

Interview with
JESSIE HELEN (JENNINGS) GIBSON

December 29, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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JESSIE HELEN (JENNINGS) GIBSON

Jessie Helen (Jennings) Gibson was interviewed on December 29, 1968 at the Cooper Rest Haven 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 Utah.

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

JG: My name is Jessie Helen (Jennings) Gibson.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

JG: [I was born] April 30, 1889.

FH: What is the place of your birth?

JG: [I was born in] Rockville, Washington County [Utah].

FH: That is over by the mouth of Zion Canyon.

FH: What was your father's name?

JG: [His name was] George Tomlinson Jennings.

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

JG: [Her name was] Elizabeth Augusta (Thaxton) [Jennings].

FH: What do you remember about your early childhood?

JG: I remember going to school. I was always climbing trees.

FH: You were a tree climber. [Laughter]

JG: I was a tomboy from start to finish.

FH: Did you ever fall?

JG: That was just a daily experience.

FH: Did you break any legs or arms?

JG: No. One experience I had that stands out. I had a favorite apple tree that I climbed up in and the foliage was thick. There were three limbs in it. One I could sit on, one that I could brace my feet and the other I could lean back against and go to sleep. When they called me to come [to] wash dishes I couldn't hear them. I was asleep. One day, I was hurriedly coming down out of the tree and [was] down nearly on the bottom limb. I guess it was the bottom limb. Dad always sawed off a limb or two and had a [limb] sticking out like this to hang his harness on. It was a foot long or something like that. When it was safe to drop, I let go of the limb and the back of my dress caught on that [limb]. There I hung like a chicken hanging up by the wings.

FH: You couldn't get loose?

JG: No, and I couldn't reach the limb that I had dropped from.

FH: What did you do?

JG: I hung. After a bit, I saw my uncle [James Henry Jennings] coming up the street and I called to him. He said, "How in the devil did you get in that fix?" I told him the whole story. He said, "It serves you right. I ought to let you hang there."

FH: Did he get you down?

JG: Yes. He stood there and tormented me awhile and then lifted me down. But one of the outstanding things was I had on a dress and the cloth was made over at [the] old Washington [Cotton] Factory. It was tougher than the denim [cloth] they make now. It wouldn't tear a bit. I just hung there!

FH: In those days they made cloth that was [very] strong.

JG: Yes. It was coarse, but it was strong.

FH: Did you start school in Rockville?

JG: I started to school [there when] I wasn't quite six [years old].

FH: Did you enjoy school?

JG: Yes, I always enjoyed school.

FH: [Did] something happen when you were about eight years old that affected your life?

JG: My mother died.

FH: Do you remember this?

JG: Yes, I remember it. I remember the funeral. It was raining when they buried her. It was in December.

FH: How did this affect your life?

JG: My grandmother [Helen Marion (Averett) Thaxton] came in from Mt. Carmel [Kane County, Utah] and took care of us. It was December 7, [1897] when mother died. She stayed until March [1898] and then they [she and James William Thaxton] had to go back to get their grain planted. She took the two youngest boys [Otto Manalcius and George Stephen Jennings]. The neighbor lady took the new baby [Elizabeth Augusta Jennings] and that left my sister [Anna Jennings] and me to take care of the family from there on.

FH: Was your sister older than you?

JG: [She was] five years [older]. I was eight [years old] and she was thirteen [years old].

FH: This was a lot of responsibility for two little girls.

JG: Yes. We had a dad [who] was just outstanding. He was a common ordinary man, but in my estimation he was outstanding.

FH: Did he help you a lot?

JG: Yes. He didn't help us with housework much. We had to come home at noon from school to a cold dinner unless we fixed something before we left. Sometimes we didn't have time. Dad would make a fire in the fireplace. Quite often there was a row of apples along in front of the hearth that had been roasting there all morning. He used to [grow] some squash and they were about this big around and maybe this tall.

FH: [Were they] about five or six inches tall?

JG: Something like that. He would bury them in the hot ashes along the side [of the fireplace]. We very often had baked squash or roasted potatoes that he would put [down] like that.

FH: Would he fix enough for you so that when you [came] home you would have something [hot to eat]? I bet that was good.

JG: It sure was. We always had our own milk and butter and [items] like that.

FH: Did you make your own butter?

JG: Yes, [we made it] out of the cream.

FH: Did you learn to churn with one of those old fashioned churns?

JG: Yes, one of those old fashioned with a dasher.

FH: [Did] the dasher [go] up and down [in] it?

JG: Yes, if you made your arm work hard enough.

FH: It wouldn't go up and down by itself?

JG: No.

FH: Did you have any illnesses when you were [a youngster]?

JG: I had pneumonia when I was around ten [years old].

FH: Were you very sick with that?

JG: I don't remember any part of it except the first day and then toward the [end] when it was about the last of it. I don't remember [much about] it. I was unconscious a lot of the time. I remember that first day. I came home from school early and [had] my lessons ready for the next day. Around sundown I was tired and decided I would lie down and go to sleep [so that] when it was time to get supper I would be ready to help. When I woke up I had a high fever, headache and pain in my lungs. That was the first of the pneumonia. I didn't remember anymore until [I was] nearly [over it]. We didn't have doctors.

FH: Were you unconscious [for] several days?

JG: I was sick in bed [for] six weeks.

FH: [Did] you finally did get over it alright?

JG: Yes. Back in those days, we didn't have a doctor on every corner. Most of the doctoring was done by handywomen who had families of their own and learned a lot of [information] that way.

FH: Was [it] practical nursing?

JG: Yes. I remember my side was sore where they plastered it was sore. They used the plasters. I don't know what they put in them.

FH: [Was it] like [a] mustard plaster?

JG: [They used] mustard plasters on our lungs. That winter was a [very] wet winter and we didn't have enough money to buy all the [overshoes] and things that we

needed for the family. My feet were wet most of the time and that is how I [came down with] pneumonia.

FH: Did you take a trip one time over to Mt. Carmel with your father?

JG: Yes. It was in a farm wagon. I had made the trip quite a few times. Then I went over the mountain on horseback, too. [It was] over another trail.

FH: [What way] did you go by wagon?

JG: We went around by what used to be called Cane Beds [Arizona]. There were those big sand hills and the sand was deep. It used to take us about three days to make the trip. Now-a-days you can make the trip in about an hour in a car.

FH: [Did] your father [scold] you on that trip?

JG: He told me not to put sand marbles in the wagon. But I wasn't the only one [who] put them in. My brothers and sister who were walking would find some they thought were pretty and put them in, too. We had his two mill sacks filled full.

FH: Were the mill sacks for his horses' feed? [Did] he find them when he went to feed the horses?

JG: Yes. But he just dumped it in one corner of the wagon and let us keep them. He was an outstanding father in lots of ways.

FH: Were you active in The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] during these years?

JG: Yes.

FH: Tell about your activity in the church when you were growing up.

JG: I was fourteen [years old] when I first started teaching the youngsters.

FH: Was this in Sunday school or MIA [Mutual Improvement Association]?

JG: It was in Sunday school. When I was older, I don't remember how old I was, I was president of the MIA for eight years.

FH: Did you attend Primary and religion class during those years?

JG: Yes. I went to those, too.

FH: How many years of [education] did you have?

JG: I [received] two eighth grade certificates.

FH: Does that mean you went two years to the eighth grade?

JG: My sister and I both were determined to finish high school, but we could only go one at a time. [The] year when she was going to high school I had already finished the eighth grade so I took it over again. When school was out in the spring, I took the examination and passed both years. That is [why I] have two eighth grade [certificates]. I still have those certificates put away.

FH: Did you go on to high school?

JG: Yes, I had four years [of high school].

FH: Did you get a diploma [from the] high school?

JG: Yes.

FH: Where did you have your high school [education]?

JG: In Cedar [City, Iron County, Utah]. I [was in] the last third year class of the BNS [Branch Normal School]. The next year I was with the last fourth year of BAC [Branch Agricultural College]. Then I went to summer school the next year for six weeks.

FH: Where did you go to summer school?

JG: It was in Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah].

FH: [Was] school something you enjoyed?

JG: I enjoyed it very much. I taught school [for] one year.

FH: Where did you teach [school]?

JG: In Virgin [Washington County, Utah].

FH: What do you remember about your father?

JG: One thing that I thought he was outstanding in: he wanted us [children] to be honest [and not like] a big [group] of [youngsters who] would go [to] somebody's place and steal their watermelons. Every spring he would plow an acre and say, "Now you [children] can have this acre of ground to [grow] your own watermelons. You will have to [grow] them and take care of them. You can feed as many [children] as you want to [with them]." Over in another part of the field he would make a melon patch and he would say, "Now I don't want you children

to bring other children into my melon patch because I am planting these for our use. When you get through [with] your rinds over there in your melon patch, pile them up. When I am over there with the wagon I will haul them home to feed to the pigs.”

FH: Did that work pretty good?

JG: That worked out just swell. Once in awhile we would have eight or ten [children] there and we would have a watermelon bust. We wouldn't let the other [children] pick the melons because some of them didn't know how to tell the ripe ones. We had had enough experience that we did know how. I remember one day one of the boys said, “Oh hell, this is monotonous. Let's go over and get some melons out of your dad's patch.” We said, “Nothing doing. Those are dad's melons and he gave us this ground. If you can't find enough here to eat, you can go home and get some.” We wouldn't let them go over there.

FH: Your dad had a pretty clever head on him for handling that problem.

JG: Yes, and everything else in proportion. He wasn't a man [who] was overbearing or anything like that. He just told us what he expected from us and we knew it. We tried to respect [him].

FH: Was he active in church work?

JG: He was a ward teacher, I think. He wasn't a leader in teaching.

FH: Can you remember any of your grandparents?

JG: Yes. I remember my grandparents [James William and Helen Marion (Averert)] Thaxton.

FH: Was this the grandmother [who] came and helped after your mother died?

JG: Yes.

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JG: We had an English grandfather and a Welsh grandmother and an Irish grandmother and a Scotch grandfather. I think I can remember the Jennings grandparents [Henry and Ann (Morgan) Jennings] but it is [a] faint [memory]. I don't remember very much about them.

FH: What do you remember about your mother?

JG: I remember her hair. She was just a good common ordinary mother.

FH: What caused her death?

JG: Modern doctors [have thought that] it was a [blood] clot that hit her heart.

FH: Was this [during] child bearing?

JG: Yes. Her baby [Elizabeth Augusta Jennings] was born around midnight or ten o'clock on [December] 6, [1897] and she died about two [o'clock] on [December] 7, [1897]. Just before she died, father had to go to the field to water some animals he was feeding on shares. He [had] one of the neighbors to come in and sit with mother while he was gone. I can remember them sitting there talking and laughing. Mother said, "Oh Lydie, open that door. It is just so hot in here I can't breathe." She had only just gone around the end of the bed to reach the door [and], before she opened the door, she heard mother making a little struggle and she was gone.

I am sure I don't remember my Jennings grandparents because both of them were dead before father married.

FH: What did you do just to have fun when you were growing up?

JG: Dad had cut down a big tree that was on the street and left a big long log, maybe so big around.

FH: [Was it] about thirty inches in diameter?

JG: It could easy have been that. In the evening, the [children] would all meet in front of our place and we [would] sit on that log. We played games in the street.

FH: What kinds of games did you play?

JG: Hide-and-Seek, Pom-Pom-Pull-Away — I don't remember all of them, but we played lots of different games. All of the boys played Bull Pen, too. That was one of the games they played. I had a brother [James Henry] just older than me and [we] used to play Big Ring in the daytime. You would make a big ring and put your marbles in the center and then we would take turns shooting and the one [who hit] the most marbles beat. Quite often when we would be interested in the game, some of the [children] would come and say, "We would like to play marbles with you, "Jim", but you'll have to kick [her] out if we are going to play." They thought I was just a tomboy and they didn't want to play with a tomboy. "Jim" would say, "It is alright. She was playing here first and if you don't want to play with her, go on." He always stuck up for me.

I remember one fellow [who] was doing the most riling when deciding who had the first turn to shoot. We would shoot our marbles just in the center and the one [who] was the closest to the marbles that were there had the first shot. I hit several

and they went out of the ring and they were mine. I turned around and hit his marble and it went just within an inch of going out of the ring. He said, "If you had shot that out I would have beat the hell out of you." [Laughter] He was bigger than I was, but he wasn't meaner. That was one of the games we played.

I remember another experience we had. There was a big old Indian around there. I think his name was Old-One-Eye. A lot of us were playing in our yard. The day before, dad had made us some little molds to make adobes. [We] filled them up with mud and put them out to dry and they would be little bricks. They were just adobes. They weren't baked. This particular morning, there was a bunch of us playing out in the yard. We divided the yard up and each one of us built a house. Some of them just [had] a fireplace built. But we built little houses all over. There were ten of us. Pretty soon, one of the [children] said, "Here comes Old-One-Eye." All the [children] were afraid of him so they just grabbed their tools and ran and hid. I ignored him and went right on with my building. He came in [the yard] and said, "Heat wave. Heat wave." I said, "I am not afraid of you." He went around to all the other little places they had built and kicked them all down, but he didn't touch mine. Then he went on. He said I was so brave. It wasn't because I was so brave; it was because I didn't have sense enough to be afraid of him! [Laughter]

FH: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

JG: I had three brothers and [two] sisters. There were three girls and three boys [in the family].

FH: Can you tell their names?

JG: The oldest was Anna [Jennings]. I don't think she had any middle name. The next ones were James Henry and Jessie Helen [Jennings]. I don't remember whether [George Stephen] "Steve" had a middle name or not. The [next one was] Otto Manalcus [Jennings]. [Laughter] He is not proud of Manalcus but he has it anyway! The youngest was Elizabeth Augusta [Jennings].

FH: That is the same as your mother's name. Did you like music?

JG: Yes. I was very fond of music. Later, we had a phonograph and records, but we didn't have any musical instruments at home.

FH: Did you sing in the choir?

JG: Yes. I was twelve or thirteen [years old] when I joined the choir. I had a friend and we just thought we were experts. They quite often called on us to sing in programs and [for events]. The [person who] was [directing] the choir invited us to join. I don't know how many years I was in that, quite a lot of years. I was twenty-two [years old] when I [was] married and I was still in the choir then.

FH: Did you like to read?

JG: I read everything that I could get a hold of. I enjoyed that very much.

FH: What kinds of reading did you enjoy the most?

JG: I liked historical stories.

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JG: Some of the religious stories I read I enjoyed very much. I still do.

FH: Did you read [the] Gene Stratton-Porter books: *A Girl of the Limberlost*, *Her Father's Daughter* and [others]?

JG: I read all of those [books]. I didn't care much for Zane Grey. I don't like westerns. [Laughter] I read some of them, but that wasn't my specialty.

FH: How did you happen to meet the fellow you married?

JG: There was a [group] of us playing out in front of the church one Sunday evening. He lived in Grafton [Washington County, Utah] and I lived in Rockville. I told dad I would be home by ten o'clock. When it was beginning to [be] ten o'clock, I said, "Goodbye. I am going home. I told dad I would be home by ten o'clock and it will take me about ten minutes." So I headed out on the run. [Laughter] He caught up with me and took me home.

FH: What was his name?

JG: [His name is] George Wood Gibson.

FH: Then what happened?

JG: We stood by the water barrel and talked awhile. Dad's barn was on the street. It wasn't up in back of the lot, it was on the front. All the [Grafton boys] would always bring their horses and tie them in dad's yard usually by the straw stack so the horses could eat while they were playing. There were a lot more boys in Grafton than there were girls. There were more girls in Rockville than there were boys.

FH: How old were you when this happened?

JG: I think I was fifteen [years old].

FH: [Did] he court you for quite awhile?

JG: Yes.

FH: How come it was such a long time?

JG: He proposed to me when I was sixteen [years old] and I told him yes, I thought enough of him to get married. I said, "You will have to wait until I grow up because I am too young to get married." He said, "I don't care, just so I am sure of it." He was out of town riding the range quite a lot. He herded sheep and did [work] like that. When he was gone, I went out with the other fellows, and when he was home, he was my boyfriend. During the four years I was in high school, he put in a two and a half year [LDS] mission in the Southern States. I had just finished summer school when he came home in the spring before I [came] home from summer school. I taught school that winter. At Christmastime we decided we would get married that year.

FH: Was it in the spring?

JG: No, it was December 29, [1911] when we [were] married [in St. George, Utah].

FH: This is your wedding anniversary today!

JG: [Laughter] I hadn't thought about it. I was twenty-two [years old] when I married. He was twenty-seven [years old].

FH: Where did you go to live when you married?

JG: I was teaching school at first, and in the summer he was working for some outfit out at the Cane Beds. I went home and stayed to help take care of dad. My sister [Anna] went to summer school that year so I went home to take care of dad and the [other] children. I taught school that year and lived in Virgin with Sarah Spendlove. When he was home, George would come over to Virgin. He would ride a horse and bring another one and we would go back either to Hurricane [Washington County, Utah] and visit with his folks or he would take me home. We would go up there and work for the weekend.

FH: [Did] you have a [very] nice courtship?

JG: Yes, we had an enjoyable time.

FH: After you married, did you live first in Virgin?

JG: No, I taught school in Virgin. While I was teaching during the week, I stayed in Virgin.

FH: Where was your home?

JG: [My home was] in Rockville. If he was out away from home working, my brother [James Henry] would come get me and take me home for the weekend.

FH: How long was it before you started having a family?

JG: It wasn't long. My oldest son was born November [23, 1912 in Hurricane].

FH: What is that son's name?

JG: [His name is] Malin [Jennings Gibson]. He joined the [United] Steelworkers Union and did a lot of steel work.

FH: Where did he go to work?

JG: We lived in Hurricane then. I don't remember all about it. It has been so long.

FH: Did he get married?

JG: No. He was to have been married. It was December [6, 1948] when he died and he was to have been married in March [1949].

FH: Tell about what [happened]? [Did he fall from the] girders on a building?

JG: I can't remember what building it was they were working on. He had been through high school [earlier]. Something went wrong with the crane and they had hired a man to sit out far enough so he could watch both the crane operator and the boys [who] were up on top. There were three of them up there on the top working together. Malin had his back towards the fellow [who] was watching and the crane hit him and punctured his lungs from the back. One of the boys working by him caught him or he would have fallen three stories clear to the floor.

They took him down [and] he talked to them for a little while. They [put] him on his chest when they laid him down. When they made an examination from the back, they turned him over and he just gave one gasp and was gone.

FH: That was a blow.

JG: Yes, it was a shock.

FH: Where was the next child born?

JG: She was born in Hurricane, too.

FH: What was her name?

JG: Laurel [Gibson]. She married Leslie [Henry] Deans. They live in Salt Lake [City].

FH: Do they live out in the Cottonwood Stake area?

JG: Yes, somewhere out in there. They have five children. One little girl was killed in an [accident]. She was running across the road and a [driver] didn't see her [and the] car hit [and] killed her. The other [children] are all married and raising a family.

The next child was Phyllis [Gibson] Welch. She is [Edward] "Eddie" [Bennett] Welch's wife.

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JG: They live in [Kearns, Salt Lake County, Utah]. They have four or five children.

FH: What about the next one?

JG: Mads [Gibson lives] in Boulder City [Nevada]. He has three children. He married Mary Spendlove.

Grant [Gibson] lives in Salt Lake [City] and lives just over the fence from Laurel. I believe [he and his wife] [Joyce] have five children. He is doing [very] well. None of them are wealthy but they all have enough for their needs.

FH: Who is the next one?

JG: I have to count them so I know where I am. Malin, Laurel, Phyllis, Mads, Grant and Nedra is the next one. She married Reed [Sullivan] Sevy and they have six children. They live in Tucson, Arizona. That is six [children and] there are two more. The next one is Winston Thaxton Gibson. He lives in Salt Lake [City and] married Verna Gailey. They have [two] girls and two boys.

FH: What does he do?

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JG: I can't remember. He has a good steady job all the time [and is an iron worker].

FH: Is there one more?

JG: That is Inez [Gibson].

FH: Where do they live? Who did she marry?

JG: She [lives] in Salt Lake [City]. She supervises a home for men and boys [who] live there. It is sort of an institution. She doesn't do all the work, but she is the

supervisor. She is married, but she and her husband don't live together. They haven't for a long time. She has three children.

FH: You have a wonderful family.

JG: We think so.

FH: Do you have any idea how many grandchildren you have now?

JG: I think I have twenty-nine [grandchildren].

FH: [Do you have] any great-grandchildren?

JG: Yes. I think there are nineteen, and I have eight or ten great-great-grandchildren. I have counted them up a lot of times, but I have forgotten [the] exact [number].

FH: That will be changing as time goes on.

JG: Yes. It is around fifty, anyway, in the family [who] are still living. There are a few of them [who] have died, but most of them are living. They all have nice families.

FH: Did you stay pretty close around Rockville?

JG: Yes. I lived there until I was married. We went to Hurricane to live when I quit teaching [school]. When my husband would be gone off on a job and before I had too many children to drag home, I would go home and help take care of things at home while Anna went to summer school or did things she needed to do. She taught school too.

FH: Were you quite active in the church during your married life?

JG: That is when I did most of [my church work].

FH: What all did you do after you were married in the way of church work?

JG: I was president of the MIA for eight years. I taught classes in Sunday school and in Primary. I worked in the Relief Society. I was one of the stake officers in MIA. I did a lot of work in the Relief Society. I was a Relief Society teacher and taught a class in Sunday school. They weren't the very youngest class, but they weren't the older group. They were just in-between. After my husband died, I wasn't so active in church work because I had to work to help take care of my family.

FH: When did he die?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: When was it in December?

JG: I can't remember. I think it was about twenty-three years or twenty-four [ago].

[George Wood Gibson died June 3, 1945 in Hurricane, Washington County, Utah.]

FH: [Did] you have to get busy and help make a living for your family?

JG: Yes. I had to do that because I wanted the boys to finish school. They worked when they weren't in school. The oldest boy [Malin] nearly always [found] a little work that he would do after school.

FH: What kind of work did you do?

JG: It was the kind of work [Washington] County used to give [to people]. I have forgotten [what it was].

FH: What was your activity?

JG: We cooked school lunches and things like that.

FH: Did you work in the school lunch program?

JG: Yes. In the summertime, to fill in the time, we canned fruit and vegetables. We put in hours [to] put that all up.

FH: Was that [so] you [would have] food ready [during] the wintertime for the school lunch program?

JG: Yes.

FH: Was it a regular year-round job with [Washington] County?

JG: Yes. I owned my own pressure cooker. We used it when we put up vegetables. I still [have] it. After awhile, they expanded [the] job [because] it was too big for the few of us [who] were working at it. They [gave] me [a job] as [the] librarian in the Hurricane Public Library. [Inaudible] how many years I was librarian.

FH: [Did] you work as a librarian for the [Washington] County schools?

JG: It was for the town library. I enjoyed it very much. I put in about four hours a day in the afternoon. I still had my home to keep up. We always had our own fruit to take care of in the summertime for home [use].

FH: Was your home in Hurricane all this time?

JG: Yes. We had our own garden and our own cow and chickens.

FH: Did the children help you with this?

JG: Sure. Their father was a barber until he died. He had a barber shop.

FH: What caused his death?

JG: The direct cause was cancer of the prostate gland, but he must have had cancer or something else working on him because he had to have his leg taken off. One [leg] was taken off above his knee. That was several years before he started with the other trouble.

FH: Did he have a hard time the last few years?

JG: Oh, if I had had the power to have him stay and keep on going through that, I would not have said, "Yes, let's keep him." I would not have been that selfish.

FH: Was it a wonderful relief when he could get out of his pain?

JG: It was really pain. He [became] so thin that the doctor told me to have him take hot sitz baths. I didn't have a bathtub. I used the old wash tub. I had to take him from the bedroom through the doors to the kitchen where I could keep the water hot enough. One morning I took him in there to give him [a] hot bath because it relieved him quite a lot when he had [one]. I picked him up and carried him in there. He was that thin. When he was well, his ordinary weight was around 155 [pounds]. That embarrassed him so, the idea of a grown man letting his wife carry him in to put him in the bathtub that I didn't carry him in anymore. I don't know whether you know [about] the old Gifford chairs or not, but they had a rawhide bottom. We had a set of those. After that, I put him on a cushion on one of those chairs and then I would walk him in and put him in the tub. He didn't yell about that. The other would have been a lot easier on me, [but] I didn't tell him so.

FH: Did you have a lot of problems yourself?

JG: I had a lot of problems.

FH: [This] wasn't easy for you.

JG: No, it wasn't easy, but it could have been harder. That is what I always think. If I would have had to leave home and go out and take a job and leave the children, it would have been worse. I think it would have.

FH: Are you grateful for the blessings you did have?

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

JG: Yes. I had one faith-promoting experience. After Malin died, I couldn't help but worry. He had put in his time in [military] service and had done everything he could to help take care of the family. He hadn't married yet. He was thirty-six [years old]. I just couldn't understand why he had to be taken just when he was going to be where he could have a life of his own for awhile. I worried about it. One night I just couldn't go to sleep [and] I worried. After awhile, I was just beginning to get sleepy and I heard a voice say, "Mother, I want you to stop worrying about Malin. He and I are working together and he is doing a good job."

FH: Was this your husband?

JG: That was my husband. I heard his voice just as plain as I am talking to you. He said, "When you worry like that, you hinder us. We can't do our best work." I decided if I was hindering them I would change my ways and I never worried anymore.

FH: That was a wonderful blessing for you to [receive] this knowledge.

JG: I have never forgotten that.

FH: Would you give counsel and advice to your children and your descendants?

JG: I would tell them that the honest way is the best way. It is the safest way. Even if you could make a little more money in some of these little crooked deals that some of them do, you wouldn't get the satisfaction out of it that you would knowing that you had lived a straightforward life and did for others what you want others to do for you.

FH: Do you have a testimony of the gospel?

JG: I know that the Lord lives and that He hears and answers prayers. He has answered mine many times and given me a lot of counsel. I have had a lot of satisfaction and counsel out of it.

I have one son-in-law [who] isn't religious at all. When he has heard me say that, he just kind of laughs at me. I said, "It doesn't make any difference to me what you say. You live your life and I will live mine. We will both do the best we can."

FH: Your testimony is very strong.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]