

The Whiting Tree

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I must apologize to each of you for being so slow in getting this issue of the WHITING TREE completed and mailed. I know that some of it has been my tardiness, but I have waited for some that said they would be mailing articles that they would like to be included in this issue of the WHITING TREE.

I feel bad that I have not received money from all to send this issue to them, but I will be sending to all those that have sent their money. I will be making a few extra copies so if there are any that would still like a copy you can send your money to me. I know that \$5.00 seems a great deal, but that will just cover the printing and the mailing of this issue. This will be an extra thick issue for a very special Aunt Myn.

There are some announcements that I need to make.

I. We will be holding the reunion again this year. It hardly seems possible that 2 years could have flown by so quickly. I feel that we need to start plans for this as many of you have to come many miles, and need time to make your plans.

II. The dates that have been set is the 4th, 5th, and 6th. of July, 1986. Our activities will commence again on Friday afternoon and continue on until after the Fast and Testimony meeting on Sunday. Please put these dates down and plan to come to the REUNION. This will be a special reunion as we have lost some of the family this year, and we need to honor those of the second generation that will be there with us. Remember the dates of the reunion.

III. We will try to have some work days before the reunion and our President of the Family Organization, Rex Whiting will be touch with many of you before the reunion dates and ask you to come to the Homestead and help out with this program.

In our next issue we will be honoring Uncle Art, so like his family and also the rest of you that would like to write something special about this great relative to do so and send it to me. I would like to print this issue in about three months so that we will have it for the reunion, and that we can send out instructions for the 1986 Whiting Reunion.

I do appreciate all of you that have taken a few moments and wrote something to Aunt Myn. Time is so precious, but honoring these great people is worth your time. I am sure that there are others that would have liked to honor Aunt Myn, and if you didn't send in an article, give her a phone call. I would like to recognize the work that Geraldine Sagers did to make this an outstanding issue.

Jay Whiting

A LETTER TO MY SON DON E. PRIESTLEY

Minnie Whiting Priestley

Dear Donnie:

After many attempts to write about you and your early life, I have decided to try writing you a letter, knowing full well that you will never read it, but I will hope that one of your children or grand-children take time to glance through it and become a little better acquainted with your early life.

Before we were married your Daddy and I use to joke about the children, what we would name then etc., one time your Father was very serious and said, "I don't know how many children the Lord has for us but this I know, we will have a son,"

At the time I did not ask him more about it he seemed most serious and I was not at the time much concerned, it was later when I did become pregnant that I thought about it. And almost nine years later when we did find you were on the way your Daddy was sure it would be a boy, and I hoped and prayed I could give him the son he felt so sure we were going to have.

No child ever born was more welcome than you were, No child was ever more happy to be here.

Most of all the things I long to tell you about are Ann and Bruce. Often as their lives change and they grow in their High School years, I think how often you and I talked about when the children get to be teenagers you would be here, but I probably would not.

They just passed by the window, Ann is much taller than her mother, and Bruce is sixty four inches tall so he will soon be as tall or taller than you are, They are the joy of my life and they are lovely young adults. Where ever you are I hope now and then you get a peek at them.

I must tell you about Roberta. It just seems like she is equal to her task, whatever happens.

She gets up and gets breakfast for her and the children, sends them on to seminary, and she gets herself off to school by about 7:00 o'clock, then the kids get a ride on to school as she has to be there too early to wait for them.

She usually brings them home after school and gets dinner for all of us, and there is usually other tasks to do up for her events.

You would be so pleased with the way Roberta treats me. I am in a wheel chair now and no one could be treated better. I often think how you used to say, "Mother, you will never be taken to an old folks home."

Our life here is much the same as when you were here. We do have much happiness and peace. Thankful we can look forward to seeing you again soon.

I hope you are close to your Daddy, he loved you so much.

Mother,

A LETTER FROM DONNIE PRIESTLEY TO FAMILY

Dear Family:

Well, I'm finally here. You remember last reunion we weren't sure that I'd make it, but I did. I am going to miss all of you as you gather this year to warm each other's hearts and spirits. I will especially miss the testimony meeting, it is as good as a general conference, but I shall certainly be there in spirit if not in person. But , dear family, be glad that we are separated for the reason that we are, for there is not greater joy in all the world than giving someone this priceless gospel in which we are united. I am sure I speak for the returned missionaries, those that are in the field, and those who are preparing to go in saying that, if I am a success in my mission, I owe it to my family.

Yes, I owe it to my grandparents, and my aunts and uncles who were the pioneers that settled the west, and to my cousins who now control and sustain it as the fortress of God. Most of all, dear family, I owe you my testimony for without that I would be nothing. Without that I should wither and die. So let us be glad in the gospel that we share and lift up our hearts in praise to the Lord for his mercies. Be glad that your young men have the opportunity to serve the Lord in your behalf and proclaim these mighty truths.

We here in the field are thinking of you constantly, and of the many times we have been together. We will be thinking of watermelon fights, and horse races, St. Peter, Si Hubbard, and Ring Around. We will be thinking of Sierra Trigo, fights around the campfire, singing, and GREAT BIG THICK STEAKS COOKED IN THE OPEN.

We will also miss your burning testimonies Sunday morning, but we will remember that which we have heard in the past and be looking forward to the ones that will be in the future. So I will be looking forward to those reunions to come and hope that we will share many of them together. I love you all.

God be with you till we meet again,

Don E. Priestley.



MY MOTHER IN-LAW MINNIE W. PRIESTLEY

Roberta Priestley

Many stories and jokes are written about mother in laws. They are even blamed for many divorces. Well, these stories and jokes just DO NOT fit my mother in law. Most of you folks know her by "Aunt Myn" but she is my second mother. We have always been good friends, but over the years I have come to love her as dearly as my own mother. When I need a listening ear she is always there; furthermore she even gives me good advice. She has been a second mother to my children as she helped to fill in all my uncovered bases while I worked to provide the physical needs for my

family.

We have shared many meals together both in her home and mine. Seems like one of the best ways to get close and share good times is around the dinner table. And a great way to top off an evening is by eating "grandma's" delicious homemade fudge. If any of you haven't tasted this great treat, ask her grandson Bruce to teach you,

Each year we have shared at least one vacation together. This has been a tremendous experience in making memories and strengthening family ties. We have shared family stories and songs while the miles would fly by. Most of our trips have included stops at relative's homes. We were always accepted with open arms and again a further strengthening of family ties. There is a lot of truth in the old statement that says, "A family that prays and plays together stays together". Well, we have done a lot of that!

We have laughed and cried together as our ups and downs crossed paths. My mother in law really does care about me and my children and I love her deeply. What a joy it is to know that we will share eternity together.

Roberta Priestley

"AUNT MYN"

Joycell Cooper

We always called her by her given name, "Minnie", but somewhere along the way she picked up the title "Aunt Myn" and she is lovingly known by that name by ALL her hundreds of young relatives and friends.

I always respected her for her wisdom and advice, even though she caused me to lose my girlfriends because she would point out any unusual characteristics they might have.

She never had any serious romances until she was older and moved to Los Angeles. But she was a councilor to many young lovers all through her life.

She had very close, dear friends such as Famie Berry, Peggy McCray, Bessie Plumb and many others.

She was deeply religious but she had a real sense of humor which she often mixed with her religion.

She had a fear of snakes that sometimes came close to hysterics. One time when we were traveling by wagon to St. John, we were camped out at "Wire Grass"; She convinced me that we were in danger so we sat up all night on a wagon seat.

A hypnotist came to St. Johns and we were all so impressed. I decided to hypnotize Minnie. She went into a trance and I couldn't bring her out of it. Finally, in despair I began to cry and she laughed. I was so mad at her

I chased her out to our outside privy and tried to tip it over.

But she has been the best and dearest sister anyone could have and I'll always remember the good times we had putting on plays like "The Patsy".

HISTORY OF MINNIE WHITING PRIESTLEY

Born in Mapleton, Utah, Sept. 5, 1899 - Daughter of Edwin Marion Whiting and Anna Maria Isaacson.

A fourth girl, and eighth child, in a family might not cause much of a sensation. But when that fourth girl is the first red-headed daughter and comes into a family that loves and wants children, she is special no matter the number in the family. Of course, with the red hair she was special to her brother, Earnest, the only other member of the family to be so blessed.

At that time, our family was living in the new red brick home we had worked and saved for. We had a thriving lumber company and our own saw mill. In addition, our small store was becoming an extra source of income. This store was tended by the whole family, on a part time basis. Life was good and our family was happy with the progress we had made since moving back to Utah from Arizona, about twenty years before. There were many of our relatives living in this area, my father's mother, Mary E. Cox Whiting, and many of his brothers and sisters. Not too far away in Ephraim, Utah, lived my mother's parents, Grandpa and Grandma Isaacson (Peter and Martha). Life was good here. Our family was active in the community and church.

Typhoid fever plagued the families every year. In 1900, my father got typhoid and was very ill. The healing time was long and slow. Due to the unusual experience of having his father, who had passed away, come back to visit him and tell him to return to Arizona and finish his mission, Edwin was ready to move back to Arizona as soon as he was well enough to dispose of his property.

I was too young to remember much about the move. I could recall the many relatives who wept to see us leave and the long slow journey to reach St. Johns, Arizona. I also remember how frightened my mother was when we crossed the Colorado River. We were watching the ferry raft with the horses on. Dad and some other men were with the horses to help calm them and mother was crying. The trip was slow and long but we children enjoyed most of it because Mother had brought along a large bucket of candy. Each child had a special treat at night time.

St. Johns, Arizona

My next home was quite a contrast from our home in Utah. It was a little two room lumber house. Our family was starting over again. Father purchased some property at the Meadows, several miles below St. Johns that had belonged to Grandpa and Grandma Isaacson. We built a log house and there our family spent part of the summers. We had many happy memories of that place. Next we built a store to carry on the business started in Utah. Later, our family acquired a saw mill in

the White Mountains south of St. Johns. All these things were to influence the activities in my life.

There was a certain feeling of excitement with every day we lived in our second home in St. Johns. We hurried from the busy work day, to the evening play, story, music or drama hour. Our home was a lived in home. We ate all our meals together and they were always a special experience. Our entire family had a great sense of humor and used it best at meal time. I remember no sour faces at our table. Our home was next to the store and from there Mother could run the store. I was soon old enough to take my turn sitting in the store and calling, "Ma, you're wanted" whenever a customer came into the store. When Eddie came home from his mission and took over the store, we moved to our third house in St. Johns.

I feel I should say a little more about the thoughts I have for my family. My mother and father met in the little settlement of Brigham City, Arizona. It was on the banks of the Little Colorado River near Winslow, Arizona. Members of the Latter-day Saints Church had been called to settle there by their leaders and were living the United Order. The Whiting and Isaacson families had both crossed the plains to Salt Lake City and had then been called to settle in other locations.

Peter and Martha Isaacson had joined the church in Denmark. They had crossed the ocean on the same ship then came in the same company to Utah. Peter had lost his wife crossing the plains and later he married Martha. They settled in Ephraim, Utah. When the call came to go to Arizona, they left a new house under construction and went to Brigham City, Arizona.

Two of my father's brothers were in the same settlement, so my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Whiting, came to Arizona to see if it would benefit the health of her youngest daughter, May. She brought with her the members of her family who were not married. It was here that my mother and father met, and did their courting. Later the settlement had to be disbanded because a dam would not hold the water in the river. Peter took his family farther up the Colorado River to a little settlement called The Meadows. Here he was the bishop of the small ward. My father, Edwin, went there to claim his bride, Anna Maria, when she reached the age of eighteen. Their wedding trip was to the St. George Temple in Utah. They came back to The Meadows to live by her parents, for the next few years until they moved back to Utah.

I often think how hard my mother and father worked all their lives. They were up early every morning and always had a good breakfast ready by the time we got up. I had the idea that my father could do everything and knew everything. The only time I remember him being angry with me was when I imagined a snake under every bush or when I picked the specks out of my gravy. I felt that he had a premonition about my life and what would happen to me. One day Elda and I were playing house and talking about the children we would have. Later, I heard him say to my mother, "I don't worry about Elda having children, but it seems like too much to ask Minnie to go through".

Mother was Father's equal and excelled him in some ways. They were well suited indeed. They did not speak often of their love but every child knew it was so.

Mother said she thought she would never get me weaned. Elda had weaned herself at five months. Mother always said that I was the biggest baby she had. Not physically, but emotionally. I always needed her for my peace of mind. I wanted to know where she was every hour of the day. Even now when storms come into my life, I often cry for her. I look forward to the time when I can count on her again to help me make decisions.

I think all of my family must have known how much I needed them. I was not quite self-sufficient. I never felt their equal but I believe that I was treated with more kindness than anyone else in the world, at least by my family. There has never been any hard feelings toward any one of them and not one of them has ever willfully hurt me in all my years.

I've often wondered how Mother could keep such good clean beds for such a large family. We had such a little bit of water. Our drinking water we bought for a nickel a bucket from Brother Ben Richey who came around every day selling it. Each family could only have what they needed to drink because it was scarce. Our wash water came from wells, or rain barrels, or the irrigation ditch. Usually, we had to let the water settle before we washed because it was so muddy. Still, my mother's beds were always clean. I think how often we wash now and wonder how she did it. I know she sewed cloth on the tops of her blankets and quilts to protect them from getting dirty from our faces and hands.

How I long sometimes, to taste some of the things my mother cooked. I remember when Eddie went on his mission; Mother had a nice dinner for him. She usually fixed dinner at noon and had bread and milk at night. That night Mother had set the table so nice and had white mush with sugar and cinnamon on the top. Eddie must have liked that. It was a treat for us, like ice cream is today. I knew my mother had been crying because she was sending her boy down into Georgia, where the missionaries had been having problems. Eddie had his problems too, but he didn't write home about most of them. After I was married, I met one of his companions and he told me how he and Eddie were poisoned when they ate at someone's home. They had been given enough to kill them but they administered to each other and the Lord healed them. No wonder Mother was sad to see Eddie go out into the unknown world.

I must say something about how Mother and Father took care of us children when we were sick. They never thought we were faking an illness. They tried to ease any pain we had. We very seldom went to see a doctor, so it was up to Mother and Father to do what they could for each sick child. They doctored toothaches, headaches, and leg aches and many other illnesses. Many nights my dad rubbed one of his children's legs. The sweet look on my mother's face as she would see us suffer was almost worth getting ill for. I remember when I fell down Berry's stairs when they were being built. There was no light, but Fammie wanted to show me the upstairs. The carpet had not been tacked

down, and I stumbled and fell and hurt my back. No matter how many times or what time of night it was, when I went in to get a hot water bottle or to get my back rubbed, I was never scolded.

Both Mother and Father were unselfish. I can't tell you how they took care of everyone else first. I remember Dad taking food off his own plate to give to any of the children if he thought they might want it. They treated other people that way too. One day Dad made some kind of a trade and Mother told him that the other fellow had surely got the best of him. He said, "I feel good about that. I'd feel awful about it if I had got the best of somebody." I've tried to think that way in my life, too.

Eddie was the oldest of our nine. He was the busiest fellow in town. He loved life and wanted the rest of us to go right along with him. He was much like a second father to me. When he came back from his mission, he married the talented Ethel Farr. I thought he was the handsomest man in town. Ethel was very beautiful and she was a lady in every respect. She was a perfect sister-in-law for our family. She raised the social and cultural life of all of us, and we needed it.

What a joy it was to have May as our oldest sister. If ever there was a peacemaker she was it. She was completely unselfish and tried to work out the desires of the rest of us. She married Herbert Berry and I was pleased because that was Fammie's brother.

Martha was small and dainty and full of life and ambition. One cannot think of her in any other way than getting something done. She continued that way all her life. She was not the outdoor type. She was our lady. She helped keep the house clean and attractive. She also helped the rest of us to look our best, because those things were important to her. She filled our house with music. She was just where she was needed, right in the center of our home. She married a cousin of Herbert's, Frank Brown, and those four were always very close.

Earnest was probably more like Pa and worked closer to him than any of the others. He had a ready wit and a good disposition. He has always blessed our family with his cheerful, comforting personality. What a blessing he has been to me in my later life. When Earnest came home from his mission, he married Beryl Johnson. She was a lovely dark haired girl who had come up with one of our cousins from old Mexico when the Mormons had been forced to leave there.

Ralph was the dude of our family. Tall, handsome, and probably the best friend maker. Everyone loved him. He kept himself well groomed and probably would have liked the rest of us to look better too. He was our real horseman and looked so well riding. I was proud to be his little sister. He got married before Earnest did. He married Zella Berry, a sister to Herbert and Fammie. I was so happy that this family was so close to ours. Later, when Ralph married my stepdaughter Nell, we really became very close to him and his family. Nell was Don's daughter and has been such a joy to me.

Lynn was always frail. I never remember when we were not concerned about his health. His keen humor and wit could not be matched by anyone I have ever known and we enjoyed hearing him talk and laugh. He loved animals. He was close to all of us. Lynn was the next one to find him a bride. He brought home the cutest little girl one day and introduced her to the family as Gladys. She was living down the block with her grandparents, the Waites, because her mother had died. It was a surprise to see how quickly Lynn fell in love with that little girl and she with him. They were married not long after. She was so young that she often said that Mother raised her.

Elda was a beautiful little dark haired girl, independent and spunky. The older ones in the family were proud of her and she seemed to do no wrong. She was a worker and still is. She was a perfect sister to have just older than me. She kind of opened the way for shy little me and I benefited by having her ahead of me, especially in school. Yes, Elda was a very model sister and daughter. When Elda married Albert Brown, I didn't know they were anywhere near ready to get married and I didn't want to lose Elda. I had slept with her all my life and I didn't know how I could get along without her. She surprised the whole family when she announced that she was to be married. How could a poor plain me, with all my freckles and red hair survive it alone? Albert told me he would build a lean-to on their home so I could live with them.

Our Heavenly Father must have known how much Arthur's older brothers and sisters would need what only Art could give us. None of the others could quite have filled his place as the youngest in the family. He has a greater capacity for sharing a problem or grief than any other person I have ever known. He knows how to get along with people and he is busy at it continually. He is a good musician and a good speaker. Best of all, he is a good brother. It was not easy for me to accept Art when he was born. They told me Mother was sick and I thought she was going to die. I began to scream and yell and they could hardly pull me up the street to go home. I didn't know what a blessing that little brother would be in my life.

Arthur was married before I was. He was married one day and left the next day to go on his mission. He married Armina Gibbons, one of the beautiful Gibbons girls. I don't know how he ever did that. There were a lot of boys after Armina. She was such a beautiful girl. I know that Lawrence Greer and Lawson Hamblin and a half dozen others all had their eyes on her. She knew it too.

My father was a gifted story teller. Many of Pa's stories he made up himself and continued them night after night so we were anxious to come back. He gathered all the children around him in the evenings to hear his stories. He had done this with his own children and continued with the grandchildren as they came along. I was only eight years older than Effie, the oldest grandchild, so those oldest nieces and nephews seemed almost like brothers and sisters to me. I enjoyed growing up with Effie, Marie, Farr, and Nora, who left us so soon.

My father put on many plays and I was able to take part in a number of them. The younger ones in the family went along on the reputation of our older brothers and sisters who had been in many plays too. The excitement of acting was a big thing in our family. One time we put on "The Two Orphans" and it was so good that we took it to Phoenix and put it on in the largest theater there. It was thrilling for me to take the part of Mother Frochard in that play. It was a delightful experience.

When I was seventeen years old, I was so skinny that I looked like a walking stick. I had those unbelievable freckles that echoed the incredible color of my hair and it seemed I could never look good. It was a blessing that my family loved me or I could have developed a bad complex. All the nicknames for redheads, freckles and thin people were applied to me. In spite of all that, I learned early to be happy and glad to see people. Because I did this, people didn't seem to notice how I looked. Our cousin, Myrtle Whiting (Isaacson), came to stay with us to go to high school for a winter. She told me that if I wanted to gain weight that I could drink lots of cocoa made with cream. I began drinking cocoa by the gallons. It did help, I gained weight.

Pa built us a new toilet while I was in high school. We were pretty proud of it, because he painted it white and Mother always kept it clean and nice. It was at that time Mother decided to rent a room out. Rooms were needed for people who were coming in to go to high school at the St. Johns Academy or to work at the county court house. A man from Round Valley named Joe, won the county election for treasurer. He came to the house one day and asked Mother if he could rent a room. Most of the children were married and she decided that she could fix a room to rent to Joe. He and his bride moved into our front room and we used the old living room as our front room. I think Dad made that new toilet for the renters. It was closer to the house than the old one had been, but far enough away so it didn't smell bad. I was in my last year of high school then. We all had to take our turn to use the toilet before we got ready to go to school. One day I looked out and things looked pretty clear. I wasn't quite dressed yet but I hurried down to the toilet. The door looked like it was a little ajar, so I ran down there, took my two hands and gave that door a push. It opened but it immediately shut again. The toilet was small enough that I was right on top of somebody. There was Joe, calmly sitting on the seat. Everything would have been all right, if he hadn't reached for his pants. I could have opened the door and backed out. But good old Joe reached down and when he bent over, I couldn't get the door open. We shuffled around for a little while and finally we got him stood up so I could get the door open. I got out of there as fast as I could. I don't know why I didn't just go back to the house. I went out to the side and climbed over our picket fence, ran clear around the block, and came back to the front door of our house. I'll never know why I went around that block when I was only half dressed. Joe and I had been friends before. I didn't want to see him anymore and I'm sure he didn't want to see me. I had to go to school and he had to go to work by nine O'clock every morning. It was a cat and mouse deal the

rest of the year. Never once did I have to speak to him the rest of the year.

Years later, after I was married and living in Los Angeles, one of the friends from our town who knew us years ago, called me and he said, "Myn, I'd like to have you accompany me to a funeral. One of our old friends from Apache County is being buried out here in Los Angeles. He hardly knows anyone out here and I don't suppose there will be many to the funeral. Would you like to go?"

I said, "Why sure Jim, I'd like to go. Who is it?"

"Well," he said, "It's that smooth Joe."

I said, "Oh Jim, I'm so sorry. I forgot I have an appointment then and I can't possibly go."

I am in St. Johns, Arizona for a visit with Elda, my sister, and I'll be here another few days. I'm enjoying it and thinking of many things that took place here for me. My birthday is tomorrow. I'll be eighty-two years old. It is 1981. I've just had a wonderful time so far because Elda and Daryl, Elda's granddaughter, took me around through the same streets that I grew up in. I spent my time thinking of going out and in every home and I knew everybody in them. Just a block from our home was the Tom and Sadie Berry home. They had a girl, Fammie, just a little older than I was, and she was probably the closest friend I ever had. We spent our early life sitting together in school.

I remember those other people who lived close to us in our third home in St. Johns. North, in back of our home, lived Josh and Nancy Gibbons. They had a boy about the same age as my brother Art. That was nice for Art to have a friend there. They were a special kind of family and so very good-natured. I never heard them quarrel. They also had a boy about my age. He was in school with me most of the time. Then on the west side of our home, on the same block, was the Dave Overson family. They had a boy about my age, named David. He was a good friend of mine, too. Across the street, to the East, from the Dave Overson family was where my friend Fammie Berry lived. Across the street from us, to the west, was the Rhone Richey family. They lived part of the time up at Walnut Grove, where they had a farm. In the winter, they would move into town so their children could go to school. They were good friends of ours.

Next to them, to the west, were the Udalls. My how we did enjoy the Udalls and their friendship. Their father was the stake president of St. Johns Stake for many years. Then after he was released, one of his sons, Levi, was put in as the stake president. Those two were the only stake presidents I ever knew during my life, until I left St. Johns. They gave me all the opportunities to work in the church that it was possible for one girl to do. As I think back now of all my experiences, how great it was that they knew me well enough to trust me with all the callings that they gave me. Each encouraged me to do well. From them I also received my recommend to go through the temple. To me, they were special friends.

Directly across the street, to the south, lived the Neagle family. I shall never forget my good friend who lived there. Jenny Neagle was the peacemaker of our group. She had a spirit that was never contentious. She could get along with anybody. Jenny was just a little younger than I was and just a little older than the next group in our school, so she was really a choice queen among two groups. What would we have done without Jenny? Their whole family was a good family for us to live by. They were cattle people from up in the mountains. They moved into town for their children to attend high school. To the east of the Neagle family, on the same block, lived the Rencher family. He was our bishop for a while. Rencher's had a son that was really close to my brother Art. They had a friendship between them that was really odd because they were so different. Art was the outgoing kid, that he is yet, and Umpstead was just the opposite. He'd follow Art wherever he went, just a few steps behind, and he would laugh at everything Art did or said. It seemed that everyday you'd open the door for Umpstead, because he never missed a day coming to see Art.

Now I can't talk about these neighbors without talking about my mother. My mother spent most of her time in her own home, after Eddie took over the store. It often makes me think of her when I read the little plaque that Nell sent me with a quotation from Harold B. Lee. "The most good you ever do in life is within the confines of your own home." My mother certainly did that. She never spent a lot of time in homes of these neighbors, but they spent a lot of time in her home. She was always such a busy person, but she would make them feel comfortable being there, and they would bring their troubles to talk to her about. I remember Sister Neagle. I felt sorry for her because she always looked like she was going to cry. Somehow, Mother must have felt that Sister Neagle needed her, because she's the only one that Mother might stop working, to sit down and look her straight in the eyes when she talked.

Sister Neagle had a big family, three girls but mostly boys. They were always on horses and riding for cattle. She had a lot of worries that went along with raising a large family. She seemed to enjoy talking to Mother. I know that Mother felt especially close to their family when the oldest son was called to go into the army during World War I. Sister Neagle said that she just couldn't imagine her Eugene being off where people were shooting at him. I remember her saying that if she could just forget about that, maybe she could get a good nights sleep.

My mother said to her, "Don't you know the Lord can protect him just as well out there as he could in the mountains when he's riding a horse. That's dangerous too."

Sister Richey came across the street often and so did Sister Overson from the east house on the block. The memories of those people were to me, as we passed their homes yesterday, just as strong as when I was living there. I don't know how that could be, unless they left some of their spirit, that will be there always. I think that's part of the responsibility of living in a place. When we are gone, it's not all gone, there is something still there, a part of us. I felt that at

every home we passed. Even though the homes were gone and new houses have gone up in their places I felt a closeness to the people who had lived in those homes.

I especially felt that spirit last night when we went to Mable and Wilford's new house for dinner. I think we ate dinner about where the asparagus patch was when we lived on that lot. Her lovely, big home is right where our home used to be. I had so many memories. I thought of the times we picked the green fern part of the asparagus, when Decoration Day came, to take to the cemetery. For a long time, we had only one grave out there from our Whiting family. That was Uncle Eck's daughter, Berthina. She had died early in life and was about my age. Now, the cemetery is full of Whitings.

Grandma Whiting (Mary Elizabeth) was the next grave out there. She was such a special, beautiful person. It was not too many years after Berthina died, until Grandma died. I remembered, as we passed the house where she died, of kneeling by her bed the day before she left us. She motioned for me to come close and she said, "Minnie, don't you ever feel bad because you have red hair. You always remember that your Grandma had red hair too, before it went white." She knew that I had suffered with my red hair and everybody warming their hands on it. She knew too, how sensitive I had been about my freckles. I think she wanted to give me a little bit of encouragement. She also said, "Now don't you cry when I die, because I'll be glad when it is over." I thought of that and how bravely she went. I hope I can remember that.

How glad I am that I had that ride with the folks today. If I was still singing I would like to sing, "The End of a Perfect Day," because I have passed fifty homes today where people lived that have touched my life. It seemed to me there were still people there who had been so much a part of the things that I had done fifty years ago in this little town. I am grateful for the good day we have had.

How I wish I knew the words in the English language, to tell about my parents so that my grandchildren could really know what a beautiful mother and father I had. It was a blessing to me. Now that they're gone, I realize more what a wonderful life they had, in their love and devotion to each other, and their associations with their children. Every time I hear a sermon that moves me deeply, I think, I'm so fortunate. I was raised with a mother and father who taught me that long ago. I hope that I live and measure up so that when I go, I can be where they are. They also had the blessing of working together.

My Dad said often, "This is a good world. I love it and I find it is good wherever I go." Dad was a master at making it a good world himself. I can't think of Dad being idle. He knew just how to do everything. I remember that he was the only blacksmith in town. For a while, he was the only man in town that was taking a daily newspaper and one of his favorite pastimes was to read. Many considered him to be the best read man in town. His mother was a schoolteacher. During the cold months, she took him with her to help teach the younger students in Springville, Utah. This helped to further his

education in many ways and gave him advantages that many of the early settlers didn't have. He knew a lot about other nations, what their people were like and how they lived. He would tell about lots of things he had studied and read.

In our ward, he would put on plays to help make money for a new piano, and organ, or anything that was needed. I remember the play we put on to help buy the little cups and trays for the sacrament, when they first started using them. Dad directed the plays and he would use his own children to take the parts. He could be sure we were there to practice and he could be with his family as he was working. We loved it. He also had many others in his plays, especially those who were willing to work and learn their parts.

Pa always worked with us. He didn't send us out alone to do a job. Either he or Ma would be there to encourage us and to teach us. Sometimes, he would send the older ones with the younger ones. We knew that there would always be some project going on at our home and we were willing to work at it. We didn't want Pa to hear about it if we laid down on the job.

A few years after moving to Arizona, Pa bought the sawmill up in the White Mountains, and the homestead was acquired shortly after that. So much time had to be spent living on the homestead to establish ownership of the land. Pa and Ma would go there to sleep and they built a lumber house for us to stay in when we were there for the summers.

All the rest of the family enjoyed going to the mountains more than I did because it was so hard on my face. No matter how I worked or tried to stay inside, my freckles bloomed every summer. It took nearly all winter to fade them away a little and it only took one day in the mountains to bring out big, bright, orange colored freckles all over my arms and face. How I hated them. Though my red hair was easy to comb and had just the right amount of curl I thought, what was the use of fussing with my hair, just to frame those ugly freckles on my face.

There were some things I enjoyed at the mountains. I liked to listen to the wind in the pine trees, especially at night. The food always tasted better up there. I enjoyed sitting around after supper and playing Rook, singing songs or just talking. I liked to go for walks with Elda and look for pine gum. I played with Art, when the time would permit. One day Art and I ran on to a turkey with her newborn chicks. We caught some of them and took them to raise.

My father knew over a hundred songs off by heart. Night after night, it was something to look forward to. We could sit around the fire and listen to him sing and tell us stories. After the horses were fed, the cows milked, and the supper dishes done, we had an hour or two of fun. I did enjoy those things at the homestead. I'm glad I had those experiences there with my family.

In all these times, my mother and father never failed to teach us the truthfulness of the gospel. Every time something came up that was

disappointing or hard, Father or Mother would remind us that our Father in Heaven never gave us an experience that would not be for our good, if we let it. Oh, how I have needed that all my married life, because I have had many losses and storms.

Now I'd like to tell you some of the memories I have of when I went to school. I was always eager to get back to town after we had been at the Homestead. I liked to see my many friends and to start school again in the fall. Before I was old enough to go to school, I always tried to keep an eye on everybody in our family. I couldn't bear the thought of losing one of them. One of the first things I remember, are the hours I waited at the gate for Elda. When I saw her coming from school, I would be able to go about my play. I was three years old when she started school. Elda really didn't play with me very much because she always kept her dolls in her chest just like she received them. I always had mine, carrying them around in my arms. Maybe I knew that Elda would one day have eight babies to carry and I would have only one. One little boy, who walked before I recovered from the effects of his birth. Sometimes, when he was older, I used to rock him and sing to him when he was ill.

When I was six years old, I started school. I was even more afraid than my best friend, Fammie Berry, and she was the most bashful girl I knew. It was such a shock for me to leave Ma for such a long time to go to school for a whole day. Ethel Farr was my first grade teacher. She was very kind to me, probably because she was engaged to my brother Eddie, who was on a mission. It gave me a little comfort to start out in the school world having her for my first teacher.

Fammie Berry and I sat in a double desk then, and for the next seven years we shared a school desk. She was such an unselfish person. If anyone ever loved me, she did, and I loved her. She helped me to be able to get along without Mother. She liked everyone and as a result, I did too. They don't have to do anything for me. I just like everyone. I always knew Fammie would be there. That was such a comfort. When she married, it was a tragedy in my life because it left me to face the world alone.

I wasn't a very good student and I don't think I would have made it if it hadn't been for my father's watchful eye. Spelling, arithmetic and geography were awfully hard for me. I had to remember so much and my mind would just wander. Pa had jingles he taught me, 'a rich Irishman thought he might eat toads in cream,' to spell arithmetic. 'George Edward's old grandmother rode a pig home yesterday' was the way to spell geography. I'm grateful for the help he gave me and for the fact that he never seemed to tire of it.

Once he got pretty upset with me though. He was trying to teach me how to play jacks. Elda learned to play jacks really young, and could beat anyone her age. Playing jacks well was a real status symbol. I didn't learn until I was eight or nine years old and Pa said that he guessed he had failed, when he couldn't even teach me to play jacks.

Whenever Pa had to correct us, he never did it in a mean or hateful way, or with a harsh voice. He always tried to tell us the reason and never nagged about it afterwards. That was a good thing for me because I didn't want to forever live with my mistakes I had made.

In the second grade I had the only teacher who ever hit me, Edith Greer. I was talking, very quietly, to Agnes Brown and she hit me with a ruler. In third grade Stella Patterson was my teacher. I remember thinking, young as I was, how come she was a teacher, when she was so pretty? She read us lots of stories. For the fourth and fifth grades I had Jennie Berry Palmer. She did her best to see that we learned. I admired her for helping those who seemed to be having problems. Lyman Overson was a good teacher for sixth grade, because he was able to handle the noisy boys. I think they liked him, because he played with them at recess. John W. Brown was my seventh grade teacher and probably the best teacher any of us ever had. He took us out of St. Johns when he told us more about the world and the people outside our little town. I was glad I had that year under him.

Our high school offered eighth grade for those students who had not had a chance to go to school. We had a choice of going to eighth grade there or staying in the grade school. I lived very close to the high school and also had some friends going there, so I went to eighth grade in the high school.

I will always remember some of my teachers there. A special one was Miss Workman, whom I counted as one of the very finest I ever met. I just felt she liked me and I loved every minute spent in her class. Susie Tenny was good too. She taught me in dramatics and I loved it. Brother Slack and David Butcher taught me in mathematics, and so did Andy Gibbons. He taught me a year in Algebra and made it easy enough so I could understand it. Brother Everett Johnson taught me a year in music and Carl Prather taught me a year in church history. Howard Bleazard was the principal and taught me in an English class. Emma Fredrickson taught me and I was frightened of her. She thought I should be as good in her class as Elda was, and I wasn't as good in any classes as Elda was. Brother Larson was a good teacher and I loved him, too. The ones that had the most effect on me throughout my life were Alfred Anderson, the music teacher, and his wife Pauline. They let me perform in nearly everything they put on. That made me enjoy the chances I had. If I had any talent, they helped me to express it. That has been the foundation of my life, and for all the things I have been able to do since I left St. Johns. They were the kindest people that I've ever worked for or with. Brother Anderson said that I could sing if I would. I was afraid to sing alone. I sang in the choruses and choirs, but never alone. One time I had a part in a play where I had to sing, and they had Agnes Brown sing for me because I just couldn't sing a solo. When I was ready to graduate from high school I lacked a credit and wasn't going to be able to graduate. The people in the office had figured my credits wrong. Alfred Anderson gave me a credit, because I had sung in the choir and had been in an opera. I was so glad to get that credit so that I could graduate.

I want to mention a few names of the girls that meant so much to me during my high school days. Fammie got married and it took all these others

to take her place. Della Garcia was a cute little girl from the Spanish part of town. Genieve Gibbons, one of the noted Gibbons beauties, Jenny Neagle, who lived across the street, Alma Hamblin, a dark haired, little girl, who had moved down from Eager in the middle of the year. She was so petite and pretty, I envied her every time I saw her. Esther and Maud Isaacson were my cousins, and my friends. We were close and enjoyed each other and our families often got together. We were glad that we belonged to the same family tree. Agnes Brown was almost a relative, because two of her brothers married two of my sisters. Peggy McCray was the little girl that moved into our town with her family, from down in Earnest's mission field. When she came, she hitched onto my arm and I hitched onto hers, and we were friends until the day she died.

Bessie Plumb was another very special friend. One day, I waited on her in the store and she had so many things to carry home, that I offered to help her. When we got to her home, she was trying to get food ready for her brothers, who had come in from working on their farm. Her mother was usually in a wheelchair, but at that time she was sick in bed. Bessie was taking care of her, and the rest of the family. I felt so sorry for her, that I tried to go see her as often as I could after that. We had some good times visiting and talking at her home.

There was another good friend that I shared with Elda. Eva Overson had been Elda's good friend for years and she became my friend too. Whenever I needed a special place to write in my silly diary, of anything romantic or secret, a good place to go was up into Eva's attic room. No one would disturb us there.

I worked in the store from the time I was old enough to help. We worked at whatever had to be done and learned the joy of accomplishing worthwhile things. I clerked in the store myself, as soon as I was old enough. One of the things I enjoyed most was when our family started the ice cream parlor. This became the gathering place for the young people of the town. It was here that I really developed the ability to meet people my own age. I learned to notice them as individuals and make friends with all different kinds of personalities. Here you felt like you were never left out. You were in the middle of the social center of St. Johns. Everyone who could get an extra nickel came for a cone and stayed to visit awhile.

There were not very many of us that made it all the way to graduate from high school. We had Viola Greer, Esther Isaacson, Agnes Brown, Alma Hamblin, Tom Isaacson, Bill Jarvis, and myself. I enjoyed being in this class and learned many things. Most of all, I had learned how valuable friends are in keeping you from temptations to do wrong. I remember when I was ready to go away to college, I had to go alone, because none of the others of my class were going that fall. My brother Ralph said to Mother, "You can't let Minnie go to college. She can't tell the good ones from the bad ones. She thinks they are all good." Mother and I laughed about it, but Mother was worried that I didn't know how to tell the good people from the bad. I'm glad that I was raised in a small town where I knew everyone and felt that they were all my friends. Isn't it nice, how we can spin back through the years and can

spend time with all our good friends of long ago. Thanks for the memories.

I went to Flagstaff that fall and winter to college. There were a few others from St. Johns so I wasn't as lonesome as I might have been. I became quite close to Emily Patterson, Tem as we called her. I enjoyed getting to know her better. Also, my cousin, Tom Isaacson was there that year. I made many friends from other places and it was a happy time for me. When I went home that summer, I chummed with Alma Hamblin, Peggy McCray and Della Garcia. Most of my other friends were married or gone.

The next winter, after Art graduated from high school, Mother and Father took Art and I to Salt Lake to go to school. I attended Henegar's Business School and Art went to the University of Utah. They rented an apartment and stayed there with us. I studied typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping. I made my brags about being an Arizona cowgirl. I guess I talked too much. Some friends brought a rope and wanted me to prove my roping powers. To make excuses for my inabilities I claimed it wasn't the right kind of rope.

Elda and Albert found out that we could get teaching certificates by passing the state board teachers examination and going to summer school. We went to Flagstaff for the next two summers. The next year, we decided to go to Los Angeles for a summer session. Effie and Maree Berry went with us. All five adults, and Albert and Elda's three little girls, packed into a Model T Ford. We drove to Los Angeles at night, across the hot, sandy desert on a plank highway. Effie, Maree and I found an apartment and lived together. We were able to complete our classes. We enjoyed that summer in Los Angeles. My friend Della Garcia had married Merwin Parks and was living there. We visited and did many things with them and other friends.

Getting my teaching certificate opened up a new career and many experiences for me. I taught in a little Mexican settlement about ten miles above St. Johns. It was called El Salado. I believe the experience in that humble little school was the greatest one in all my teaching. I get tears thinking about those lovely little spirits who were so underprivileged. It was a little town of about a dozen houses or so, built along the Little Colorado. Each family had a few acres of land that they farmed to make a living. Their tiny houses were made of adobe brick. Imagine, I had twenty-three children in eight grades. I really had to teach only six grades, as there were two grades that had no children of that age. There was one boy who was twelve years old and still in the fourth grade. He just couldn't learn to read. He came to school every day and he could do a lot of other things. He could draw better than anyone else, he could count a little. He was a peacemaker and he never caused any trouble in class. I had two youngsters who were good students. They graduated from the eighth grade and passed every requirement. Some of my students were such good writers, especially the ones in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades.

Mother let me take our organ up there and we put on a number of programs. I had every child participate and we invited the whole town and people from St. Johns to come see them. The school was their whole social life for the town. The most exciting thing that happened each day, was when the Yellowway bus came through on the highway in front of the school. No matter what we were doing in class when one of the children spotted the bus coming over the hill, a couple of miles away, class would be out. By the time the bus got there, the children would be outside waving, then they would come back in laughing because the passengers had waved back to them. That was almost their only contact with the outside world.

Two of the students who finished the eighth grade that year, later joined the church and wrote to tell me that they were members of my church now. I was delighted. I heard from some of them for a long time after I had taught them. The first year we were married, I took my husband home to visit. We drove up to my folk's home in St. Johns and most of those children were there. They had come down in a wagon to see me and Don, because someone had told them I was coming home. They filed into Mother's front room, Salvadore, Tomasita, Reyius, and the others. There we sat. I was almost speechless. I don't know what my husband thought, but I was tickled to see that those children had remembered me and wanted to see me.

I would have hated to miss my next teaching experience I had in the Mesa, Arizona District. I taught in the Lehi School. I went there in the middle of the year to take a sixth grade and taught there the next year too. Besides my home room, I taught music to all the grades. I didn't know too much about all the theories of music, but I taught those children to love to sing.

There were a number of new friends that I made in the Mesa area. I also made friends from other places and I enjoyed those years. One special friend was Wilford Brinkerhoff (Brink). Mother and Dad didn't say too much, but they were glad that nothing serious developed from that friendship.

Effie Berry had not been well and she needed to be close to Dr. Tibbets, who had done the most for her. He was in Los Angeles. I decided to try something new, so I went with Effie to Los Angeles. We rented an apartment in the Portsmouth Hotel. This was located in the middle of downtown Los Angeles, across the street from Pershing Square in Hill Street Park. The manager was Mr. Ferman and every evening he served cocoa and culture, about 11:30 p.m. He was an accomplished piano player and played every night. He also invited others to play and to sing. He played for many to sing. One night, as a joke, I mimicked an opera singer while he played the piano. This so impressed Mr. Ferman that he insisted I sing for another guest who was living in the hotel, at that time. He worked nights so it was hard to catch him.

In the meantime, Mother had been ill and she and Dad came to Los Angeles to see Dr. Tibbets. He had been the doctor for a number of people in our family. He was the doctor Art went to when the mad dog bit him.

I was glad Effie was living with me at this time. I would have been afraid to go to the formal concerts and places we were invited to during the next few years, if it had not been for Effie. When I had a chance to sing on the radio, I would have been too frightened to do it if she had not been there. She gave me the encouragement to do and try all the new experiences. Most of the time, there was no other member of my family around. She was a joy to have around and she stayed with us for most of the time we were at the Portsmouth Hotel. Lots of the time, she was ill, but that didn't stop her. She did many radio programs and things on her own. She brought more love into our whole family than any other person. She was a blessing to all of us her entire life.

The time finally came when Mr. Ferman was able to have me sing for Donald Adamson Sylvester Priestley. He listened to me but didn't say a word. Later, he did speak to my mother and asked if she would like him to make arrangements to take me to a fine voice coach. This teacher was coaching Mary Pickford's leading man at that time.

As we were leaving the hotel for my first appointment, Mr. Ferman pulled me aside and told me there was no use getting my hopes up, because Mr. Priestley never went out much, and he already had a girlfriend over in Riverside. That was a challenge to me. I said to myself that I would have to see about that. The voice teacher missed her first appointment. As Mr. Priestley walked me home, we passed the Paramount movie house. I stopped, looked at the pictures outside, and said, "I'd sure like to see that show, but Mother won't let me go alone."

Mr. Priestley's face broke into a grin. "Does your Ma want me to take you?" he asked.

"I think so," I said.

That was our first date. For years after that when we would go anywhere, he'd ask if my Ma wanted him to take me. Even after we were married, he would remind me of that incident.

Let me say that it was indeed a miracle that Don and I ever met. We were from different states. He was raised in Salt Lake City and I in a very small town in Arizona. We were not the same age. We never went to the same schools or ward. I never had any friends who knew him. We did not meet in either Arizona or Utah, but in a small hotel in the middle of Los Angeles. Mr. Ferman, the manager, said as far as he knew, our family and Don were the only Mormons who had ever stayed in his hotel.

Don had a fine, dramatic, tenor voice and he recognized the promise in mine. He encouraged me to study singing from his accomplished voice teacher. The crowning events of my life seemed to have come with the music I had suddenly found to enjoy. I took a lesson each day. Three voice teachers offered a large scholarship fund in a voice contest and I won that scholarship. That helped to defray the expense of the costly

musical education and gave me some expert teachers. I loved it and worked very hard, singing from five to eight hours a day. Soon, I was singing with Don on the radio, in concerts, churches and other places that I could have only dreamed of before.

It was another miracle that we ever fell in love, because we were so different in every way. I was quite frightened of him. He was so refined and proper. He had such nice manners. I didn't know how to talk to him or what I should talk about. I found out that we had one thing in common. That was the gospel. When Sunday came we went to church and we began to talk. I found that he had been a gospel doctrine teacher for a long time, so I began to take another look at him and to feel proud that I was with him. The real thrill and the thing that made butterflies in my stomach, came when he sang love songs to me.

I was glad Mother and Dad were there when I met Don. I think one of the things I loved about him, was the way he treated Mother and Dad. He did the same thing after we were married, too. I knew he loved me because he seemed to love and enjoy them. He always called them Pa and Ma, just like the rest of their in-laws did. I remember how well Mother and Dad got along with their in-laws. They had good ones to get along with and they knew it. I remember nothing but the best feelings between them.

I can't remember just when we fell in love, or how, but we surely did, with no hesitation on my part. Don's was the first ring that meant real romance for me.

On the seventeenth of November in 1928, I married Don. We were married in Phoenix, Arizona at May and Herbert's home. We were sealed two years later in the Mesa Arizona Temple, on November 19. My family referred to Don as that "city feller".

For two years, we embarked on what promised to be a successful musical career. Don and I believed that any gift that God had given us was to be shared with others. We sang duets, solos and in choirs and choruses. We sang for funerals, weddings, at church functions, at prisons and private gatherings. We were invited to go to New York to perform on the stage and our contract was to be with a hotel chain for what seemed to me a fabulous sum. We made a trip to Phoenix to sing at the opening of a new hotel and were highly successful in pleasing the people there. We were singing over the radio. However, Don had to finish that concert alone. I was sick.

We had been staying with May and Herbert in Phoenix. That night we went to Mesa to see Frank. He listened to my heart and told me to go back to Los Angeles and get to a specialist soon. When we got to Los Angeles, we went to Dr. Tibbets. He put me to bed for a few weeks. That extended to about two years, and then on and off for another year. I felt so sorry for myself. I thought the end of all my dreams had come. All that we had been working for had to be given up.

Mother and Dad came and stayed the first winter with us. Mother cooked and took care of me, with Don's help, when he was home from work. Dad sat by my bed each day and told me so much about his early life that I had never heard before. He told me how he appreciated growing up with the children of his father's other wives. His father had five wives and twenty-eight children. He said he felt so close to them, that his half brothers and sisters seemed the same to him as his own brothers and sisters. He also told me that he never really owned a pair of shoes until he was nine years old. He had his turn wearing shoes that they shared for Sunday. Whomever the shoes fit got to wear them. But when he was nine years old, he had a pair of shoes that were bought just for him.

After Mother and Dad left in the spring of 1931, Don's sister, Grace Campbell, came to stay with us and helped to care for me. This was the first chance I had of really knowing any of Don's family. I had another blessing that year of getting to know and love Grace. I also, learned more about her family and the others in Don's family.

Each day, for about fifteen years, I took digitalis. That was the only medicine that they could find that might help my heart. Each day seemed about like the last one. I did not have a sharp pain very often. Most of each day, I had the same old ache that kept me from breathing normally. I was in and out of the hospital. Those years were long for me, and I'm sure they were longer for Don. It was so discouraging. I knew Dr. Tibbets was a fine doctor. He got another doctor who was a heart specialist, one of the best in America, to come and see me, because my heart was not getting any better. Dr. Roddork said that maybe they should let me have a little more movement and see if I could take it. He didn't say how much, so Don was afraid to let me get up. They didn't know definitely whether it would help.

One of the nice things that happened to me during these years, was that an old friend from St. Johns came every week and did my hair. She would shampoo it with a special shampoo and set it for me. One day I asked her

why she had been so good to do all that for me. She told me something I had done for her, years before in St. Johns, that I had not even remembered. Ina, who had been Nellie Greer at home, said she had always been such a shy little, skinny, redhead in high school. She was afraid to talk to anyone. One day, she had come out of my folks store. She saw a group of the school kids gathered there, so she was about to go back in the store, rather than have to pass them. She had only come into town to go to high school, so did not feel she knew any of the students well enough to speak to them. Just then, I saw her and walked over to her. I asked her how she was and talked to her. For that, she said she would be forever grateful to me. I was touched. Such a little thing had brought such great rewards to my life. Ina, and her friends, brought a lot of comfort, as well as excitement, into our lives.

When we were first married, we lived in the middle of downtown Los Angeles, which was no man's land as far as the church was concerned. People who came usually didn't stay very long and there was no ward in that area. People could attend church anywhere they wanted. We went first to Adams Ward and then they asked us to go to Wilshire Ward to help with the singing there. Then President McCune, who was the stake president, asked us to go to a new little ward in Alhambra to help with their music. We lived closer to that one than the ward in Hollywood. They were having a contest and the music was hard. They didn't have many musicians there, so we started going to that ward. We expected to go a few Sundays, until the competition was over. When we got there, we found a friendly little ward of about seventy-five people. I told Don that I was just getting broken into city life in the Hollywood Ward and then we had to come to this little ward. He said that we needed to be where the Lord wanted us, no matter where it was. Anyway, we stayed in that ward from then on. When we bought our first home, it was in that ward.

Soon after we started working in the Alhambra Ward, Bishop Maringer Roskelly was put in. He had moved from Utah to see if his health would improve in California. He couldn't believe that President McCune, and the brethren in Salt Lake, would think he was well enough to be bishop, when they had to come to his bedside to set him apart, but he accepted the call. He was sick, but he was still one of the best bishops you can imagine and he was in for years and years. At times he would be so ill that it would be several Sundays before he could get well again.

Don was first put in as the Superintendent of the Sunday School. Not very long after that, he was put in as second counselor to Bishop Roskelly, Leo Bowers was first counselor and Tom Tally was the ward clerk. Don was over all the music and all the finances.

One Sunday, when Don was the choir leader, he had to lead the choir in stake conference. Mother and Dad were staying with us for a short time. I told them how much I would like to go and hear the conference. I knew that if I asked Don he would say no. I told Mother that I was going to wear my new dress that Sister Roskelly had made me. I would call Sister Hoyle and her husband to come and get me after Don had left. Mother and Dad refused unless I could get the doctor's permission. Dr. Tibbets had gone on a trip around

the world, and Dr. Roddork, the heart specialist, had been working with the navy and was out of town.

Finally I talked them into letting me go to conference. Don had been rehearsing with the choir in the Relief Society room and when he came in the chapel I was sitting in the choir seats. It was too late for him to do anything, except look like he was going to faint. The meeting was ready to start. He came to see if I was all right, and told me not to try and stand up with the choir. I sang with them and I will never forget how happy Don was, because my heart was not worse. From that day on, I very gradually got better.

For the next four years, I was very slowly getting better. I could do many things, but was restricted from anything that might bring on more problems. Even though I did improve, it was a long time before the doctor gave his words of cheer. He believed I was well enough so I could have a baby and he wanted to be the one to deliver it, if we had one. He knew all my past problems, and I knew he would be the best one to handle everything. I had not been able to get pregnant the first two years of our marriage; there was nothing sure that I would now.

Ruth Brown came to stay with us a short time in Los Angeles and studied voice and dramatics. We enjoyed having her in our home and the sweet spirit she had. Melba Whiting came for a while and studied music. We did enjoy having her. It helped Don to get to know my family better, to have these young nieces share our home.

Don's son, Gordon, had sent his father a picture of himself, when he graduated from high school and written 'love to Dad' on it. One summer Gordon came to visit us. One of the things that touched me most, was before he left to go home, he added a little 'and Aunt Myn', to that picture. We enjoyed his stay and I was glad to get acquainted with Don's son.

Our little church was getting so full that we needed a new place to meet. They bought and dedicated a lot just off Valley Boulevard. The doctor had put me to bed with heart trouble. I was still on the building committee because they had such a few that would work. Our ward didn't have much money. We started building right during the worst of the depression, many had lost their jobs. Finally, they decided they could lay the foundation, with the money that came from Salt Lake and our manpower.

The brick was going to be the problem, because it would cost so much. Everyone had either lost their job, or been cut to just a day or two of work. One day, Brother Bowers came to meeting and said that he had found some bricks that were cheap, because no one was building. He got those bricks for \$9.00 a thousand, from the Davidson Brick Co. They wanted to get them all moved, so they wouldn't sell just part of them. We called Salt Lake and they had their half of the money for the brick, but we had to raise our part. The building committee held a meeting, around my bed, trying to decide what we could do to raise the money for the brick. We decided to make paper bricks to sell. One of the men was

a butcher and could get big rolls of colored paper; and we made paper bricks. We got all the women and children making bricks. Anyone who bought fifty cents worth could have their name put in the corner stone. We sold bricks all over Alhambra, and Pasadena, which was mostly in our ward then. Nearly anyone would buy a ten-cent brick. We sold enough to meet our share of the money for the brick.

Brother Bowers, with his four big, tall sons who were brick layers, laid every brick. They built those walls thick. The inspectors came and said that we didn't need all those bricks in there.

I asked Brother Bowers, "Why did you use all those bricks in there?"

He said, "Well, because I've got plenty of time and we've got plenty of bricks. I want this building to stand for a long time."

I think this building is prettier today than it was then, and it has certainly stood the test of time. It's no wonder I love this ward and this building, with all the memories I have about it. Don spent the six years he was in the bishopric here, working to get this building completed.

We moved from the Portsmouth Hotel to a beautiful white house on Third Street in Alhambra. We were both working in the ward now, and the building was almost ready to be completed. We hated to leave Mr. Ferman and always felt that he was one of our best friends. We went back often to enjoy his cocoa, cookies, and nightly musicals.

We finished that building with just man power. Sister Hoyle, who was the Relief Society President, had conjured up a way of going to the big market for food. Torleys was the only big market in Alhambra then. She told them we wanted all their vegetables that they usually threw away, that could possibly be used. We bought all the bent cans of food that came in. We got any food we could get, for as cheap as they could let us have it. They saw to it that we got enough food every day to feed the men who worked on the church. The women would take turns cooking the food. There was also a bakery that gave us all their day old products. Those people helped to build our building by supplying food for us. Men would come and work all day long for just food to eat. I was a counselor to Sister Hoyle then, so I helped with this project.

It was during that time Bishop Roskelly took horrible ill. A specialist told his wife that he was just too ill to live. She was such a wonderful person and took such good care of him. Late one night, she called Don, Brother Bowers and Brother Tally and asked them to come quickly. The Bishop was worse. Brother Bowers anointed him with oil and Don gave him a blessing. That man was so sick that he hardly understood what they were saying. Don promised him that he would live to be a patriarch in the church. Then Don got worried, when he saw how sick Bishop Roskelly was. He asked if they could do it again. They did, and a second time Don said the same thing. Don must have worried all the time about that blessing. I never knew about it until after Don had died.

Just before Don died, Bishop Roskelly phoned to say that he was coming down to San Diego to see us, and that he would like to give Don a blessing. I told Don and he said, "He's a patriarch now, isn't he." I thought Don was talking out of his head.

Bishop Roskelly came down and gave Don a blessing. Don told me then that he didn't think he was going to live much longer. He only lived a few days more. He didn't live long enough to see Bishop Roskelly made a patriarch at the very next stake conference. Brother Tally wrote all about the blessing Don had given Bishop Roskelly and sent a copy to me. That's how I knew the details of it.

Ray Brown was in the stake presidency of our stake. He said they had sent many names up to the First Presidency in Salt Lake to get them cleared for a patriarch, but they didn't get permission to call any of them. All our people had to go to the other stakes for their blessings because we didn't have a patriarch in our stake. Finally, they sent Brother Roskelly's name in and approval came back immediately saying, "That's the one, put him in". Brother John A. Widtsoe came for stake conference. Brother Roskelly was too sick to attend, so Brother Widtsoe went to his home to set him apart. When he saw how ill he was, Brother Widtsoe said that this was a very sick man to be expected to get well enough to be a patriarch and give blessings. However, Brother Widtsoe gave him a blessing and set him apart. He lived for years after that and gave hundreds of blessings.

Don was counselor to Bishop Roskelly for about six years. This was a rich experience for both of us. I have never regretted the loss of our professional career. I have felt that maybe the young people in our church needed more help than the good I could do performing for others. Our home has always been filled with young people and we have enjoyed them very much. I felt sorry for myself at first, but rather than let it ruin my life, I began to turn my talents in a different direction. The Lord blessed us in so many ways; how could we not be happy?

Don's daughter, Nellie, came to visit us and we were so glad to have her there. One night we were going out and I said to Nellie, "If a strange man comes here, just let him in. That will be my brother, Ralph." When we got home, Ralph had come, and they were already on the way to a lasting friendship. They were married in 1933. How I have loved and appreciated all they have done for our family since then.

In 1936, the Deseret News, a paper in Salt Lake City, was changing their press. It was costing a great sum of money. Two of Don's friends, June Harrow and Mark E. Petersen contacted Don to see if he would come back to help them get the new press installed and running. Don had worked at the Deseret News for years before he moved to Los Angeles. Don got a three month leave from the Los Angeles Times newspaper, and we went to Salt Lake for a short time. We felt the change would be good for him. He had worked nights at the newspaper and days on the church for quite a while and was tired.

Martha and Frank were living in their home on Sixth South, by their Alseen Apts. The fact that they had a vacancy just then was convenient and we moved into one of their apartments upstairs. By the time the three months were up, Don's friends at the Deseret News had persuaded him to stay there and work.

It was not hard for me to stay in Salt Lake. Martha and Frank and their family were there; Don's two sisters and their families were there. It was good to get acquainted with them. Also, many friends whom Don had known all his life were in Salt Lake. One special friend was Lon Fisher. He had sung in the Tabernacle Choir with Don. He was leading the choir in the Lincoln Ward and invited Don and I to sing with them often that first winter while we were in Salt Lake.

While living in the Alseen Apts., we were in the Third Ward. Bishop Sheldon Brewster was the bishop. Don was soon leading that choir. After a busy Sunday schedule, Don enjoyed relaxing with a ride up the canyons or a supper with friends and relatives.

Don loved to go to the canyons around Salt Lake. He would phone from work and suggest that we go on a picnic. I would whip up a lunch and be ready when he got home. Often, Martha and Frank and some of their family would join us. We did this as long as we lived in that area. We went to almost every canyon around, where it was permissible to go for picnics.

Geraldine Brown (Sagers) came up in the fall of 1936 to live with us and go to school at the University of Utah. She had planned to live with us in Los Angeles, but decided to come to Utah when we moved there. She was the next of a long list of nieces who would live with us in Salt Lake City.

The best thing that happened about this time, was that we found out that I was pregnant. The doctor had told us that we might try to have a baby, but I had not been able to get pregnant before I was ill, so it was a real thrill now. Don had told me long before, that he didn't know how many children the Lord had for us, but he knew that we would have a son. I didn't ask him how he knew, but he seemed sure that we would be blessed with a son. Now it was going to be possible. Martha made me two beautiful maternity dresses and I went on singing. Don seemed proud to sing with me. We were so thankful for this blessing.

The doctor I had been going to in Los Angeles had asked to deliver the baby if we had one. He knew more about my health than anyone else, so it seemed advisable to return there for the birth of our baby. We went down in May and Don E. was born the first of June. My heart did not prove to be the problem that the doctors had expected. Everything else went wrong, though. I had albumin so bad that the doctors were afraid to wait, and decided to start labor. I was in labor so long, that they finally had to take the baby Caesarian, because they were afraid for both the baby and me. I got infection and all the stitches broke out and the infection drained all over. The doctors thought I was not going to live anyway, so they didn't sew the incision back together. The nineteenth day, the doctors told Don that they didn't think I could possibly live.

Earnest and Beryl were living in Los Angeles at that time. They were there to see if Nita could be helped. She was seriously ill. When Don told Earnest what the doctors had said, Earnest got to the nearest phone and called Dr. Frank Brown in Salt Lake City. Then he called the rest of my family. They were soon there. Frank and Martha flew down so they were the first ones to get there. Dr. Brown left his patients in Salt Lake, in the care of some good doctor, and came to help me.

Dr. Brown talked to the doctor in charge, and he was glad to have Frank take over, with his blessings. He said it was too late, as I had already developed peritonitis and the incision could not be stitched again. The doctor told Dr. Brown that I had four things wrong with me that could be fatal. He told him to do anything he could and he would find the best nurses possible to help.

Dr. Brown took one look at me, and he sent Martha and the nurse out of the room. He leaned down close to me and asked me if I believed the Lord could make me better. I tried to open my eyes and think who he was. I told him that the Lord had made me in the first place, so I felt He could heal me. Dr. Brown put his hands on my head and asked the Lord to help him find the problems and give him wisdom to make me better. He prayed for the Lord to give me the strength and courage and faith to live. He also gave me many other blessings.

Dr. Brown was able to find another source of infection that would surely have caused me to lose my life, if it had not been found. He stayed by my bed night and day. He could not have done more, either as a doctor or as a loved one. I took courage from the spiritual promises he made to me. He kept me believing that I could get better if I had the faith.

The baby had been having his own problems. On the nineteenth day, he was able to be taken out of the incubator. The nurses brought him for me to see, because they felt that he might not live. They just brought him to the door of my room. He had not been able to keep any food down. Mother and a nurse took care of him then. We decided to name the baby Don Edwin, for my father and Don.

It was necessary for Frank to get back to Salt Lake. Much could be written about outfitting a room on the train with all the needs of a hospital room. With the help of my brothers, Martha and Frank took that little sick baby and me and Don back to Salt Lake. Frank sat beside me and the baby all the way. I was hardly conscious, most of the time. I knew very little of what was going on.

I remember the baby was quite ill and the bishop thought it would be best to have him named. Don brought him by my bed and he gave him a name and a blessing. They also gave me a blessing. Bishop Brewster and the clerk of the Third Ward were there. I was so worried for our baby. Soon after that, Elbert Startup located a friend of his, a former missionary companion, whose wife had just had a new baby. She had more milk than her baby would take. Arrangements were made so Don

could take the baby to her home and she would nurse our baby two or three times a day. That was the first food he had been able to hold down. We were so grateful to them. They wouldn't take any pay for that but Don took food to them to help with their grocery bills.

Frank brought his good friend, Apostle Rudger Clawson, to administer to me. Things looked pretty grim. I only weighed seventy-nine pounds. I couldn't walk a step. I was losing all my hair, and I was in constant pain. Elder Clawson gave me a blessing and said that I would live to take care of my home and raise my baby. When he was through, he put his face close to me and told me that the Lord had said that, not him. This did give us more courage. Don said he never did doubt that we would get well. He would pray many times a day, and he felt that we would both live.

Though I have no way of repaying Frank for what he did for me, I am sure he will be blessed. I hope he will know how much we appreciated him and how we bless him for all he has done for our family. So many times, he has left his work and come to help and bless the sick ones in our family.

While I was so ill, we went to Arizona and stayed awhile. I was wearing everyone out, and they thought that some of the folks down there could help care for me awhile. Someone had to sit with me night and day. Mother took care of the baby. Some of the folks came up with two cars and made beds in the back of one, and took us back to Arizona. The doctor and my husband needed some rest, too. I stayed with May and Herbert in Holbrook first. Elda and Albert, Eddie and Ethel, Nell and Ralph, and Art and Armina all took turns helping to take care of me. It took all of them to see if they could relieve my pain or stop my weeping. I probably hadn't stopped crying since the baby had been born, if I was conscious.

May and Elda decided to take me to Snowflake to a Dr. Webb. He was supposed to be such a good doctor. The women around there claimed he had done miracles for them. They didn't tell the boys what they were going to do. We went to my friend Wilma Turley's dude ranch, and stayed overnight. The next morning, they took me to Snowflake to Dr. Webb's. May got out of the car and knocked on the door. I heard her talking to a man and they came out to the car. I raised up and saw a man with hair on his head that stood straight up, about six inches high. He had one stub arm and he was kind of skinny looking. He looked like one of the seven dwarfs, anything but a doctor. They carried me into the house. I had lost a hundred pounds, so it wasn't hard. They took me into his office and he had them undress me and put me into a drawer. He shoved the drawer in and lo and behold, there were mirrors all around me, on all sides. I could see my old skinny body four different ways, as far as I could see.

In a few minutes, he opened that drawer a crack and in came that stub arm, with his good hand on it to press it down. He said that he could rub me and turn off the nerves so I wouldn't have any more pain. He began to talk as he rubbed.

He said, "Oh, I can feel the pain. I can tell how you are suffering."

By that time I was giggling and then I pretended to cry. He said he would give me a little rest. He came back in and said he was going to take me out of the drawer and turn my nerves off. We were laughing so hard that May and Elda could hardly dress me. That was the first time I had laughed since my baby had been born. He snapped the thumb and finger of his good hand right by my ear on one side, and then the other. He told me that in fifteen minutes my pain would be gone and it wouldn't come again until he came to Holbrook and turned on the nerves.

When we got back to Holbrook, we told the family what he was going to do. My brothers were so mad. Ralph said he wanted to be there, waiting for him when he came to turn the pain nerves.



He said that he was going to have a load of buckshot in his gun. Well, he never did come to turn off or on the nerves, and I'm still suffering. At least, I got a laugh out of the experience.

When we went back to Salt Lake, Mrs. Eva Rogers went with us to help take care of Don E. and me. She stayed with us for over two years. Her two children were grown and her husband was dead. Her children came to see her while she was in Salt Lake.

Geraldine came up that fall to go to her second year at the U of U. She helped with Don E. and me. We moved to a downstairs apartment so it would be easier for me to get in and out. When Rogers left, Geraldine and I took over caring for Don E. Geraldine stayed with us for the most part of eight years, so she was practically one of our family.

Even though we had blessed Don E. at home, the bishop thought it should be done again in church. Frank got me a wheelchair and they took me to sacrament meeting to see Don E. blessed and named. That was the first time I had been out since his birth and I was glad to be there.

I learned to walk a little that winter, by holding onto Don E.'s crib. I would walk around it and he thought I was playing with him. Most of my time that winter was spent on the bed. I would get anyone I could to rub my feet. They were numb some of the time, but most of the time they felt like they had pins pricking them.

We could see that the baby and I were improving, so we began to make plans to buy a home. We located one at 808 First Avenue. That was our home for the next eight years. Martha and Frank moved to their big home on 29th South and State Street. It was a lovely place with big rooms and a big yard. It was just right for all the family parties and special events.

On the 26th of June in 1938, Don E. took his first steps alone. He was just over a year old. We were on a picnic with Martha and Frank and May and Herbert, who were visiting there. Martha had fixed a lunch and I was out of bed for the first real outing I had had, since Don E. was born. There was a little pavilion floor up the canyon. I could not get out of the car, but it was parked close to the floor. I was there when Don E. took his first steps. I think that was a day I will always remember. I really took courage that time. Just maybe I could live awhile yet, and be well enough to enjoy life again, even if I never walked.

I learned much during those days of severe pain and illness. I lost weight, all my hair came out, my head hurt. I had headaches every day. I could not eat very much food for weeks. My feet hurt continually. The doctors didn't think I would ever walk again. In spite of all that, I was alive and had a son whom I had seen take his first steps. I might just fool those doctors yet. Of course, I always had the faith of my husband and family to help me.

We loved having our own home again. It had a very small yard but the house was big and had nice rooms. Roger was still with us and helping

care for Don E. We decided we could use the two large bedrooms upstairs for some of the girls to come and live with us and go to school. So that year, Geraldine came back and Erma Whiting (Grant), and Elma Brown (Smith) came to live with us. They went to school at the LDS Business College.

The girls took turns cooking dinner. One night Erma and Elma were home alone fixing dinner. Elma got too close to the electric stove and her apron strings caught on fire. It scorched her hair and burned holes in her dress and slip. Erma put out the fire with a wet dishcloth. When we got home they told us about it and laughed so, that Don was disgusted with them. We sat down to eat, and they were still giggling.

Don said, "Wouldn't we have had a good time if she had burned to death?"

That started them all over again. Don finally told everyone to eat, without even having a blessing. How did he ever put up with all the girls we had living there?

Our new home was in the Twenty-Seventh Ward. Bishop Brewster told Don that the bishop of that ward, Joel Richards, was a very good insurance salesman. He told Don not to let Bishop Richards talk him into leaving the choir in the Third Ward and going up there to lead his choir. In a very short time, Don was leading the choir in the Twenty-seventh Ward.

I got well enough to enjoy going to the church meetings and especially liked the Relief Society, there in the Twenty-seventh Ward. I got to be good friends with so many of the sisters, our bishop's wife, Sister Richards, his mother, Sister George F. Richards, Amy Brown Lyman, and Sister David O. McKay, were all members of our ward. There were many other wonderful women I worked with in the choir, Beatrice Davies was the accompanist, Myrtle Wilson was the choir president, Iva Bues was one of the good faithful sisters who helped us often.

It felt good to sing again. First, I just sang in the ward choir with Don. Then I began accepting other invitations. I sang at a lot of funerals. One time I was asked to sing at a certain mortuary, for a funeral, and I got there just in time. The director took me into a little room where the singers stood and I sang the song that had been requested. As I was leaving, I met our bishop. He rushed up to me and asked where I had been. They were waiting for me to sing at the funeral. I went back in and sang at another funeral. I often wondered whose the first one was and what the people in the other service thought as they heard a strange voice and a different song.

Most babies get attached to a blanket, but Don E. became attached to the rubber sheet in his crib. When he couldn't find it as he was ready to go to sleep, he would yell for his 'thingy' until someone got a piece of rubber sheet to him.

Don fixed up our small back yard with a sandbox and toys for Don E. to play in. He wanted to be where other kids were and would go up the street to

the home of a family who had some children, even though they were older. There weren't many children on the whole street. Finally, much to Don E.'s delight, a little red headed boy, about his age named Clyde Scott, moved in across the street and up two houses. He was a little boy just as active as Don E. They made a good pair. That was his first real friend.

When it was time to go to school, Don E. was thrilled. He had loved his Primary and Sunday School classes. I walked him carefully to school and back to show him the way. He wasn't very impressed. He preferred to go by himself and on his own way. The neighbors around were all older people and they watched him, like he was their own. When he finally got his tricycle, and could ride all the way around the block, some of the neighbors thought that was too far.

Don E. loved to get up early and climb in bed with whichever niece happened to be home at that time, and ask for a story, or have a book read to him. His trains were favorites for everyone. Don put them on tracks that would let them go forward and backwards and stop. Many boys who came to date the nieces, stopped to play with the trains.

One of the things that Don enjoyed most, at this time, was organizing and directing the Deseret News Men's Chorus. Emma Petersen was the first accompanist and Elder Mark E. Petersen often went along to be the speaker, in the wards where they put on a program for sacrament meeting. We got to be good friends with them. This friendship has lasted over thirty-five years.

Two of Don's nephews, Bert Campbell and Glen Poulton, were in the chorus and Don's son, Gordon, joined the chorus and often did the speaking assignments for them. This group traveled to most of the wards in Salt Lake and many outside wards too. Their first outfits were blue shirts with gold letters. Later, they all purchased tuxedos. I sang a lot with them and we did a lot of practicing. I learned a number of beautiful songs, but one of the favorite ones that I sang was 'Rock-a Bye Baby'. I had requests for that wherever I sang. I don't think the chorus ever got tired of hearing it.

I was so appreciative of the chances I had to learn to sing, that I was always trying to encourage others to try too. I gave lessons to a number of the nieces and others. I helped the nieces and their friends form a singing group and they performed at many functions. Between all these singing groups, we performed in almost every ward in Salt Lake and towns around, besides many other programs, including the hospitals and army camps, after the war began.

We had an extra room, after Mrs. Rogers left, so we decided to rent out the two upstairs bedrooms. I thought this would be a good way to help with the house payments. In answer to an ad in the paper, a Mrs. Ada Woods came to rent the rooms. She was very pleased with the location, because she worked at the Holy Cross Hospital and her one little girl, Joyce, had a baby sitter close by. I told her it would be \$20.00 a month and she said she couldn't possibly pay more than \$5.00 a

week. After some discussion, I let her have the place for the \$5.00 a week; so Woody and Joyce moved in. Don never let me forget my bargain on that deal.

Off and on, either the two upstairs bedrooms or the two front rooms on the east side were rented to different people. When quite a few nieces were living there, it was mainly family. Many others came and went. Gladys and her family were there for a while. Don's oldest sister, Janie, lived there until she passed away. Some of the nieces were Geraldine, Elma, Nathel, Louine, Helen, Norma, Erma, and Irene and one nephew, Dean Berry, who came to stay with us.

When we moved to Salt Lake from Los Angeles in the first place, we had wondered if it was wise to leave such a good paying job and all our friends in the ward to take a job which paid much less, to work at the Deseret News. It didn't take us long to find that there were things more important than money. One of those things was the close association we had with Marian and Gordon, which we couldn't have had if we had been in California. We were there when they were married and when they were waiting for Bonnie to be born. Each Sunday as they would come to our place, we could watch her grow and then when Marian became pregnant again, they wanted a boy. Sure enough, here came Byron. What a good little boy he was. Both he and Bonnie could come to our place and they were the only children with Don E. They didn't make any bother. They were such well-behaved children. I often said I never saw a little boy quite as willing to behave himself in a crowd as Byron. Later, when we had moved back to L.A. and Don had passed away, they had another little boy and we were happy indeed, when we heard that they had named him Donald, for Don.

Don always looked forward to having a Sunday night supper after all the meetings and programs were over. Gordon and Marian were able to attend, most of these. We always had lots of other company who came to these suppers. Sometimes, we would have a lot of extra people. We devised a signal. If we were short on food we would signal FHB (family hold back). If we had plenty, the signal would be MIK (more in kitchen). Whenever an embarrassing subject came up at the table, one of the girls would change the subject by saying, "Have you seen the flowers on the Temple Block?" It was never dull at our suppers.

Some of the other people who lived with us, besides family and Woody, were Clara Hamblin, Ruby Wheeler, Ann, Phylis, Mercy, and the girls who worked at Fort Douglas from San Francisco, Mae McBride, and Myrtle Stubbs. There were always relatives who came just for a short stay. At conference time, we would have a houseful and the nieces and nephews who came up to the temple to get married, came to stay. We were never alone.

When one of the girls from Arizona came to stay with us to go to a summer session of school, we needed a new bedstead and mattress. Geraldine and I went down to one of the local thrift stores and purchased them. We set up the bed in the east bedroom upstairs, and the new boarder moved in that day. The next morning, she came down and said that she had some funny bites all over her body. She asked if I knew

what they were. I couldn't believe what I saw. I just shook my head when she asked me. She went to school and Geraldine and I rushed upstairs, got that mattress, loaded it on top of our car and started to return it to the place where we bought it. We were going down South Temple and got just in front of the Governor's Mansion, when a car honked and pointed to the top of our car. The rope had broken and our mattress was gone. We had to go around the block to get to where the mattress was lying in the middle of the street. When we got there, it was gone. Geraldine said that she could see some car with the mattress on top of it, going up the street, so we took after that car. When we caught up to the car, it was merely a car with a light colored top. Our mattress was gone. We never did find it. Don was so mad that we bought a second hand one in the first place, that he made us go get a new one.

A few months later, I attended a shower for one of my nieces friends. She was telling how cheaply they had been able to get by for their furniture in their home. She said that they had even found a mattress in the middle of South Temple a few months ago. Her husband had just put it on the top of his car and driven home with it. I didn't even have the nerve to ask if they had been able to get the bed bugs out of it.

Don believed in being prepared. He always knew where the best orchards were to pick the fruit that was in season. We bottled hundreds of quarts of cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, grape juice, and other things. During the war, when sugar was rationed, we had to declare how much sugar we had on hand, before we could get any stamps for more. Don went to the school to register our sugar and came back to say that only Governor H.B. Maw had more sugar to declare in our district, than he did.

I had a number of relatives who lived in the Salt Lake area. I visited some of the Isaacson cousins from Uncle Mart's family. We attended Whiting reunions in Mapleton and Hobbble Creek for the Edwin Whiting family. Uncle John and Aunt Lizzie Whiting lived in Charleston and we had some nice visits with them, when they came to Salt Lake or when we drove up there. We especially enjoyed seeing Hannah and Clyde Richey. She was a cousin about my age. We had been especially good friends since she had spent a summer at our home in St. Johns before we were married.

Don and I took several trips back to Los Angeles. May and Herbert were living in Lynnwood then, and we enjoyed visiting them. We also visited other relatives and friends down there. Gordon and Marian went on a couple of those trips with us.

Martha and Frank moved to their home on Sisgbee so they were much closer to us there. We had so many good times with them. We packed so many picnic lunches for the summer evenings that it seemed we had moved to the canyons. I did enjoy helping with the weddings, baby showers, birthday dinners, and other special occasions in their family. Martha and I organized a class for the girls in housekeeping and personal

grooming. We held these classes once a month and had the girls all take turns having the class and giving the lessons. It was a help to all of us.

In 1942, Don and I decided to take Don E. to Yellowstone over Labor Day. Geraldine and Nathel were living with us then, so they went too. We stopped in Idaho Falls and Logan to see the temples. Don loved to travel and see new things.

One day Geraldine and Willard went for a ride and came home with a big bunch of cattails. A couple of days later, they began to pop open so we put them out in the garbage. Don E. and Clyde came along and saw those neat sticks poking out of the garbage can. They proceeded to sword fight with them and in a few minutes the whole neighborhood was covered with cattail fuzz. Don came home and he started sweeping and squirting them down with the hose. Neighbors on both sides of us were sweeping them out of their yards. Elma came home from work and laughed at Don. He threatened to turn the hose on her, if she laughed anymore. He swept up fuzz for hours.

I made friends with a lot of the neighbors. Next door were two sisters, Mrs. Mack and Miss Evans. Across the street were Brother and Sister Ash. They had no children so were always interested in what Don E. did. The lady who ran the little store across the street, on the corner, was very friendly. In back of us, to the south, was another older couple, Averys. Two houses east was another Minnie. She came to visit me, probably because we had the same first name. Mrs. Davis and her family lived up the street, to the east. Her children were older, but Don E. went there to play because they were the nearest ones around. We got quite well acquainted. She brought me all kinds of things. The nieces all had a special name for her.

It was such fun to see how Don loved his little son. He seemed to know that he was the only one we would ever have and his time with him would not be long. I am glad that Don E. was a well, happy, little boy after his first year. He didn't come down with any of his illnesses until after Don died. They had seven good years together. Every night he would have a little talk with Don E., before he went to bed. If we were going out, he would talk to him before we went. Don E. never objected being left with whoever was home to tend him. He never had a stranger for a babysitter. Many of the times he went with us and one of the girls usually went along to tend him while we sang. Sometimes, Don E. would get away and go up on the stand with his father. That would usually embarrass Don, but the rest of the chorus or choir laughed about it.

Every special occasion, Don had the choir sing a cantata. Easter and Christmas were favorite times for programs. One member, who sang with the Tabernacle Choir, complained that Don chose harder music for his ward choir than they sang for the Tabernacle Choir. We practiced until we knew the music and our programs were beautiful.

One year, Easter came on April Fool's Day. Nathel and Elma arranged with one of their good friends, Alice Folland, to call Don and tell him that one of the brethren, who was a really good singer and had two solo parts in the cantata that year, was sick and could not possibly sing. Don was so excited, he rushed to the phone in his shirt, garments, and

socks. These were the items he always slept in. When Alice finally told him 'April Fool', he was relieved but couldn't laugh about it. The girls teased him about how he looked when he rushed to the phone. Life certainly was exciting around 808 1st Ave.

Before we were married, Don would call me at four o'clock when he got off work. After we moved to Salt Lake that went right on. He just called to tell me that he loved me. I used to try to be home at that time. Now I still watch for four o'clock. It seems like something special is going to happen. I wonder if he is watching the clock for four o'clock, too.

One Christmas, during the war years, Elma and Nathel stayed with us for the holidays. We sang a lot of places and were very busy. On Christmas Eve Don came up from his basement den dragging a gunny sack. It was so heavy that the girls went to help him. It was marked for me. I felt it; it seemed like a sack of bricks. Next morning, I took out brick after brick. Then, right in the bottom, was a beautifully wrapped little box. In it was a lovely lapel watch. Don loved to plan surprises for all of us.

Don took the old coal room next to the furnace, in the basement, and made it into a small den for himself. There was just room enough for a cot, and a bookshelf with a light on it. He could escape to that place, when the noise level got too high. He did lots of reading. The scriptures and the dictionary were two of his favorite things to read. Then he bought the Sunday Times from Los Angeles, every week and read it very thoroughly.

In June of 1944, Geraldine and Willard were getting married. Don and I had told them they could have their reception at our home. We decided to get the house fixed up for the occasion. David and Allen Sperry were two brothers who lived in the Twenty-seventh Ward. We hired them to steam off the old paper, which was a big job because of the many layers of old paper on the walls. They put new wall paper on the two front rooms and the music room. The results were just beautiful. We decorated the whole house, including the upstairs and we had a lovely reception. There was a huge crowd of people and we had a dinner after, for the families.

Those eight years in that house were the happiest years a person could have. It would be hard to try to explain how each day seemed a blessing. I don't think anyone could live with Don without being happy. We did a lot of singing and we loved doing that. We had Don E. to bless our lives. He was such a laughing, good natured boy. He adored his Daddy and his Daddy loved him just as much. Both of these belonged to me. No wonder, life seemed such a miracle.

Our home had increased in value, and we decided to sell it. Willard and Geraldine had bought a lot out on Murphy Lane in South Salt Lake, about a year after they were married. We decided to move out to the front house on their lot. We had so many things to move, it was amazing. We couldn't believe that we had acquired so much. The girls and Don rode the bus to work from there, and it was nice out where there wasn't so much traffic.

Don was not feeling too well. He just didn't have the energy that he used to have. He had hardly ever been sick in his life. He had stood over me during all my sickness and had seemed so strong and well.

It was time to get Don E. Baptized. Don didn't feel very well, so we asked one of the young men from our ward to baptize Don E. Don was able to go to church the next day and confirmed Don E. Then he bore his testimony. It was the only time that either of us had ever told of Don E.'s birth and the miracle of how his and my life had been spared. Don had such a command of the English language. I often wish we had a copy of his testimony borne that day. That was his last day in church.

Even before morning came, we knew Don was very ill and that it was his heart. We did not know a heart specialist in Salt Lake, but we did know the doctor who had been mine in Los Angeles. May and Herbert were living in Lynnwood, so we decided to go to California to see if we could get the help Don needed. Dr. Lee Berry, my nephew, was living in San Diego at that time. He was a doctor in the army and we thought he might be able to help us. We went down to California about the middle of October.

Dr. Berry (Lee) and his gracious wife, Virginia, took us into their home and made us feel so welcome. Virginia was pregnant and had two children, but she was so kind to us and did so much for us at that time. We did love and appreciate them for their help.

Don was so sick, that he couldn't keep anything down. He thought that some grape juice might taste good and stay down. We tried to find some but it was during the war years and things were hard to get. Mark Petersen, who was such a good friend, phoned almost every day to see how Don was. I mentioned to him about the grape juice. In a day or so, a whole case of quart bottles of grape juice came from the Hotel Utah. Mark had ordered them sent to Don.

Bishop Roskelly phoned to see if he could come down and give Don a blessing. I had mentioned the grape juice to him and he brought a case of his wife's home bottled juice when he came. Don did appreciate what those people did.

The greatest thing that happened when Don was ill, was that Gordon and Marian, and Ralph and Nell, came to help care for him. No nurse was needed, after they came. Each couple took twelve hour shifts, so he had his own, right up to the last day. Don did appreciate all they did for him.

Don died three weeks after we got him to San Diego. We had all the help the doctors could give us and all our prayers, but they were not enough. He died on the 17th of November, our seventeenth wedding anniversary.

Mother was there the night Don died. I was lying on my bed and she came in, reached down to kiss me.

She said, "Honey, you shouldn't feel too bad. I have never seen a man as good to a woman as Don was to you. I thought I had the best man in the world, but no one could be kinder to anyone than Don has been to

you. Remember, nearly a third of your married life, you were ill, and he took such good care of you."

We took Don back to Salt Lake for his funeral in the Twenty-seventh Ward, and he was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. Mark E. Petersen spoke at the funeral and reminded me of the good things that were still left in life. I still had Don E. to raise and I had all the spiritual things of the gospel to lean on. He told us that as long as I would let Him, the Lord would be there with me to help. I clung to that in all the times I felt worried or concerned.

My family, my brothers and sisters, were such a help and comfort to us at that time. I don't know how I can ever thank them enough, for what they did.

Don and I had always thought we would go back to California. He said that he wanted me to go back now. We had sold our home, and it seemed the right thing to do. May and Herbert let me come and stay with them and they were such a help to us

My brothers gave me the choice of lots right across from their Whiting Brothers Station, on the new Garvey Highway. It was only six minutes from Los Angeles City Hall. I am sure it was the closest motel to the middle of Los Angeles. We called it the Myndon and it was beautiful. May and Herbert had been in the motel business before so they helped me plan to have mine built. Of course, my brothers helped me the most, every month. I had some money from the sale of the house, but they loaned me the rest to build the motel. They also, helped me build and pay for the house I am in now. I feel that no one has more blessing than I have had. I ask the Lord to help me finish my life in grateful gratitude for all of their kindness.

It had not been an easy decision for me to leave Salt Lake. It was so hard to leave Martha and Frank and their family and the many friends we had there. I did think it would be better for my health to go to a lower and milder climate. It was with heavy hearts that Don E. and I got on the train to go back to California. While we were waiting for the train to pull out of the station, I looked out at the smoky, dark day, and the question entered my mind, would the sun ever shine for me again?

Don E. looked at me and said, "Mama, please don't get that look on your face. Those men are bringing some flowers in here."

Sure enough, a beautiful bouquet of red roses was delivered to us with a lovely, cheerful note from the Mark E. Petersen Family. I think they must have known how often Don gave me flowers.

I do need to tell about why I have missed the flowers. In our little town, where I grew up, there were very few flowers. Water was very scarce and though most everyone had a red geranium showing in the window at some part of the year, only Sister Maggie Overson had some all of the time. Many times, no other flower would be at a funeral, but a little bunch of Sister Overson's geraniums.

The first real flower corsage I ever had, especially for me, was a chrysanthemum. Our graduating class from high school had sent to Phoenix for those flowers. That was the last one until I left St. Johns and had gone away to school. Most of the friends I knew, had very few flowers. I lived in the kewpie doll years, and candy, and fancy valentines, beautiful valentines, the likes of which were never seen by my generation.

My life changed about flowers when I met Don. The first flowers he sent were to my mother, in the hospital. I walked into her room and saw that big basketful of flowers and could hardly believe it was real. She was elated. I am sure it was her first ones too. I went back to our hotel and found that Don had sent me a dozen red roses. They were my first red roses sent especially for me. I was elated too. Later, I began to think how much they must have cost and if it had been foolish of him to have spent so much for something that would not last very long. Flowers came pretty often after that and always I doubted if they were worth it.

After we were married and I was in the hospital, with my first heart problem, here came the flowers. A Catholic nun was in the room when Don came and she heard me say to Don that he should not have spent so much for the flowers. They were too expensive and we needed so many other things. That beautiful Sister came back, after Don had gone, and told me that she hoped I would never complain again when my husband brought me flowers. She told me that there were so many wives who needed just a little flower from their husbands, but such a few ever got them. She also said that if she were a woman of the world, she would go barefoot if she had a husband who wanted to give her flowers. I never did complain again when Don gave me flowers. I did enjoy them more. They came often, for every occasion and for no reason at all. I loved them. Since Don has gone, I miss the flowers. Those memories are among my most choice and special ones. If only I could tell him so tonight.

In the spring, we were ready to open the motel. It was a blessing for me. I needed to get busy with the rest of my life. I had a boy eight years old to raise. I tried to keep that look off my face. I did pretty well for Don E.'s sake when he was close by. My health was not good. It would have been impossible for me to take a job of any kind. It was not long after we moved to the motel, that Mother came and stayed awhile with us. Father had passed away a number of years before this. Mother knew more about business than I'll ever know. I remember, she kept interested and checked up each day. Her eyes would light up at the end of a good day. She told me that if I didn't over charge people and helped them enjoy their stay, they would be back and send their friends.

Nathel came to stay with me and she was a joy to have with us. She was such a help and a good friend. Nell Roundy came to help me that year and she stayed with us for the next twenty years. She went with us after we moved to Mesa and helped to look after Don E.

We went back to the Alhambra Ward. Our friends there were so good to us. We also made many new friends. Kay (Dr. Berry), my nephew, was the Bishop there so that was a joy to have he and Beth, his wife, so close to us. We did enjoy being there.

The school for Don E. was only a block away, but he had to cross that busy Garvey Highway. He had been in so many schools that year, I was afraid he might be behind the rest of his class. He did all right and soon had some friends. One day he brought home a little Mexican boy and gave him a pair of his shoes, because he had to go to school barefooted. I am so ashamed now that I was upset about it and made him cry. I hardly ever did that.

It was while he was going to this school, that Don E. became ill. It was only a small chance, but he happened to be one of the few children who contracted TB from his teacher, who was a carrier.

He evidently had not been feeling very well for some time. His teacher talked to me, when I went to see her, and we both sat there scolding Don E. because he was not doing as well as usual. He didn't say a word nor make an excuse. He just said he would try to do better. I am so sorry now, that I didn't realize that he wasn't well at that time.

I made a trip to general conference in Salt Lake in June, 1946, for the MIA. The Lynnwood Ward had chartered a bus for all those who wanted to go. Jack and Joycell Cooper were going up to be married. I was lonely and homesick. There were some things I needed to see about in Salt Lake. I took Don E. out of school for a couple of days, I thought, and went on that bus to conference. He never went back to that school.

Marian and Gordon were living in an apartment close to town then. We were having dinner with them. Don E. was in the other room playing with Bonnie and Byron. When we got ready to go, I could see Don E. lying on the floor. I felt his forehead and he was fevered. I gave him an aspirin and we came home on the bus the next day. I could tell his fever was coming up again and I was concerned.

The next day, I took him to see my nephew, Dr. Lee Berry. I was so glad he was there. What a joy and comfort he and Virginia were for the next few years. They had taken us in when we needed them at the time of Don's death. Now, they were there to help us when Don E. was ill. Lee examined Don E. and then decided to send him to an internal specialist, Dr. Franks. This doctor found out that he had TB of the lymph glands. He could not go back to school and was put to bed. The word was that it was not serious. He would have to stay in bed for a few weeks, as it was a primary disease and could be handled and cured. They told me it was lucky that he did not have it in his lungs and that he could not give it to anyone else.

Things did not work out that way. It was three years before they let him out of bed. The fever just never seemed to end. I would take his temperature many times each day, hoping each time there would be some miracle, it might be better. Always by the end of the day, it was up to 102° or more. It was hard for me not to be discouraged.

I would have shed tears if I could have, that might have helped. I was too frightened; the tears were gone, I had shed so many. How could I shed tears with that beautiful smile of Don E.'s to keep me going? He was always so sure that he would be better soon. He had a beautiful blessing from Bishop Roskelley, who was our stake patriarch now. I got permission from the doctor to take Don E. to Brother Roskelley's home. They were both ill and in their pajamas at that time. His blessing told Don E. that he would live to go on a mission, and that he would talk on the radio to many people. I was petrified. I thought, what a wicked thing to do to a boy that sick. It also promised him that he would get married and have a family. It said Don E. had the privilege of choosing a mother and father before he came to earth and waited to come until that could be accomplished. He was told that Satan had put stumbling blocks in his path. I was afraid that Don E. couldn't understand how all this could ever come true. How would he feel, and how would his testimony be affected if all these things did not come to him? I thought he was too ill to possibly accomplish all these things. I could only pray harder.

Some of the doctors thought it would help Don E. to spend time in a dry climate. I sold my lovely Myndon Motel, and moved to Mesa, Arizona. We stayed there almost three years. I had some great experiences there. I was close to the temple and I often sang in the chapel services. Mother came down and spent some time with us. We were close to other members of our family and friends. We needed their loving care at that time.

It was in Mesa that I had an experience that taught me what it means to really go through trials of life, but still live a life of happiness and service. One day, the Relief Society President, asked me if I would go with her to visit a sister who was bedridden with rheumatism and could not see. Her swollen, knotted hands could hardly manage to get food to her mouth. The president wanted me to sing her something cheerful. I thought, how can I be cheerful with Don gone and a little boy as sick as mine? I could not say no, so I chose two nice songs and went, feeling pretty uneasy. That sister certainly did more for me than I did for her. I learned that she had had a career as a very fine piano player. Her only help now, were friends who came and brought her food. I told her that I admired her courage and she said that these years had been rewarding for her because she could remember all the good things she had before. At night, when she couldn't sleep, she would imagine trips she could take, in her thoughts and visit any place she wanted to be. She said that she never dwelt on the sad things, because she remembered that our Father in Heaven said to have a glad heart and a cheerful countenance. I left that humble home with a lesson I have tried to practice ever since. I have tried to help bring tears of joy, not sorrow.

When Ralph and Nell opened their big motel in Holbrook, Arizona they decided to keep it open twenty-four hours a day, because it was on the busy Highway 66. The foyer was built with glass all the way around, so you could see in from all sides. While Don E. and I were there in the summer, a new lady was on the night shift. She was afraid to stay alone her

first night, so I walked back over to the office when it was pretty late. I told her that I would sit there for an hour or so and she could go out in her car and get some sleep. I slipped my shoes off, got a magazine and settled down to read.

All of a sudden, the door opened and two men with stockings over their faces came in. I saw that one of the men was holding a gun in his hand and had a cloth over the back part. He said they wanted my money.

"Oh, yes sure," I said, and slipped on my shoes. I don't know why I stopped to put on my shoes, but I did. I rang the register, took out the bills and started to take out the silver when one of them said to never mind the change. As they turned to walk out the door, I just sank behind the counter. I was so frightened. Lois Whiting's parents were working there that year. A door went into the room where they were sleeping. I crawled over and opened the door and called to them. It took a minute or two to wake them. I crawled back to the counter got the telephone and called the police. As I rose up, I saw two sheriffs come in the door. They had a smile on their faces and they said, "We got them". The sheriff from Holbrook and a deputy from Denver, Colorado, had been riding along their route. They usually patrolled from the north hill in Holbrook, back down to the west side. This time, they had only gone half way and decided to turn back. The sheriff said he didn't know why; they had never done that before. When they came by the motel, they could see in the big glass window. They knew something was wrong, when they saw the masks on the men. They didn't come in and cause the men to shoot or anything, so they pulled their car right up to the back of the burglars car and waited for them. When the fellows went out of the motel and saw the police car there, they started to run.

The next morning, I had to go to the jail and identify them. They were two young Mexicans from California, who were traveling through and had run out of money. The police told me that the thing in their hands was really not a gun. It was the end of a tire rod. The sheriff said he would have given them the money if they held that thing on him. I told them that took all of the excitement out of it, knowing it wasn't a real gun. The deputy from Denver said that I was in more danger with them using the tire rod than a gun. A gun would have made a noise, so they would have thought twice before they would shoot. They could have hit me over the head easily with that iron, and I would have been just as dead as I would with a gun.

What a glad day it was when we took Don E. back to Dr. Frank, in L.A., for a checkup. He said things were much better and Don E. could get out of bed. When we got home from the doctor, Ray Brown pulled the car up as close to the house as he could, and we told Don E. he could walk in. He just stood there almost as if he were afraid to try, and then the most delightful look came on his face and he walked into the house.

His days in bed had not been all bad. The doctor wouldn't let him have a state home teacher to tutor him, but said he could read if he wanted

to. He decided to read the Book of Mormon aloud. I never let him read for as long as he wanted to. He read the whole book twice, and enjoyed that. I am sure that was the basis of his life hunger to read. He especially read history and literature.

He learned to love art from making hundreds of clay soldiers. He made them with all their inside organs in place. They were a sight to behold. I wish I had seen to it that he had the best clay, so we could have had some of them fired to be made to last longer. I only have one horse and rider left. He did some fine work in college, too. He took a lot of art classes. One of his professors told us that if Don E. had lived, he would surely have given the world some fine art work, for his talents were rare indeed.

We moved back to Alhambra and built our apartments on Eighth Street, just across from the Alhambra Ward.

Don E. started school again. He had missed more than three and a half years. It was in the middle of a school year when he went back. I was worried about his timetables and combinations. How could he keep up? He did better than I had expected and loved every minute of it. He found friends whom he loved.

Don E.'s first friend he made when he started back to school, after his illness, was Pat Brady. He was a best friend from then on. Pat was not a Mormon, but he and Don E. did a lot of things together. They played together, sang together, and even dated together. Roberta was fond of Pat too, and I often watched as the three of them headed out together. I was proud to be the mother of one such fine, young, happy boy. When they graduated from high school, there were one hundred and seventy-five graduates that year. Don E. was valedictorian and Pat sang two solos and a girl was the salutatorian. Don E. wrote the speech for the girl and of course his own too. That was the whole program.

I must tell you about Pat's baptism. It was quite an affair. Don baptized him, just before he went on his mission. In the first testimony meeting after Don E. left, Pat bore his testimony and said that he wanted to give credit where credit was due. If it had not been for Don E., he would have been a very weak human being. He said that he was in the church because of the example and influence of his good friend Don E. Pat married Bishop Bell's daughter, Diane, and is the father of four lovely children. They are still close friends to both Roberta and I. Pat is just like a son to me and comes to see me often.

Don E. seemed to fit in with all kinds of people. He was ill many years of his life. He had just been told he could get out of bed after having T.B., when we found that he had diabetes. He endured his illnesses with a sense of humor, and it was hard on him if anyone around him was hurt or angry.

I think that's what seemed so sad. He was in too much pain to smile, the last months of his life, especially after he was on the kidney machine. Even then, at times he could dream. He planned to finish the

cabin he had started at Lake Arrowhead, so he, Roberta, and the children could spend time together there.

He would say, "Even if I never walk again, I can work on making jewelry and art, and eat Roberta's good cooking and watch the children grow."

Let me thank Jay and Mickey for letting him have the lumber and the plans that made it possible for the cabin. He was so tickled when he saw the big truck of lumber. We met the truck in San Bernadine, so we could lead the driver up to their lot.

It looked like it was going to rain and Don E. was worried for fear the lumber would get wet. When we got up in the morning, sure enough it had rained hard. We were upset, but not for long. We soon found out that Ray Lewis and his son Wendell, had heard about us getting the lumber. When they saw it was going to rain, they bought rolls of black plastic and went eighty miles up the mountains to cover the lumber. It was not hurt at all. Can you beat that for a good deed from loving relatives?

In high school, I could see that Don E. had eyes for no one but Roberta. I knew his health was not good and I was afraid he might be hurt. I was not sure how she and her folks would take it if they should really fall in love. I need not have worried, not with Roberta. She knew she loved him and has proven it by her life ever since. No one could have been more loyal than she was.

Even though Don E. and Roberta were young when they fell in love, Don E.'s blessing had told him that he would fill a mission. Roberta wanted that for him too. She sang a beautiful song at his farewell. More important, was her loyalty to him while he was on his mission. She was not only true to him, but she encouraged him all the two years he was out. He had developed diabetes before he was called to go on his mission, and I did not think he would stand a chance of getting to go. He kept saying that he was positive that he would be called to go. I didn't want him hurt, but I knew that they were very strict about sending boys who were not well.

Don E. went right on planning for his mission. Dr. Lee Berry said there was no way that boy could go on a mission. He had a brittle type of diabetes and medication had to be changed daily. I worried and I told Don E. that he would have to be content that his blessing would probably be filled somewhere else.

He'd say, "Mother, I'm not a bit worried about that. You see, I'm going because my blessing tells me I will. I'm not going to let it ruin my disposition, or lose my testimony worrying about it. If you just let the Lord look after his business and you look after yours, we will be a happier family."

Our bishop was a fine doctor. When Don E. got old enough, he went to the bishop and told him he was ready to go on his mission. The bishop showed him the qualifications for missionaries. It

started out, "Please don't send us sick boys to go on missions". He told Don E. that he couldn't recommend for him to go on a mission.

Don came home just as happy as a lark. I told him I hoped that settled him down and he would get his school work scheduled for the next year. Because of missing so much school, when Don E. graduated from high school, he was old enough to go on a mission. He kept telling me not to worry if he didn't go, he wouldn't lose his testimony. He also reminded me that he had not done anything to forfeit that blessing.

Thorpe Isaacson came down to California about that time. Thorpe knew how sick Don E. had been, because he was at the reunion when all the Isaacsons came. We went out to the church where Thorpe was speaking. Roberta and Don took me out to hear him. I went up to speak to him after it was over.

He said, "Where is your boy? I was going to call you."

I told him Don E. was there and he said he wanted to see him. He didn't tell me what he wanted to see him for. He talked to Don E. and told him that he wanted him to get ready to go on a mission. Don E. told him that he had tried, but his bishop was a doctor and didn't think he was able to go on a mission. Thorpe told him to tell the bishop that Elder Isaacson told him to get the papers ready and send them to him. I told Thorpe, you know how sick Don E. is. He just said to never mind, he wouldn't go if he wasn't supposed to.

I was worried to have Don E. go. I didn't think he was well enough. Don E. went to the bishop and got his papers. He said that he wanted to go to Lee (Berry) for his physical. I told him he would have to go to another doctor, if he wanted those papers filled out. Lee would never okay him to go on a mission.

He said, "Mother, I don't want to sneak on a mission."

He went to Lee and Lee wrote all the things he could think of that were the matter with Don E., in the most profound words that he knew. Then he wrote in where the remarks were, 'this boy should not be on a mission where he has to fix his own food'. Don came home and I asked him if that satisfied him; he said it did. He took the papers back to the bishop. The bishop sent them on to Thorpe. We didn't hear anything for a few weeks, but finally we got notice that he had been called to Chicago.

Mark E. Petersen saw Don E. at the mission home and asked if he could give him the blessing to set him apart. He told Don E. that he would finish his mission. I felt a little better then.

After Don E. got home, I saw Thorpe and he said, "I didn't have anything to do with Don E. going on his mission. I was just the messenger that carried the notes. The First Presidency took that name in their own place of worship, in the temple, and prayed about it. They said to send him on a mission, in the states."

That clause in Don E.'s blessing that he would preach over the radio, worried me. I thought, they don't turn kids loose to talk over the radio, only the general authorities did that. He'd been out just one year, when I went back east with Ralph and Nell. Don E. wrote and said he was going to be talking on the radio, and if we were going to be close enough to tune in, to listen to this certain station. It was such a rainstorm, that we could not get that station. When I got home, Pat came over and brought three tapes with him. Don E. had sent them to him to surprise me, because Pat had a machine he would play them on. They were beautiful talks. I only know one person who heard them over the radio. I got to talk to her about Don E.'s talks. She was a girl that Don E. had baptized and sent out to California to live. She lived with me for a while when she first came. She married and has nine fine sons now.

Just think how literally that blessing came to be. He went on his mission, he talked on the radio, he married in the temple and had two lovely children and he lived as long as he wanted to.

The lights of a car just drove into my driveway, and for a split moment, I expected Don E. to come in and yell, "Mother, your only son is home. What have you got to eat, I'm hungry?"

How many times in twenty years he did that. He never knew how to enter home without some cheerful announcement that he was glad to be home and all was well. Ill health had not stopped his love of life. He loved the church and people in it. He was interested in the whole world. His kindness was often too much for me to keep up with. He was a delight to live with.

Probably if I have done anything in my life worthwhile, it has been my privilege to have had eight young girls come into my home, and live with me while they waited for a baby to be born, that they must give away. There are a few things that they all had in common. They seemed to be a little selfish. All of them wanted their children to go into religious homes, even though most of them didn't care anything about religion themselves. Some of them cared more than others about religion. They would work and they would pray and they made sure that they did nothing that would hurt the child. During pregnancy, they would eat right, try to live right, and get lots of sleep so their babies would be healthy. They had one other thing in common. When they went to sign their babies away, it was really hard. We had a notary public there as a witness when they made that final decision to give their baby away, and signed the papers. Even though most of them didn't want to try to keep them, they didn't want to sign anything to say that they were giving their babies away. But they had to.

Now I'd like to tell you about thirty more girls that I helped. I didn't do this for money. I never got a dime out of it in my life. In fact, keeping the girls cost me money. These other girls were in our church and needed help when they got into trouble. Even though their folks would keep them, some would want the babies placed in good homes. I would spend a great deal of time with them, trying to find homes for their

babies. They too, had the same sad look on their faces when they had to sign the babies away. It was a tragedy in their lives.

Many of these girls lived down this trial. Most of them are living fruitful lives now, but most of them are scarred from their experience. Their smiles are not very frequent or very intense. It's most important to keep yourself clean and pure from any sex sins because next to murder, it is the hardest to be forgiven for.

Even with all the tragedies and all those things we went through, if I have someone who loves me dearly, it's those girls whom I wept with, prayed with, watched with, and advised. The beautiful letters I get from those girls, makes me believe that probably the most worthwhile thing I have done, other than marry my husband and give birth to my son, is the helping of those girls. One more thing I would like to add to that is that these girls not only lost their babies, they also lost their boyfriends that got them in trouble. Everyone lost the boy, who was not willing to marry her or to have anything more to do with her. They weren't willing to see them through their tragedy. They just wanted to get away.

I was glad to have Nell Roundy living with me during these years. I just couldn't have done all the things I did without her help.

While Don E. was on his mission, there came into our lives a young man by the name of David Soursa. It was through the M-Men and Gleaner program of which I was the leader, in our stake. David was studying to become a Lutheran Minister, and had finished four years at college. He then went into the navy and was a lieutenant, stationed on a big ship. He came with one of the other boys, who had been converted to the church, to my house. David was so afraid that he would be doing something wrong, that he didn't even want to accept an invitation to walk through our church. I visited with David and his friend who brought him to see me.

Sometime later, they came again, and the boy who was a member of our church, went to our ward to an activity. David was going to go to his church, but when he got there no service was being held. My home was close, so he walked over there. I was just going over to our church for a meeting. I told him to go with me to our church across the street.

I said, "You can walk over there, and I won't let a soul try to sell you on our religion. Just walk over with me for a few minutes and then we'll come home."

When I got to the church, I introduced him to a few of the young people. I went to my meeting and came out ready to go home. He had a guitar and was playing for a row of girls to sing. They had him surrounded.

It didn't take long until he was back again to play for those girls. From then on, whenever he could get off the ship, he would come back to our meetings, and all the while, those girls were leading him into the church. He has probably been one of the closest young people to me and has done more for me than any other; he still does. Whenever there is something wrong, I send for David. While Don E. was

sick, there was no one who did more for us than he did. He has been such a good, loyal member of the church too. His family came from Finland, and he went back there and filled a full time mission. Our ward and some of his friends helped him to serve on his mission. He has done missionary work ever since he joined the church. I don't know the amount of people he has baptized. He married a girl named Helen, who had filled a mission too. She was from New Mexico, and has made him a lovely wife. They have six fine children. They still visit us whenever they can. I still call him for most of my needs.

When Don E. came home from his mission, Roberta was ready to be married. She had her wedding dress bought. She had every plan made. Don E. returned about the third of September and he and Roberta were married about six weeks later. It was a beautiful wedding and a happy time for all of us. Roberta was just the right size to make Don E. look taller. I remember thinking, if I could have had all the wishes in the world, it would have been that his dad could have seen them be married. They had their reception at the Startup's home on San Pasqual, in Pasadena. They were married in the Los Angeles Temple, October 23, 1959.

Don E. had saved up two hundred dollars and I gave him two hundred more to go with it, and they bought a little house that they got for six thousand dollars. It had been painted, but the yard was bad. Everybody got busy and helped them get into their first little house. Roberta, of course, was a college graduate in homemaking, so she knew just what to do to make it a nice livable place.

Don enrolled in school and got a job. He always had a job, when he wasn't sick in bed. Roberta was teaching home economics in the high school. Ann was born, January 15, 1961. We were all so thrilled with our little girl. They sold their first house and decided to move into one with a larger yard and a little play house. Bruce was born October 7, 1963. I had a grandson too. Those two grandchildren have been a constant source of joy and happiness to me.

Both Roberta and Don were so active in the church. Don E. taught both the priests class and a Sunday School class for six years.

When the time came that Don E. graduated from college, he decided to take some postgraduate work at the BYU. He had always wanted to go there, as did all of the young people from our stake. He never could go, on account of his health. Roberta taught Home Ec. in high school, while they were in Provo, and they enjoyed being in Utah. They made many friends and had a nice home there. With only about seven units left to get his master's degree, Don E. became ill again. The doctors there could not get his albumin to stay down. They sent him to a very fine specialist in Los Angeles. That doctor only took the most severe cases, sent to him by other doctors. This was the doctor who treated him from then on.

Those next two years were probably the closest that our family ever lived to our Father in Heaven. Surely we couldn't have gotten along without

him. The folks came often. Ralph and Nell made many trips over from Colorado. Elda came and stayed from time to time. Earnest probably stayed the longest. He rented my front apartment and stayed there for three months, and was there at the last when Don E. passed away. Earnest and Zina and Art and Betty have been so good to me. They have always helped me financially. They have come to see me often, so I wouldn't be so lonely.

For the next two years, those doctors did everything they could. The last four months of his life, they put him on the kidney machine. Usually, diabetics were not put on the machine, but they tried him on it. They gave him every chance in the world they knew of, to try and help him to live. It was during this time that we had a hard time of making it from day to day. I'd like to tell you about Don E. because I don't believe that those who saw him in his last sickness, ever saw anybody with more courage. He was suffering constantly. Many times I saw tears in the doctors' eyes, as they tried to tell me how much he was suffering. I think they tried to make me understand, so I wouldn't feel as bad when he went.

I remember one of the doctors said, "All Don would have to do is to pull that little tube on his arm, and he wouldn't feel anything at all. He would just slip through to the other side, without any struggle, and he knows that, too."

But did Don E. ever mention anything like that? No. Each night of the last four months, before we put him to bed for the night, whether he was in the hospital or at home, he would gather whoever was there helping, to have prayer. We could take him home between the treatments, on the kidney machine. Ray and Ruth Brown came every night he was home, about 11:30, to help put Don E. to bed. After we had given him his medicine to help ease the pain, we would have prayer. We would circle his bed. He would tell each one where to stand. He would pray first. Ray Brown said that he had heard presidents of the church and apostles pray and give blessings to sick people, and almost raise the dead, but he had never heard prayers like Don E. offered. He wished that we had been able to have some of them recorded. He never asked just to be made well. He always asked to be able to understand and to be able to stand what trials he must bear, in order to fill his mission here. His prayers were always for others. He thanked the Lord for those who were standing by his bed, usually he named them by name. He especially asked for a blessing on his family, with always a little special prayer for Bruce.

Once, after Don E. had been gone for a couple of years, Roberta's mother said that she had worried about Roberta more than she did Don. She spent almost as much time in the hospital as Don did. Roberta told her mother that those were probably the happiest years she and Don E. had, because they were so much closer, at that time. She slept in the hospital when Don was there. She never left his side. The hospital appreciated her help. One day, just a few days before Don died, Roberta's mother drove me to the hospital. As we went into Don E.'s room, Roberta turned to speak to us, as they rolled me in, in my wheelchair. Don E. was feverish and really sick. Roberta took her hand off of his head when she turned to talk to us.

Don E. said, "Oh, Roberta. Touch me, touch me." He always wanted her near him.

Many other people came to help us during Don E.'s illness. The people at the hospital were amazed at the number of people who came to bring Don E. for his treatments on the kidney machine, and to pick him up after he had been on the machine. The Priesthood Quorums were such a help in providing transportation. Keith Brown was teaching college in Pamona. He would come up to our home and lay on the floor at the foot of Don E.'s bed, so he and Roberta could take turns helping Don E. Keith relieved David Soursa, who was usually there, for some of the nights. One person couldn't handle Don E. some of the time. He had to have more than one to turn him over, at least every hour. Many times, we would send for Ray Wendell Lewis; he lived about four blocks away. He always came. It didn't matter what time of night or day it was, or what else he was doing, he came. He was working for Frank Startup then, and Frank would always let him off, if we needed help with Don E. I have so much to thank those boys for.

Don chose to tell me himself, when the doctors decided to amputate his leg. Roberta called me from the hospital and I went down.

When I got to his room Don said, "Mother, they are going to amputate my leg. My blessing says I shall live as long as I want to. If they take my leg off at the hip, then I don't want to try to make it. If they just take it off at the knee, I will try and make it to get better."

The next day, I went to the hospital again. When I went into Don E.'s room he said, "Mother, they took my leg off at the hip."

He closed his eyes. Then he looked at me again and said, "Mother, sit down. I know it hurts you to stand there." Those were the last words he said to me. They took me home and it wasn't very long until they called and told me that he was gone. He had fulfilled the last part of his blessing. He had lived as long as he wanted to.

That was just before Christmas of 1971. School was out. We decided to bury Don E. the next day. We were supposed to wait twenty-six hours, but we got permission to bury him two hours early. Roberta didn't want the children to have the funeral hanging over them Christmas Day, when everyone else was celebrating. We had no time to put a notice in the paper, or our ward bulletin. We couldn't get word to Roberta's school nor out to the school where Don E. had worked. Earnest was already there. Elda, Art and Betty got there and Phil Brown drove from Kingman, Arizona to get there in time for the funeral. Beulah and John Heward drove all night and made it in time for the funeral. Gordon nor Mark E. Petersen, could neither one get a plane out of Salt Lake. The amazing thing was that so many people got there. We had a full house. The rain was one of the worst we had ever had. We didn't think anyone would come out in weather like that.

What was astonishing to me was that five of the professors who had worked with Don in his art were there. We didn't know it at the time. We

just shook hands with them. When we saw their names on the register, we asked David who they were, and he told us, He had worked at the same place Don had. David said he hadn't told them about the funeral. We don't know how they ever found out about it. It was a tribute to Don to have that many of his professors come the day before Christmas.

When Don had asked these professors to give him some recommendations so he could get into the BYU graduate school, two of them wrote notes praising his work. One of them said he had only four students that he thought were as talented as this boy in his art. Another said that he had many students in his classes, and he would say that Don was third in his class.

During his illness when Don E. was home, he worked at his art and made some beautiful jewelry. He was busy at something whenever he was well enough to sit up. He was doing the only thing he was able to do. He had not been well enough to work anywhere else or to spend time anywhere without us, because he always had to have special diets and medicine. He hadn't even been able to spend time with Elda's boys, whom he dearly loved. I am grateful, even as sad and lonely as I am now, for as much time as we spent together. Roberta was teaching, so Ann and Bruce came to my house after school. I cooked dinner and we ate together nearly every night.

I would like to pay tribute to Roberta. She always has had a life that was full and she has lots of energy. I have never heard her complain about losing Don. She thinks that her life with him was so good that she has not been robbed of any blessings. She has been a lady ever since and has never done anything that Don could object to. She has taken care of me as well as she knows how, and that has been very well. I am sure that her goodness to me since Don's death is another proof of her love for him. I hope sometime, she can find the courage to write the experience she went through when he was ill, so her children can have it to remember.

Don's other two children have meant more in my life than I can tell. It seems like they have been closer to me and I to them since Don's death. I still feel they're a little of my responsibility, one that I cherish. I'm sure they know that. When we took our vacations in the summer, we usually ended up in Colorado with Nell and Ralph and their family. We loved to visit with them and were so glad when they could find the time to come and see us in California. I have also appreciated Gordon and Marian and their family. We have had so many good times with them.

Ann and Bruce have been the light of my life. I wish their Dad could see them now as they are two fine looking, young adults, who show so much love and consideration for me, that it sometimes moves me to tears. I am so proud of them and all they are trying to do. Ever since we got our little Christina from El Salvador, she has brought us more happiness than we could have imagined. She fit into, our family so quickly. It was love at first sight. She has certainly brought a lot of smiles and joy to our family.

I would not want to miss telling about the blessings and opportunities that I have enjoyed because of living in California. I was able to do things I had never dreamed of doing. I have been here more than fifty years, watching the church grow from one, to about forty-five stakes in Los Angeles County. In this part of Southern California, between Bishop and San Diego, we have eighteen areas and more than eighty stakes. At our area conference in 1981, we had about 100,000 Mormons there. It was the largest group of Mormon's ever to be at one place at the same time. We held it in the Rose Bowl, where all, or most could be seated. President Kimball brought all the speakers with him. The church paid for all the expenses. It came to thousands of dollars to rent the Bowl, hire the security guards, and other expenses.

The part of the program we were responsible for, was the music. Rowan Taylor, one of the best musicians in the church, was the leader and I was put in as assistant to him. It was not my musical ability or skills that got me the job in all these great events I have worked in, with Rowan. Since our first super activity with our choir and orchestra, we have done a number of large music festivals. They have been put on in the best and the biggest halls in the Los Angeles area. Our smallest choir was our first one, with fifteen hundred singers and an orchestra of at least one hundred. It was held in the Hollywood Bowl. Our largest choir was twenty-five hundred singers and an orchestra. They were all young MIA age people, and we sang in the new sports arena.

We were also privileged to sing for the church Centennial Celebration. It was different, because our singers were the best of any age. We used choir members made up of four large choirs, of one thousand people each. It was just beautiful. It was more work than any of the others, but it was worth it. Our last program was in 1982. I have loved every minute that I worked with Rowan and his talented wife, Priscilla, in doing these programs.

I love to hear from the many, now not so young, boys and girls who worked in the M-Men and Gleaner program with me, for more than thirty years in the Los Angeles East Stake. They have taken hundreds of extra hours of sleep from me, but that has been a blessing, for they taught me too. I was so honored when I was presented with a forty-five year pin, for service in the MIA program. The following are a few of the remarks made by the speakers, at the program presented then.

A special Sunday evening in August of 1964, at a M-Men and Gleaner fireside, of the Los Angeles East Stake, the chapel was filled to capacity. Ilsa Otto was conducting. Wallace A. Rich introduced the program and said that they were presenting a "This is Your Life Program for Sister Myn Priestley". The program outline is printed to show how many people were involved.

Following are a few of the remarks made. Also, there are letters from some of those who could not be present, but were invited to express their appreciation for Aunt Myn, at this time.

NARRATOR... The tables were turned. There's usually nothing in the stake that goes on, that Aunt Myn doesn't know about. She had informants that give her sources of information. But I believe that we have finally conquered. We've kept a secret from her for over a month.

BISHOP HOWARD SORENSEN, former bishop of the Alhambra Ward. When we first came to the Alhambra Ward, in the very early 30's,We discovered that the Alhambra Ward was holding forth in a little chapel on North First Street. It was in the height of the depression.Did you ever stop to realize who played a large part in the development of this facility?Aunt Myn and her husband Don. I can't separate the two at any time, because they worked together as a team.Don was a member of the bishopric.It was because of these two people that this chapel and the facilities we have here, were first inaugurated.I was talking to Brother Tom Tally the other night, and he said that there was a trail made to her home when they lived on South Chapel, and you can always find a trail to her home, every place she has lived since.Alhambra has a lot of traditions, music and other wise. Aunt Myn and Don were the basis of many of these. I hope that we can all carry them on, for her sake and ours.

BISHOP ROMER P. BELL, former bishop of Monterey Park, Mission Park Wards.Tonight we pay tribute to Aunt Myn, one of the first people that I discovered doing a super human job in the MIA.Sister Priestley has put on dramas, musicals, and activities, with the youth in the Pasadena Stake, since its infancy. Then it became the East Los Angeles Stake. As most of you, who have gray hair will remember, that was a name that no one wanted. It conjured up in the minds of most of us, all that was low and degrading. But from its infancy, and even today, it is a leader in all of the church, and it is because of leaders like Aunt Myn.

ELDER MARK E. PETERSEN, member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. Hello Myn. This is a friendly greeting from one of your friends in England, and his much better half, Emma Marr.We assure you of our great admiration for you and yours.You have lived a wonderful life of devotion to the Lord and to your friends. This event which now comes to you, is but an evidence of it. We send sincere congratulations of all you have done, together with faith and prayers for continued future happiness as the years continue to roll around.

ELDER HUGH B. BROWN, First Counselor to President David O. McKay.Sent his best wishes and warmest regards.

LE ROY SPIERS, MIA Superintendent.There are many temple marriages, too numerous to recall, that have come about because of the influence of this woman.The good that has been done in the lives of young people by this sweet, gentle, loving soul, will always be a greater monument to God than this building, or any other creation made by the hands of man.

RAY BROWN, Counselor in the East Los Angeles Stake. She really is my aunt. Not that she thinks any more of the real ones than the adopted ones, but we are kind of proud of it anyway.

....When she was a young girl, and single, she came to Hollywood, California to be a big star.She was offered a contract by the Pantages people to tour the United States on a circuit, at \$50,000 a year.The only stipulation was that she had to agree to remain single for two or three years. She told them, no salt. That's what I call good judgment.A few years ago, Aunt Myn went with a group of M-Men and Gleaners down to Olvira Street, dating as she always did, with a crowd of M-Men. While she was there, she had her handwriting analyzed by an expert.He told her that she was sort of a recluse person and didn't get out much or circulate. What she needed to do was to get out and make some friends. How wrong he was.

SISTER VERA SANDELL After Aunt Myn was called into the M-Men and Gleaner Department, from the music, a change was made and they met on a stake basis.Now I know that in a program, "This is Your Life", we are supposed to give outstanding events. But how can you give outstanding events when each week was outstanding.Aunt Myn was an outstanding leader because of her love for the young people; because of her enthusiasm; because of her desire to build a strong testimony in the hearts of these young people; and because she wanted to be the best leader that she could possibly be.

BERNADINE STEVENSON, Activity Leader for M-Men and Gleaners. I want to express to Aunt Myn, the gratitude and appreciation we feel for the inspiration she has been in the lives of our eldest son and daughter.Since we have met her, I could see clearly, why they were so attracted to her.I don't believe there has been an M-Men or a Gleaner in Southern California in the past twenty years, who hasn't heard of, or had a friendly personal acquaintance with Aunt Myn.I have known her to answer a call in the middle of the night to welcome into her home and listen to one pour out his heart, and to be given new courage and be able to go on and face things that lay ahead.

MARSHA HENDRICKSON I remember how warm and sincere she was when I met her.Not long after I joined the church, they announced that there wouldn't be any more evening services on the first Sunday of the month.I didn't have any family here. I really looked forward to seeing all the friends I had made in the church. When Aunt Myn announced that she was going to open her home up Sunday night to all the homeless, I was really thankful to her.I thought I would go over there and there would probably be four or five others, too. But it was just like any other thing, there were at least thirty or forty people there.

PRESIDENT FAUNTLEROY HUNSAKER, President of the Southern States Mission, former stake president.I can think of no opportunity to honor anyone, which offers me more real genuine joy, than to be a part of this occasion in your behalf.Surely, it is long past the time when such recognition and a demonstration of our sincere love for you is due.Both Mamie and I love you very much.We had purchased the property on which the East Los Angeles Stake is now located. The neighbors were determined to prevent us from building there. They had hired an attorney.... and were taking us to court.A meeting was called to talk about the situation.My counselor, F. Ray Brown, suggested

that his Aunt Myn could melt the hearts of most any opponent, by her lovely singing.The meeting was held, Aunt Myn sang a couple or favorite numbers. The hearts of the opposition were softened.Most of the neighbors later joined with us and the stake center was completed and dedicated in 1954.From those days until now, you have been the sweetheart of the young people in the East Los Angeles Stake and many other stakes as well. Surely Aunt Myn, you built many a strong fence round the top of the cliff in helping hundreds from pit falls which would have called for ambulances in the valley of sorrow and failure.I remember of one time that you said your greatest asset of helping young people, was that you had big ears and did a lot of listening.Shall we mention the East Stake Saturday night dances again, and the hundreds of evenings you have sat just visiting and showing your love for all the young people who attended....

ARTHUR C. WHITING, brother to Aunt Myn.I am so grateful to Ilsa for her invitation to be here with you tonight. Thankful for the good representation we have of the family here. For the Brown's and the Berry's. We have quite a number of them. We also claim the Soursa's, Sister Nell Roundy, and dear Ilsa Otto.Now if I had time, an hour or two, I would try and review for you, her many faults and failures. But they allotted me just three minutes, so perhaps I should dwell on her virtues.I think that if she has an outstanding one, it is probably her great love for those who need love.I would like to honor this wonderful fireside group. You may not know it, but you are known pretty much all over the church.Your successes and accomplishments have been an inspiration to many other stakes and wards.

SISTER MARY LOUISE BUNKER.... We want Aunt Myn to know that we appreciate the fact that we have been in the area where she has been sowing, because we have benefited, grown, and bloomed where she has sowed.I'd hate to have her start listing the things she didn't get done because she found the needs or others were more important than hers.Aunt Myn has become a legend, and she has been a legend for a number of years, and many have looked forward to being associated with the MIA of this stake because of her.

ROWEN TAYLOR, President of the Elders Quorum.I think it shows the great affection I have for Aunt Myn, in the fact that I was married for six years, before my wife knew that she wasn't really my aunt.The first MIA musical we had here was in preparation, when Sister LaRue Longdon, MIA General President, came down and gave us a real shot in the arm.One of the things she said, was that there was no limit to the amount of good you could do, if you didn't care who got the credit. I think this very well expresses the way I feel about Sister Priestley.I think the greatest tribute that we can all have for Aunt Myn, is by asking ourselves,"How has she touched our lives, as individuals, and what is the love that we have for her personally?"We all love you dearly, Aunt Myn, and hope that your next forty-five years in the MIA will be as productive as the last forty-five.

JUNE OLSEN, Co-chairman of the music festival.Aunt Myn had two designs in this festival.Young people of the seven stakes

would have the opportunity to get acquainted,and make lasting friendships.They would feel the spirit of music and song and feel closer to our Heavenly Father for having participated.

BERNADINE WALLACE, First Young Woman's President of the East Los Angeles Stake.President Ray Brown said his aunt was coming back and we should get her on our board before she got here.We were to put on the identical program that had been put on in Salt Lake, for the June conference. Wendell Noble was the chairman and Myn Priestley Co-chairman, and it was given in the Hollywood Bowl. We had three conferences and Aunt Myn was in on all of them. Sister Priestley's name was suggested for the M-Men and Gleaner leader. Her health was not good. Brother Spears said,after all, she has all the young people at her home all the time anyway, why not make it official and let her have the name.

A. KAY BERRY, former bishop Alhambra Ward.She really is my aunt too. She is my mother's youngest sister and we love her very dearly. She has nieces and nephews everywhere and we welcome you into the family as cousins.We have a lot of family stories we love to tell about Aunt Myn. In her youth, she was known as a spendthrift. One time her father took a \$5.00 bill and laid it on her dresser. In those days it was a fortune. He told her that he would leave that bill there for two months and if she didn't spend it in two months, she could have it. She said, "I'd rather not have it."

Aunt Elda used to complain because Aunt Myn had great faith.When Myn was getting the worst of a quarrel, she would run around the bed and drop on her knees and start to pray.One time Grandma Whiting was planting tomatoes. Gardens were very



important. Aunt Myn followed along behind....she stepped on the new plants. Grandma said, "Minnie, if you step on another one of those tomato plants, I'll skin you alive."

Minnie said, "Well there's going to be a lot of bleeding around here then."

....With all of her talents, she was a fine actress in her youth. The Whitings would put on plays.Aunt Myn and Arthur, who is here, had important parts in those productions.But she couldn't sing.Aunt Elda used to hire her not to sing, when she tried to sing alto. She was in her late teens, when one day, Rachel Berry sat behind her in church and heard her singing. She listened very carefully,she went to Grandma Whiting and told her that Minnie had a very clear and beautiful voice and if they had a chance, they should see that she got some training and vocal lessons.It was only later, when she met Don Priestley, that this talent was developed."

You can see from the remarks that were made, why I appreciated the program that was put on for me.

Everyone in the East Los Angeles Stake, the Alhambra Ward, and this part of town know me only as Aunt Myn. The bishop, stake president, the mailman, the grocery clerks, the bank president, our income tax man, (one year he had me put Aunt Myn by my signature), and many others. When someone calls for Mrs. Priestley, I am sure it is for Roberta.

There is a lot more that can be said about getting old that is good. By all means, I'd advise you not to miss the fun of remembering the good years of the past. I believe that someone up there must love old folks. Even though we can't remember what has happened the day before, and we lose everything we touch, just let our minds go back to when we were young. You can't imagine how sharp we are and what details we can tell you about the early part of our life. I am amazed that I find some real good feelings about getting old. Even though I cannot walk anymore, and I am in a wheelchair, I don't mind. I respect that wheelchair. I know without it, I would not get out at all to keep in touch with all the things going on today. For me, that would not do. I am sure my grandchildren think I am the oldest woman in this city. Sometimes, I think of myself as young as springtime. It's quite a shock when I stop to think how old I will be by my next birthday. I have worked with young people all my life and I think that is what has helped me to keep feeling young. I am thankful that I can still get around to give talks and teach a class in the Relief Society. I enjoy the new friends I am making there.

I wonder why it is so hard to slow down. The desire to get out of bed and do something interesting and worthwhile and necessary, is still as strong as ever. I have more I want to do. However by the time I get up, say a prayer, take a shower, take a rest, get my hair combed, make it to the kitchen and get a slice of toast, and a drink of apple juice, I have to rest again. I am grounded as far as walking is concerned. I have to find something to do sitting down, for the most of the day, breaking only for emergency trips to the bathroom and such. Somehow I manage to make most days good. Sometimes I am so happy I surprise myself. In spite of this, no one ever told me how much it would hurt to grow old.

One of the best things that has come into my life these last years is my friendship with Ilsa Otto. Her family was contacted in Brazil by my nephew, Lee Berry, while he was serving a mission there. Later another nephew, Jack Brown, went to Brazil on a mission. He too met some members of the Otto family. When Lee was informed of their whereabouts he was able to help some of them move to California.

Ilsa has worked in doctor's offices since she came here. She has rented one of my apartments for twenty-two years. Now that Roberta and her family are living in their own home, I spend time with them from Monday evening to Friday Morning. When I am home for the weekend I depend on Ilsa. Usually we eat together. She cooks most of my meals, and brings them to me. She does my errands and shopping. My medication is taken under her supervision. Each Sunday she wheels me to church and home. How grateful I am to Ilsa and to other friends and members of our ward who take care of me so well at this time.

I am quite sure the most exciting surprise I ever had was in 1970. Ruth Brown invited me to go to the Statler Hotel to a special luncheon given by the California-Utah Womens' Organization.

We arrived, and I got a look at the governor's wife and over one thousand other women who were really dressed for the occasion. I knew I was in the wrong place. Why hadn't anyone told me to wear my best dress and get my hair done? I wanted to sit at a table by the back door; however, Ruth made her way to one up front. I asked Ruth where on earth did all these women come from, and what they did. She laughed and said that they did a lot of good, especially for the Etta Lee Homes' for boys.

Just as they began to bring in the lunch, Ray and Martha, and Earnest came in. Ruth said that Ray had been able to get tickets for them, and for Don E. and Roberta, if they had been able to come.

Don E. was so ill that I had hesitated about leaving him, but he had insisted that I go. I was just wishing we could get home as fast as possible. I really wasn't much interested in what they were doing.

The lunch started and they slowly began to bring in the food, one course at a time. Finally, they got the lunch over and I thought we could just duck out of a door that was close by. The family ignored everything I said about going home.

The King Sisters sang a lovely number. Then some beautiful, young girls sang a fine trio; every word could be heard. It was dedicated to the women of 'This Day'. The president of the group told about the women in the past who had been honored with 'The Heritage Award'; Ivy Baker Priest, Sister Flora Benson, one of the famous Tout Sisters, and opera star from England, Ruth Hale, and others.

Then it happened! The president began talking about the woman of 'This Day'. She told what wonderful things this woman had done. She mentioned the many letters they had received from young people praising her good works.

Finally, she said, "And besides this, she has taken into her home nine teenage, pregnant girls and has freely given them love and help to place their babies in LDS homes. She has not been paid for this. She is still a close friend with these girls."

Then I realized what was happening. The horrible thought came to me; I hope they don't ask me to come to the stand. I can't walk that far. Then came the words, "Will Sister Myn Priestley please come to the stand." I made the long walk up to the stand, and there were eight or nine steps without a rail to hold on to. Soon, some male help came from somewhere and we made it up the steps. I stood there and a beautifully wrapped package was handed to me. The president asked if I would like to show what was inside. She helped me unwrap it. I could never have done it myself. From that day to this, I know what shy people must go through.

While I stood there, the King Sisters sang another lovely number. For the last number, they had nine girls sing a special song that they had written for me. It was the best triple trio I have ever heard. I lived through that occasion, but it certainly came as a shock to me. I was so grateful for that honor.

One of the other recognitions that came to me had a humorous side to it. It happened at an evening session of stake conference. I had just led a chorus of about sixty M-Men and Gleaners in the special music for the meeting. I am always anxious to rest my aching feet, when I get a chance. When I sat down, I slipped off my shoes and leaned back for a good rest.

Our stake MIA president got up to speak and began to tell about some woman who was due to be honored for a number of things. I couldn't think of any woman who had done all the things she was telling about. Then she said, "Will Aunt Myn Priestley please come forward?"

I grabbed for my shoes, and could only find one. I got that one on and began frantically to look for the other. One of the girls beside me told me that it was over in the bass section. I looked over there and sure enough, they were holding up that shoe. Now the way we were seated, no one could get to the bass section without going around the podium, in front of all those Salt Lake visitors, the mission president, our stake president and all the others on the stand. I made a quick decision. I took off the other shoe, and went in my stocking feet. All those on the stand had a good look at my poor, flat feet. I was embarrassed. However, it was a very satisfying experience to receive my Honorary Golden Gleaner pin at this time. I did appreciate the pin and the presentation.

I am sure I must be really dumb about some things. I never suspected that any of these experiences were coming to me. My eightieth birthday party is one I must tell about. Without any help from any of my family, it was the party of all times. All the talented folks I had worked with in the super activities were there. Ray and Ruth Brown and some of their family and Maurine and Elbert (Startup) came.

With all that talent, the gifts, the music, and the good time we had, that party was one that could have been the envy of all the Hollywood stars. Many pictures were taken, and they made me an interesting memorial book of that evening.

The surprise I got the most satisfaction and comfort from, was the beautiful trophy given me by the family at our reunion. The words "Family Sweetheart" were engraved on the side. That trophy was given to be by those who knew all the bad and the good things about me. They have had to help me as I've stumbled along to reach the age of eighty-three years, and I am still a problem to them. That is why I value it the most of any of the honors I have received.

I would like to say what prayer has meant to me. All my life I have been a prayerful girl. I couldn't sleep well at night if I had not thanked my Heavenly Father for the good day, and asked forgiveness from Him for anything I might have done that was not right. I also asked for wisdom to live better tomorrow. I was always sure that the Lord knew what was going on and that he would bless me if I stayed close to him.

Especially this has been true since I have been in a wheelchair these last twelve years. I hope that my grandchildren will learn to pray often for our Heavenly Father's help in their lives. I feel no one has had as many blessings as I have. I ask the Lord to help me to finish my life in grateful gratitude for all of these things. I have come to realize that we make our own happiness. It comes from within, if we keep the Lord's commandments. Our Heavenly Father truly does want us to have a glad heart and a cheerful countenance.

NEWS OF THE ELDA W. BROWN CLAN

I hardly know where to start with news from this family. I have just returned from St. Johns, where I stayed with Daryl and John and family and welcomed their fourth baby a boy, named Taylor Smith Lee. The same day Douglas Brown, Jack's boy, and wife Cindy had a baby girl, named Ashley and at 12:30 on the 9th, just after midnight, Deana, Geraldine's, and Lyle Hillier had a baby boy, Mark. They were number 79, 80 and 81, Great Granchildren for Mom, so Zion is growing.

Geraldine has 24 Grandchildren, I have a dozen, Nathel and Louine each have a dozen and a half, (18), Jack has 8, Phil 1, make 81. This summer when we had our family reunion here in Idaho in a place called West Piney Lodge, out of Swan Valley, Idaho. It was fun and something very different and people did get to see a lot of new country, it's beautiful. There were 138 of us there and 75 were under 12, need I say more.

Nathel's Jeanine has returned from her mission in Puerto Rico, and Jack's Carol, returned from Paraguay, Louine's Zackery, has returned from Denmark. They all had good reports at our reunion. Louine, Gus, Jeff, and Patty went to Denmark and come home with him and did a bit of touring while over there.

We now have several on missions, Jack's Michael in Peru, Philip's Joseph, in Brazil, working right where Phil and Jack worked, Philip's Becky, is in Hawaii.

Louine and Gus are in Hawaii teaching at BYU Hawaii and loving it, they will be gone 10 months. Their two youngest girls, Lisa and Kathy are with them going to school. Nathel's Ann and family live in Hawaii, and Nathel's daughters, Jeanine and Irene are over there going to BYU a semester. Many of us hope to make a visit over there while they are there.

Geraldine's Deana, has had to have three serious operations on her head. They were so worried because she was pregnant, but she had all three operations, the last one they finally removed a brain tumor, but she was able to carry her baby and he was born fine and weighed 8# 11 oz. and all is well with him and her. Deana still has a shunt from her head down to her heart, I think, that will eventually be removed. We are so grateful things have gone this well. Also Geraldine's Kenneth, had to have back surgery and had a tumor removed from there. He seems to be getting along OK, or at least much better now. Love and good luck to them both, I am sure from us all.

I am sure someone will say, "Why didn't you report this or that?" but right now this is all I can think of.

Elma B. Smith.

NEWS OF THE FRANK AND MARTHA BROWN FAMILY

ANNOUNCING, DR. AND MRS F. W. BROWN BOOK: Our family book has finally been finished. We call it "Dr. and Mrs." We are sending a book to each of Mother's and Dad's brothers and sisters (or to one child in each family). Those who receive one please share it with others. It has quite a bit of family history, and many faith-promoting stories, including some Arizona history. We have extra copies, if anyone else wants to buy one. The cost, they will be twenty dollars apiece (includes shipping, I believe.) If you desire a copy write to

PAMELA BODELL HICKS
972 North 475 East
OREM, UTAH 84057

RAY BROWNS:

Nora and Raymon are grandparents now (son Michael and his wife have a baby.) That makes Ray a great Grandfather.

Annette and Clair Eliason's son Steven is on a mission and Annette just had her tenth baby! (Clair is a Doctor and was a Bishop at the last report!)

Floyd's younger children (two of them) are in Kriss Bodell Gates singing group, and so Karen is busy transporting them to practices and performances. This family has just moved to the San Diego area.

RUTH AND RAY LEWIS:

Steven Neeleman is all-state player in football and he has been offered scholarships in several colleges.

David Neeleman's wife is expecting a baby--their third.

Gay is a grandmother now. Her Kim has a baby.

ELBERT STARTUP'S:

Gordon and Carol's Devon is in the Mission field.

Carol and Rick Ingram have a baby boy. (They have one girl and five boys.)

Karen and Bob Berrett will become grandparents for the first time when Kathy and her husband have their new baby soon.

Their son Alan is home from his mission and Byran also.

Steve and Marsha Fershtut have moved to Ogden. Nancy and Harry Schultz have moved to southern California area, where he is starting law School

LOUISE AND LESTER CARLSON:

We are sorry to report that Lester has been in the hospital having tests. (He has been there for several days with an infection.) Louise is doing her own work at their catering shop and trying to cover for Lester, which is difficult as he is such a worker and manager. (Besides catering for weddings and parties, they send out truckloads of food to centers for feeding senior citizens.)

Louise's Carolee and husband are expecting their second child. Judy and Ted Ragsdale have two children in Kriss's singing group.

Linda and Hank Blake have moved to Washington near Marijane and Tim Hayes.

Vicky, Tom, and Becky (Brown) are all working and taking College classes as well. We are proud of them.

I do not know if it was mentioned in the last letter about our happiness that Jim and his wife Rosie took their four lovely little girls to the Oakland Temple to be sealed as a family for time and all eternity.

MAYDENE AND JIM BODELL:

News: Bad! Mitzi Gates (Kristine's) ran into a curb on her bike and broke her leg. David Kenney fell, bumping his head on a stone hearth, and stiches taken across the top of his forehead.

Good! To announce our youngest grandchild. Alex is the son of Jimae and Bruce Kenney.

Kristine and Ed Gates have just announced that their sixth child will be born around May. (Two month later the baby will be touring Washington and New York with family who will be presenting their singing group on the Fourth of July celebration.) The group, "kids Are Music," Present a fifteen minute patriotic sequences before the fourth of July game at the Yankee Stadium.

Bodell construction is building churches in Dallas, New Mexico, Colorado, Fallon, Nevada, and Auburn, Green Valley, and Alma, California.

Tim and Patty have moved to Chandler, where he works as an engineer and she teaches dance at Mesa Community College. (They hope to get acquainted with those of you who live there.)

Pam's husband is Dr. Michael D. Hicks of the Music Department. Pam is the director of the Youth Academy of the School for the summer of 1986.

Floyd's Pamela and Kim will be attending Spain and Israel Europe abroad programs in January.

My Baby Sister

By Elda Whiting Brown

A long time ago something happened that changed my life. When I was three my two older sisters, May and Martha carried me in to see my red headed baby sister. She was in Ma's arms which was a shock as that had always been my place. I screamed and wanted to leave.

Before long this all changed and Myn became the most precious thing in my life. I wish I could tell you how she made me feel and how important she was in my life.

Myn was such a shy, timid little girl, afraid of everybody and everything. I think all of you who know her today won't believe this, but it's true. She was afraid of everything, a spider, any bug, a baby cat and a tiny little water snake sent her into orbit. She was easy to tease and could shed tears by the gallons. Our brother's teased both of us, but I was braver and tried to help her especially if Pa bragged on me.

How she worried if Ma was out of sight, or any of the rest of the family. We were real different; I've often wondered why we were so close and always together. I liked everything outdoors and was called a Tomboy. I'm sure Myn has never been called that.

Lynn and I both liked to ride horses, Myn hated to and if we ever coaxed her to go with us she came back peeled and lame but always glad she had gone.

Myn was Ma's pet and I was Pa's so there was no jealousy there.

I'm not going to tell too much about her history, only some things we did together and how we still love to visit, talk and remember. Art sees that we visit at least twice a year which is a lot now that we are old and crippled and can't travel so much; but we phone and write lots of letters. We are still good friends and always have been. I've felt she needed me and I need her.

Our school days were good. Myn had a hard time at first, later she had good teachers only they failed in spelling. I can usually read her letters and enjoy every one spelling and all. Her mistake is in getting me to help her I'm only a degree better.

Myn and Albert were good friends after we were married; but it's a wonder he ever married me after all the tricks and trouble she caused me.

After Albert and I became engaged one night I dreaded to tell Myn as I was sure she'd be heartbroken. I crept upstairs late and went to bed. I wanted Myn to know first so after a sleepless night for me, she stirred and I told her I was going to be married, believe it or not she laughed loud and long. I haven't quite forgiven her yet even though tears flowed later.

I like to remember our teen years and high school; how much time we spent together. I don't think we quarreled much, sometimes I

sulked a little to get my way. She said I bossed her always, if I did I'm sure you'll all agree I did good. Myn always had so many friends and still does.

Her teachers were good and she did good in school only in spelling the teachers failed. She always wanted me to help her and that was bad even now she sends me a special letter to correct.

Our parents spent lots of time with us telling stories, singing songs (Pa knew so many), giving shows and playing games. This was so important in our lives. Today we both tell stories and play games with our grandchildren whenever we can.

One Christmas when I was about eight and Myn was five, the Christmas goods came into our store. This was special for us to watch. There were two beautiful dolls the best we'd ever seen. We wanted them, Myn the blue and me the red, but Ma made us understand that they were far too expensive. Each day we played they were ours until one day they were gone. I'm sure you've guessed on Christmas morning, I got the red and Myn got the blue. Mine hung on the wall in the box and Myn's was never out of her arms night or day until the body was in strings and the head was smashed. Myn still resented this because I wouldn't give her mine.

There were two bad things Myn did that caused trouble, one was She'd pick her sore corn on her little toe after we'd go up to bed when she wanted to keep me awake. Have you ever heard of anyone else picking a sore corn to irritate someone. I've told you Myn was different. One night she was extra bad and I really went after her. Our bed had the head against the wall so she began running over and around it. I was almost to catch her when she dropped on her knees and began to pray loudly with her arms and eyes toward heaven.

Next she ruined my singing career and I was pretty good. She always insisted on singing with me and her voice was loud. She only wanted to sing alto and she said all you had to do was to choose one note and never change. I'd do her work even dishes if she'd let me sing alone one song. I quit finally and look what she accomplished. Of course Myn made my life miserable with any boy she ever went out with.

Myn had lots of friends and pals. She's always had more friends than anyone. Myn had one special friend Jamie McCray and I had Eva Overson. We shared these always. Myn had many others, Bessie Plumb, Piggy McCray, Jennie Neagle, Esther Isaacson, Alma Hamblin and others.

We had good enough clothes, but not too many nor too too fancy. We liked to have dresses alike. I'll just mention our big grey tweed coats ordered straight from Butler Brothers in St. Louis, Missouri. We'd never had anything boughten before. They came but why did Ma get them so BIG and such an ugly color and just alike. We wore them for many, many years and I often wonder where they are now.

I'm sure each of our girls will write about their happy experiences when they lived with Myn and Don for years and still feel a part of her family. Myn's family has always been a part of our family. Don and our boys were so close.

Myn was about 26 years old before she had any special boyfriends. Her friends teased her. One day Albert said, "Myn don't worry, I'll build you the best lean-to onto our house." How little did we know. Albert has been gone for 24 years. Our yearly trips to California each year are so important. Art and Betty take me and Earnest used to go. Myn and I talk most all thru the nights. This is important to both of us. When Don was sick so long I made many trips and spent lots of time with Myn and Don. Art and Ernest paid my way.

Roberta paid us an extra special compliment last year. She said, "I hope Adelaide and I can always be as close as you and Myn are."

I hope Jay what I've written will help some of you to know why Myn and I are friends.

Elda says, "I recieved this letter from Myn and it gives an example of her bad spelling. I'm sharing it as it may help you with your face as much as it has me."

Well I went to bed but not for too long and neither did I sleep, I had a headaach that would not lay down, so this will not be much to cheer you.

I just passed the mirror and I was shocked when I saw that old woman in the mirror, I looked awful. I just been an hour trying to exrecise my face and see if I could find some kind of an expression that might help, so I could use it at church, I can plainly see nothing helps much, but I did find if I keep my toung between my teeth, and make the cornor of my mouth turn up, and then if I could stare my eyes like I had just had a good surprise, I really did look better(try it) I don't know if we can hold it all through church, but at least I'm going to put it on part time when people I think are looking.

MY AUNT MYN

Katie W. Lewis

Aunt Myn has been such a part of my life it's hard to know where to start. Since it is Christmas one of my first memories of Christmas was when a big box came in the mail with Christmas presents from Grandpa Priestley and Aunt Myn. My present was a Raggedy Ann doll Aunt Myn had made. I remember riding a tricycle with Don E. up and down the hill when they lived on the avenues in Salt Lake City. I remember when they had a season of flooding and Aunt Myn telling about the coffins floating down that hill and I thought how terrible that must have been. I remember going with Grandpa Priestley to the store to get some ginger ale so everyone could have a ginger ale float, boy they were good too. It was there in the home in Salt Lake City I remember being the sickest of my life. Uncle Frank took my tonsils out in his office and then they took me right home to Aunt Myn's. Her home was always open to anyone who needed it. It was a good thing; I was there a long time. Most of my life was either, we were going to see Aunt Myn and Grandpa or getting ready for them to come and see us. It was always exciting.

We moved to Mesa a few years after Grandpa Priestley died and Aunt Myn and Don E. moved there also. It seemed like my Dad was never home then, but that was OK because we had Aunt Myn. Mother and Aunt Myn had a "kitty." If it was empty mother would put \$5.00 or \$10.00 in and Aunt Myn would put in the same so there was always coke and taco money and for those necessities. We would go at least once a day. We lived there for only about 1 year when we moved to Kanab and Aunt Myn moved back to California. By this time Don E. had had T. B. for several years and Grandma Whiting was living with Aunt Myn. It has long been a tradition among the Aunts and Uncles to go to California during the Christmas Holidays where Aunt Myn always made sure something exciting was planned like the Pasadena Playhouse, Knotts Berry Farm, Catalina Island, the Rose Parade or Mickey's wedding. She always planned big for New Years Eve too. One time we all went to the show house to see "Gone with the Wind". Don E. was in a wheelchair and Aunt Myn always kept him in his pajamas so he could remember he was sick. My Dad unloaded Don E. and the wheelchair in front of the theater and my little short mother pushed him up to get the tickets while Dad parked the car. Mom pushed him inside and down the aisle and the house lights were still on and all of a sudden Don E. just stands up and walks down the aisle to his seat and everyone gasps, they thought they had just seen a miracle and Don E. sat on my Mom's lap through most of the show and cried because it was so sad.

My folks bought a dairy in Mesa so we moved back there in 1952 and we also had the Whiting Motel in Holbrook and Aunt Myn and Don E. would spend the summers there with us and Don E. would work summers. with my brothers and I'm sure they could tell you more about those summers than I can.

I'm amazed at the people who know Aunt Myn. It was just a year or so ago when a lady in our ward came up to me and asked if I was related to Myn Priestley because she had found out I was a Whiting and she told me how much she loved her and what a beautiful voice she had and President and Sister Russ of the Temple in St. George speak of her so highly. To know her is to love her. I wish I had started this epistle last January I think I could fill a volume about Aunt Myn. I really can't remember when she hasn't been a part

of my life and I will always love her.

Katie W. Lewis.

AUNT MYN

Nora Brown

So many claim Aunt Myn as their beloved Aunt: I feel it is a special blessing to be a grandniece- really!

My father, his brothers and sisters often spoke of Aunt Myn- always with great love - and usually enthusiasm. When we moved to California and I was a young teenager I had a chance to be around her. First I "got" to work in her motel. It was fun leaning "motel cleaning" from her and being around when the many relatives came to visit her. Later she moved to her apartments across from Alhambra Ward. Then she was really close - I could walk over to see her. She taught singing lessons to cousins and friends in the ward. What fun we had with her. How many lessons of life were inserted between the "mimimimi's" and "ah's". She exposed us to some of the great classics of music and helped us gain so much self-esteem. Those of us who studied with her became close. What a happy time it was!

As a college age girl I enjoyed going to her apartment, with all the young people in our stake who could crowd in, after all the dances--and most other activities too! Aunt Myn could sit in the middle at one end of the room and every space on the floor as well as chairs and sofas would be filled. There would be talking and laughing until Don E. usually (protectively of his mother) told everyone to go home. How we love to be with her!

As a young Relief Society President I was able to offer help for a young, needy unwed mother when our Stake President asked for help for her. She needed more than a place to stay and I'm certain Aunt Myn gave that help to her.

As my own children have grown, they have learned much that I received from Aunt Myn My children love her and have basked in the attention she has given them.

She has been an important role model for me. I would like to be like her in so many ways. She has the gift of making others feel good about themselves - of making them feel they can conquer whatever problems face them - and especially of making them feel important and loved. She has a wonderful sense of humor and ability to laugh at herself - as many of my father's Whiting relatives do also. What a wonderful and rare quality that is. My beloved mother taught me to greatly appreciate that talent as she did so much.

Aunt Myn was an early cake mix user I think--She had to feed too many to take the "scratch" method longer than necessary!

Recently, she let me read some of her personal journal - I hope we all can have a copy someday.

I am deeply grateful to know Aunt Myn, to have had her influence in my life, and hope I can become just a little bit like her.

Nora Mae Brown

MY AUNT MYN
Maydene B. Bodell

When I was five years old Mother made me a dress like Aunt Myn's. It was red and the neck was edged with little white satin points. Already I loved Aunt Myn and was proud to have a dress like hers.

She moved to Salt Lake when I was about twelve years old. Although she was very ill, right after the birth of Don E., she was able to show an interest in me. I thought so highly of her opinion that I asked her lots of questions. I thought of her as a close friend.

I thought Uncle Don, singing "Come, Come, I Love You Only," was the most dashing and debonair man I had ever known. (I thought he looked just like Frederick March.)

When Ronald went on his mission and I was the only child at home in our family, I spent lots of time at Aunt Myn's. Her household was full of girl cousins going to college, and there was no limit to the excitement going on around there.

Uncle Don organized us into a cousin's chorus, with us performing at some special occasions. We started out with "Shine little Glow-Worm, Glimmer," and ended with an operatic number--I think it was "Oh, Day of Wrath," or something like that. We were wonderful!

To this day, I am interested in her opinion about a better understanding of people. The stories of her experiences with young single and married couples are an inspiration to me. She has a keen understanding of human nature and seems to know exactly what to say to touch a person's inner self so that they want to behave in a better way.

Aunt Elda is like another Mother, Aunt May was a fabulous woman and I was her enraptured audience. Aunt Myn is a best Friend.

Maydene B. Bodell.

"AUNT MYN"

Ruth B. Lewis

Aunt Myn was eleven years old when I was born. As I grew up I looked up to her and thought she had such an interesting life. She and Aunt Elda had such interesting conversations and fun times. After Aunt Elda was married Effie and Maree had such good times, or maybe I should say, interesting time together. I remember them coming to the homestead in fancy riding skirts. They were truly reminiscent of the roaring twenties.

I met Uncle Don for the first time when we went to California when Grandma had her gall stone operation. He always made me feel like I was a little special to him because he loved Aunt Myn so much and with my red hair like Aunt Myn's people said we looked alike.

When I was 16 we were in St. Johns and they asked if I could go to California with them and take dramatic lessons for the summer. We traveled in their old Model T Ford and felt every washboard in the road for 3 days, to get there. What a summer! Effie was the first niece to live with them. I was the second. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. They lived at the Portsmouth Hotel, across the street from Pershing Square in the heart of Los Angeles. Uncle Don worked at night and walked to work. Aunt Myn and I spent many evenings window shopping and just having a good time. He worked until 3:00 AM so they slept in and I walked to Grand Central Market for vegetables and fruit, many mornings. We found out that Uncle Don's son, Gordon, was coming for a visit. Aunt Myn was nervous about him coming and happy to have me entertain him while Uncle Don was working. We had lots of good times. Gordon learned then and through the years to truly love Aunt Myn.

Many nieces have lived with Aunt Myn since I did. I don't know how she does it, but she keeps track of all of us and influences each of our lives.

I did take dramatic lessons and that year at Mesa High I won a gold medal for the dramatic reading contest of the state. But more than that, I learned to love Aunt Myn and Uncle Don. I saw what a special love they had for each other. It was as if they knew their time together was going to be short and they wanted to savor each moment together. It has taught me to appreciate my time with my husband. They only had about 16 years together, and she has been a widow for forty years. I have heard Aunt Myn say she would rather Uncle Don spend a few minutes a day with her in the eternities than have anyone else. They built so many beautiful memories together! The only time I heard them quarrel was when we did not have enough bread for toasted tomato sandwiches.

When they lived in Salt Lake during the war everyone got 3 gallons of gas a week. Uncle Don wanted to use it having Aunt Myn drive him to and from work so they did not lose any time being together. Each day he called her from work at 3:00 PM and it is still a special moment of the day for her.

Aunt Myn had heart trouble and was warned about having a baby. They were married 9 years before Don E. was born. They had an apartment in my father's apartment house, so we saw lots of them. When the doctors finally conceded that she might have a child and she nearly lost her life, how grateful we

all were that my Father could help her and her life was spared. Our Heavenly Father knew how many lives she would inspire and bless so He let her live. You can't imagine how she looked after her terrible sickness. She weighed ninety pounds. Uncle Don used to say, "I've seen you skeeny, please put some weight on".

What a great blessing Don E. was in her life. And today how she loves and appreciates his children.

They bought a home on 1st. Avenue and we all had great times there. When we were building our new store Uncle Don came by so often to check on our progress. They were our best customer.

Ever since those days in California and ever since Aunt Myn has been like a big sister to me. She has influenced my life in many ways. She has such a sparkling happy personality. How we and everyone has enjoyed her beautiful voice, especially when she and Uncle Don sang together.

We never believed Aunt Myn could reach 85 years. She is still a guiding influence in my life, as well as countless others. I am a better person because I grew up and lived under her sunny devoted spirit. Her suffering has seemed to refine her life. May the Lord let us keep her longer!

Ruth B. Lewis.

MY AUNT MYN

Nathel Brown Burdick

To love and be loved is one of the most wonderful things that can happen to a person. I love Aunt Myn and I knew that she loved me from the time I could remember. I felt very important when Aunt Myn and Uncle Art would quarrel to decide who would take me with them. I must have chosen to go with Aunt Myn most of the time because I remember when Irene was born Uncle Art said, "Now I have a little girl of my own."

I feel that I helped Aunt Myn land Uncle Don. When I was just 4 1/2, I courted him, of course she was along. After Aunt Myn had met Donald Adamson Sylvester Priestley she come home during the summer and then went back to Los Angeles on the train. I got to go with her. I'll never forget the thrill of my first train ride. I went to sleep and when I woke up I thought the train was going back home. I was so disappointed. Aunt Myn assured me that we were still on our way to L.A. so I felt better.

I like 'that man' as I referred to Aunt Myn's boyfriend. He took us to see so many places. Places I am sure he would have taken Aunt Myn had he been courting her alone. I especially like the places he took us to eat. My I felt grown up to decide what I wanted to eat.

Aunt Myn and I were staying with Della (Garcia) and Merwin Parks. One night when we got home I was sent in the house. I lingered along unseen. When I finally did go in the house I reported to Della and Merwin that Aunt Myn and 'that man' were out there huggin'and kissin'.

Every morning I got up very early, before anyone else in the house, and went outside. I would visit with the milkman, gardener, and anyone else who happened to be around to talk to at that time of the morning. It was early one morning when my folks came driving up. I was so glad to see Mom and Dad, Geraldine and Elma. I hadn't admitted any homesickness but I was only 4 ½, and two weeks can be a long time even when you are busy 'courtin'.

This was the time I nearly ruined Geraldine's life. One day just after my folks got there I was sitting on Uncle Don's lap and I told him about the time Geraldine wet the bed and left a spot 'this big' (arms out). Well Geraldine overheard me. She bawled. Mama scolded me. Aunt Myn tried to comfort Geraldine. Nothing helped. She wouldn't go near Uncle Don and was mad at me the rest of our stay in L.A.

My next memory of Aunt Myn and Uncle Don was after they were married and were coming to St. Johns. Of course all the cousins there got ready to welcome them. Aunt Myn's bedroom had been one of Grandma's upstairs rooms. We cleaned and decorated it special, even to putting two little china 'potties' under the bed. These were from Mom's and Aunt Myn's little dish collection. We even marked them "His and Hers" for the occasion.

With Aunt Myn and Uncle Don living in California my memories of them seem to be connected with trips. When I was eight or nine we went to L.A. and stayed in a Hotel at the top of "Angel Flights". This was a little sort of a Street Car that went up and down instead of parallel with the streets. Aunt Myn and Uncle Don lived at the bottom of the Angel Flights in the Portsmouth Hotel. Our first stay in a Hotel with access to elevators and a street car too. I wonder how many trips we made to see Aunt Myn and Uncle Don. I guess the managers thought we were real hicks. It didn't seem to worry us a bit.

Our really special trip that we took to see the San Diego World Fair was when I was ten or eleven. We went to L.A. to visit the Priestleys and then they went on to the Fair with us. I was really impressed with everything but most of all I remember the midget village. Their houses, stores, jail, city hall etc. just like play town. Of course the people fit the things in the town. I still remember the program they put on.

Aunt Myn and Uncle Don had made the trip to go with us and then I'm sure Elma and I embarrassed them and my folks when we were watching the Tabernacle Choir who were there to perform on a special program. We mocked Emma Lucy Gates singing. I don't remember being scolded. We just knew they didn't approve.

When I was about 11 I went to California with Uncle Lynn and family. They were taking a big truck load of hay and most of the way Ivy and I rode up on top of the hay. The wind would about blow us away but we wrapped up in a big quilt and managed to survive. Uncle Earnest and family were living in L.A. then. Beth, Ivy and I slept together at Aunt Myn's house. One of them had an accident in the night. They both blamed the other. I was dry, so innocent (7).

The year Quinn (my brother who passed away) was born, we went up to House Rock Valley for a family reunion. We held it there to put a marker up for Aunt May Whiting's grave. This was in 1934. There was no hospital in St. Johns so Mom went on to Salt Lake City with Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha to be with Uncle Frank when her baby was born. He was a Doctor. I went to California with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don. Uncle Ralph, Aunt Nell and Johnny went too. Aunt Nell was expecting so I remember spending lots of time tending Johnny. He was such a cute, smart little kid that it kept you going to keep up with him. I used to love to go with Aunt Myn to get Uncle Don. He worked at the L.A. Times newspaper. It was night shift so it would be really late when we went for him. One night while I was waiting to go I fell asleep so Aunt Myn went without me. I woke up after she had gone and was so disappointed to have been left at home. It would be hard to say whether it was the ride to get Uncle Don or the meal they had after they got home that I like the best.

After Don E. was born Aunt Myn had such a hard time that she had to learn to walk all over again. When I was 16 I went to Salt Lake to spend a summer helping her with Don E. Don E. was just like another little brother to us. We took care of him, spoiled him, bossed him, and enjoyed him just like we did our own brothers.

After I had finished high school I went to Salt Lake and stayed with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don while I went to Excelsis Beauty School. When I finished school and was taking my State Board exams to get my Beauty Operators license I used Aunt Myn for my model. She gave me the inspiration and courage I needed to pass my tests.

While I was going to school I had lots of trouble with migraine headaches. They got so bad that I would have to go home day after day or I would wake up with then and not be able to get up in the morning. I came home for a few months, when Brent was born, and helped Mom. After that winter at home I went back and graduated from business school. I went to work and then I lived with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don for almost seven years. In that much time you really get close to people and learn to love them. These are some of the years I look back on with pleasure.

The thing that stands out in my mind about Uncle Don and Aunt Myn was their devotion to each other. Their love showed itself in so many ways. They never had a quarrel that I remember and I feel that this is a wonderful tribute to them.

Every niece who wanted to come stay with them was welcome, for any length of time. Some stayed a few weeks, some for years; all were loved and made to feel like they were wanted. Also there were a number of other young girls who were

friends who came to spend some time. A few nephews came for short visits or longer. All were made to feel a part of their family.

The Sunday night suppers were so wonderful, even when someone upset the gravy on Uncle Don. It didn't matter if there were 10 or 30 there was always plenty of food and a big welcome for all. We could invite our friends whenever we wanted to and they were made to feel at home. I think of Alice Follard when she sang and ate with us so much.

What inspiring times we had singing together. Songs like "The Sextet from Lucia", "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Road to Mandalay", "For all Eternity", "Sweethearts", "Message of the Violets", and so many others bring back such sweet memories whenever I hear them.

One of the greatest experiences for me was to sing with "The Deseret News Troubadours. It was a great experience to travel around with them to all the different places and to sing with that chorus of men who put on such high class programs.

Probably the thing that has benefited me the most throughout my life were the singing lessons that Uncle Don gave me. He would never let me pay him for the lessons so I used to buy him pretty ties. How he loved pretty ties. I'll bet no one ever had such a collection as he did, how could they when they didn't have that many nieces and friends picking out the loudest, wildest, prettiest each one could find. Too bad we didn't preserve those ties for future generations to see.

We sang on so many programs and so many places. One I remember in particular was at the Stock Show at North Salt Lake Stock Yards. The Governor was there, along with all the other officials of the evening all waiting for the program. Unfortunately the cows were there and not waiting for the program. As we sang louder, they mooed louder. It got to be quite a duel.

Every fall our trips to the Farmers Market increased to get fresh produce and fruit. Also our trips to the country became more numerous and each time we can back with baskets and baskets of fruit. Then everyone pitched in to help bottle the fruit, especially Uncle Don. Of course we ate it all too. With that many people to feed it's a good thing we got something ready to feed them.

Uncle Don needed and had a refuge from all the confusion and living that went on there at 808 1st Ave. He fixed up a little room that had once been the coal room in the basement. When things got too noisy or too many people were in the way he would disappear down to his den. I remember he always went there if I started my reading of "Swish Swash." That sort of comedy did not appeal to him.

One year for Aunt Myn's birthday we got her a lace tablecloth. Gerry went to the country and brought back a big armload of sunflowers. After Aunt Myn was in bed we put the cloth on the table and fixed the sunflowers into a pretty bouquet. Next morning Aunt Myn was so thrilled with those sunflowers. She said they were prettier than orchids. Of course she liked the cloth too.

I'm sure all the neighborhood remember the time Gerry and Willard brought back the cattails. When they started breaking open in the house we put them in the garbage. Don E. and his little friend Clyde got them out and pounded them all over the sidewalks. It was like a snow storm had hit Salt Lake in the summer. Uncle Don wasn't too happy as he raked and hosed down all the neighboring lawns.

Early one morning I was sleeping peacefully on the back porch when Uncle Don came rushing out and said, "I think the hot water tank is going to blow up. Get out quick." I got out, still in my night gown. Nothing happened so in a few minutes I ventured back inside. Something had gone wrong with the water system

somewhere. Nana, (Aunt Myn's and Uncle Don's special friend from California.) who was visiting them had gone to the bathroom. When she flushed the toilet hot water started shooting out and steam was coming out of the back part. She had screamed and Uncle Don had jumped out of bed to see what was the matter. Well there was Nana at one door in her gown and Uncle Don at the other in his shirt and garments. Each one was trying to see what was the trouble and warn the rest of us to get out before anything blew up. I must have been a sight. I missed it. I was just standing outside in my night gown, waiting. When everything got down to normal we found that several neighbors had hot water in their lines too so it wasn't just our heater. Poor Nana. She had several embarrassing things happen to her at our house. She must have loved Aunt Myn and Uncle Don to put up with the things she did on her visits.

A couple of trips I remember taking with the Priestleys were to Arizona and Yellowstone Park. These were such fun. On the way to Arizona we decided to go by way of the Kaibab and to go on over to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon from Jacobs Lake. That is the only time I have ever been to the North Rim. The country there is beautiful and so different from the South Rim approach. The other trip was one we took to Yellowstone Park over a Labor Day holiday. Gerry and I went with the Priestleys. We really enjoyed seeing all the things there. Of course Aunt Myn kept saying she thought it would be like going to a park. She had no idea that we would have to drive over a whole state to see Yellowstone.

It was at Aunt Myn's place that we had such an exciting time when David Whiting was born. Aunt Myn had been up most of the night getting him and taking care of him. I got up real early and there was a new, sweet little boy just a few hours old. Aunt Myn needed some sleep so I took him upstairs and put him in bed with me. He slept there for a long time. To this day he is the youngest baby I have ever held (even any of my own.).

Some sadness always comes with the sweet. Little David Whiting had leukemia and Uncle Art and Aunt Armina brought him to Salt Lake to the Doctor. They stayed with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don. We held such an inspirational prayer circle. Always it was, "Thy will be done". It was our Heavenly Father's will that David was not to be spared. They took him home to Holbrook for Christmas and just after that he passed away.

One thing that stands out in my mind is how thrilled Uncle Don was when Don E. was baptized and confirmed a member of the church. I still remember Uncle Don's testimony he bore that day. It wasn't too long after that that he got sick. We had sold the home at 808 1st Ave. and moved to Gerry and Willard's house on Murphy Lane (33rd South.) Uncle Don didn't respond to the treatment in Salt Lake so they went to L.A. He didn't improve there and it wasn't long until we heard that he had gone. That was such a sad time. Only the passing years have helped remove the hurt and leave the wonderful memories.

After Aunt Myn came back we moved in to one of Aunt Martha's apartments and lived there for a few months. Aunt Myn decided to go to California and build a Motel. She named it the Myn-Don Motel. Elora and I moved down to L.A. to help Aunt Myn with the motel and boy what an experience. None of us will ever forget that place. Having a motel on Ramona Blvd. close to L.A. brings problems all its own. We would get all kinds of people. Some we would rather not have had. For instance, two sailors and their girlfriends. Aunt Myn run them off with a broom stick. Of course we weren't fortunate enough to get rid of some of the others so easy.

This was when Don E. got T.B. and had to stay in bed. We all tried to keep him entertained. He loved to draw and make pictures. We read to him and got him books to read for himself. Most of all he would model clay. He would spend hours doing it. When he had to be moved I would give him a piggy back ride. I stayed there all that winter. Don E. and I became very good friends. I learned to appreciate his patience and endurance at having to stay down when he wanted to be doing so much.

Later after I was married and Rusty was nearly two we moved to L.A. again and lived with Aunt Myn. Russell was building her Apartment Building for her. At first we lived in Lynnwood and while we were there Rusty walked on the floor furnace and burned his feet quite badly. So we would be closer to Russell's work we moved into the old Whiting Station on Ramona Blvd. again. What a change. The new highway had gone another route. The Myndon Motel was gone. It looked like a ghost town. I could only remember things as they had been and try not to feel bad that time had brought such drastic changes.

I never remember being in the Priestley home when you weren't made to feel welcome, even when you went there with seven children. The last time we went and stayed with Aunt Myn was when we took the children to Disney Land. Marty was a baby and we had four other boys and two little girls. We were still made to feel welcome.

It never seemed to matter to Aunt Myn who or how many came. She seemed glad to see them all. Each one of us felt that we were her favorite niece or nephew. What a wonderful person is "My Aunt Myn."

Nathel Brown Burdick.

"MY AUNT MYN"

Nita W. Bushman

I remember the first time I saw you after you and Uncle Don were married. I remember thinking you were the most beautiful couple I had ever seen, you with your red hair and Uncle Don's hair was so dark and you were so handsome and such a lovely couple. I looked for a long time for such a man as Uncle Don, but there was only one Uncle Don and you had to have you as a couple to be complete. I will always remember Uncle Don directing the choir in the Alhambra Ward, how he would smile afterwards when we were finished singing and he would mouth the words "thank you".

I also remember the time I went out to Los Angeles, before I was so ill and you and Uncle Don asked me if I wanted to stay the night with you while you were living in the Hotel, I think it was called the "Portsmouth Hotel", I really thought I was special to be able to stay with Uncle Don and Aunt Myn in a Hotel.

I also have some very special memories about you while living in the apartment there on Eight Street across from the Alhambra Ward, the almost 2 months Mother and I spent out there with you, we stayed in the apartment next to where you now live, you were so kind to us, and each week Harold would come out and see how we were doing and take me to the Doctors. You always made me feel so welcome and never in the way. I oft wonder how you always made each of your nieces and nephews feel that they are the most special ones, and that you were so very glad to have us come see you. This quality you still have of making each of us feel so at home and rather special each time we come to see you. This is a quality I would like to have a portion of to make everyone feel welcome and at home and loved as you do, this I really admire in you "My Dear Aunt Myn".

You were always so good to my Mother and to my Father, your brother Earnest, he always said you were nearer alike because of your both having red hair and had to take all the teasing and so forth about it. He loved you and hated it when he got too old and sick to go out to your house for your get-togethers during the holidays. It has been one year ago today since my father died on Nov. 12, 1984. He would have loved to tell us more stories and etc. about your and his growing up years together.

In closing may I just say to you, thanks for all the goodness you have shown to me and to my family, we do all love and appreciate your goodness to us. Each of my children also send a special hello and thanks to you and thanks especially from Harold and myself.

We surely do love you,

Nita and Harold Bushman.

"OUR REAL AUNT MYN"

Edwina Dastrup

What can I say that hasn't already been said by everyone, yet I can't let this time go by without saying a few words also.

I guess it started a long time ago being close to Aunt Myn, as I see the picture taken of Grandpa and Grandma Whiting, Aunt Myn and me when I was just a tiny babe in arms, in Los Angeles. From that time on there has been many special and memorable times associated with her.

It's really special to know that someone loves you with total acceptance of you and with genuine concern, the way Aunt Myn does, and lets you know she does.

The special example she has always been to all of my children, is such a blessing, and they always know she is their special Aunt Myn too.

I want to take this time to thank Aunt Myn for all the time she invested in me, and for all the long talks, and all the other special times we have shared both before I was married when she lived in Mesa, and also the time since, especially when we spent weeks and weeks in the upstairs apartment awaiting the birth of our first baby, Denette, those were lonely times without Tom and she helped to make it bearable, making sure mama and I had everything we needed to be comfortable and at home.

Aunt Myn has always been an ideal and example for me to work toward. She always had her home open for anyone who needed shelter, either physically or emotional shelter. She has the gift to make herself at home in the most humble abode or within a king's palace, because she is always herself, always the same special lady our Aunt Myn.

Thanks, Aunty Myn, for all the love, and advice and special times you let me be a part of, my whole family loves you with all our hearts and are so proud to know you are truly our REAL AUNT MYN, for all eternity.

We love you!!

Tom and Edwina Dastrup

"MY AUNT MYN"

Nathel B. Burdick

One time when I was in California after I had several children. Some girls came to visit Aunt Myn and when she introduced us, one girl said "you mean she is really your Aunt Myn."

I have thought about it a lot and I want Aunt Myn and everyone to know how much I appreciate her and all she has done for me.

It started when I was quite little. She loved me and I loved her. When she was courting Uncle Don, and I was about 5½ years old, she took me on the train to L.A. That was my very first train ride.

I was sure I was a big asset to Uncle Don's and her courtship. I'm not sure Uncle Don felt that when one evening I went into the house of Merwin and Della Parks, where we were staying, and told them Aunt Myn and Uncle Don were out "Kissin' and huggin'" on the porch.

All through my growing up years I had so many experiences with them. Vacations trips etc. I could almost write a book on this and the times I lived with them.

I lived with Aunt Myn and Uncle Don for about 7 years after I got out of High School. After I was married and had Rusty we lived with Aunt Myn and Don E. for nearly a year while Russell was building her apartment house.

I never remember being in the Priestley Home when I wasn't made to feel special and welcome. Even if we went there with 7 children to stay and vacation at Disney Land.

At Aunt Myn's it didn't matter who or how many came. They were all made to feel welcome. I am so grateful for "My Aunt Myn," and for the things that I have learned from her and the example and the special relationship I had with her family. Don E. was like a little brother to me.

Uncle Don gave me voice lessons and I attribute much of my ability to sing to him. I'm grateful for the chance that I had to spend so much time in the Priestley home, and to get to know and love "My Aunt Myn."

Nathel B. Burdick

THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF AUNT MYN

Farrell and Irene Lewis

I have special memories of all of my Father's sisters. I seem to have spent more time with Aunt Elda and Aunt Myn and know them better. We all enjoyed and appreciated the volume about Aunt Elda and her family. She knows how much our family loves her.

We are pleased to share some of our memories and feelings about Aunt Myn. There are many memories I have of her when I was a young girl. But when I learned to know and appreciate her most was when she and Uncle Don opened up their home and hearts and let me be one of the many nieces who lived with them. Louine and I shared a room on the top floor of that special home just off south temple in Salt Lake City. Elma and Nathel shared the other bedroom and they both tried to help the two younger "country girls."

Aunt Myn and Uncle Don accepted everyone. I felt it was a privilege to be with them and share the special spirit in their home. Everyone was welcome. I was there when my brother, Norman, was born and knew how Aunt Myn helped. My Dad and Mother drove to Salt Lake to "receive" their third son. Farrell was home on leave (World War II) so he drove up with them and he was made to feel welcome also. We both received much "teasing" from everyone. Louine and I had moved to Provo, (BYU) the next year when Uncle Don Died. We would travel to Salt Lake City frequently to be with Elma, Nathel, Aunt Myn and Don E. It was a difficult time for Aunt Myn. She showed great courage. She has always been an example to Farrell and me and our children in loving life and people, in meeting challenges, and in living the Gospel.

Farrell and Irene Lewis.

You are remembered for your ability to make everyone feel important, to make time for each person, and your ability to listen.

Lynette Lewis Peterson.

It seems her name captures a flow of dear ole' memories for us all. Her life has been, is and always will be a monument of charity and hope, strength and stamina and selfless love for all--unconditionally. Thank you for the warmth you so generously shared with me!

Karen Lewis Priest

As a young girl I always looked forward to when Aunt Myn would come to Provo to visit. Not only was she loved and cherished during her stay but her warmth and compassion would linger on after her departure. My mother would always recall her many happy memories of Aunt Myn and Uncle Don in Salt Lake.

So many of mother's experiences with Aunt Myn have stayed with me as if a beacon on a hill. I have always loved you and felt your love and concern for me. With tears in my eyes and tenderness in my heart I salute Aunt Myn.

DeeAnn Lewis Abaroa.

Before my marriage Aunt Myn counseled me that "If you had to nag do it with a smile." Thanks for her example of living life to the fullest and how to get through hard times, her sense of humor. "I am proud of be the Great Niece of GREAT AUNT MYN. Kristine Lewis Holladay.

Aunt Myn is truly a beautiful lady. She is a wonderful example of love. Her sharing and caring attitude is shown through her radiant smile. She has a wonderful sense of humor and is a joy to be with. Thanks, Aunty Myn for your great example. Peggy Lewis Kennedy.

ALL ABOUT AUNT MYN.
Elma B. Smith

Aunt Myn has been a part of my life ever since I can remember. I remember one time particularly, Geraldine, Nathel and I were in bed in our gray nightgowns, she came up and got us dressed with my Mother saying, "But it's time for them to be in bed and asleep", she answered, "Elda, sometimes there is something more important than sleep and this show is so good they must see it." She took us to the Dreamland Theatre, and I thought she must be the bravest person alive to go against what my Mother said.

She was always fun to be around and made life better for all. I remember how excited we were the first time she brought Uncle Don home to St. Johns, we worked so hard getting the little dishes all placed and then put the two little pots on each side of the bed, marked his and hers. We really thought that was cut and they seemed to enjoy it.

When I really got acquainted with them was when I went to live with them right after graduating from High School and went to LDS Business College. What a lasting glorious experience.

At first I was kinda afraid of Uncle Don, but that didn't last long--we all loved him so.

The first year I was there, Erma W. Grant lived there with Gerry and I. Geraldine went up to the U and Erma and I went to business college. We were always welcome to bring our 'dates' home to eat meals, especially on Sunday Night after Church. Gordon (Uncle Don's son by a previous marriage) and his wife Marian always came to eat then. Sometimes all of us would bring dates home, so food might be a little scarce, so we had a code "FHB" meant "Family hold Back, or "MIK" meant "More in the Kitchen". It worked very well. Also if we ever wanted to change the subject, we'd say, "Have you seen the flowers on the Temple grounds". Our friends would say, "There are not flowers now, only snow."

We would take turns getting or helping with the night meal, one night Erma and I were getting dinner (might I add here, we did giggle some) there was a small place between the sink and stove, I was standing there and my apron strings caught on fire. I started running and screaming, (we were the only ones home at that time.) Erma got a wet dishcloth and put it out, she saved my life. It burned off my apron strings, a hole in my dress and some hair. When we were telling the others, after they got home, about our ordeal, we laughed so hard we could hardly tell what happened. Uncle Don sat there and when we had finished he calmly said, "wouldn't it have been hilarious if she'd burned to death?" We were hysterical then.

We'd come home from our dates and talk about them, good-bad-or indifferent. Uncle Don said, "If I had known girls talked so much about their dates and all that happened on them, I'd never have dated." That brought gales of laughter, he had three wives.

We usually went home to St. Johns for Christmas, but one year we just couldn't go. We were singing in a trio with Alice Follard Swensen and had taken a lot of engagements to sing at various Army Camps etc. Uncle Don had made himself a "sulkin room", so he could get away from

the many women that lived there. Christmas and all the music and the festive stuff was so special for Aunt Myn and Uncle Don. He always got Aunt Myn such lovely things and always a surprise. The year he came upstairs on Christmas Eve dragging a gunny sack and it looked heavy, so we went to help him. It was heavy, but he wouldn't let us feel it or anything but put it under the tree and we were all so curious. It was marked for Aunt Myn. When Aunt Myn opened the gift the next morning, it was full of bricks and right down at the bottom was a lovely wrapped box. In it was a watch on a unique lapel pin. How thrilled she was.

Uncle Don and Aunt Myn sang so beautiful together, and I was privileged to hear them many, many times. They were asked to sing at so many places. Also Uncle Don always lead the Ward Choir and the News Troubourders, (The men employees of the Desert News, where he worked) so between them all they were busy. We also sang in our trio and would go with them lots of places, and that was always fun.

Aunt Myn and Uncle Don were so happy together and got along so well, it was a real inspiration to all of us.

The next year Erma got married, (I could write a book on getting Erma up every morning.) Then Norma Berry Fife and Helen Berry Andelin came to live. Helen and Geraldine went up to the U, Norma and I went to Business College, so we slept that way. Norma and I both hated to get up so we would set three alarms. Uncle Don couldn't understand that at all and thought we were both nuts.

Aunt Myn and Uncle Don were so happy and proud of Don E.- what a joy he was to all of us. He might have been an "only" child but he certainly had lots of live in "sisters" to cope with.

After Geraldine got married Nathel came to live with us. She had an extra good voice so would sing solos with the News Chorus a lot. We all had opportunities we would never have had if it weren't for them.

We also had a lot of cousins living in Salt Lake area so we had a cousins chorus and sang a few places together, but we had more fun just practicing.

Nathel and I were living with them when Uncle Don died. How very hard it was for Aunt Myn.

Nathel and I moved with her to California to run the Myn-Don Motel. We all learned a lot from that and had more fun with our California relatives.

When our youngest daughter Daryl and her husband John went to California to Law School, they lived in one of Aunt Myn's apartments. So when we went to visit them, spent a lot of time with Aunt Myn going over all the fun times we had, the funny, the sad and the happy. We are glad she is still around.

Elma B. Smith.

December 15, 1985
Mesa, Arizona
85201

My Dear Aunt Myn:

As I have read and typed the many special articles that have been written and sent about you, it has given me time to reflect on the wonderful relationship the entire family has had with you, but I remember the relationship that my family has had with you. This was brought out again when five of my daughters had the opportunity to visit with you earlier in the year, and they came back and said, "Dad, do you know what a special person our Aunt Myn is."

There is not a person in this family that your life has not touched. You have been an inspiration to us all. I will never forget when we moved to California in 1933, and how much encouragement you gave me to start in a big High School, and do so well in the Ward there. It seems that you leave such an impression on each of us that we just want to do better and be someone after we visit with us. You have a way of making us all feel that we are your special niece or nephew.

I will never forget the trip that I had the privilege of taking you and Grandmother Whiting to Aunt May's grave in Houserock Valley. I still treasure the pictures of all of us in that little Jeep and coming up to the grave.

It has been one of the great honors of my life to have been a part of putting together this issue of the Whiting Tree, and I hope and pray that you enjoy it as you read through all the wonderful things that have been written and said about you. I don't feel that any of them are over stated. May the Lord Bless you always and make it possible that we can have you for many more wonderful years. Fern, Jason, and all the members of my family say, "Thanks for the Memories."

Jay Whiting and Family.

MEMORIES OF AUNT MYN PRIESTLEY

From Lynn S. Whiting Family

"The memories I have of Aunt Myn," Lola says, "are so numerous and great that I can't begin to list them all.

The first one to come to mind is when we went to the dedication of the Marble Canyon Bridge. Uncle Don was sick from the heat--Aunt Myn spent most of the time in the tent putting wet cloths on his head. Dad rationed us on water because it cost 25cents a gallon.

Uncle Don and Aunt Myn sent me a beautiful blue satin dress. Also a long strand of pearls that hung almost to the hem. It was a most beautiful dress. (I always wondered how she could fit me so well without trying it on.)

When our family moved to Los Angeles Aunt Myn took me to the Alhambra ward. It seemed like I became acquainted instantly because I was Uncle Don's and Aunt Myn's niece. I was just a girl from the sticks but she seemed to be proud of me. Melba came out there to go to school. Aunt Myn always took time for her nieces.

When we lived in Salt Lake City, Utah every Sunday night she would have us to her house for sandwiches and hot chocolate. While I was in Salt Lake City looking for a job Aunt Myn would inspect me to see that I looked alright. I love you Aunt Myn--thanks for caring so much. Mom always commented on how much Aunt Myn always seemed to care for us.

I know that when you get to the other side, Dad will put his arms around you and say thanks.

My Mom was always so proud because she and Dad introduced Uncle Don and Aunt Myn. Mom said that when they first saw Uncle Don singing in the Hotel where they were staying, Mom told Dad, "Myn has got to meet him!" Then as the story goes, when Mom got home she told Aunt Myn, "You have got to go to Los Angeles and meet him." She said she knew you two were meant for each other. Mom told Kay and I this story not too long before she died.

Wayne remembers that Aunt Myn always seemed so concerned about our family. Really caring what happened to us. She was always so pleasant and good natured."

Wayne's daughter Vicky said she remembered staying with Aunt Myn when they were living in Los Angeles. "I always looked forward to it--we had so much fun."

Kayennis adds, "I will always remember when I was having so many dark days back in 1955. Aunt Myn would not let me stay at home and feel sorry for myself. She would ask me to come to one M Men and Gleaner Girl party after another. Finally she said, "If you do not come out tonight, I will bring the party to your house. I have thought that if it had not been for Aunt Myn I would still be in a shell. She has always been a super person to all the young people. Her house was always open to us. She was such a good sport, and so young at heart. I will always have a place in my heart for her."

Aunt Myn's Grin

By Joycell Cooper

I can never think of Aunt Myn without her grin....

"Shut the door, or Jack'll want me instead of you!" Aunt Myn shouted as I stepped into the bedroom where she and Aunt Norma were dressing. The shock of seeing Aunt Myn standing there with her 2 pound hernia adding an extra curve to that already curvaceous figure was indescribable...

Every family should have an Aunt Myn—however, I am sure the Lord only created one ... and how thankful we should be that we got her.

I remember as a child being in the room listening to a conversation between Aunt Nell and Aunt Myn that went like this...

"Myn, your garments are showing!"

"So?"

"But, it just isn't decent!"

"What-da-ya mean it isn't decent? I'm fully clothed, aren't I?"

"Yes—but you should have more pride!"

"Pride has nothing to do with it! If you were me then you could get away with it, but your not—so don't try it!"

I think that the one thing Aunt Myn has taught me that I appreciate the very most is to have a sense of humor... to learn to laugh at yourself and never take things seriously. You can always find a little humor, even when it seems the darkest—and it is that humor that helps you see the light of day.

I love the oft told stories about Aunt Myn

When she wore her nightgown under her coat to school, not only because of the cold but because not having to get dressed enabled her to stay in bed until the 5 minute bell rang ... then she pulled on her coat, tied a belt around it, stuffed her unmanageable bright red hair under a stocking cap and went to school.... until the teacher made all the kids take off their hats and coats!

Her dash to the outhouse—catching the young male school teacher inside... When she hit the door and got inside there wasn't room for him to pull up his pants nor to pull the door forward to get out. St. Johns lost a good teacher!

The other trip to the outhouse—when Aunt Myn bent over to pull up her panties and lightning hit the outhouse!

You all know the stories... you've heard them time and time again, each time getting a little better (the Whiting way!).

Aunt Myn is always up ... always positive in a world where so many are negative. No wonder the young people flock around her. She reminds me of the Pied Piper of Hamelin...her home was and is a haven for the lost, strayed and homeless. She has never heard of words like, "Generation Gap" "Lack of Communication" if I could pick out one of her many talents and virtues it would be her ability to communicate... with young or old ... makes no difference.

One of my greatest securities as a child was knowing that she loved me she really loved me and she always treated me as an equal. We always conversed as equals. She answered all my questions and comments with patience and kindness. I always felt good after being around Aunt Myn...not only about everything... but about myself.

I always remember how I loved to hear her and Uncle Don sing their beautiful duets together. "Only Make Believe," "One Alone", "My Hero", to name but a few. I can remember Uncle Don's black eyes flashing as he looked right at Aunt Myn and sang to her as though no one else was in the room... and she in turn looked up at him and sang her heart out. It's true Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald were the rage then ... the romantic couple of the screen...but I always thought that Uncle Don and Aunt Myn had them beat by far....I have never felt such romantic performances from anyone since! (sigh)

Well, I know there are many others writing in so I must make this short. Aunt Myn is a family institution. I am so sorry that we live so far away that my children and grandchildren can't get to know her as I do... but she will be with us for generations to come through her stories. I can just hear the Lord, when she finally steps through the veil....

"Well, here comes Myn, at last now maybe we can all relax and have a little fun ... goodness knows we've certainly missed her!"

Her number one fan, Joycell

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

The Council of The Twelve

47 E. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

August 10, 1964

Mrs. Myn Whiting Priestly
1145 South Stoneman
Alhambra, California

Dear Sister Priestly:

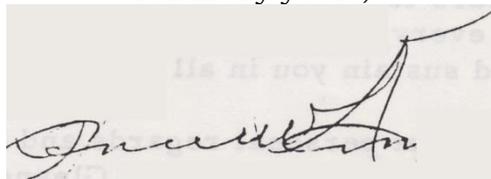
We understand that a great honor is coming to you because of the long years of service you have rendered to the Youth of the Church.

I am sure that you feel, as do we, that some of our greatest satisfactions come from our service to young people. They are more adjustable and responsive than older people generally are.

The dividends will be great and likely all your life and into the eternities, those whom you have influenced for good will continue to praise your name forever.

May the Lord continue to bless you that you may continue to be an inspiration to many of the youth of the Church.

Faithfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Spencer W. Kimball", written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The signature is fluid and extends across the width of the text area.

Spencer W. Kimball

SWK:vs

Thorpe B. Isaacson
FORTY-SEVEN EAST SOUTH TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

August 10, 1964

Dear Myn:

How I wish I could be there and shake your hand and give you an appropriate hug and share the honor and recognition that is coming to you from the M Men and Gleaners of the East Los Angeles Stake.

Truly, you are one of God's choice handmaidens and daughters. I have always had such great regard and affection for you. You have had some sadness and some sorrow; but on the other hand, the Lord has blessed you so abundantly, I am sure, with much joy and satisfaction. As someone has said, our kind Heavenly Father never closes one door but what He opens another.

The recognition that is coming to you for your many years of service in the M.I. A. is one well-deserved. Yes, the Lord blessed you with great talent and ability, and you have used that talent for the blessing, help, entertainment, and upbuilding of others. Your voice is like the voice of an angel singing from heaven.

I am happy that the M Men and Gleaners of the East Los Angeles Stake are honoring you and bestowing upon you the recognition that will come to you on Sunday evening, August 30. I only wish that I could be in that part of California so that I could share in this beautiful occasion in your honor.

Knowing you as I do, I am sure that this recognition and honor that comes to you will come to a very humble woman. I know it will bring tears to your eyes and much joy to your soul. You are a great lady by every standard. May the Lord continue to bless you, comfort you, and sustain you in all that you do.

Kindest personal regards and love to you personally, to your loved ones, to the M Men and Gleaners of the East Los Angeles Stake, to all the M.I. A. workers, and to your other associates.

Affectionately your brother and cousin,

Thorpe B. Isaacson, Assistant to the Council
of the Twelve Apostles

Diana:

I was having difficulty scanning the letters on the last 7 pages. I got the first 2 done but can you scan in the last 5 pages and get them into the document??

Thanks, Joyce

