

Interview with
LOLA BELLE (DeMILLE) BRYNER

May 4, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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LOLA BELLE (DeMILLE) BRYNER

Lola Belle (DeMille) Bryner was interviewed on May 4, 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 Utah and Nevada.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

LB: [My name is] Lola Belle (DeMille) Bryner.

FH: What is your date of birth?

LB: [I was born] May 1, 1901 [in Rockville, Washington County, Utah].

FH: What was your father's name?

LB: [His] name was Ira DeMille.

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

LB: [Her name was] Clara (Dennett) [DeMille].

FH: Can you recall anything from your early childhood?

LB: I was born while my father was on a [LDS] mission to the Southern states. In his diary he [wrote] that he saw in [a] dream the buggy that was going around the narrow dugway from Rockville to Springdale [Washington County, Utah] to get the midwife to come back to Rockville to help my mother [with] her delivery. When he received the letter from my mother stating that he had a daughter, it was no surprise to him because he knew that I had been born.

I am very proud of my heritage; my [paternal] great-grandparents [Oliver and Emily Almina (Beal) DeMille] and [my maternal] great-grandparents John Fabyan and Rebecca Alvira (Fisk) Dennett] joined The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] soon after it was organized. My grandparents on my father's side crossed the plains in their early youth. My grandfather, Oliver DeMille, was called by Brigham Young to help settle in [St. George]. He came with [the] first settlers when they came to the Cotton Mission in 1861. He went up the [Virgin] River towards Rockville to Shunesberg [Washington County, Utah] where he settled and raised his family. That is where my father was born. I was seven years old when he [my grandfather] died and I remember him well. I remember how he looked in his coffin and the number of people who came [to his funeral]. Buggies

and wagons were all over town, hitched here and there. Rockville is a very small town and this impressed me very much, the number of people who were there.

I was four years old when my grandmother [Emily Almina (Beal) De Mille] died. I remember well my mother going to visit her one day. I was with her and when we went in the door she asked me what had happened to my hair. I had taken the scissors and clipped it off real short in the front. She scolded me for cutting off my pretty curls. I don't think I would have remembered her if she hadn't been [upset]. It frightened me to have her scold me. I remember that she had dark eyes, was small and plump [with very] dark hair.

Rockville is hemmed in by beautiful mountains on each side and the Virgin River flows down through the green little valley. I had four brothers and three sisters. We grew up here, untouched by civilization. We had a freedom that is seldom known because we were so isolated in this small town. In those days, the only means of [transportation] was by horse and buggy so we didn't travel very far. We roamed the mountains, hills and valleys. We watched the birds, gathered wild flowers and had a wonderful childhood in spite of the hardships which we had [to] endure, but most everyone was poor in those days so we didn't notice it.

I went to school in a two-room schoolhouse [with] two teachers. The first grade, we called the little school. It was [for] the first [grade] to the fifth grade. When you graduated from the fourth grade, they called it the big school. Miss Webb was my first grade teacher and Miss Maud McAllister [was my second grade teacher]. They were both from St. George, and we called her "Miss Maud." In the third grade I had Janie Wilkinson from Cedar City [Iron County] Utah. In the fourth grade I had Mrs. Bessie Reese from Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County] Utah. All my teachers were wonderful and I loved them very much. I loved school. When school was out, Mrs. Bessie Reese was always very good to me and praised me so much. She gave us all a card and on mine she had written, "I hope you continue to win the approval of others as you have won mine." I was [very] pleased with this note. I remembered it through the years and it was sort of a goal for me to remember to follow. I figured that, if she liked me, I [should] continue to do [well].

In the fifth grade I had Mr. Edwards; we were in the big school now. [In] the fifth grade, we were called the teacher's pets. [There] was a group of girls, and we had some [very] smart girls in the class, and he used to compare us to the older boys in the eighth grade. They were quite unruly and quite rough. I know one time he had to get unruly with them. I remember him taking one boy by the cuff of his neck and sitting [him] up [very] hard on the bench, right by me, which frightened me. I decided I didn't want that [kind of treatment]. [Laughter]

In school we had a big stove [because] in the wintertime it was [very] cold. We would sit by this stove and do our studies. In the sixth and seventh grade I had a teacher, Edna Cragun, another teacher from St. George. She was an excellent

teacher. Later, she married my mother's brother, Boyd Dennett, and became my aunt. She was always [very] good to me. Walter Cottam was my eighth grade teacher. I graduated from the eighth grade in May of 1915. I have my diploma which I cherish. I wasn't able to attend the graduation exercise for all eighth grade graduates which was held in St. George, Washington County, Utah, which was the county seat.

May Day was a [very] special day for me. It was my birthday and we always took a lunch in our May baskets. We made pretty baskets to put our food in. The families would take their children out picnicking. They would pick a spot and we would all gather in the same place. They had swings for the children to play on. We had a May Day program, braided the May Pole and we had a [very] nice time. When I was young, we [were] coming home from one of these celebrations and I spoke up and said, "I was sure glad that they celebrated my birthday." That was sort of a joke through the years with the family — that I thought I was so important that they celebrated my birthday both nationally and locally.

When I six years old I remember giving a reading in a Christmas school program about Kris Kringle. I remember the one line, especially, that Kris Kringle brought our brand new baby. I was often asked to repeat this as a child to my aunts and uncles. I began to wonder why and then I realized [it was] because it was difficult for me to talk. I lisped and talked [very] fast [and] sometimes I stuttered a little bit. They always laughed when I said it so I realized that I must have talked on the funny side.

We also had a town Christmas party that was always [very] special. It was held in the school building which was used for church, dances and all community gatherings. Our Christmas party was held there. A huge Christmas tree was put on the stage and each parent would bring a gift for [their] child and it was hung on the Christmas tree. Then, at night, we all went to [the] party. They had a program. Then they would open the curtains on the stage and there was this beautiful tree. Our eyes must have looked like stars as we looked at it! Then Santa Claus would come in the door and run up the [aisle] crying, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas", and go up to the stage. He would take the gifts from the tree and call the children's names that were on the gift. Only one gift for each child was on the tree. The child would go up and get their gift and a bag of candy, popcorn and nuts that he had in a bag on his back. My father was usually the town Santa Claus. I thought this was extra special because I knew he was the Santa Claus. He loved little children and was always so kind and good to them.

Thanksgiving time was also celebrated in a special and friendly way. We had the town dinner when we were children. We gathered in the same building and large tables were put up. The children would gather around and watch all the festivities. The food [was] brought in by each family and put on the table. I imagine we got in the way many times and [I] remember being told to go out and play until we were called. Later, when I was a little older, I was able to help set the tables and

help prepare [the food] for this dinner. This was a very special time for us which we enjoyed.

Our home was a very humble two-room home. We used one end of it as a bedroom. We had two large double beds and I remember mother had a trunk in between, which was always a curiosity to me. There she kept some of her most cherished treasures. We had a fireplace at the other end [of the room] and a table for us children to study [at]. A little shelf hung on the wall with our few books, our [*Holy Bible*] and [other] important books that we had. I remember pretty lace curtains hung at the window and we had a woven carpet on the floor and chairs and a fireplace at the end.

The fireplace was the center of our lives. Here, in the evenings, we roasted potatoes, popped corn and pioneer stories were told. My father [grew] lots of apples of every kind. Nice juicy apples were brought in, at times, around the fireplace in the wintertime and we ate those. Grapes that we had pickled were brought in and sometimes in the wintertime we would make ice cream in the evenings. We couldn't make it any time, only in the winter, because we didn't have the ice. We would get the snow and ice and put it in a large tub and get a bucket that had a bale [handle] on it. [We would] put our ice cream mixture in this, put the lid on the bucket and turn the bucket back and forth, back and forth, taking the lid off and scraping it in until it was all frozen. This was a [very] special treat for us.

Around the fireplace I had cousins and uncles, my father's brothers and relatives. They were musical and would play the guitar, the mandolin and the harmonica for us. I thought the music came straight from heaven; this was [very] enjoyable for us. I remember the home teachers coming [to our house] and we would sit around the fireplace. They would always kneel with us and we would pray. Then they would give us a sermon out of the [*Holy Bible*], [a] gospel sermon and then they would pray again before they left. I always had a good feeling and felt that the Lord was close by watching over us and that we were loved by the elders in the ward. These were some of my fondest memories of my life there.

Another fond memory was of my father. When he was on his mission he got [a] ride on the train. [He] knew about the train which we children knew nothing about. He got up in the morning to build a fire in the fireplace in our kitchen stove. It became warm [and] he would want to wake us up. He would start calling us, "Get up, it is time to get up. Don't let the sun burn blisters on your eyeballs. Get up and be about your work." Then he would start dancing the train dance. He would shuffle his feet [very] slow, [very] slow and then finally go a little faster, a little faster. Then he would say, "It is the first call to breakfast." And then, "The last call to breakfast." [He was] trying to get us up in a kind [and] pleasant way. I didn't know what a train sounded like, but later when I heard a train I realized how real his train dance was — how much it did sound like a train.

The Virgin River played an important part in our lives. We irrigated our farms, it was our drinking water and we used it for washing [clothes]. We really had to be on the lookout when [a] flood [would] come to see that we had sufficient water to drink — [water] that was pure. If we failed to do this, we had to drink water that tasted like driftwood. We would have to settle [the water] and sometimes it was hard to settle.

Washing [clothes] was a tremendous job for our large family. We had to dip up the water in tubs. When it was muddy, we had to dip it from one tub to the other to see that it was clear [so that] our clothes would look nice when we washed them. We scrubbed the clothes on a washboard. My mother made her own soap from waste fats and lye. I learned to wash [when I was] young and scrubbed the clothes on the washboard. [I had to] do all types of hard work because I was the oldest girl in the family. I was also baptized in the Virgin River and this was [an] important [event] to me.

Not many now-a-days have learned the art of baking bread, but in my mother's day, if you didn't bake bread you just didn't have bread. There wasn't a store [where] you could buy a loaf of bread or cakes for the family. They had to be made so, if we failed to bake, we failed to have bread. If we didn't have bread, we had to borrow from our neighbors. I remember many times borrowing a loaf of bread from our neighbors and when we baked we paid it back [to them].

FH: Did you have a certain day of the week that you baked?

LB: We baked just about every other day.

FH: How many [were] in your family?

LB: There were eight children and father and mother. So we baked bread and mother made lots of cornbread that we dearly loved. I remember many-a-time in the evening eating cooked cereal because we didn't have [any] bread. We also had to make our own yeast. We always had milk and eggs. Mother made lots of butter [and] we had butter and eggs to sell. [To] keep things cool in the summertime was a problem. We made a cooler by [putting] a little box on top and making shelves and putting a screen around it. [Then] we put gunny sacks in the water [and put around the box]. The water would drip down around it and would keep it as cool as one could keep it in the heat.

We were always busy; there was always something for us to do. I always had to hurry home after school in the fall and help shuck the corn that my father [grew]. It was always put in large ricks [stacks]. We used to play and crawl through those ricks and play games, but we also had to shuck [the] corn when we were older. We saved the very nicest of the silk shucks or [inaudible] of corn that was silky and soft. Mother had large sacks that they were put in. She made what was called ticks [coverings] for mattresses and the shucks were put in and put on our bed.

That is what we used to sleep on. When we made our beds we had to put our hands in the little slits and shake and fluff them up. Sometimes we would put straw in if we didn't have shucks, but this is what we used for mattresses. We always had to shuck the corn to help our father. The little nubbin ears were thrown in one pile and the better ears were thrown in another where they were taken down to the mill in town [to be] ground into cornmeal for us and he sold some.

I loved the fall of the year when I could climb the apple trees and helped gather the apples. We always had all kinds of fruit, peaches and hanging clusters of grapes. I remember one year when I was [very] young, picking most of the grapes and packed them over across from our lot, where we [grew] all our fruit. I packed and climbed up a ladder and put [the grapes] on our kitchen roof to dry. Drying fruit was a necessity for us. We dried lots of fruit and it was sold. People would come to buy it and, this way, mother would get a little cash to buy some of the [items] that she needed.

The Fourth and the Twenty-Fourth of July were very important days in our lives. [When] the Fourth of July was celebrated we planned and thought about it for days and days. [We] saved our pennies so we would have a nickel or two to spend which is about all we ever [had]. Mother would always make us a pretty new dress. We would have a parade, a program and sports in the afternoon. I always was a fast runner. I remember once they had me run with the bishop. He was a big fat man [and] he almost beat me. [Laughter] I also remember another time when I started out I fell right on my stomach and spoiled my pretty new dress. That bothered me! [What] impressed me the most was the importance of the day. The Twenty-Fourth was just about as important as the Fourth of July. In the parade, we would usually ride in [a] wagon [that] was called: Utah's Best Crop. All the children would ride on this [wagon].

My grandfather Dennett played the drums and fife, his sons played the bass and the snare drums. Men from Springdale joined in and they had what they called [a] band. They played for years. They would start out early in the morning. In the beginning, they would start out with a loud blast that just about shook you out of your bed. Then the firecrackers would start and then the music. [They] would come up through town in this wagon and would stop at every place. The people would come out and treat them with some food and tell them how well they were doing. It was very nice. When I was old enough that I was able to take a little lemonade or a piece of pie out to them, I thought it was [very] special.

[To be able] to go to Springdale or to Grafton [Washington County, Utah], just a few miles away, or to Virgin [Washington County, Utah], was very special to us because we didn't get to [travel much]. Our rides to Springdale were especially beautiful because we were going towards Zion Canyon. I didn't realize when I was a child how beautiful the ledges were until later when so many people came

to see [them]. Thousands of people travel through there each year to see those beautiful mountains of Zion.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LB: You could tell when fall [was] coming because of the cool crisp nights just before frost [and] there was a frenzied rush into the fields. The farmers went [out] to cut their [sugar] cane [to] make molasses. You would see wagon loads of [sugar] cane go by. We, as children, would run out and say, "Please throw us off a stalk of cane." They were always generous [and] would always throw us off stalks of cane. We would chew and suck so much [sugar] cane that we would have sores in the corners of our mouths. [Laughter] It was sweet and good! We were allowed to go down and watch them at times; my mother and father would let us. Later, as we got older, we went down. We would watch the process [of making molasses]. I remember seeing the teams of horses go round and round in a ring, the [sugar cane] being ground. I would say about a dozen [horses were] going around. The juice [would be] going down through pipes into long vats. It was boiled down into molasses. Sometimes they would give us molasses to bring home and we would have candy pulls. Molasses was a [very] important commodity. It was taken north to sell along with the fruit [so] people [could buy] their potatoes and flour, some of the [items] they didn't grow [here].

I remember the fall cattle roundup. The men would go out in the hills to gather in the cattle and would drive them through town on the dusty streets. I remember it was sight to see, the men [yelling] at the cattle and courting their horses and yelling and whistling. We would always go down and stand in front of somebody's home [or] get upon their porch or inside the fence so we wouldn't get run over as the cattle came by. This was always quite interesting to me. My father had cattle and he used to bring them home. He had some large corrals behind our place. They were high, made out of logs, and he always warned us children not to get too close because we would get hurt. Sometimes I had bad dreams about the cattle getting loose and chasing me.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LB: Our recreation in the small towns was interesting; we always had to make our own recreation. Dancing was my favorite; I loved to dance! They had dances in Springdale, Rockville and Virgin. When we went to Springdale or Virgin we had to travel in wagons. In the summertime it was a hay-rack wagon and in the winter it was a covered wagon. We would sing all the songs we knew and tell stories and have a good time [as] it took us quite a while to get there. It was about ten miles to Virgin and four to five miles to Springdale.

We had parties; parties at different places and in the homes. We played games and, in the summertime, we loved to get out in the moonlight and play games. Some of the games that were our favorites were: Steal Sticks, Prisoners Base,

Hide and Seek, Run-Sheep-Run, and baseball sometimes if there was moonlight enough and we could see the ball. During the holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas, extra-special dances were [held and] the old folks always came out to watch. I can remember seeing them sitting around the stove in the wintertime keeping warm and watching us dance. I don't know why it was so interesting to watch other people dance. Once in a while, they would have a quadrille and the older people would come out and dance. I remember seeing them dance and I tried it some, but I didn't understand what they were calling. I remember seeing my Grandmother Dennett dance and, with her long dresses, she looked like she was spinning. She danced so beautifully. When my boyfriend [Irvin Bryner] came up and saw the floor we danced on he was amused because it full of knots. I told him I hadn't noticed [because] we enjoyed dancing so much. [Laughter]

Our Sacrament Meetings were always two hours long. After meetings, we would walk up and down the streets and find a nice shady lawn or tree. There we would sit and visit with each other or we would go in some of the homes that had a Victrola or organ, which were very few, and we would sing hymns and hear the Victrola play the records. [This] was a treat to us. Now, when my television goes off and the house is silent, I often [think] about those days and wonder how we got by without more music.

I love to read. I was a great reader and read everything I could get my hands on. I read all the library books at school and all [the books] my friends had, so I passed away my time reading when I wasn't busy working.

Then there were original plays put on. We had one in our backyard which was [a lot of] fun. The neighbors all came and we charged a penny for them to see [the play]. This was fun! Once in a while, some traveling entertainment found its way to our little town. I remember several times having a minstrel show there. Mother always sold eggs or butter [to them] and we were able to go see [the program]. I remember an animal show coming once that had some monkeys, trained dogs and Shetland ponies which was interesting for us. I remember a magician show and seeing a man pull out yards and yards of satin ribbon [from] his mouth and eat fire. Those [events] were very interesting to us.

Toys were very few; we made our own. I was talking to a lady just the other day about rag dolls. I said, "Did you make rag dolls when you were a child?" She said, "Goodness yes, that was all the dolls we had — what we made." We made little rag dolls — we made the momma, papa and all the little children. We made little wagons out of sardine cans and put string on them and took [the dolls] for rides. [We] made our furniture out of anything we could find, empty boxes and cans and things we could find. I made clothes for the dolls, made wagons and cut grass and piled it up for hay. [We] make our own stick-horses. We would travel all over the country [area] and play we were Pony Express riders, riding around. [Laughter] Easter time was [very] special because we had so many beautiful places to go.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

LB: [We would] take our lunch. I remember going up to Shonesburg, the old place my grandfather [Oliver] DeMille settled and later left. It is a ghost town now. We went up there once in wagons [and] we had to cross the [Virgin] River quite a few times. We went up in the hills and found the Indian cliff dwellings. Knowing that there had been people living there before our pioneers went there to settle was interesting and very educational to us.

Another time we went across the river in the spring of the year. Sometimes the Virgin River was quite high and I remember we had to wade [to get] across. [We were] told [that] we could find water over there [so] we didn't take much water with us, but we couldn't find the spring. We became very thirsty and had a hard time getting back home. I thought I was going to die of thirst before we got back to the Virgin River!

In 1917 my brother [Roachie DeMille] went to school to Dixie Normal College in St. George. I hadn't been away from Rockville, only as far as Hurricane [Washington County, Utah]. I was allowed to go with my father [and] it took us two days. One night we had to camp and had to cross the [Virgin] River two or three times. One crossing was very dangerous [and] I thought the wagon was going to be taken down before we [could] get across. When we [arrived] in St. George I think they could have knocked my eyes [out] with a stick! I was so enthralled to see the beauty of it. To see a town with more than one street — I grew up in Rockville where there was only one street. The buildings had glass windows with beautiful clothes [hanging] and things to buy that I had never seen. People walking up and down the street dressed so beautifully. It was all like a fairytale that I had read [about in] a book. I would read in books [things that] I didn't [ever] think I would get to see. This was something for me.

My father went into Snow's Furniture Store, I was talking to Mr. [Erle] Snow not long ago about it. He said it was soon after they built his store down there. They had a millinery shop in there and his mother had one in there the first year. I saw a hat I wanted. I wanted my father to buy it for me. Of course, he said we couldn't, but I wanted it so bad. Finally, before we left, he went in and bought it. I took it home and really showed that hat off!

I was the oldest girl in the family and learned to do all kinds of work and was a hard worker. When I was thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen [years old], I worked in the homes for people. [When the] mother was ill or had a baby, I would take care of the family. I would do the washing, cooking, [and] everything. I was paid \$1.50 to \$2.00 a week for this work and was very happy because it enabled me to buy a pair of new shoes or something that I was badly in need of. I know one time I saved my money and bought my mother a beautiful white spread for her bed. I was [very] proud of [it].

Then we had a tragedy in our home. My brother [Roachie] just older than me was running to catch a buggy going through town. It was going [to pick up] a lady [who was] going to have a baby. [The driver] was going to Springdale to bring the midwife down. [The driver] was going quite fast [and my brother was] trying to catch the buggy. [As he] threw himself up into the buggy [he] caught his leg in the spoke of the wheel. When I saw him, I ran screaming after him. He was going round and round that wheel. They were trying to stop my cousin who was driving the buggy. They told me to run on and tell my parents who weren't too far away. I ran and, when I got there, I was so white and so excited that I had a hard time telling them what had happened. My father happened to be home and we all ran down. They had him taken from the buggy wheel and he was lying on the ground unconscious [with] his leg twisted off from the knee, just a gristle [was] hanging.

He was taken home and put on a bed and they called Doctor [Frank] Woodbury from St. George. He was the closest doctor. He had to come in [a] buggy and arrived in the night. I remember my mother coming in and taking [the items] out of my brother's pocket, his marbles, his knife, a little colored glass, different things that little boys gather up. He was twelve years old and I remember her sobbing and crying. Doctor Woodbury told them that he couldn't do anything for him, only set his leg, [and] they would have to take him to Salt Lake City. So they put him in a buggy and started out for Salt Lake City. They had to go as far as Lund [Nevada] at that time by buggy and horses. By the time they got him to Salt Lake City, blood poisoning had set in and they had to take his leg off and he only had a six-inch stub. He was in Salt Lake [City] about a month. When he came back, he had a lot of stories to tell us about the beautiful hospital he was in and how good the nurses were to him. I always felt sad for him because he was so young and was a [very] handsome boy.

My father lived at a ranch in Shonesburg where he was born and raised, but they had all moved away. So my father and his youngest brother farmed there. They [grew] grain, hay and all the fruit trees and grape vines that the pioneers had planted and were still there. We had all that lovely fruit. My father also [grew] the most delicious melons. My father stayed there during the week and would come home on the weekends. As a child, I would always watch for him on Saturday evenings. [When I] saw him round the curve as he came close to our home, we would all run to ride home with him.

We had wonderful parents. My father was religious and spent many hours reading the [Holy] Bible and could quote from the [Holy] Bible. They taught us honesty, to love one another, to pray and to work. We were very poor and had to work for everything that we had.

I knew that when I graduated from the eighth grade in 1915 that it would be hard for me to go [on] to school, so I didn't expect to go [on] to school. [Two] years after I graduated, my father and mother let me go to school in St. George to Dixie Normal College. This was [very] wonderful for me. My aunt went with me and

we rented a little house [in St. George] and lived here. This is where I met the man [Irvin Bryner] in my life, my husband to be, my companion for life. We met a little before [the] school [year] closed. We were attracted to each other and kept company for some time, going to dances, shows and parties. Whenever I saw him, my heart would pound; I thought he was so handsome, so nice looking and so wonderful!

I failed to tell you that during the Christmas holidays I went home, this was before I met my husband. My father suddenly took ill with pneumonia. My Grandmother [Rebecca Alvira] Dennett was the only doctor we had up there at that time. She doctored through [with] Doctor [Donald Alpine] McGregor and Doctor [Frank] Woodbury here in St. George. She would call them by telephone and they would come up if it was necessary. There also was a Doctor [H. H.] Wilkinson in Hurricane. My father had pneumonia and was very ill. Doctor Wilkinson was in town delivering one of my mother's sister's children and he came and saw my father. He pronounced it pneumonia. Later, he became worse with pain in his lower bowels. My grandmother called Doctor Wilkinson and told him he would have to come back; that he was getting worse. He told her that he couldn't come back. He said to bring him down and grandmother said, "If [we] bring him down, I am afraid he can't stand the trip". He said, "Well, you bring him and I will doctor him." So he was taken to Hurricane.

I remember that was a sad time for us to see my father [as] they drove off in our black-top buggy with the sides down and a bed made in it. [We could] hear him groan as they packed him out and put [him] in the buggy and took him to Hurricane. He was only there two days until he died [on January 5, 1918]. We were called in the middle of the night to come and see him if we wanted to see him alive. It was just coming daylight when my uncle Ben DeMille, who lived in LaVerkin [Washington County, Utah] came out on [a] horse to tell us as we came through LaVerkin that my father had just died. We went to my father's brother's place, Alsra DeMille, in Hurricane. There, Doctor Wilkinson came to see mother. My mother was suffering terrible pain with a bad fillin [splinter] on her thumb. He lanced this fillin. I remember the pus and blood shooting out and hitting the ceiling. I am sure this relieved the pain in her body, but I am sure the pain in her heart was much greater with the loss of her husband. She was young. My father was only forty-three years old at the time. [He] left her [with] a family of eight children ranging in age from two to twenty years.

When school was out, Irvin came to see me in June and spent a week. This was the summer of 1918. We had a wonderful time together and, when he left, we corresponded. In the summer of 1919 I went to Cedar City to work for my cousin Karla Stevens. There I met Elroy Jones and I kept company with him. He was a nice boy, very popular at the BAC [Branch Agricultural College] where he attended college. [He] was a musician there and was on the student council. I talked about St. George so much that he decided to come to St. George to school. I stayed with the [Amanda Pace] Sorenson and Andrews families while I was

there. [I] worked for my room and board while I went to school. I met Irvin in the fall after I went down there, but nothing became of that. Elroy came up during the holidays and wanted to marry me — become engaged and help me [continue] school. I told him I could go back because I didn't have the finances to finish school. I had an aunt and uncle who were going to Mesa, Arizona and they told me I could go with them. There wasn't any future in Rockville and so I went to Mesa. I told Elroy that I didn't want to become engaged [because] I didn't feel that I was in love with him and it wouldn't be fair. I think I must have still had Irvin Bryner in my mind.

I went to Mesa with my aunt and uncle. When we arrived, my Aunt Meg lived there and she gave us such a royal welcome. This was the first time that I had seen a train. Now to get on it and ride! We were supposed to ride second class, and being second class, we rode [in the] Pullman [railcar]. I was very uncomfortable because I realized that I looked very coarse and uncouth in my cotton stockings, my shabby shoes, my coarse dress and our lunch that we had to eat when all the [passengers] went into the dining [car] to eat. [The passengers mostly] were the wealthy people coming from Salt Lake City and other surrounding places going to California to spend the winter. I often wished that I had the education and the words to describe that. I think it would have made a very amusing story, an interesting human interest story. [Laughter]

We arrived in Mesa after our trip and I thought [the] country side was so beautiful down through California; we stopped in Colton [California] overnight to catch a train in the next morning for Mesa. I couldn't find work in any of the cafes or stores because I couldn't speak Spanish. Many of the people there were Spanish-speaking people, so I had to work in homes again. I worked in some very nice homes — in a doctor's home for quite a long time [and] in a minister's home [from] the Baptist Church. I got in bad with him trying to tell him about Mormonism. He kind of got [angry] at me when I told him we had the true church, but they were nice people to work for [and] very nice to me.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LB: One day I got a job in the Chandler Hotel [Chandler, Arizona] that my Aunt Meg [found] for me. I had to go to Chandler in the evening to be interviewed. I went in the hotel and the matron of the hotel interviewed me. She looked at me and asked me how old I was and I told her eighteen [years old]. She looked at me and said, "My dear, where is your mother?" I said, "I am living with my aunt. She is my mother while I am living here." She said, "My dear, you should not be here. This isn't a place for you." This made me feel uneasy. Then they escorted me to a little box-car that was to be my room. I found out that I had taken the place of a little Negro girl who had the flu. She had to have someone take her place. I felt very uncomfortable in there and that night I felt quite lonely. I sat down and decided I would write to Irvin Bryner. [Laughter] I wrote him a letter and told him where I was, what I was doing, that it was leap year and that I felt like [being] it. I was the

one who stopped writing to him in the beginning [so] I was going to write to him and see what he was doing. I had his address in Ogden [Weber County, Utah]. I didn't have any idea if he would still be there or not, but in just a few days he answered [my] letter.

The next morning I [started] working [at] the Chandler Hotel. I was to make the salads and prepare the fruit for the breakfast. I had been working in homes preparing grapefruit [by] cutting it out and sprinkling sugar on [the] top. I [cut] all the grapefruit and sprinkled sugar on it. They came in and [said] that wasn't the way [to do it]. I should not have put sugar on it so all that grapefruit had to be thrown away or taken to the servant's quarters to be eaten [and] I had to prepare grapefruit again and [fix] the salads

There were two little boys, a white boy [who] had red hair and a little Japanese boy. [The boys] really took a fancy to me that day. They kept telling me, "Oh, you will like it here if you [will] just stay. You will like it. We will help you. We will help." They would come in and call out orders for [a] salad. They would say, "Two in one" or "Three in one." I didn't know what they were talking about. [The] white boy would tell me and show me how to prepare [the salad]. When the evening came, I had my little booth filled with flowers that these boys brought to me. [Laughter] They wanted me to stay, but when I got out I went to my room and packed my clothes. I went to the bus [stop], didn't stop to get my money, and went back to Mesa. When Aunt Meg saw me come in, she put her arms around me and said she was so glad that I had come back, that she was so worried about me. That was the end of my working in a hotel. [It was a] beautiful hotel where the millionaires lived.

Irvin came to see me in June and spent a week. I was keeping company with a boy by the name [of] Ralph Smith. I liked him real well. He was a nice boy, but he wasn't a Mormon and was quite disrespectful toward our church. That bothered me and I knew that I couldn't marry him. He felt [very] bad when he found out that I had another boy [friend] coming from Utah to visit me. He was there when he [Irvin] came and met him. One night, Irvin took me to a dance. Ralph would never take me to a dance; he said he couldn't dance, but he came to that dance and danced with me that night. [Laughter] Irvin was there and [he] was a wonderful dancer.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LB: Irvin left [to return to Utah] and Ralph left soon after that. He went on a cruise to South America, to Valparaiso [Chile]. He continued to write to me and I wrote to Irvin. My uncle and aunt decided they didn't want to live in Mesa [and] make their home there, so they moved back to Rockville. They went by Salt Lake City, Utah. I had an uncle living there, my aunt's brother, [and] they wanted to see him. He had been living in Salt Lake [City] for a number of years, so we went up that way. In Salt Lake City, my aunt, Rosalie Dennett, wanted me to see if I could get

a job at the telephone office. I applied there and was accepted. [I] had to go to school for three weeks. I did this [while] my aunt and uncle [left] for Rockville, Utah. I stayed in Salt Lake [City] to work.

I liked my work very much and worked there for fourteen months. After Irvin [went] home, I [continued] corresponding with him. His father [Joseph William Bryner] died [January 13, 1921]. I decided that I wanted to see my mother, brothers and sisters, so I asked for a leave from the telephone company for about six weeks. I came by train down to see them. Irvin made an appointment to come up and spend a week while I was there. It was while we were on a hike; the North Mountain was one of my favorite spots to climb. This mountain [was] close to our home [and the trail] was the shortest [one] up the mountain. Often, in my youth, I climbed [there] and would sit on the edge of the mountain and look over the little valley and town and dream and think about the future and what [was] beyond the mountains. What was life like in other places?

We climbed this mountain and that is [when] Irvin asked me to be his wife. I knew that I couldn't say no because I knew that I loved him, although we hadn't seen each other very much. We had to crowd so much into the week that we were together [because] we didn't know when we would see each other again. We didn't know that, as soon as he [returned] his brother-in-law [would] want him to take up this dry farm. I went back to Salt Lake [City] and he went out to the dry farm and spent the summer. When I told the girls in the office that I was going to marry a dry farmer, they couldn't believe that I would leave Salt Lake City and marry a man [who] was going to dry farm! They asked me, "What kind of a life are you going to have out there?"

Irvin and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple [on] September 7, 1921 by President George F. Richards, President of the Salt Lake Temple and a member of the Twelve Apostles. I thought this was a perfect beginning for our marriage. Irvin and I had only had a few weeks together since we first met in 1918 until we were married. After our marriage, we spent a few days in Salt Lake [City] and then we came to St. George, Utah. We came on the train to Lund and then rode on the mail car.

Times were hard for us. Irvin didn't have work. He had spent all his money on the dry farm. Irvin's mother [Emma Charlotte (Blair) Bryner] was kind enough to let us live in her home [for] a year and half. We were very happy and very much in love. We were blessed with a beautiful son born August 26, 1922. We named him Dwane Blair [Bryner]. Grandma Bryner wanted me to put the Blair [in his name]. She said she had always wished she had named one of her children Blair; it was her maiden name. He was our pride and joy.

Two years later, on October 14, 1924, a darling little girl was sent to us to make our lives happier. We named her Barbara [Bryner]. The year slipped by and Irvin proved up on his dry farm. I went out a number of times with him. Then he started

working for the power company. This was good for us because we were able to rent a little house and live by ourselves which was good. Just before Barbara was born we bought a three-room home in St. George. We were living there when our little daughter, Barbara, was born.

When Barbara was about three months old, she became very ill with pneumonia. When the doctor came, he said that she could pass away anytime; that her heart was very weak [and] not functioning properly. He cautioned us that we had to do just exactly what he told us to do. We had a fireplace in the house which he said was very good; that we would have the proper ventilation and fresh air coming in. I didn't sleep for several nights; I stayed up night and day with her. She recovered, and after that she grew much more rapidly. Because she had a weak heart, the medicine the doctor gave her helped to stimulate her heart. We used the priesthood in our home [and] had her administered to and I felt it was the power of God that was helping [us].

After she was born, I was asked to work in the Primary as a teacher. Later, I was put in as second counselor [in the Primary] to Aretha Lund in the West Ward presidency. I held that position until we moved to Leeds [Washington County, Utah] where we lived for five years.

Irvin was made manager of the Hurricane Division and we moved [to Hurricane on] April 10, 1928. The power company built us a nice new home to live in and it was one of the nicest homes there when we moved [in]. It was close to my [parents]. My mother was in Rockville and Irvin's work was all over [the area]. He wasn't in Leeds very much of the time. I was able to visit with my brothers and sisters often. We enjoyed our five years in Leeds. We had many friends and we had happiness and sorrows also.

My mother was married soon after we moved [to Leeds]. She married James [Newberry] Connell from Parowan, Utah. She moved to Parowan and lived [there] two years. [She] took my three brothers and sisters who weren't married [with her].

On January 14, 1929, we had another little daughter [Elaine Bryner] come to live with us. She was born in St. George, Utah at mother Bryner's home where all the rest of my children were born. Mother Bryner was again the kind nurse who took care of me. We now had a wonderful family.

In September of 1929, our son Dwane had a serious accident. We collected the money people sent down by mail. I had sent the children down to get the mail. On their way back [home] some boys were throwing green apples at my son. He was running to get away from them and ran in front of a car that was traveling down through town too fast. It hit him, but didn't run over him and he rode on the fender for about a block before they stopped. They came to tell me. I had been washing and [had] just come in the house with my arms full of clothes when they

told me. I [went] to pieces! They tried to tell me that it wasn't too serious. When I got there and saw him, I knew how serious it was because he was crumpled on the lawn. They had thrown a bucket of water on him to bring him to, [although] I can't imagine anyone doing that. There he was, lying with blood streaming from his mouth, his ears, his nose and his leg crumpled up under him. I knew [it] was broken and the other leg had a deep cut in it, with blood spurting [out]. My husband was in Hurricane and word [was] sent to him. I had some kind neighbors [who had a car] who took us to St. George, we didn't have a car at that time.

When we arrived, we called the doctor [to] meet us. It was some time before they operated and put his leg in splints. His jaw was knocked in to one side, his front teeth were knocked loose and he had a bad basal [skull] fracture. The doctor told us that, if he recovered, he wouldn't be normal [because] he had such a bad basal fracture. We had faith and, inside [of] a week, he was home with his leg in a cast. His jaw was swollen and black and blue. It came back [in] place. It wasn't broken, just knocked to one side. He wasn't able to start his second year in school. After the Thanksgiving holidays, I would wheel him to school in his little Express wagon and go and get him when school was out. [I had] helped him with his studies while he was home so he wouldn't get behind. It left his leg about three-quarters of an inch shorter, but it wasn't long until you couldn't tell that.

While in Leeds, I took care of the office work for my husband. I collected and helped with the deposits. I did the switching when my husband was away. The switch rack was close by our home [and] enclosed with a high wire fence. I would stand on this switch and open and close the switches as I was directed by the men over the private telephone [line] that ran into in our house from the power company. I didn't realize until afterwards how dangerous it was — you couldn't hire me to do it now. Later, my sister's husband was electrocuted there at one of those switches. Another time, my husband went out and it was all charged up, it was at night and you could see it. My children also played around there. We had the only telephone in town. I took care of getting people to the telephone for their long distance calls. Irvin put in long hours for the company and we were very busy people.

While [we were] there, my sister Allie [DeMille] lost her right leg after more than a year of serious illness. She was at the point of death many times before she was operated on. In 1931, she was taken to Salt Lake [City]. The doctors here had been doctoring [attending to] her [but] she lost her leg. That gave us two in our family with [their] right leg off [and] just a little stub on the right. [leg]

On May 18, 1931, my sister, Norma May [DeMille], two years younger than me, died [giving] childbirth. She left three little boys, the one that was born and two others. This was very sad for us because she was so young. She was only twenty-eight [years old]. We felt that she died of uremic poisoning and they weren't able to save her life.

Mother became very ill after she moved back to Rockville.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

LB: She stayed with us awhile and we took her to St. George to see the doctor. Then she wanted to go back home and be with her mother and father and children before she was operated on. She was operated on about December 29, 1931 and lived a week. [She] died January 5, 1932. This was just fourteen years to the day, month and almost the very same hour, that my father had died.

Nada [DeMille] and Edwin [DeMille] were still at home [attending] Hurricane High [School]. Nada was my beautiful young sister, very attractive. Before she was operated on, my mother asked me that, if she didn't come back [survive the operation], would I take her and let her live with us. So we did. While they were students, I took food to them. They roomed over there because it was quite a distance from Leeds. When we moved to Hurricane, Nada lived with us until she was married.

We bought a new car; it was the first [car] we had and we had several nice trips while we lived in Leeds. One [trip was] to Mesa and one [trip was] to Northern Utah and Idaho. While in Leeds I served as a visiting teacher for the Relief Society [and] was theology class leader one year. I taught Beehives in the MIA [Mutual Improvement Association], taught [a] class in Sunday school and was second counselor in the Primary. We went to the temple quite a number of times.

[We] moved to Hurricane in May 1933. Irvin wanted to give a party for the people when we moved there, he knew most everyone [because] he had read their meters for a number of years. We thought the best way to do it was to have a public dance. So we hired the hall, the music and invited the whole town to come and have a dance. When the power company heard about it, they came down and said they would pay for the party and the music and to play as long as people wanted to dance. They danced until 2:00 [a. m.] and had a wonderful time!

We lived in Hurricane a little over a year. It was a very happy year for us [and] we were very busy. I took care of the office work again and was a Blue Bird Leader in the Stake Relief Society, second counselor in the Ward MIA and a visiting teacher in Relief Society. During the summer, we went on a trip to Yellowstone National Park [Wyoming]. We took our children and mother Bryner with us and had a very nice trip. At conference in the spring, I wasn't [at] the meeting, but was voted to be the second counselor in the Stake MIA. [I] wondered how I could serve on two stake boards. My Primary stake leader said she wouldn't release me. What they didn't know was that I was pregnant too. This was all resolved when the power company moved us to Cedar City [and] I didn't have to serve.

We moved [on] July 8, 1934 and, on October 3, 1934, our little son Boyd [Bryner] was born in the Iron County Hospital. He was a beautiful baby and fit

right into our family. He made us all so happy. While in Cedar [City], we bought a new Dodge car and went to the World's Fair in San Diego [California]. [We] took our dear friends, the Naegles, with us. I took my baby [as] he was eight months now. Irvin was now manager for the St. George Division. We moved to St. George in February 1936.

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LB: He loved St. George. We decided we were permanently settled now and would build us a home. We built a lovely home on Diagonal Street. [It] had ten rooms and two baths in it, all tiled and hardwood floors. My oldest brother, Guy [DeMille], built it for us and Irvin helped him all he could. When we moved in the home in the fall of 1937 I was so happy and pleased with it.

[On] August 10, 1937, our son, [Maurice] Clare [Bryner] was born. He was our first blond. He was such a happy, sweet baby [and] so good-natured. I was now a second counselor in the Stake Primary [Presidency] again with Aretha Lund, the president. I was also a visiting teacher in Relief Society.

We moved to Overton, Nevada when they came after my husband and wanted him to take the manager's job there. This was a hard decision for us to make. They wanted him to manage [the] new Power District that was being formed. When we [moved there] it was quite a different life than we had been living. [It was] a different climate — a hot, dry desert. We lived there until January 14, 1940 when we moved back to St. George. The children loved it there and the people were wonderful. We made many new friends and were happy. I taught in Primary and was a Beehive leader in the Stake MIA and was a member of the Ladies Literary Club. Irvin loved his work in Overton and Mr. Gardner wanted him to return. Of course, I was glad to return to my lovely new home.

We lived in St. George until June 1942. Our children were growing up. Barbara was talented, played the piano well [and was] an outstanding student. Our son, Dwane, was outstanding in school and [so was] Elaine. Boyd was just beginning school. I again worked on the Stake Primary Board and was a visiting teacher in Relief Society, a position I have held throughout the years. In the spring of 1940, I was elected president of the PTA [Parent Teacher's Association] and served for two years in St. George, Utah.

[On] March 30, 1941, our dear Mother Bryner passed away suddenly. This left our children without grandparents.

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LB: Duwane took pilot training and received his pilot's license. He was ordained an elder on April 12, 1942. [He] graduated from college with high honors and

received a scholarship to a college of his choice. Barbara graduated from high school also at the top of her class.

We moved [back] to Cedar City when the city [became a] municipality and Irvin stayed with the power company. While in Cedar [City], I worked in Primary, Sunday school and Relief Society. Barbara was organist [for] the ward. We only lived in Cedar City five months when we moved again to Moapa Valley [Nevada] and made our home in Overton again. Barbara stayed in Cedar City [as] she was now attending her first year of college [at BAC]. Duwane was in the [United States] Navy. He had volunteered and went in as a First Class Petty Officer in the [Naval] Air Corps.

Again, they [the power company asked] my husband to move back to Overton. This time, I felt that it should be his decision because I always felt that it was my decision when he left there. Mr. Gardner wanted him to come down. He [Irvin] asked me if I wanted to come. He wasn't sure he would and I shed a few tears. When he saw my tears, he decided he [had] better move back to St. George. I told him it was up to him, if he wanted to go back to Overton that I would go back and make a home for him wherever he wanted to live, if that was where he wanted to make a living. My children liked it there and, if he wanted to go back, I would be happy there if he would buy me a home.

We moved to Overton [on] December 11, 1942. The three children were happy to be in Overton again. We found a large home to live in that had been vacant for two years. We worked [very] hard to make it homey and comfortable for Christmas. This was Dwane's first Christmas away from home and we missed him a great deal. Barbara came down from BAC to be with us also. Our years in the valley were happy eventful years. We loved all the people and Irvin loved his job. I was asked to be secretary of the Relief Society soon after we moved and, a few months later, I was asked to serve as president of the Relief Society. I resigned after serving five years in Relief Society. When Bishop Lion couldn't find a lady to be second counselor I told him I would serve. I served another five years in the Relief Society presidency. Geneva Swapp was president.

We bought a home by the side of the power office and remodeled it. It was a very nice home [with] four bedrooms and a large living room. Irvin planted eighteen pecan trees. We had a large lot and enjoyed the pecans for years. [We] sold them and had them to give away. I grew beautiful flowers and always had nice yards. It was a lot of work — especially in the warm climate. I love flowers around me.

Barbara went into training and became a registered nurse. She trained at Holy Cross Hospital [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. She graduated as the honor student of her class and received a scholarship to St. Marys [of the Wasatch] College [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. She went to college and worked at Holy Cross Hospital and graduated June 1, 1947, again being the honor student. She married Guy McDonald [on] April 2nd at our home in

Overton. Later, they went through the temple and were sealed. They live in Heber City, [Wasatch County] Utah and have six children, three boys and three girls. Their oldest son, Michael, is serving a [LDS] mission in the New England States. He has been out a year. Barbara is working in Salt Lake [City] at the University of Utah Hospital in the [United States] Government research department where they do kidney transplants and open heart surgery. Her oldest daughter was the Wasatch [County] Rodeo Queen last summer. They are all active in the church.

Our oldest boy, Dwane, returned home from the [United States] Navy after serving four years. He graduated from Cornell [New York] as an ensign and was assigned to the USS Kearsarge. [He] was in charge of installing the electronic equipment. After being on a shutdown cruise, he was released and met a girl that he fell in love with in Philadelphia [Pennsylvania]. Her name is Mary Margaret Bailey. She came out west and they were married in Salt Lake City at the Presbyterian Church, October 5, 1946. Dwane was attending school at the University of Utah [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah] to become an electrical engineer. He graduated in the upper three-percent of the class in 1949. He now lives in Boston [Massachusetts] and is working at his profession. He also worked in Chicago [Illinois] for ten years as a consulting engineer and a designing engineer for Sargent and Lundy. He worked in Phoenix and Yuma [Arizona] before going to Chicago. They have two adopted children, Barbara Ann and Brent [Bryner]. They built a beautiful new home on Hickory Hill in Belmont, Massachusetts. Dwane's wife joined the church and they are active members.

Our daughter, Elaine, was an outstanding student. She was an honor student when she graduated from Moapa High [School] in 1947. She married Clinton [S.] Hale, a teacher from Oakley, Idaho, who came to Overton to coach. They were married May 8, 1947 in the St. George Temple. Elaine is a sweet [and] talented girl. They now live in Snowflake, Arizona and have eight children, seven girls and one boy. Her oldest girl is [completing] her second year at BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah]. They are all beautiful [and] talented children. Their second daughter, Tonya Ann, was chosen to go to [Arizona] Girls State this spring and [was] also elected to the National Honor Society this year. She works in a dental office after school learning to become a dental assistant. Barbara has often said that [she] spoiled our record when she was married right out of high school and didn't go to college. All the rest of my children have college educations. Clinton is in the bishopric and has been for years. Elaine has served in many capacities in the ward and stake auxiliaries. She has been in the Stake Relief Society and Stake Primary and is very good at giving talks. Her husband says whenever they want anything well done and prepared well, they ask my wife to [present] it.

Our son, Boyd, graduated from Moapa High [School] receiving the math award in May 1953. He has a beautiful baritone voice and sings often in public. He graduated from the University of Utah as an electrical engineer in June 1960. He

married Martha Ione Mitchell of Salt Lake City, Utah [on] April 1, 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple.

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LB: They were married by George F. Richards. They live in Brigham City [Box Elder County, Utah where] he works for Thiokol Chemical Corporation. They have two lovely children, a girl and a boy. Boyd [completed] a [LDS] mission in the New England States [after] he had two years of college. It was hard for him to decide to fill this mission, but he went and was a fine missionary. [He] brought many people into the church and was well loved in that part of the country.

Clare Bryner, our youngest, graduated from Moapa High [School] in 1955. He played football and basketball and was on the main string [varsity squad] in his high school years. At Christmas time in 1954, [our] daughter Barbara came down to be with us for part of the holidays. The day they arrived, [Clare] had a very serious accident.

The boys had heard of caves around [the area]. [There was] one cave especially that the boys had been down in and found Indian bones and pottery. They decided they wanted to explore it.

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LB: The day was a bright sunshiny day in December [and] would be a perfect day to go and explore this cave. I tried to talk them out of it. Of course, mother was always a wet blanket to them; something was going to happen. They didn't pay much attention to my warnings not to go into the cave. They left with ropes and flashlights. My son Boyd was there, home from college, and he went [along]. His boyfriend [who] lived across the street and my son-in-law, Guy McDonald, decided [they] would go [along]. They went in my son Clare's car.

When they arrived at the spot, they had to walk for about a mile to find the entrance of the cave. They came to the cave and there was just a hole [that went] down and they thought that the entrance was down further. They knocked off rocks and things that were loose around and went crashing down through this hole in the mountain or hill. Clare volunteered to go down first. He took the rope and felt his way down, telling them all the way down what he was doing and what he had found so far. After he had got down about sixty feet, there was a large rock that had come loose on top and went bouncing down and hit him. They heard this awful groan come from the depths of the cave. Boyd was the one standing by the rock and he thought: oh, I have killed my brother. He didn't stop, but like a flash of lightning, down the hole he went. He reached him and found him crumpled up with his head bleeding and unconscious. He thought: now I must get him out of the cave. How will I do that? He got under him; of course, him being unconscious it was hard, but [Clare] came to enough that he said, "Where am I and what has

happened to me?” It took over a half-hour to get out of the cave. Guy McDonald said that the two who were on the top kneeled and prayed. He said that he was almost positive that the whole mountain was going to cave in on top of them. That was the way he felt. He said that he had never prayed so earnestly in his life for the Lord to protect the boys as they were coming up out of the cave. He said when he saw their heads coming up out of the cave, he looked at Clare and he had such a gray look [with] blood all over him. He thought he was half-dead.

They had to walk a mile to get [back] to the car. They drove to our home and, as they came by the garage, President Bowler was there. He saw them and recognized Clare’s car. Barbara, being a nurse, took him right into the bathroom and was trying to wash his wounds and make him look a little more presentable. He looked like he was dead.

I was out at the clothesline gathering the clothes and they said, “Don’t tell mother”. They were trying to keep it from me. I came in and could see right now that something had happened. When I saw what it was, Barbara said, “I think we should get him immediately to the hospital. We shouldn’t be trying to do anything because this looks [very] serious. It could be brain damage.” Irvin wasn’t home, he was out reading meters, but our car was home [because] he had the company truck. Guy got in the car and we put Clare in and Boyd drove. He sped all the way. I told him: “Not to go so fast that we might have to bring more into the [hospital].”

Clare groaned and was so white all the way [to the hospital]. We kept looking into his eyes to see if his eyes looked good and [if] he was alright. When we got there, Boyd was [very] disgusted. We had telephoned ahead and told them we were coming. He was [very] disgusted because [no one was] there to meet us and take us in. It took us quite a while to get him in the hospital. The doctors were very much concerned.

I tried to contact Irvin, and by some quirk of fate, the water had flooded the switchboard in Las Vegas [Nevada]. You couldn’t get any connection on the long distance line between Overton and Las Vegas. They called from the hospital and called Jack Heat who was a sheriff there. He had a two-way radio in his car and Irvin [did] also. They located Irvin, and by the time he [arrived], we were waiting to see the results of the x-rays. We waited until it was quite late. When they got the results, they said they couldn’t find any brain damage at all, but he had quite a few cuts and bruises on his head. They took him in and sewed those all up [including] a cut over his eye. He said, “Shucks, it is just a little scratch on the head and now they want to keep me in here over night.” I said, “If they want to keep you, you are going to have to stay.” They said they wanted to keep him for several days for observation. He put up quite a protest, but he stayed.

After we arrived home that night and everyone was in bed but Boyd and I, it was probably past midnight. Boyd said, “Mother, we weren’t supposed to die. The

Lord has something for us to do yet because I don't know how we ever got out of the cave. I just felt that there was something pushing me up out of the cave. I don't know what it was, but I just know we couldn't have gotten out of there on our own power. I feel like it was the power of the Lord that brought us up, the power of prayer of the ones [who] were beneath." We were [very] happy to have him [safe].

He came home in three or four days [and] was one of the main players on the main string [varsity squad]. It was at the critical point of their playing [schedule] and he felt so bad that he wasn't able to play, but in two weeks they allowed him to play. I have a picture of him playing with bandages around his head. He recovered and didn't have any bad effects from [the experience].

Clare graduated from high school in 1955 and [later] from BYU. [He] is now teaching school in Overton, Nevada. He served as a [LDS] missionary in the Northern States Mission. He did outstanding work. He served in the [United States] Army [for] nearly two years. [On] June 4, 1966 he married Mary Louise Empey in the St. George Temple. They have a little daughter, Mary Lou, [who was] born April 8, 1968 in St. George. They are both active in the church.

That is [all about] my children.

In 1954, the Moapa Stake was divided and the stake members, most of them, lived in Las Vegas. They formed a stake in Las Vegas and called it the Las Vegas Stake and gave the name of the Moapa Stake to the stake there. They formed a stake in Moapa Valley which took in Mesquite, Bunkerville, Logandale, Overton and Alamo. I was asked to be the stake Relief Society president. I served in this position for nearly twelve years. This was a great blessing to me. I felt humble in this calling, but I know that the Lord makes it possible for one to serve if one does [their] best and asks Gods help by calling upon Him often. I had twelve wonderful women working to help me. Each fall we attended General Relief Society Conference in Salt Lake City, Utah. Each year a Relief Society Convention was held in each stake and the ladies from the general board came to give us instruction. The Leadership Meetings, the Visiting Teacher Conventions and the visits to the wards were all rich experiences in my life.

During this time I was [a] Beehive teacher for five years in the MIA, later attendance secretary [for] the girls program for five years and general secretary for one year. I have received seven awards from the MIA and have an eighteen-year certificate from the General Board of the Primary.

I served one year as the PTA president [for] the Moapa Valley School. I was active in that organization until Clare, my last child, graduated in 1955. I was called by President [Grant] Bowler to serve as a stake missionary in September 12, 1961 and was released June 27, 1966. When he asked me to be a stake missionary, I asked him if I would be released as stake Relief Society President if

I [took the new position]. He said, “Oh no, you can do both.” He gave me two counselors who served with me [on] the stake Relief Society board. We enjoyed this work and were successful in bringing the gospel to thirteen souls. This was a rewarding and spiritual experience. I had spiritual woman to work with and we prayed often together.

I would like to say that we brought a Japanese family into the church. I felt so much love towards this family [and] they were such wonderful people. They were very timid and often asked if they were worthy to belong to our church. We told them that they belonged to our church. They had been baptized in another church and we told them that that wasn’t valid. [We] told them many times that we needed them and wanted them. They finally came into the church and they are active. She later became one of my workers in the stake Relief Society and he is the ward clerk. They have been to the temple and are so busy. Their children are all so sweet and this was a rich experience.

We have dear friends who visit us often, Brother and Sister Bowler, who joined [the church]. They were from Los Angeles [California]. They came to just stay overnight, but they were interested in the gospel. They had picked up [*The Book of Mormon*] in Kanab ten years [earlier] They told the motel manager about this and that they would like [to see] the stake missionaries. He told us and we went down the next day. They are still living there and [have] joined the church. It was just a matter of them giving up their coffee and Brother Bowler his tobacco. We challenged them to be baptized and he looked so surprised and said, “I haven’t quite got my tobacco licked yet.” We said, “You will before you are baptized.” And he did. They are wonderful members of the church. He is the justice of the peace down there and so happy there.

My hobbies are reading, and sewing for my grandchildren. We now have thirteen granddaughters and six grandsons. I love to sew and to do handiwork of all kinds [like] crocheting. I love flowers and have always [grown] beautiful flowers. Working in the church and my children are my main hobbies. My children are my pearls and my grandchildren [inaudible].

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

LB: We [have] had some nice vacations together. My husband has been a wonderful companion — loving, kind and thoughtful. He loves square dancing. We finally got him interested in square dancing. We danced for ten or twelve years in our home. He built a square dance floor [in the] back of our house so that [friends] could come [over] and square dance. He bought a music box to use. We furnished the lights and built a fireplace. It had a grill so that we could [cook for] parties. The square dancers and the ward had parties there. When Bishop Putnam moved from Overton back to St. George, they had his farewell party at our home and we served steak. We served over 150 people steak [dinners] and had a nice program. They brought in a piano and had the Chamber of Commerce [members] from Las

Vegas. The elders [have] had parties there and the Seventies — all kinds of parties were held at our place. Square dancing was the most fun of all. When Irvin had his accident he had to give up square dancing, [but] they still held [dances] there for a year or so [only] he wasn't able to dance. I would go out and dance and he was there watching, laughing and talking to them all.

Irvin became active in the church. This pleased us all and he did a fine job [as] Sunday school superintendent, as president of the Elders [Quorum] and later as resident of the Seventies. He is now a High Priest. The last few years that my husband worked, his hips and back were bad. He had several bad accidents which crippled [his] hips and back. It was hard for him to get around. He retired November 1, 1966. He worked just as long as he could — he could hardly get in and out of the truck. We moved to St. George and he was unable to walk without crutches. He has had two serious operations: on his right hip September 28, [1967] and on his left hip January 26, 1968. He can get around on crutches [and] feels much better. [He] is looking forward to walking again.

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LB: — president of the Relief Society. After [World] War [II] in Europe, being the president, I was over the welfare program. We collected clothing and sent [it] to the people in Germany. I sent some of my clothes and a lot of us put our names and addresses in the pockets of the [clothes] we sent. I received many letters from Germany and I still have all the letters. [They were] very interesting.

One lady, in particular, kept writing to me through the years. I wrote to her and sent packages on my own after we quit sending them through the Relief Society and the welfare program. I sent her quite a few things. She would write and tell how much [it] helped and how much [the items were] needed. She wanted us to sponsor her and her children to come [to America]. I asked my husband about this. We lived in such a small place that we would be responsible for finding her a job and we knew that there wouldn't be work where we lived. She was a beautician in Germany and [thought] that she could come over and make a living doing that. I wrote and told her that we couldn't [sponsor them].

The next time I heard from her was at Christmastime and she was in Salt Lake City. Later, she told me that they had sold some property and were able to come over. She had a hard time in Salt Lake [City] and I didn't get in contact with her for some time. Each fall, when I went to conference, I tried to locate her and she was always at work. Irvin and I went up [there] several times and we tried to locate her. We found her mother and the children, but she was always away. One conference I went up and called her. She met me and my daughter at the ZCMI [Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution] store. She came in and I knew her [right away]. I had [a] picture she had sent me and she was [a] smiling, sweet lady. She told us many things about Germany and [what had] happened to them,

her marriage and how unhappy she was with her marriage. Every time I went to Salt Lake [City] we would go to see her.

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LB: Her name was Eleonore Bremer and she was, I think, about ten years younger than I am.

[At] Christmas in 1965 I wrote to her, the first Christmas card that [we would receive] would be from Eleanor Brimer each year. This year I didn't get a card from her and it was [getting] quite late. I sent her a card and her husband answered and said that she had been in the LDS [Latter Day Saints] Hospital [in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah and] had three serious operations. [She] was still in [the hospital] and he thanked me for my letter to her. I wrote to her that when she [was] out of the hospital and convalescing, if she would like to, we would [like] for her to come down and spend some time with us [to] visit and get over her operation. In early March she wrote to me and thought I would be coming to conference again. She didn't realize that I only went to conference in the fall [to the] Relief Society Conference. She [thought that she] could come [back] with us and find a ride [home] with someone.

I wrote that I wouldn't be coming to conference, but if she would like to come [down] we would help her with expenses and that she might be able to find a ride with some of the conference visitors. I set April 2, [1966] for the date for her to come because my husband used our car to read meters and we wouldn't have a car at home. I knew it would be nice to be able to take her around [the area]. I told her if she came [on that date] she could stay as long as she wanted and that when she wanted to go home we would see that she got back to Salt Lake [City].

On April 2, [1966] she came and [we] had so much fun while she was here that she didn't want to go back home. We took her to Las Vegas, Boulder Dam, Zion [National Park] and Lake Mead. We had parties for her. One of my dear friends had a little luncheon for her and invited friends. She brought her pictures and told about Germany and the hardships she [had gone] through. She and her mother were prisoners of the Russians [during] the Russian Revolution in Siberia. She told of her life in Siberia. She was from Hamburg, Germany and was there during the horrible bombing of Hamburg. She told of how the people were in the underground shelters and how many people were killed just that one night. In the underground shelters, or the homes were one room after the next. You would open a door and be in another [room]. The air got so stale in there [that it was] hard to breathe. The people would get brave and try to go out on the other side and be on the ground. The minute they would touch the ground there were bombs that our soldiers sprayed around and, as soon as they stepped on it, they were on fire and perished.

[There were] so many awful things that she told us about [that experience]. She told about riding from Siberia to Germany. Her father was Russian and her mother German and after the war she wasn't accepted [in] either [country] because she was [of] both. It was very hard for her.

Later, I hadn't heard from her [for awhile] and I wrote and asked her if she [had been] in the hospital again. She called me and wanted to come and visit me. I told her that I would love to have her anytime she could come, to let us know. I had a daughter-in-law who was going to have a baby. I would want to know when she was coming so that I would [be] sure [to] be home. I haven't heard from her and I had written, but haven't heard from her. Now I am anxiously waiting to know if she is coming to visit us again. We enjoyed her and everyone just loved her.

FH: [Do] you have a daughter [who] is going to have a baby right away?

LB: [She], Clare's wife, [is my] daughter-in-law [and] has already had [the baby], but I have another one [who] is [due]. I am having the two [babies]!

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LB: Eleanor Bremer visited with us [from] April 2 until about the 14th or 15th [when] we put her on the bus and she went home. It was sometime the latter part of April [that] one morning I woke up and had a dark spot on my left eye. I thought that maybe a spider or something had bit me [as] I had a swollen eyelid. I kept trying to see. I would pull the lid of my eye up to see what it was and finally I decided that I had a blind spot in my eye. It went on for about a week. My husband was going to Salt Lake [City] [for] an appointment with a doctor. I called my daughter in Heber City and had her make an appointment with an eye specialist in Salt Lake [City]. I met [with] him at 10:00 [a. m.] and he checked my eyes and couldn't find anything wrong with my eyes, only the blind spot. He said he didn't have any idea what caused it. He sent me to a neurologist, Dr. Herbertson, at St. Mark's Hospital [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. He checked me all over and couldn't find anything that would cause it, unless he said [that] I had a slight stroke caused from high blood pressure or something like that, but he couldn't find anything that was wrong to [have] caused it.

He told me to go home and if I felt that it was getting any worse to come back — even if it was in the middle of the night to call and come. The next Sunday I went to church and, as I was sitting, I put my finger over my right eye [to] see what I could see. I felt like [the spot] had spread [and] that I couldn't see as much on the pulpit. I went home and told my husband and we tried to get [the doctor] that day. We couldn't get [a hold of] him until late Monday [since] it [was] Sunday [and] he was out of his office. His nurse wouldn't call him. [On] Monday he told us to come right up and to be at his office at 1:00 [p. m.] on Tuesday. On Tuesday he checked my eye and said it looked worse. At that time, I could hardly see out of either eye from traveling. My son, Clare, was being married June 4 in the St.

George Temple and, before I left [for] Salt Lake [City], I had written many invitations and sent them out. We were having [an] open house on our patio. I had made arrangements for that and [had] done a lot of work. There wasn't anyone who knew that I had this blind spot and that I wasn't feeling good. I had been asked to make the cookies for the baccalaureate exercises. I had done this for a number of years because [everyone] thought that I made such good cookies. So I made the cookies and put some in my deep freeze to have for the open house [after] Clare's wedding.

[When] we went to Salt Lake [City], I was put in the hospital and underwent tests of every description. From Tuesday [on], I was bled and pricked by needles. They measured my brain waves by putting little electric [wires] all around my head and had me [move] in different positions taking pictures to measure these waves. Then they gave me blood and took [some] blood. The last test they gave me, they drained all the fluid from my spine and pumped my spine up with gas and took pictures of my brain. This was very painful; it was just almost unbearable. When I came out, I was [disoriented] with pain. My husband just about went crazy while I was in there. After the pictures were developed, Doctor Felt, the brain surgeon, said that he saw a spot on my brain and wanted to operate as soon as possible. My husband went to pieces. [All] he could think of was [about] a young person in Overton [who] had brain surgery and is now just like a child and paralyzed.

[He was] our music teacher, down there in the school, just a young man. He called my daughter in Heber [City] and my son. They came down to be with him and help him make decisions, this was on Friday. They decided that they better have two other doctors go over the tests and have a consultation with them. They consulted for two hours with Doctor Felt and when they came out they felt the same as he did, that I should have the operation and the sooner the better. Because of the test they gave me, my brain could start swelling and it could kill me any minute or I could go blind. I was put in the intensive care ward and they operated on me the next morning. Irvin didn't have any choice [and] we were frightened about it. Of course, I had to give my consent.

The next morning I had brain surgery. I went in at 8:00 [a. m.] and came out at 3:00 [p. m.]. Irvin, my daughter and son were all waiting patiently, anxious [about] my welfare. Before I had the operation, Sister Bremer brought her ward bishopric up and they administered to me. My son, Boyd, at that time wasn't there or I would have had him [do it]. After the operation, Irvin was anxious to know what they had found. Doctor Felt came in and told him that I didn't have anything wrong with my brain [and] I didn't have a spot on my brain. I went through the operation for nothing. I still have a spot in my eye and my eyes are [very] weak. I have a hard time reading [and my eyes] bother me a lot. I try to take care of them because I know they are very precious. I felt bad for the doctor because he was doing the best he could for me and felt that that was the right thing to do. I don't have bad feelings toward him, he was a fine brain surgeon [and] a fine doctor. I went back for regular checkups every few months until he moved away to the east

coast. I was a little upset about that. My head still hurts [and] I hope [it is] from the operation. I can't help but worry when it does [hurt] when I get overly tired. I have sunken holes in my head.

I think the worst thing about it all was when they shaved all my hair off. They say that the hair is the woman's crowning glory. I believed it, because when people came in to see me, I just [had] one bandage across my head. [A] Westinghouse man came in when he found out I was there, he was [very] friendly with us. [He] came down for the power company all the time and would come and see us. He came in and brought me beautiful flowers one morning. I didn't know he was coming early and I really felt conscious of how ugly I looked without my hair. That was really a problem. My daughter [thought] I needed a wig so she brought me a lovely wig. [She] paid \$225.00 for it. She [thought] I had to have it for Clare's open house.

I tormented the doctor to death until he let me come home. The next Saturday after the operation I came home. I came through St. George at the time my son was being married. I went to Overton, but was too tired to go to the reception, which I thought I could, over in Henderson, Nevada. My daughters came down and we had the open house for Clare. We had many friends who came. People didn't know me with this wig on; they would say, "Where is Mrs. Bryner? I want to see her and to talk to her." And I was in the line! I still don't like the wig.

I have some advice I would like to give to my children at this time. I would plead with my children to remain faithful and true to the gospel. That you will love the Lord and seek after righteousness and keep the covenants you have made and keep His commandments. That you will also strive to keep your testimonies of the gospel and that you will be proud to be a Latter-day Saint [as] it is the most important thing in life. I wish that you will continue to grow spiritually and don't let inactivity or transgression enter into your lives. Have love and understanding in your homes, teach your children the gospel and the importance of being true and faithful. Teach your children the importance of being married in the temple where they can be sealed for time and eternity. My desire is that all my children will live [so] that we will all be together as a family in unity in the eternities.

My dear children and grandchildren: we all so have much to be thankful for. We are a blessed people. I love all my children and grandchildren with all my heart. Love each other and be honest with yourself and your fellow man. Be friendly, kind and charitable. Have tolerance and kindness towards your neighbors and friends and live the second commandment that the Lord has given us, "to love thy neighbor as thyself."

I would like to bear you my testimony. I am thankful [for my] heritage, for my parents who gave me life, for the sacrifices they went through to bring me up in such a fine home.

I am grateful and thankful for my wonderful husband who has been a good father as well as a good husband, who loves his children dearly and has always been kind and good to me.

I am thankful for the five lovely children that God loaned to us while we sojourned on this earth, to give us happiness and joy.

I am thankful for the gospel of Jesus Christ and for being a member of the true church. I know that this is the true church and that God lives and that He hears and answers prayers, for I have had my prayers answered many times. I am thankful for my testimony and for all the people who have helped me gain this testimony.

I am also thankful for the privilege I have had to serve in the different offices in the church that I have had. I feel that I have grown spiritually and it has been a wonderful experience in my life and I [feel] I have been a blessed person.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LB: When I was a child, only two years old, I received a patriarchal blessing from Samuel K. [Kendall] Gifford who was my grandfather's brother-in-law. He told me in this blessing that I would grow to be a mother in Zion, that my posterity would be numerous and that I would be a counselor and called upon to give counsel in my life. That the food I would prepare would be suitable for angels. My husband would [tease] me about this and I always told him that [it] didn't mean our temporal, food [that] I'm sure it meant our spiritual food that he was talking about. I feel that my blessing has been answered in my behalf. I feel that I had wonderful parents because my father and mother sacrificed so much for us. My father had been on a mission at the time and my mother always told me that I was the most spiritual one in the family which I told her I didn't think [that] was right. I have often wondered, with my father being on a mission at the time, if this made any difference in my nature; I don't know, but I know that I have my father's disposition.

I am thankful for life and for all the privileges and blessings. I sometimes wonder if I have used my time here on the earth as the Lord would have me and done as much as I should have done, gained enough knowledge, studied the gospel more, although I have been quite a student of the scriptures until my eyes got so bad that I can't read so much. All these things I wonder about, but I hope and pray that when I do enter the eternities that I will be able to be with my parents, that I have so lived [so] they will be proud of me. That they will say as Paul said, "Well done my good and faithful servant, enter into the joy." I say all of this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]