, we talked about different names and her daddy said, “She will have to be Clara Melinda.” I said, “Oh, we can’t have two or three Clara’s in the family.” He said, “Maybe not Clara Melinda but Clara something.” We tried to think of different names that would go with Clara. Finally, it came to me — Clara Joyce [Terry].

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

CT: I said, “How does that sound?” Her daddy said, “That is just fine.” We asked little Melvin what he thought about his sister’s name, Clara Joyce, and he repeated it kind of to himself. [Then] he said, “Then when we call her, shall we say Clara Joyce?” I said, “You bet we will.” He said, “Alright.” He loved her and was so happy when that was the name. We have always called her Clara Joyce. Some of her friends now call her “Clare” and “Clara” but, to us, she is Clara Joyce.

FH: Would you tell about your husband’s work? [Did] he [work] on a ranch?

CT: Yes, a ranch.

FH: What kind of a ranch?

CT: It was just a little farming ranch and he had a few cattle. It seemed regardless of how we did or what we did we didn’t make the money that other people made. So we were always a bit on the poor side. We didn’t ever really go hungry, we didn’t have a lot like lots of people and we didn’t have the best way of living. We lived in a tent and then [had] fixed sides built up and a nice floor. But we always had lots of love and we had hope that things would be better. He was very, very kind to me and to his children, probably too easy with them sometimes. They would kind of take advantage. It seemed like when we had droughts and lost a lot of the cattle, he would say, “I tried to do just like other people do but my cattle lie down and die. The other [ranchers] seems to have more calves than we do.” But through it all, I [would] put my hand over on his and he would put his hand over on mine and it seemed like the world righted and things would be alright. We had lots of hope that someday things would be right.

He said, “Probably it is better for me to not have any money. Maybe it is better for me because I might be a proud and haughty man and I wouldn’t want to be that. My father wouldn’t want me to be a proud and haughty man and so it is

probably better this way. This way it keeps me humble.” He really was a humble man. He has never faltered in his faith in any way. He wouldn’t ever taste tea or coffee or tobacco. Only two or three times I heard him say damn or hell. I was kind of proud of him [at the time] to think that he was man enough to say damn and hell!

We lived all of our life there [while] bringing up the children. I look back at lots of good and happy times that we had. [We would] go down to the other field and [take] a little lunch and have a picnic. It was quite a wonderful day for us. We used to have swims in the pond that Jimmy had to build to dam up to get water into the field. We would have little family swims up there. [We had] a lot of good times. We went to church whenever we could. It was very seldom that we could go to church because we were so far away.

FH: Where did you go to church?

CT: We would go to Littlefield, Arizona. Until we got the car, it would be nearly a day’s drive [down] and back and we couldn’t get away. But he observed Sunday. He [would] do only the things that had to be done. He would always bathe, shave and clean up Sunday morning; then he would read [or] study and we would talk [about] things. I would have Bible stories that I read with the children. I think the [stories] impressed them because Melvin asked me in recent years about where those Bible stories were. He said, “Mom, those were the best Bible stories I ever heard.” They were just ordinary Bible stories but it was the fact that we were a loving family together and his mother was reading those stories to him.

FH: What has happened to your two children?

CT: Melvin had to go into [military] service when he was eighteen. He served [on] a submarine and was gone about two years. He had very good health while he was gone and we were grateful to have him back home. He felt that that was all he wanted of [military] service. He didn’t rejoin while they were trying to get some of them to rejoin. When he went into the [military] service he had a sweetheart, Melba Lavanger. They corresponded all the time he was gone. She was a very sweet little girl. She came from Glendale [Kane County, Utah] to St. George to go to school. She lived with her grandmother. [When] her grandmother wanted to go away for a few weeks, she asked if she could come live with me. I let her come and live with me. I said, “Now I would like your grandma to [try to] get you away from me!” She stayed with me until Melvin came home and then they were soon engaged. He had to go back for awhile and then came home and they were married. She went with him for a few weeks until he was released from [military] service.

They have moved around quite a bit because he follows construction work. They have lived in two or three places in California and over in eastern Utah and [in] Nevada. He has always followed construction work. He has been very successful

at it. Now he is a superintendent with Nevada Rock and Sand in Las Vegas [Nevada]. They have made [their] permanent home there for probably ten years. They have three lovely children. Jeanette is the oldest. She is nearly twenty-two [years old] now. She was married last September. She married a very fine fellow. Steven is in Germany on a [LDS] mission [in the] South German Mission. Raymond, the youngest [child], is at school. I hope that he is planning on his [LDS] mission. He has always been a good boy and taken an active part in church. Melvin and Melba were not married in the temple but they have been since and had their children sealed to them. I know it meant a lot to them and, of course, to his mother and father.

Clara Joyce was six years younger and so [she and Melvin] didn't have too much of a life together. When she was little, they enjoyed each other. When she was old enough to go out and play with him, she would spoil his train track and tracks and roads that he built to play with. If I would separate them and have her go down to one side of the lot to play and him to the other, it was only a few minutes before they were together again.

When she was old enough to go to the dances, he was in [military] service. So they didn't get to dance together much. [Since] they have [both] married, they quite enjoy each other's company as brother and sister and family together. She lives in Las Vegas, too. They both live in Las Vegas now. Clara Joyce married Verdon Heaton. He is a good fellow and they have three beautiful daughters. Ver Don is eighteen [years old], Lynn Ann is fourteen [years old] and Peggy is ten [years old]. I have really enjoyed them.

The children know that they are adopted. They have been taken to the temple and sealed to us. We have their birth certificates through the court both in our names but they knew they were top of the lot. They came because they were wanted. The president prayed for them and they have been very appreciative of it.

JH: Did you tell them about that wild ride that you took coming over for the little girl?

CT: [Laughter] She knows! They know about that and we laugh about a lot of things. We talk over lots of things. We are never together that we don't tell about something that dad did, "Daddy did this." Clara Joyce has often said, "I do wish that my girls could know their grandpa." He passed away when the oldest was a baby.

JH: How many years ago was that?

CT: [It was] sixteen years [ago]. He passed away February 10, 1952.

JH: Has this been kind of a lonely time for you?

CT: It has. It has been a lonely time but it has been a good time. His health wasn't too good. While he was in the [LDS] mission field he had malaria fever quite badly. It seemed to still be in his system after we were married. He had two or three quite bad spells of malaria. He was injured in both thighs at different times. Once a horse kicked him and another time he was taking a ride off of a stretcher and the knife slipped and he cut himself in the groin. He knew that the way the blood squirted he had to get help. He was out on the ranch alone. So he jumped in the car and came for help. The doctor said the only thing that saved him was the way he was cut. In twenty minutes he would have been gone, but by sitting down in the car, the wound squeezed together and the blood clotted. When he got here and we got him to the doctor, he said to the doctor, "I think that is probably the only thing that stopped [the bleeding] was sitting down." The doctor straightened him up and had him sit up on the table and said, "That is exactly what has happened."

When we took him back home and were going to change his clothes, Melba, the daughter-in-law, came in to see him. He was just soaked with blood. The car seat was saturated. I cleaned his body and washed him off. Melba stood there and said, "Grandpa, I am sure the Lord had His arms around you at this time." We, of course, felt that way too. We thought it was just a miracle. The fact that it happened as it did [made it so] we had him with us for years after. This caused the blood [not] go to his legs. Both groins were injured and the main artery was injured so that he didn't get blood into his legs. One of them was just shriveling away. He had lots and lots of pain [with] it and the doctor finally sent him to Salt Lake [City]. They operated and took out some of the nerve from his spine that [went] into his leg thinking that would relieve some of the pain. It did relieve it but he was never able to get around much after that. He was on crutches quite a bit of the time and suffered quite a lot. But he was very good and patient through his suffering.

Then he had a stroke when he was sitting there. He was peeling some apples for me and I was reading out of the county paper to him. I noticed he kind of mumbled and I looked up at him. He had an odd look on his face and I went right to him and how, I don't know, but I got him out of that chair and across the room into a big rocker. We called the doctor and [he] came as soon as he could and said he had had a stroke. He said, "This will pass, but there will be another one. There are lots of different types of strokes. There will be another one and, when it does come, it will just come quick." He snapped his fingers and said, "It will just be that quick. I don't think it will be in the next few days. It might be a few weeks or a month or even a year or two." But it was just three weeks after that that he had another stroke.

He had been able to move around and got so that he could talk fairly well. I had been working at [JC] Penney. I had worked [there] for years to help out with sending the [children] to school. The last day he had said that things had been so much easier that day while he had suffered [very] badly two or three days before. He said, "I want you to stay home today with me." So I did. I stayed home from

work and sat by his bed all the day. A time or two he said, “I would like a drink of water but I don’t want to even be disturbed.” So I would put a little water on his lips and his mouth. Evening time came and we got him up and changed him from the front room into the bedroom. After I got him settled down, he said, “I wish you would give me another one of those little pills.” The doctor had given him some pills to quiet him. I said, “Not for another two or three hours because you have just taken one.” He said, “I don’t think it would hurt to take it because I feel so uneasy. I am just uneasy.” I thought, I don’t know either [if] this would hurt. After hesitating for a little bit I gave him one little pill. He said, “Now kneel down here with me and have prayer and thank [our] Heavenly Father for the peace and the quiet that has come to me and to our home today.”

During this illness we had had the elders come in several times. After they had administered to him once, he said, “I just want them to come and have prayers with me. I just want them to give me a blessing. I don’t think we need to administer and administer over and over. I do like to have the priesthood come and pray with me and have prayers with me.” So they came several times. One of them had stayed quite a bit the night before. But this night he and I were there alone. When he asked me to kneel down and have prayer, I did. I am sure that I was never more humble in my life than I was at that time. [Emotional] I thanked Him for all the blessings that we had and the blessing of the past day. I prayed that peace would be continued until [emotional] — and then I stepped into another room to go to bed and he quieted right down.

I thought: I was up a lot last night [so] I will cuddle down and maybe I can go to sleep and I did. I cuddled down and put the covers around me and I heard a little noise. He was quite a hand to snore so I thought that he had dozed [off] to sleep with a snore. I dozed right off to sleep and rested from about twelve-thirty or one o’clock until four [when] I was awakened wide awake. I knew there was something different. There was just such stillness in the house. I rose up and listened and I couldn’t hear a thing. I stepped into the bathroom and turned the light on so it would shine into his room but not on his face. Then I stepped into his room and turned on the little light on the dresser. He was lying there and I knew just then that he was gone. He had never stirred — only to take his arms from under the cover and put them across his chest on top of the cover. He was just as peaceful and quiet as could be. I thought, oh no! That wasn’t [what] I meant when I prayed with him. [Emotional] I was thankful, very thankful, that he had passed [on] and was out of his suffering because he had suffered lots.

Then my whole world turned. I remember I kind of turned to his bed and, as I was kissing him, I thought thank goodness he kept that insurance up so that I can have him buried in a linen robe and I won’t have to ask anybody [emotional] for help to bury him. [Emotional] Then I thought of my two beautiful children. It seemed like the whole world just turned around them then. Then I called the doctor. When he came, he said that he was sure that he had passed away when I had heard him soon after [I went to bed]. I felt then that the Lord was still on my side because I

[had] that three or four hours [of] good rest that I needed. What could we do [anyway]? He passed on and there wasn't anything that anyone could have done for him. We had been right over him and we wouldn't have to disturb everybody. I felt like I had that little while with him that was so sacred and it was for him and me. Clara Joyce and her husband came. They lived here in St. George at the time. Melvin lived in Mesquite [Nevada]. They called Melvin and it was only just a couple of hours until he and his wife were [here]. We all felt that it really was a blessing for him to go as easy as he did.

He had lived a good life. He had lived a full life. He loved to do missionary work. When he was at the ranch he couldn't do much because we were too far away from anyone. The last year he was in town quite a bit of the time [but] his health wasn't so that he could get around. He did some missionary work on the telephone. He was the ward teacher supervisor and would get on the telephone and send letters to the different teachers. [They were very] good letters that he would write, encouraging them to get their teaching done and to do their work. I think they all loved him for his work and interest that he had.

I feel now that he always had felt that he could do missionary work and that was the work that he loved to do. He left beautiful memories with me and with the children. We just couldn't grieve at his passing. It has been lonesome. We have missed him but he has been with us so near.

There is one instance that I would like to tell. It is very near to my heart. When we were first married, we moved to Enterprise after he had a little home built. When we first went in, he set the suitcase down and said, "Now let's kneel down and have prayer and dedicate this little home to the Lord and our married life in the little home." So he did. [This] was new to me. I hadn't heard of that being done before. I hadn't ever known about it happening but it quite impressed me. He offered a wonderful prayer. Then after he passed away I wanted to move somewhere to do something. A couple of my good neighbors insisted that I didn't start to rent again; that I could build me a small home and pay for it along like I pay rent. They encouraged me to do that.

I talked it over with the [children] and it was fine with them. But I still didn't know whether or how I could do [it or] whether I could make it. But I did. Verdon, my son-in-law, was very good to help me to get a loan on the place and he oversaw the building. He had worked in [home] building some and he oversaw the building of it. I have this lovely little home so secure, nice and good. Then the thought came to me: I can't see daddy [my husband] here. I don't see about him being here the same. I called [a] good neighbor [who] had been with him a lot during his illness, Brother [Bruce] Snow, and asked if he would come down some evening, that I would like to talk to him. He said, "Sure."

He came and said, "What did you want?" I said, "I would like to have this little home dedicated." He asked me some about it. And then I told him how "Jed" had

dedicated our first home in Enterprise. I said, "I want to feel his presence here. So far, I don't feel his presence here and it seems like it isn't hardly home." He said, "Alright. We'll do that." We stepped into the bedroom and I had "Jed"'s picture on the dresser. We knelt down in front of the dresser and he offered up a [very] nice prayer and prayed that the spirit would be here in the home with me and that I would be comforted. After he had gone, I thought about it and wondered how it could be, how it would be and how it would work.

As I went to bed I [said] my prayers. I prayed that Brother Snow's prayer would be answered [emotional] and that I was lonesome and I would always feel him with me. [Emotional] I went to work the next morning and kept thinking and thinking about it and wondering. When I came home at noon, I came in the back door just down the hallway and I could feel his presence so much. He was just sitting in the front room in a big rocker. I stopped and said, "Oh sweetheart." [Emotional] I enjoyed that feeling for several minutes. Then I came on in and, of course, he wasn't here. I didn't expect to see him here. But I have always felt his presence with me here in the home and in most everything that I do, the many decisions that I have tried to make alone. In thinking things over, I felt that he was right there helping me. I could tell by his smile whether he approved or didn't approve, and whether it would be right or wrong.

I think that I have had a wonderful life. It has meant everything to me. I wouldn't have it spoiled for anything in the world. I live and pray that I will be worthy of him. I know that even though we have been to the temple and all, if I don't do my part the blessing won't be mine, it won't be the same happiness and I feel that he won't be as happy. So I do try to live day by day right for myself, for my family and for him.

FH: What are your children's [spouses]' names?

CT: Melvin married Melba Lavanger. Clara Joyce married Verdon Heaton.

FH: Is there anything else you would like to talk about?

CT: I would like the children to remember and go over the writings that their daddy left. During [the] last year that he was living and not able to do much he spent a lot of time writing. He wrote a beautiful story of his life and a piece called *To Whom It May Concern*. [It mentioned] the [events] in his life that [meant] so much to him in the church and a few accusations that were made of him and how it all worked out that he was innocent and that he wasn't as he had been accused and how we had worried. [He included accounts of] several narrow accidents that he had that were very narrow escapes [and] he had written in quite [a bit of] detail. There were three papers that he left. He had said to me just before he passed away, "You know I have been writing these things. Some of the papers are out [at] the ranch." He told me where they would be and the rest were here at home. He said, "I wish that you would get them all together, try to get them lined

up and have copies made so that you and the children [can] see them.” I have had a few special friends read those. They were very near and dear to us and I let a few special friends read them. I would like to have the children think those over and pass them to the grandchildren. They each have a copy of them and [can] pass them to the grandchildren. [This will] let them remember their grandfather’s life. They can tell from his writings what kind of man he was and what he would want them to be.

FH: Would you like to bear your testimony and give counsel to your children?

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

CT: I do know that I have always been a great believer in prayer. Prayer has meant a lot to me in my life from the time I was in Primary and lost a nickel. I could not find it. I hunted and hunted and a nickel was so valuable [in] those days. Finally, I went into a little place that I felt was secret and prayed that I would be able to find that nickel. Mother had given it to me to pay [for] something at Primary. While I was praying one of the girls ran in and she said, “Clara, here is your nickel. While we were playing [on the] merry-go-round the nickel was left in my hand out of your hand.” That [was] probably a simple thing but it was such an answer to my prayer because I was really earnest. I needed the nickel and I —

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: That was quite an experience for a little girl.

CT: After I met “Jed”, I always prayed that if he was the right one for me that everything would work right. It seemed like every time that I had the least little question — I don’t think I had a question in my mind but sometimes my folks did. They felt like that they had moved to Provo to have me educated and be something [instead of] coming back to little old Clover Valley to live. I didn’t want to disappoint them. I wanted to do right. But every time I would have a question in my mind about it, I would make it an earnest matter of prayer, the way was shown to me that he was the one for me. I have never questioned it. While we didn’t have a lot of means and a lot of things that other people had, we had a lot of things that people with means don’t have. We had love and understanding and it still continues on and I know well.

FH: These are things that cannot be purchased.

CT: That is right. That little twinkle in his eye and the touch of his hand and knowing the feeling was all [that] it would take to make a day.

FH: Is there anymore counsel you want to pass on to your descendants?

CT: Just all be good [children] and grandchildren and let them know that I am very, very proud of them. [I have] and always have been. If they will always live as

they have been taught and as the church teaches them and live near to their Heavenly Father, they will be happy and they will have a better life.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]