

Interview with
CALLIE DREWERY (EYRE) STEWART

October 18, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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CALLIE DREWERY (EYRE) STEWART

Callie Drewery (Eyre) Stewart was interviewed on October 18, 1968 at her sister's home 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 Wyoming, Montana and Utah.

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

CS: [My name is] Callie D. (Eyre) Stewart.

FH: Does the 'D' stand for [anything]?

CS: It stands for Drewery, D-R-E-W-E-R-Y, my mother's maiden name.

FH: [Do you] spell [your first name] C-A-L-L-I-E?

CS: Yes.

FH: And Eyre is E-Y-R-E?

CS: Yes.

FH: And Stewart is S-T-E-W-A-R-T?

CS: Yes.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

CS: I was born April 8, 1907 in Lovell, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

FH: What was your father's name?

CS: My father was George Gillings Eyre . My mother was Harriet Mariah [Marie] (Drewery) [Eyre].

FH: Would you spell your father's [middle] name?

CS: It is spelled two different ways: G-I-L-L-I-N-G-S [or] G-I-L-L-I-N-S.

FH: Tell about your early childhood.

CS: Mother said, when I was born, I weighed eight pounds. When the midwife looked at me she said, "Harriet, you will never raise her because she is too small." All the

other children weighed ten and twelve pounds. [Laughter] Mother used to look at me and cry. She said, "I will raise her." I was so small and always cold. Mother kept me in eider down for a year. My sister, Florence [Drewery Eyre], used to push me around in her doll buggy all of the time. My older sister, Nellie [Frances Eyre], came home from school one day and brought her schoolmates to see this beautiful baby. One of them said, "What a little brown mouse." [Laughter] [She] absolutely insulted my sister! Anyway, I grew up.

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CS: I remember my younger brother "Reggie" [Reginald Eyre]. He was very ill [with] brain fever and pneumonia. I remember coming in the house and my mother and the doctor had him lying on the table. He had such a high fever they were putting ice packs on him. You could see the steam rise from his body. They laid him on the bed [by] the open window and put a sheet over him. The doctor said the rest of his body was dead. He was terribly ill. I was only three and a half or four years old. I remember, in the mornings, my older brothers and sisters would come downstairs and mother would have them go right out and over to the neighbors. This was in the wintertime. Wyoming gets very cold. I was the only one [who] stayed in the house. Mother would sit and rock my little baby brother. I guess I was a [little] jealous because I walked up [to him] and I slapped his face. I guess that was jealousy. Mother said I should never do that again. I was so sorry because he was so [very] sick.

There were twenty-four babies in the town [who] had [the] disease at the same time. The neighbor's baby had it. My mother had gone to conference when my brother came down with it. On the way back from conference, I think it was Sister Wilkinson [who] called mother in to look at her baby. Mother was helping her do the dishes. The baby had been sick for quite awhile. Mother said, "Sister Wilkinson, oh my baby. I have to go home." She looked at her baby and said, "Your baby will get better." Mom went home and looked at "Reggie" and he looked alright. He was playing around. She said, "You are alright, aren't you honey?"

She went back to conference. It was [a] quarterly conference [that was] being held. When she came home that evening he had a high fever [and] was sick. She didn't get to see her neighbor, or anybody else, until the next quarterly conference. He was ill all that winter. The thing that impresses me so much was that the only two children [who] lived were my brother and Sister Wilkinson's baby. All of the other babies passed away. They would hold a circle prayer for "Reggie" and he was administered to all of the time. Mother dedicated him to the Lord because he was so sick. One morning when she was coming down the stairs, she saw his eyes follow her all the way down the stairs. She went over to him and put his arms around her. She knew then that he would get better.

When I was [very young] I remember sitting on my dad's knee. He would try to teach me how to spell dog and cat. I would be able to spell cat three or four times and then he would say dog and I would forget how. I could not remember. [Laughter] I don't remember if I was going to school or not when I had my tonsils out. I do remember the doctor coming. They laid me out on the large living room table. They gave me chloroform [when he] took out my tonsils. Mother said, "You can't give her too much." I was [his] second patient. The first patient had passed away so mother wouldn't let [him] give me too much chloroform. I remember how it hurt. It felt like the doctor was putting his thumb in my throat and rubbing all around. I remember [him] cutting out my tonsils. I must have been about six [years old when] my little brother was sitting on the stairway. He came down and told my mother, "If that doctor touches her one more time I will kill him." [Laughter]

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CS: We went to Montana in a covered wagon. On the way, I [came down with] scarlet fever and my older sister, Nellie, [had] appendicitis. When we came to the little town of Straw [Montana], the only place we could [find] to live in was the empty store. I remember it was one great big room and I was sick with scarlet fever. Nellie was quite sick because of the appendicitis attack. They called the doctor for Nellie and he said they must operate on her by the next morning. He looked over and saw I was in the cot. He said, "What is wrong with that child?" My mother said, "She just has a cold. She is alright."

On the way to Montana, I remember crossing Shell [Creek, Wyoming]. We had three wagons and three teams. My two brothers each had a team and my dad had a team. Mother was sitting on the front seat with dad holding me on her lap. I was rolled [up] in a quilt. I remember the [youngsters] all getting out and wading across the river. It was beautiful and you could see the shells at the bottom. I so wanted to get out and wade with them, but I couldn't because I had scarlet fever. At the time they didn't know what it was, but as we went further on our journey, I [became] worse. When [we arrived at] the settlement of Straw they stopped.

I remember it was great big old room. They all [had] to scrub it and dad put the stove and beds up. I finally [was] over the scarlet fever. When my sister [Nellie] was supposed to go to the hospital the next morning, the doctor came down and here she was scrubbing windows. He said, "I thought you said you had appendicitis?" She said, "I did, but I am better now." He scolded her good and told her it was all put on and that she never was sick. Mother explained to him that she was sick and that we were Mormons, Latter-day Saints, and we believe in healing. The doctor was [very] put out and left quite angry.

I [was] better and school started before too long. My brother just older than me, [Cecil Drewery Eyre], said he would take me to school. I don't remember, but I think I was five or six years old. I will never forget the school. It was one big

room with all eight grades in it. Every place I sat down, the [older students] would come and push me out. I was [very] small for my age. Pretty soon I started crying. My brother said, "Come on. I will take you back home." He took me home and said to mother: don't ever send her to school again because she is too little. [Laughter] That was my experience [of] my first day at school. I never went back again until I was seven [years old]

FH: How much [education] were you able to [receive]?

CS: I went through high school and went to LDS University [Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. That was what they called it at the time. I think it was [more like] a high school. I finished there and I took a business course at the LDS [Business College], but I never completed it because I [became] ill.

FH: Did you have some trips that were quite bizarre?

CS: I remember one trip that daddy took us on up to Pryor Mountain in the Bighorn [Canyon, Lovell, Wyoming]. It took all day to get there. I don't know how far it was from the town, but we went in the wagon. We used to go two or three times during the summer up on these mountains. They would put up a swing for us. There was [a] pretty flower and I picked these pretty flowers and [became] lost. I didn't know I was lost. I don't know how long they looked for me, but I remember mother crying when she found me. She asked, "What were you doing?" I told her I was picking the pretty flowers. She said, "Don't you know there are bears and wildcats in these mountains?" They were very thankful they found me before it [was] too late.

FH: In the years that you were growing up, were you involved in activities in [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]?

CS: Yes. Before I tell [about] my church activities, I would like to tell what impressed me about my home: our evening prayers and our morning prayers. Every evening before we retired, mother played the organ. We had the first organ that was in Lovell. My mother would play and we would all sing church hymns. My dad had such a wonderful voice. I can still hear him singing *Let the Lower Lights be Burning*. At night, we would sit around the table and mother could always think up games. One game, in particular, was where we would take a handful of matches and drop them. We would use a hairpin to pick out the [matches] and not disturb the others. We always had fun on Valentine's [Day] because we made our own. She always had something for us to do in a way to keep us entertained. There was a great deal of love and understanding in our home.

FH: Now [tell about your] church activities.

CS: I remember when I was a [young] girl; I went to Primary. I was quite a baby. In Sunday school we had a teacher named Gramma Carlton. She was such a dear soul. I [didn't want] to [leave the] first grade in Sunday school because I could hardly move without Gramma Carlton. I finally [was] promoted. I was on the program one day in Primary and I was supposed to sing a song. I was about seven or eight [years old]. What did I do but choose a song that was something about *You are Welcome as the Birds in Spring* or something like that. I got up to sing it with a sheet of music in front of me. I was just singing away and I couldn't even read the words! [Laughter] When I came to words that I didn't know, I just hummed and went on singing. [Laughter] I guess the teachers really got a bang out of that. [Laughter] The first I remember of my church activities was when we moved to Utah. I taught a Beehive class and I was only eighteen years old at the time. I believe it was the Winder Ward out on Highland Drive [in Salt Lake City]. We had eighteen or twenty girls and there was another lady [teaching] with me. We had a wonderful Beehive class and I enjoyed it [very much]. I taught there for about two years; then we moved back into Salt Lake [City]. After I was married, I taught Primary in the Twenty-fourth Ward for a number of years. I taught the Blue Bird girls. I enjoyed every minute of it and I think the girls enjoyed it too.

FH: Tell what you remember about your father.

CS: He was a wonderful man. Never in all of his life did he talk about anyone. He never swore and was always very good to us. I don't remember him ever spanking us or being cross. If we ever needed a spanking, mother would say, "I will do the spanking, George, because your hands are too big." [Laughter] She would get a little switch and we would get spanked on the legs with the switch. My father was a wonderful person. He was deaf as long as I can remember. I would go up to him and talk [very] loud. The embarrassing thing about it was whenever I would talk to an elderly person I would always yell in their ear. [Laughter] I have finally overcome that.

My dad filled three [LDS] missions. I remember we went out in a covered wagon [when] we went to Montana. I was four or five [years old]. My little brother and I went for a walk. I was holding his hand and there were two or three other [youngsters] with us. We were picking flowers. Pretty soon, my little brother kind of held back and I looked down and there was a big rattler [rattlesnake] curled at his feet. I remember giving him a jerk and we ran. We never went walking again for quite awhile!

FH: That was a close one!

CS: I will say it was!

FH: Tell about your mother.

CS: Mother was an exceptionally wonderful person. She was loved by all in Wyoming. She was sort of a midwife or a nurse. She had come from a very wealthy family. She gave up everything for the gospel. When we moved out to Wyoming the hard life was something she hadn't been used to. People all loved her. She would go out nursing. She said she [did this] for eighteen years and never took a dime for it. One time she stayed with a family of nine children [who] had typhoid fever. While she was with this family, the lady gave birth to a baby girl. Mother stayed through it all and the only one [who] came to the place was the doctor. The father died first [from] typhoid fever and then the mother. Mother said every night for three nights before she died, she could see [the] man standing at the foot of this woman's bed with his hands out. The last night the woman lived the man came and the woman put her hands up just like she was going to him.

Mother stayed with them for what I thought was months. I was just a child so I am sure it wasn't that long. There were only three or four children [who] lived out of this family of nine because they were so sick.

She was always going somewhere. My older sister, Nellie, and dad managed and took care of us. They would tell mom to go ahead and go where she was needed. She was a [very] wonderful person. They would call on her although as a young girl she never any [nursing education] experience. She was from a wealthy family and she had never worked before.

FH: How many babies did she bring into the world?

CS: I don't know, but there sure were [a] number of them. They had such faith in her. Mother could put her hand on my head or pick up my hand and I could feel the goodness come from her right into me. She was an exceptionally wonderful person. I would give anything in this world to be [just] a little like her.

FH: How many brothers and sister did you have?

CS: I had five brothers and two sisters. The oldest child was Nellie [Frances], then [George] Drewery, Lowman [Drewery], Rear ["Harry" Alonzo], Florence [Drewery], Cecil [Drewery], me and Reginald ["Reggie" Eyre]. All are still living but Cecil. He was killed [in] a head-on collision in a car the night [September 22, 1956] of the Gene Fullmer fight in West Jordan [Salt Lake County, Utah]. A drunk ran into their car and killed him.

FH: Are [the others] scattered all over?

CS: No, we aren't scattered very much. We have all been through the temple. My oldest brother's children are all scattered. He lives in Salt Lake [City] and has a daughter [who] lives in Taylorsville [Salt Lake County, Utah]. Her name is Lucy Huntsman. She married Dean Huntsman and they have two children. My older brother [Cecil] Drewery has three children in Chula Vista, California and they are

married. My brother Lowman and his wife, Irene, live in Apache Junction, Colorado [Arizona]. They travel in their trailer quite a bit. They have three children. Their oldest [child] is Virginia and she lives in Tooele [Tooele County, Utah]. She has five or six children. She married Ross Mickelson from Midway [Middleton], I think it is close to Washington [City, Washington County, Utah] near St. George. My brother, Rear, they call him "Harry", has nine children and they are all married. All but two of them [were] married in the temple or have been through the temple. His children live all around Salt Lake City. He lives in Sandy [Salt Lake County, Utah].

FH: How do you spell his name?

CS: It [is] spelled R-E-A-R. He goes by the name [of] "Harry." My sister, Florence, lives in Salt Lake City and she married George Russell. They have one son named Rodney and he lives in Salt Lake [City]. He is married, I can't remember her name, [and] they adopted two children. They are just babies, but they sure are darling. My brother, Cecil, [who] was killed; his wife is Iola [and she] lives in California. She has two boys and a girl and they are all married. My baby brother [Reginald "Reggie"] lives in Sacramento, California and he has two boys and a girl. The [youngest] boy is going to BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah] and the oldest boy teaches at [Idaho State] University [in] Pocatello. His daughter lives in Sacramento [California].

FH: What you did for a good time, for fun, while growing up?

CS: We had fun all of the time! I remember mother would always give us parties. Daddy built an ice house out of logs. In the wintertime they would go down to the river and cut ice. It would be four and five feet thick. He would put it in the ice house and cover it with sawdust. The ice house was a beautiful place in the summer because it was so cool. We would go in there and lay on the sawdust. The ice was used for ice cold lemonade and ice cream all summer long. I remember [inaudible] down the straw. When the threshers came, that was a [very] big time because there would be a whole bunch of threshers. We would watch the horses go around in a circle to make the thresher [equipment] go. Mother always had to cook big meals for the thresher men. It usually took three days to do the threshing so that was a big time of the year.

FH: Did you ever have any parties?

CS: Yes, we had lots of parties. I remember the last birthday party I had in Wyoming. I was thirteen years old [and it was] a surprise party. It was really a surprise to me! I had gone to the show, a matinee [movie]. A girlfriend of mine came into the show to get me. She said: don't worry too much, but my brother had been hurt in [inaudible]. They had him at home. I was so shaky and so upset I could hardly get home. When I did get there they all jumped out and yelled SURPRISE! [Laughter] It was really a surprise! It was the biggest party I can remember having

there. As we [were] older, [we] came to Utah. We would have big Halloween parties. We celebrated every holiday that came along.

FH: How about dancing; did you like dancing?

CS: Yes, I used to go to the old Blue Bird. They don't have it now, but there were quite a lot of us [who] would go there. They were a good clean bunch. It was at the old Blue Bird [Dance Hall] where I met my husband for the first time.

FH: It burned down in 1932 or 1933 I believe.

CS: It sure did. My husband was Theodore Stewart and we called him "Ted." He could really waltz and I just loved to waltz with him.

FH: Where did you meet him? Tell about your courtship.

CS: I met him at the Blue Bird. The first time we met, he took me home. I had come with another young man and went home with "Ted." [Laughter] The next day he came in all the way from Tooele with a boyfriend. It was a Sunday and they took us for a ride. He bought me a box of chocolates. I don't know how it came about, but I had chocolates all over my new coat. [Laughter] He brought me home Sunday night and we [the family] left the next morning for California. We all went there for the winter [because] of dad's health.

We corresponded and sometimes I would get two letters a day. When we came home in the spring, which was [in] March, ["Ted" and I] went to the Blue Bird [Dance Hall]. My mother and I were staying with my sister's mother-in-law. It was way out west about Sixth North [Street] and about Eighth West [Street in Salt Lake City]. ["Ted"] said. "Should we get a taxi?" I said, "No, let's walk." We walked all the way up to ZCMI [Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institute on Main and South Temple Streets in Salt Lake City] and it was [very] cold. We went inside to get warm. Then we walked all the way over to the West Viaduct. I know he just about froze because I was like a chunk of ice by the time I [came] home and crawled in bed with mother. She said she thought [I] was an iceberg. We didn't notice it so much because we were so busy talking. I think the next day was Easter and I didn't see him that day. I didn't see him until the next weekend at the dance. He said he was going to Idaho because he always went up there to work for his sister and brother-in-law in the summertime. He went to [inaudible] Idaho. He was gone all summer, so we corresponded again. He came home in the fall.

We [were] married two years later in the temple. The funny part when we were married, mother left in May —

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

CS: — and went to England on a trip. She said, “I [don’t want] to go away.” I said, “It is okay, mother. I don’t want a large wedding; I just want to get married in the temple. You have talked about temple marriages and that was what I want.” My dad did not get to go with us through the temple because he was too hard of hearing, but my aunt and uncle went with us. After we [were] out, I said, “Isn’t it something, mother; you came 7,000 miles away from your mother and [was] married and you are 7,000 miles away from me and I am getting married.” I said “We both [were] married right, weren’t we?” She said, “Yes.” [Laughter] I had a [very] nice courtship because everything was clean and nice. It was nothing like it is now-a-days.

FH: [Did] you feel good about it all the way through?

CS: All the way through I knew I had the right man. I guess he thought I was the right person.

FH: Where did you go to live when you [were] married?

CS: I think we moved down to Windsor Street [in Salt Lake City] in a little house that mother [owned]. It had a bedroom, kitchen, living room and a bathroom. My husband worked for the gas company [Mountain Fuel Supply] installing gas furnaces. He had worked at the [Kennecott Copper Company] smelter and had been leaded [exposed to lead] and started [having] stomach trouble. He [was very] bad and it had turned into ulcers. I worked at the Regal Cleaners and Dying [Company in Salt Lake City] for awhile. I didn’t feel too good so I came home. Mother came and got [us] and we moved back to live with mother and dad on account of “Ted’s” health. He couldn’t work anymore, [because] he was going to the doctors. He used to have a little Ford car and he would ride up to Tooele to his mother’s [house]. She had a cow and he was supposed to drink fresh milk. He would come in and see me about once a week. We lived that way for quite awhile. His stomach kept getting worse and worse. We were married [on] June 25, 1930 and on June 28, 1931 our oldest son Dale [Stewart] was born. The night he was born, my husband was [in] Tooele and they called him. He sure made it back in a hurry. It was so fast that he lost one shoe. We never did find it. [Laughter]

We stayed at mother’s place until Dale was about eight months old. “Ted” thought if we moved out to Tooele he would be able to get fresh raw milk because that was what the doctors said he needed. We moved out there and it was during The [Great] Depression and times were [very] hard, but we were happy. We had a mattress that the WPA [Work Projects Administration] or the Relief Society had given us. Mother bought us a bed and a bed for the baby. We didn’t have very much, but we were content.

Dale was walking at eight months because he was running across the floor. We only stayed out there two or three months and mother came out. I guess I was homesick, so we moved back to mother’s place. She bought a place on Fourth

East just a block from [Liberty] Park. She said, "If you want to go there and live, it is a nice home. I will buy some chickens and put them in a coop and your husband can take care of them." We had only been there awhile when the doctor said "Ted" should be operated on for his ulcers. Dale was eighteen months old the day "Ted" was operated on. I used to leave early in the morning to go up to the LDS [Latter-day Saint] Hospital, spend the whole day up there, and come home at night. I hardly [was able] to see the baby because he was asleep when I left and he was asleep when I [came] home. "Ted" was in the hospital for three months. He came out for Thanksgiving dinner, I think. He was a long time getting better because he was so weak. It took him so long to regain his strength because he hadn't eaten for so long. He regained his strength and health and did just fine after that.

One day we decided we wanted a house of our own. It was Easter Sunday and we were so broke we had to borrow a quarter to buy the gas and we went for a ride. We saw this old, old brick home, but it had such a pretty yard and everything was [starting to bloom]. The trees were green and there were so many tulips and flowers [blooming]. Nobody lived there so we looked [around]. There was a coop in the back and a place to keep a cow. The yard was all fenced and the house looked a mess on the inside. We thought we could fix it up. When we telephoned about it, they wanted \$600.00 down. That was a lot of money in those days, during The [Great] Depression. We wanted that house so bad, but we didn't know how we would get the \$600.00. Finally, one of "Ted's" older brothers said, "[I will] get \$200.00 on [my] insurance and loan it to you. You see what you can do with that." We took the \$200.00 and went down to the real estate office. There was a man there with \$600.00 in his hand to pay the down payment, but I guess we were supposed to have the little home [as] we got it for \$1,200.00 [with] \$200.00 down.

"Ted" wasn't working and neither was I. His brother, George [Stewart] taught school at BYU. He bought "Ted" and me some chickens and a cow. No, we bought the cow with the neighbor. The cow was \$50.00 and we each paid \$25.00. With that jersey cow, we sold milk at two quarts for \$.15. We had the whole neighborhood buying milk from us [along] with the chickens and we made enough to make our payments. A man came around one day and wanted to sell us a refrigerator. We didn't dare get one because we didn't have any income. He said, "I will tell you what I will do if you will buy this refrigerator. [This is] the last refrigerator I have to sell and I will make a prize. I will take your old refrigerator in and you can have the refrigerator for nothing down. I will take it out in milk." We bought it and it was beautiful. It was a large refrigerator for those days. We were so happy!

As time went on, I worked at the cleaning plant. I made \$15.00 to \$18.00 a week and that was pretty good money in those days. "Ted" finally [was] well enough that he went over to the Binion Coal. They gave him a job at \$2.00 a day [for] six days a week shoveling coal. He came home every night looking like a Negro!

[Laughter] I hardly knew him. Anyway, he had a job and we were happy. The first thing that went out of our paychecks was our tithing. We always paid our tithing. We kept this little home and it had high ceilings. "Ted" and I lowered the ceilings ourselves and it was a [terrible] job. We had never done [work like that] before, but we lowered them to eight feet. "Ted" was a plumber at one time so he put the bathroom in and we really made a nice modern home.

He worked at Binions for awhile and then he went to work at Utah Poultry and wages came up to a \$1.25 an hour. That was really something! He was a foreman over the eggs. He worked there for about seven or eight years. We [had] our little home all paid for. "Ted" had big ideas and thought we should buy a farm so we started looking for a farm. I think it was 1937 and mother went on a trip to England. I was carrying my second baby. She left and I went down to the depot. I had been quite [sick], but didn't want my mother to know. The doctor wanted to put me in the hospital the night mother left. I told him mother was leaving for England, but after the train leaves I will let you know if I will go to the hospital or not. Mother got on the train; this was when she was called on her [LDS] mission. When she was leaving, she said to me, "Now Callie, don't worry; everything is going to be okay." I said, "I know it." I went home and called the doctor and told him I wasn't going to the hospital. I will wait. Everything did [turn] out okay. [Laughter]

After our youngest boy, Wallace [Stewart], was five years old, we decided we wanted a farm. Our oldest boy [Dale] was twelve [years old]. We found a farm in Sandy [Salt Lake County, Utah] on State Street. It had a big old house, but it was nice. It was a nice home [and] nice farm. They wanted \$10,000.00 for it. In those days, [that] was a lot [of money], but my husband was working. He said he would keep working. We sold our little home on [inaudible] and [had] enough money to make the down payment on the farm. So we moved there. We went into the dairy and chicken business and did I ever work! I could milk, I could feed cows, feed chickens, gather eggs and feed pigs. We had [about] thirty pigs. They were beautiful. Doctor Killpack said he never saw such pretty pigs. We had the house remodeled and the furnace put in. We lived there five years.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CS: When Wallace was born, he had asthma and was covered with eczema and his heart valves were open. We had a [very] blue baby on our hands. We could never lay him down flat; we always had to elevate his head. We had a terrible time with him because he would have asthma spells and almost choke to death. One time he had one and I called my sister, "Nell", and she came and got us. He was only about three or four weeks old. We headed to town for her place. We pulled off to the side of the road at least a dozen times because we thought he was choking to death. He was allergic to so many things. I didn't know what it was at first and the doctor finally told me he had asthma [very] bad. He was under doctor's care for years. We had moved to the farm in Sandy and had been there five years. In the

meantime, mother had moved to St. George, Utah and so had my sister, Nellie, and I think also Florence.

We went down to St. George one day and it seemed pretty good for “Wally” so we decided to sell our farm in Sandy and buy a farm in St. George. We bought the farm by the [Virgin] River; the old Harrington’s place. It didn’t have a house on it so we had to buy another place with a home and dairy barn on it. The only thing we could get was a basement home that had a dairy barn. We moved there and moved our cows. The first day “Wally” was here he went out skating and fell and broke his arm. That was beginner’s luck! [Laughter] Things seemed to go pretty smooth. I worked for my sister and brother-in-law who owned Dixie Laundry and Dry Cleaning Plant. We built a nice home on our place in St. George and would ride out to the farm to milk the cows and to run the farm. We would either ford the [Virgin] River if it was low enough or we would go around by the bridge.

While we were here, Dale went to Korea with a group of boys also from here. We only had “Wally” at home, but he was such a good help. He would take the school bus and go out and have the cows milked by the time my husband [came home] from work. My [children] have all been good. They stayed and worked with us through thick and thin. They have stayed right by our side. We were here five years [and] right to the day, we decided to move back to Salt Lake [City]. We sold our place in St. George and bought a big farm at Point of the Mountain in Draper [Salt Lake County, Utah]. That is where we are living now.

FH: What has happened to your boys? Where are they [now]?

CS: When we first lived in Sandy, we had [very] nice neighbors. Their name was Kent. They had children about the [ages] of my children. The boy was about fifteen [years old] and their girl was about fifteen [years old] and they went to school together.

FH: When was [your] girl born?

CS: They had a girl and we had two boys. The neighbors had the girl. They took the school bus to school together. They became [very] chummy so when we came to St. George that broke up the little romance. While we were here, the girl married. Dale stayed home with us after he came back from Korea. He stayed home all of the time. Both of the boys had a big dairy farm. I think we milked about 125 cows. We had about 20,000 laying hens, 10,000 baby chicks and about 10,000 chickens out on the range. We were [very] busy! He [Dale] was called on a [LDS] mission so we sent him. It was a wonderful experience and we didn’t regret sending him although we were [very] busy without our handiest man at the time. We did the best we could without him and kept him on the mission. One day when “Wally” was in high school, “Ted” fell and broke his ribs. That took “Wally” out of school because he had the cows to milk and help with the chickens. He missed the last two months of his high school [education], but he has

taken the high school work from the American School [of Correspondence] and graduated. Anyway, he went down to Provo with some [young people] to roller skate. He would go down there once a week to roller skate. While down there, he met his wife. Her name is Dixie Ann Richmond, a very lovely girl. One day he came home and told me that he and Dixie wanted to get married. He was only nineteen [years old] and Dixie was only eighteen [years old].

I thought they were] quite young, but I thought she was a good girl and they wanted to get married in the temple. I thought it was best they get married if they wanted to. They were married in the temple and they lived there on the farm. We had another house and they lived in it. After they were married, Dale came home from his mission. “Wally” and Dixie had only been married a month when they were both called on a stake mission. They did just wonderful and she stayed on until after her second baby was born, then they released her. He stayed on for another six months. They filled a good mission. It made me proud to think all my children had been on a mission.

Dale came home and he stayed [with us] and worked. In 1962 my husband, who was always a hard worker, came up to the house and said, “I don’t feel too good. I am just tired.” We use to candle, wash and grade our eggs ourselves. We would get sixty or seventy baskets a day. He and I would go in our garage at night and candle and grade the eggs. I bought him *The Book of Mormon* series for Christmas [on] records. I would play these records while we candled. One day he said, “If there had been another basket of eggs down there I couldn’t have gone and washed them.” I said, ““Ted,” you have to go to the doctor because it is almost time for spring plowing and you need to get built up.” He didn’t tell me, but one day he went down to Dixie’s doctor in Provo. When he came back, he said, “I have been to the doctor.” I said, “I am glad. What did he tell you? Are you going to live or die?” He looked at me kind of seriously. I had just jokingly said it. He looked at me and said, “I have to go right back because I don’t have any blood.” We got his pajamas, slippers and robe and went right back to the hospital. He was in from March 13, [1962] until about April 1, [1962]. He had so many x-rays and lights down in his stomach. They said they couldn’t tell what was wrong with him, but they would operate on him. They operated and the specialist said, “You stay here. The operation will take about four hours. You can listen to the television. I will come out and let you know how he is.”

In about a half hour the doctor found me in the hallway and gave me the bad news that “Ted” had cancer of the stomach. The pancreas was all eaten up; he didn’t have any of it. It was [very] hard. I didn’t want “Ted” to know anything about it. I told the doctor not to tell him what was wrong. He said he wouldn’t if we didn’t want him to. I told him to make up some kind of story. He said he would have to come in every so often to get blood. They had to give him seven and eight pints at a time. He said he would tell him that a blood vein broke and he [would] have to get blood for quite awhile until it healed up.

The day he [was released from] the hospital, we buried my mother. If she had lived three more weeks she would have been ninety years old. I had been taking care of mother for six months. Florence moved from Arizona when mother got so bad and she took her. "Nell" had her in her place for a long time. Florence had her when she passed away. The day he came out of the operation we buried my mother and he looked so sad. He was [very] sick at that time.

He came home and about three weeks [later] he had to go back and get more blood. When he [received the] blood, he looked so good, just like he had never been sick in his life. My oldest son, Dale, said, "Mom, you and dad go to take a trip; go up to his sister's place at Tetonia, Idaho. Go to St. George and visit "Nell." Go around and visit with dad and enjoy yourselves." "Ted" didn't feel too much like traveling around [so] we would go out to Tooele and see his folks. One day he was looking quite bad and he said, "I think we better go back so I can get some more blood." I said, "Yes, it will make you feel better." That was around May 5, [1962]. At that time my daughter-in-law was having her third baby.

The day we took "Ted" to the hospital, she went to the same hospital and was on the same floor [as] "Ted." She gave birth to a girl. We were so thrilled because her first two [children] were boys, Mark and Kevin. This was the first girl in the family. They had given him blood and he was feeling [very] good. He said, "Mom, when they take Dixie out of the hospital tomorrow, I will get up and walk down to the corner and I will get to see my baby." The next morning he woke up with a terrible pain in his back. They called me to the hospital about seven o'clock. I said, "'Ted,' what in the world is the matter?" He said, "I have this [bad] pain in my back. I think one of the nurses left the window open and I have pleurisy." That didn't bother me too much because he had pleurisy every time he had gone to the hospital. I really didn't pay too much attention to it, [but] I stayed with him just about all of that day.

They called me [very] early the next morning and told me I had better hurry [and] come down. When I [arrived at] the hospital he looked terrible. He had a hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor said if he lives twenty-four hours he will live forty-eight [hours], but not over that. The boys came and we stayed there all night. When he passed away, it was so peaceful. He just passed away in his sleep. It seemed to me he had just gone to find a home for me and he will be all ready when I go. I have always had that feeling. He has always felt [very] close to me. The day we brought him home from the hospital Dixie [was discharged] with her baby. We didn't want to tell her about "Ted" passing away so my oldest brother took "Wally" down to the hospital to get Dixie. On the way home she said, "You won't upset me. I know about "Ted"." She said, "Last night while I was sleeping, all of a sudden someone said "Dixie." I sat right up and "Ted" was standing in the door." He said, "Dixie, I am leaving now, but tell the folks not to feel too bad because it is for the best. So I know "Ted" went."

It was so strange the day “Ted” passed away, his sister’s husband passed away in Long Beach, California a few hours before. They had called all of “Ted’s” folks and they left to go down there. When I got them on the telephone they were ready to catch the train to go down to her place. His sister told me it was so strange on the train; she had a seat all to herself. [She said], “I went to sleep and at 3:30 I woke up and was looking out the window. All of sudden the window turned [very] bright and there was mother and dad. They smiled so sweetly. They both said “Ted” and they just faded away. I knew then that “Ted” was gone.” As they were walking in the door in Long Beach, I was calling and they knew what was wrong. I had a bad time for about two months. “Ted” is buried at Lake Hills [Cemetery] on State Street [in Sandy].

FH: What can you tell about Dale?

CS: Dale was still home with me. He stayed about two years longer. One day I said to him, “You are thirty-four years old. I have lived my life. I do not want you to ruin your life on account of me. If you find the right girl to marry, I want you to get married. I want you to be happy because I have had a happy life. I don’t want to rob you of yours because you think you should stay home and take care of me.” He said, “Mother, that isn’t it.” I knew it was. One day, lo and behold, who should he run into but this old [high school] sweetheart of his.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

CS: She was from Sandy. During the time she had married she had boys who [were] now seventeen [years old] and twelve [years old]. She was divorced from her husband so she and Dale [were] married. He married his old sweetheart and he adopted the two boys. They were lovely children. “Wally” has four children and they are wonderful. The oldest is Mark and he is nine [years old], Kevin is eight [years old], Julie Ann is six [years old] and Susie is three [years old]. All together I have six wonderful grandchildren and I am very proud of them. I am very proud of my boys too. They work in the church [and] they both work at the [Utah State] Prison besides running the farm. Dale is on the correction board at the prison. They seem to enjoy their work.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: Now is the time you should give counsel to your family. Those words of counsel that you feel you would like to leave and maybe bear your testimony.

CS: I don’t know exactly how to say this, but I raised very good boys [who] went to church. I want them to keep on working and going to the church activities. I would like to see all my grandchildren go on missions. I would like to see them work in the church when they [are] older. I hope my boys [will] live the kind of lives like my great-grandfathers [did]. Both of my great-grandfathers were patriarchs. I think they will inherit some of that because they are good religious

boys. Of course, I am their mother and can't see any faults in them. [Laughter] I know they will always work towards something that [has] high ideals.

I know this gospel is true and I have a testimony of it. Although I am kind of backward in getting up and bearing my testimony in church, I know it is true. I know without it I don't know what I would do. I don't know how anybody could live without the priesthood in the home. To me, that is one of the grandest things. I know when we were first married, after Dale was born, my health wasn't too good. In the night I would feel like I was dying. I know "Ted" would get up and administer to me and I could go right to sleep and relax. We were all raised on faith and that was all mother and dad did — have us administered to and [teach us] the gospel. Of course, we always had our family prayers. I know that it will be carried on through my children. I hope my grandchildren will grow up to have high ideals and go on missions.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]