

## THELL'S MEMORIES

Othello Conrad Bowman was born in Kanab, Utah on April 4, 1888, son of Henry Eyring and Mary Gubler Bowman. He was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church on August 5, 1896 in the millrace where it came out of the Kanab reservoir. I moved with my parents to Provo. It took us two days from Kanab to Beaver where we stayed with Uncle John overnight and he drove us to Milford the next day. There we got on the train. Father shipped our favorite horse, a bay horse, "Old Bill," to Provo with us.

When we arrived in Provo, we went to the hotel until we could find an apartment. I had never tasted bananas at that time and a friend there went to his father's grocery store and bought oranges and bananas—I ate the oranges, but could not eat the bananas.

I am going back and tell a few of the things which I remember in Kanab. I remember when we moved into our new home, which was by far the finest home at that time in Kanab. I remember of Thomas Chamberlain, Patriarch, giving me a patriarchal blessing in this home. He had fasted and asked us to fast.

When Father was called on a mission in 1897, he sold his interest, which was the main interest, in Bowman and Company store to Thomas C. Chamberlain. He was the husband of my wife Grace's oldest sister Mary. I remember attending Grace's ninth birthday before leaving Kanab. I gave her a present which Grandma Gubler gave to me to give to her, which was a "splasher" that went on the wall back of a wash bowl. This, Grandma Gubler had knitted. When we were married in 1909, Grace still had this splasher.

(Back to Provo). When we left the hotel, we moved into an apartment with a widow by the name of Turner. She had a son who owned a dairy and a good-sized farm. Father told him before he left for his mission that he would rather that we work for nothing than to not work at all. So Henry and I used to milk cows night and morning. When it came time to thin

beets, we went out on the farm and thinned beets. We kept track of the number of rows we thinned. He was paying other boys so much a row. When we got through, we thought we had a nice piece of change coming to us, but he would never pay us a cent. He said, "Your father said that you could work for nothing." This disturbed Mother very much. It wasn't long until she found us a new place to live, which was a frame house on 2<sup>nd</sup> West and 5<sup>th</sup> North. It was owned by a sheep man by the name of Bean. He remodeled the house for Mother and made it nice and comfortable. He also built a barn for the horse.

I remember very well about the horse. My brother Henry, every time the fire bell rang, would run and jump on "Old Bill." He pretty near ran over Mother when she tried to stop him from going, but he always went to the fire. Mother couldn't see any use of keeping Old Bill, so she traded him for a cow. This cow was a very good cow. She gave a lot of nice milk. Before mother got the cow, I milked cows for Mr. Bean. I milked three cows and was supposed to have the milk from one. He used to call me "Sall"—everyone called me Thell but him. He would say, "Sall, are you getting enough milk?" I would say, "Yes." He would say, "If you are not, remember you divide the milk so you get what milk you want." In the Spring he used to say to me, "Sall, have you got enough potatoes?" I would say, "Yes." "Well, if you haven't, I always have a sack of potatoes for you." Jim Bean was what you would call a wonderful man in the rough.

I remember he had a big herd of sheep come there in the lot between us and his place. A dog got in there and killed a big bunch of these sheep. He found the dog and brought it home, tied him up and called me. He said, "Sall, is that the dog?" I said, "Yes." So with one shot, he killed the dog.

A family by the name of Boyden lived just kitty-corner from us. He was an Englishman and had a lovely farm. He had an older son by the name of Bill and another son

by the name of Alma, whom we called "Tab." I worked for Brother Boyden during the summertime. He paid me twenty-five cents a day. In those days, twenty-five cents bought a bushel of potatoes, fifty cents bought a bushel of wheat. Three dollars bought a ton of hay. So I was able to get the potatoes for the family and the wheat for the flour for the family, and the hay for the cow. Brother Boyden was just like a father to us. He shared everything with us. We had a lovely garden down on the farm. When they gathered anything from the farm, I always took my share home with me. I remember we had a lot of wonderful radishes—Tab and I pulled these radishes and bunched them up in large bunches to sell for five cents a bunch. He helped pull the radishes, wash them, and bunch them, but he wouldn't go out and sell them. I went out and sold them all—then came back and divided the money with Tab. His father hears about this—I don't know how), but he took the money away from Tab and told him that if he couldn't help sell, he couldn't have the money. He gave it all to me.

I remember working on the farm. At threshing time I used to work on the straw stack. When it can noon, we would all run for the river, which was only about a quarter of a mile away. We would take off our clothes as we went to get in and get the dust off from us. I remember that I couldn't swim. Bill Boyden picked me up and threw me into the hole and just told me to swim or drown. I paddled out. From that time on, I could swim.

A group of us boys used to go up north of town and swim in the old millrace. It was there in the meadow. We used to catch frogs and take off their hind legs, build a fire under the wire fence and roast the frog legs. It was one of the biggest delicacies I ever ate in my life. We also caught some nice trout in this stream. We would take them home to Mother. Mother didn't know that it was out of season, so she cooked the trout and relished them. We never told her.

I remember the first day I went to the Parker School. A young fellow came up and rapped me over the head with a "ginney" club. That was a club which they used to hit a sharpened stick on one end and knock it in the air, then see who could knock it the farthest. I tied into him and had him down and was giving him a good trouncing when the principal came out. The principal took us both inside. The other boy got the dickens. The principal told me that I didn't have to take anything like that from anybody, and to always stick up for my rights.

I also remember when Henry and I had to move to Timpanogos School. When we got down there, the first thing—a big guy picked on me and had me down. Someone ran and called Henry. Henry came running and couldn't pull the fellow off, so he jumped right up on top of him and stomped him. We both got him down and that fellow never tackled us again.

I moved with the family to Old Mexico in July 1900. I well remember on the 17<sup>th</sup> of July we were in El Paso in a hotel down by the railroad tracks. We kept them carrying ice water up all night long and we still couldn't sleep. Finally, we conceived the idea of welling the sheets. We were lying in a bed without a stitch of clothing on. We put the wet sheets over us and the evaporation made I cool enough for us to go to sleep. We went from El Paso, Texas into Old Mexico on the train. At times that train was so slow that you could pretty nearly get out and walk along by the side of it. It took us all day long to go in about one hundred and fifty miles. We were late getting into Colonia Juárez that night and we stayed with Father's uncle, Henry Eyring. We moved from Uncle Henry's place two blocks south into a large red brick home. It was right across the street from cousin Edward Eyring. While we lived in this home, Grandmother Gubler had a terrible fall and it wasn't long until she passed away. It seemed like my heart would break. I just couldn't control myself for days.

Father decided to move to Colonia Dublan. He went down and bought a farm. There was a new brick home on the farm, but it wasn't completely finished. I remember going down each week to help shingle the house. We stayed at the Robinson home. This is where I met Lucile Robinson who later became the first girl I ever took out or dated.

When we moved to Dublan, we worked on the farm. Father established what was called The Union Mercantile. The Union Mercantile took over the Henry Eyring store in Colonia Juárez and also established a branch in Colonia Diaz. Between the three stores, they did a business of around a Million dollars per year at that time. We only kept the farm for two or three years.

I am going to go back and tell about moving the cows from Colonia Juárez to Colonia Dublan. Henry and I moved the cows. We had two burros to ride. The cows would try to get in with other cows and we couldn't make the burros go, so we had to run our legs off. Finally, I got so angry with my burro that I took a twenty-two and instead of shooting him through the head, I just shot him through the ears.

Father decided to move from the farm, so he bought a new home. He bought an entire block one mile south of where we lived on the farm. He built the finest home in Old Mexico. Henry and I had the job of helping to clean up around the home. I got to be friends with the plasterer and learned how to plaster a wall. I was able to put on the first coat before the home was finished.

I graduated from the eighth grade in 1903. The next year, I started to attend the Juárez Stake Academy in Colonia Juárez. I used to ride a horse over to Juárez every Sunday afternoon, then back to Dublan every Friday night. I stayed in Colonia Juárez with Ed Turley, who had married one of Uncle Henry Eyring's daughters. I used to like to go back early on Sunday afternoon. Father used to question me about my wanting to go so early. I

don't believe I ever told him why. The reason was that they had cock fights in old Casa Grandes and I used to like to go and watch them.

In Old Mexico they used to have cock fights. They had roosters which they bred especially for this purpose. They would cut off their natural spurs and just leave the stub. Then they would fasten on a large knife spur. The birds were trained so that one bird would jump over the top of the other. If he could catch that spur in the other bird's side, it would kill the other bird.

Before going to school in Colonia Juárez, we had a baseball team in Colonia Dublan made up of boys from twelve to fourteen years old. I was twelve years old and Henry was fourteen. We were both on the team. We played the Mexican team at Casa Grandes and beat them and then went up to Colonia Juárez and beat the Academy team. We were told that when we went to school we would still play with our own team—but when we beat the Academy team, the President of the school, Guy C. Wilson, said, “No, if we wanted to play baseball, we would have to play on the Academy team.” We took this team down to Colonia Diaz to a General Conference. I went with Father in the buggy and arrived in the afternoon of Friday before Conference. The rest of the team came in a four-horse outfit hitched on a wagon and it took them a little over a day. They came in on Saturday morning. When I went out to the baseball grounds, I told them that I was one of the players. They asked, “What do you hold, Pigtail?” I told them I held first base. They said, “We can't believe that.”

When the team arrived the next day, they weren't going to play us. They weren't going to play a bunch of kids. Here is where Father took our part. He told them, “You don't need to worry about these kids; they will give you a good game.” We went in and the first three innings were just nip and tuck, but after three innings we seemed to get onto the pitcher and we beat them by a large score. Everyone was cheering for the Diaz team, so Father

asked the Dublin people why they didn't cheer for their team. They answered, "Why don't you cheer?" So Father led the cheers and that gave us heart and we went ahead.

Father sent up to the store and bought some lemons. He gave us lemons to suck between innings so we wouldn't get too thirsty. After we got through with the game, the Ascension Mexican team wanted to play us. We didn't want to, but we finally decided to play them three innings. This three innings they beat us...so they wanted us to stay over until Monday and play another game. They wanted us to play over at their town. Father said, "No. We were in a strange field and they would have to come to Diaz if they played us." So they came over on Monday and we played them and beat them. I well remember on the Saturday night after we had played the twelve innings of baseball, we had a big party up at the Johnson home where I was staying. I was so tired that I went into the other room, just thought I would rest a little bit, but I went to sleep and never woke up until after the party was over.

This experience in Diaz got Father interested in baseball. When we got back to Colonia Dublin, he organized what we called the U.M. or Union Mercantile team. He took our old gloves and discarded them and bought us entirely new outfits and suits...so we were well equipped. I don't ever remember of losing a game after that. We finally went out to El Paso for a tournament. The rules were that you had to play with a team sixty days in order to be eligible to play with the team. Father imported a player from one of the bush leagues to come in and coach us a little on professional baseball. He came in and stayed with us for two months and we played all the way through.

We went out to El Paso and the pressure was very great. The big leagues had just broken up, so they allowed the different teams to ship in some of the big league pitchers. Christie Matheson, who was probably one of the best pitchers in history, was hired by the El

Paso Club. Christie told them right from the start..."I'll pitch on Saturday, I'll pitch on Monday, but I go to church on Sunday." They shipped in Jimmie Scott from the Chicago Cubs and Udell, who was one of the great strike-out pitchers who had gone down to bush leagues. I remember very well these games. I knocked what should have been a home run off from Christie Matheson, but they held me at third base. I was too slow—I run awfully hard, but not very fast. Christie Matheson said, "Listen kid, there aren't many of the big boys that get that kind of a rap off from me." We took third place in this tournament. Father hired another pitcher to go with Leon Pratt. Leon Pratt went to the bush leagues in California after playing with us in El Paso.

Rube Wadell came around all the time in big cowboy boots and hat, spurs on and carrying a lariat. At this time there was a World Rodeo going on over at Ciudad Juárez. Rube Wadell was rooming with a man by the name of Gilroy in the Shelton Hotel. He came home drunker than a Lark and came into the hotel and crawled in bed with Gilroy and wet the bed — clear down into an open suitcase, and got all the clothes wet. Gilroy couldn't wake Wadell up. He made so much noise that the manager came up and gave Gilroy another room the next morning. Gilroy went in there madder than a wet hen and stomped on Wadell. He opened his eyes, rubbed them and looked around and saw the situation and said, "I'll match you to see who done it."

When I was fourteen years old, I started to work in the store. First I had worked some on the dray, but I started to work in the store. I was soon trained to do the marking, which is, opening up the goods and putting the cost, wholesale and retail prices on them. Father trained me for this job. I took the place of another man. I held this job up until the time that I went on my mission, except when I was in school. One thing of interest there in the store was the burro trains which would come from the center of Sonora. There would be fifty or

sixty burros loaded down with tobacco leaves. They used to camp in the campground across the road from the store, then they would want to trade tobacco for merchandise. Orin Romney used to do the trading; I helped sometimes to do this. It was very interesting. Sometimes it would take two or three days to make a trade with them, but after we did, they had not only traded all of their tobacco, but they had all of their belts loaded down with silver and Mexican dollars—so we got a lot of fine business from this Sonora burro train.

While working in the store, Father tired the son of the tax collector, Enrique Partio, to work in the store for us. He was always cutting up pranks. Whenever Father came around, everything was stopped. Father was a man who had great discipline. Whenever he came around, nothing went on but business. Enrique Partio used to say, “We have to put a bell on Boss Bowman, so we can hear him coming.” He was, as I said, a great hand to pull pranks. A Chinaman came into the store and bought a big bill of merchandise. Enrique Partio helped him out of the store and to get on his old, gray horse. He helped tie on the big bundles of merchandise and so on and so forth. All the time he was helping the Chinaman, he put some High-Life on the horse. This caused a freezing sensation and made the horse pitch. So it just strong the Chinaman and all the merchandise clear up the road. Some of the clerks went out and helped the Chinaman gather it up. The next day the Chinaman came back to the store, but he had a shotgun with him. Believe me, Enrique Partio surely made himself scarce.

Enrique went on with his pranks on a holiday up at Old Casa Grandes. He put some High-Life on the Hefto Politico's horse; which is the Mayor of the town. The Mayor was thrown off. Enrique didn't come to work the next morning. He was up there in Casa Grandes in jail.

When I first started working in the store, Father explained everything to me. By way of explanation, there was no bank in Colonia Dublan and the tithing account was kept in the

store. Our bookkeeper was Joe Done. Father said to me, "Son, there is this matter of tithing. Any money which comes to me, I instruct Joe to credit the tithing account first. This is a good way to do. Then you are not spending money which doesn't belong to you." I can truthfully say that from that day until this, I have never failed to pay an honest tithing.

I was always very active in the Church. At fourteen years old I started to teach Sunday School in the Dublan Ward. When I was sixteen years old I was made a member of the Stake Board of the Sunday School. We used to go with a horse and buggy over to the neighboring towns and stay over Sunday. I didn't only have to talk a few minutes in Sunday School, but usually had to talk in Church, which was really quite a task for me at that age.

At nineteen years of age I was made President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. I had as counselor, William Sears, who was a married man probably ten years older than I. Lott Harris, my second counselor, was four or five years older than I. I held this position until I left to go to Provo to attend the B.Y.U.

While at Provo, I met Grace Woolley, who as I have related previously, lived in Kanab. She had come up to Provo to go to school. It wasn't long until I started to keep steady company with Grace. In doing so, I had to walk if I went and got her and took her up to the B.Y.U to a dance, then take her back home; by the time I got home I would have walked over fifty blocks. Henry thought that wasn't any good, so he went and found us a place over with Sister Farnsworth, whose home was only two blocks from where Grace lived. Before leaving school, it was in 1907 and 1908 that I was at school at the B.Y.U. that year, I was engaged to Grace. I went down to the Jensen Jewelry store and bought a twenty-five dollar diamond on time. Mr. Jensen had never met me before, but he let me have the ring and I told him I would pay him when I got back to Old Mexico.

At this time, Henry was married to Eva Done. He went up and was married in the Salt Lake Temple. They came back and Sister Farnsworth gave a nice reception for him. President Brimhall was in attendance. He just lived across the road from Sister Farnsworth. He wanted to marry Grace and I right there, which we, of course, refused to do. We were married the next year on June 23, 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple.

I went home from Provo, after attending the B.Y.U., and met Father in El Paso. As usual, he picked up some wedding rings to take in to sell in the store. I remember him asking me in Spanish if I needed one. I told him, "Not yet, but soon." When I got home I had the hardest time to tell Mother that I was engaged to Grace. She just simply didn't want to listen to it. However, after I did, she was very cooperative.

Before leaving Mexico I made arrangements to meet my two brothers-in-law on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon at the El Trovar Hotel. They were to take me across the canyon to Kanab, so to save the long trip around through California and down through Salt Lake City. I was to wire them when I would be there, which I did. The people at the Hotel, who also kept the Post Office, didn't deliver the message. So my brothers-in-law went back to Kanab without me. When I got into the El Trovar Hotel and had breakfast, I found that I had no way to get into Kanab. So I had to take the train back down and to California through Colton and up to Salt Lake and down to Marysvale. At Marysvale I took the stage to go to Kanab. I remember going down through Circleville Canyon. It was so cold that I wrapped myself up in a horse blanket. The next morning for breakfast all they had was black bread and coffee, so I didn't have any breakfast. By the time I got into Panguitch I went over to see Father's sister for a short visit and didn't get anything to eat in Panguitch. When I got down to Seaman's Ranch they were having a big dinner. The mailman had told me that they probably wouldn't let me in at Seaman's Ranch, but they knew that I was coming. They let

me in the home all right, but they sat there and ate that hot meal and I sat and watched them. I hadn't had anything to eat since the day before. So I will never forget the Seamans. The Seamans called up on the phone and told the folks in Kanab that I was on my way. When we got to Mt. Carmel it was at ten o'clock at night and there was no place to stay. I told the lady at the Post Office, "I just have to get inside. Can't I just come in and stay in the Post Office?" I had a light summer suit on. She went and pulled one of her children out of bed and I crawled in where she took the boy out. The next morning we left at four o'clock for Kanab.

We went up over the sand. It was such heavy pulling for the team that we had to walk. When we got over to Three Lakes, they changed horses on the mail stage. Then we went on into Kanab in pretty good shape.

I stayed in Kanab about two weeks, then Joseph Woolley, Grace's brother, took a covered wagon and his mother inside with us to Salt Lake City. We stopped the first night at the MacDonald Ranch. There is where we found real hospitality. I never had seen or known more hospitable people than the MacDonald people. Their son and daughter worked for me later in the store; we were always good friends.

When we got up to the Seaman Ranch, she pretended to be glad to see me, jumped up, threw her arms around me and kissed me. I still remember that I didn't get any dinner at the Seaman Ranch. We took the wagon and went on into Marysvale. I will never forget the mosquitoes where we stopped up in Circleville overnight and slept out in the wagon. When we got to Marysvale, Joseph Woolley picked up gasoline in five gallon cans, enough gasoline to scatter along the way so that Gordon Woolley, a nephew of Grace's father, took the first cars to go to the Grand Canyon on the North Rim side.

We took the train on into Salt Lake City and stayed at Grace's father's sister's, Aunt Rachel Simmons. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 23, 1909 by Grace's father's brother, Uncle John Woolley. After we got through the temple, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon, we went back to Aunt Rachel's and there she had a big dinner for us. We stayed there that night. The next day we left for Old Mexico on the train.

We had a Pullman on the train. I said to the Porter, "You see that girl down there?" He said, "Yes." I said, "We were just married; not you take care of her." I slipped him a dollar. If Grace started to nod, a pillow went under her head. She was treated royally all the way into El Paso.

When we got to Dublan they certainly rolled out the Red Carpet for us! Father and Mother gave us a big reception. It wasn't as we have receptions now; it was a full-cooked turkey and chicken dinner. There were one hundred and twenty people who were invited to this dinner. They served it in three different servings to take care of all the people, so you can imagine what kind of a reception we had.

Father turned over his office in the home and let us have it for a kitchen. So we had our bedroom upstairs and our kitchen downstairs. We were very comfortable.

Going back for a few instances earlier in Colonia Dublan: When we were still down on the farm, Mother had the Allred girls work for her, first the older girl and later the younger girl. They were both what we called "goosey." I used to run my thumbs up their ribs and they would jump and so forth. One day the older girl had fainted. She was lying on the floor; I went in and "goosed" her and she didn't even wake up, so I was really frightened and ran for Mother.

Later on I was teasing the other girl. She was twice as big as I was. I ran out the back door and out into the orchard. The trouble was there was a high board fence with a wire

on top of it all around the orchard. She finally caught me and shoved my head between her legs and did I get a spanking!

When we had moved up in our new home, we had a girl by the name of Leah Jamison working for us. She was a little five by five. She kept doing something to me. I told her if she did it again, I would stick her in the sink. She did it, so I picked her right up and set her up in the sink and turned the cold water twp right in the V of her dress and let it run until it came clear out onto the floor. This caused a water fight. Mother got in on this water fight. I ran into the bedroom where there were carpets, and of course they wouldn't throw any water in there. We kept teasing back and forth and finally I got a little too close and started back to the bedroom and slipped on the bathroom linoleum and fell and Mother poured a big bucket of water right over the top of me.

One night I was in the sitting room and was teasing Aunt Lottie, and Mother got so perturbed that she picked up the poker and hit me right across the forehead and raised a welt about the size of my finger. Mother cried, and I laughed, but I didn't tease Aunt Lottie anymore that night.

I remember the Christmas of 1906. We boys all wanted to go hunting quail that morning. Father wouldn't let us to until or wouldn't open the Christmas presents until Aunt Lottie and Louise Hansen, who was Aunt Lottie's close friend, came down from upstairs. This one Christmas instead of having a tree, we had a big barrel like we used to pack vases in. All the presents were down in the barrel. The barrel was clear full of presents. We kept calling Aunt Lottie and Louise... and Louise was the most bashful person I ever saw, to get up. They wouldn't get up.

I finally went up there and threw the covers back and stood Louise up out in the middle of the floor in her nightgown. You never saw anyone so embarrassed in your life!

She tried to crawl under the bed, she tried to crawl everywhere, but I just told her, "Now you get dressed and get dressed quick." Aunt Lottie laughed like anything, but they both got dressed and came down. We had our Christmas packages and opened them and then went quail hunting. We got a good lot of quail that morning.

We had a horse by the name of Old Dick. He was a Bay horse, 7/8 thoroughbred. He was not a very large horse, weighed about 900 to 1,000 pounds. We used to work him on the dray. He could run. The Mexicans used to come with their fancy horses, and we used to say "Oh, that old Bay horse there with a harness on could beat yours." They always used to say, "Bet you Cinco Pesos." (Bet you five dollars.) We would take the harness off Old Dick and leave the blind bridle on him and go out across the tracks and always beat those Mexicans. We always entered Old Dick in the races on the holidays. Everybody was determined that they would beat Old Dick. The Hurst brothers had a little thoroughbred mare that they had chipped in and bought. She was a beauty, a gray mare. So they matched Old Dick with this gray mare on the holiday of 16<sup>th</sup> of September. I took the shoes off from Old Dick. We trained him all the time and got him in good shape to run. But at the same time, we would work him on the dray until the day before. I took his shoes off and trimmed down his feet and a man by the name of Nate Tenney rode him in the race. Nate Tenney was the grandfather of the boy who rode Swaps, who took the Kentucky Derby.

When the race started, Old Dick out-started the gray mare and was leading her right along. When they got in front of our place, Nate Tenney broke his quirt and the little gray mare passed him. O I felt so bad, I just sunk in my shoes. But when they announced the outcome, Old Dick had beaten her. I said to Nate Tenney, "What did you do after you broke your quirt?" He said, I just talked to the Old Son of a B.

After this race, I didn't want to have Father get Old Dick shod, so I took and shod him without taking him to the Blacksmith shop. I got a hammer and a rasp and pinchers and put the shoes back on. When Father said, "Who shod Old Dick?" I said, "I did." From then on, I always shod the horses; they never went to the Blacksmith shop after that. So that was a good lesson for me.

Speaking of races...I had a tally team, a gray horse and a little bay mare. Neither one of them would weigh 800 pounds, but they were fast. It was eighteen miles over to Colonia Juárez and I have driven it from Colonia Juárez to Dublan in an hour and a quarter more than once with this team. So I entered the little gray horse in the races and he flew around the track. They then wanted me to enter the little bay mare. We had had some trouble with them running away with the buggy, so I didn't want to run her anymore, because she was getting so that my wife Grace couldn't drive them. So, I didn't enter her in the race. Bill Done's mare ran the races on the 16<sup>th</sup> of September at this time.

The next day when I came home from the store, Harold came running up to me and said, "If I tell you something, won't you tell?" I said, "What is it:?" He said, "Won't you tell?" I said, "What is it?" He said, "Old Dolly beat the old mare two open lengths."

When I was about eighteen, I went on a big bear hunt with Ammon Tenney. Ammon Tenney was a man who took hunters out into the wilds. We went up into the mountains and pitched camp, then Tenney went down to the railroad station and brought in Tom Greer and an Old Sheriff from Arizona to go on this bear hunt. They were tired when they got to camp, so the next day Tenney and I took a couple of bear traps with us and went out to hunt a deer for meat, and of course, if we saw a bear, we wanted a bear. We had gone up and gotten a deer and took the best part of the deer, the hind quarter, the loins, and set the traps with the others.

The way we set up traps, we piled up logs in a V shape, then set the trap down in the V and put meat on the inside of the V. We had a clevis and fastened this clevis to a young sapling about ten or twelve feet long. When the bear hit the trap, he was turned square loose; he would run with this sapling and he would get tangled up in the trees and finally when he became exhausted, he would stop and you would get him the next morning.

We had set a couple of traps and were going up a little canyon. The wind was blowing down the canyon toward us. All at once we looked up and we saw a big bear with his nose in the air sniffing. We could tell he had smelled us, but wasn't quite sure. We both jumped off from our horses and ran to the clearing so we could see. I beat Tenney to the clearing, but he just rolled up there to the clearing and pulled his gun to his shoulder and down went the old bear. I never got a bead on it.

I ran up toward the bear and Tenney yelled, "You come back here." I said, "I am going to get those little cubs." Two little cubs started up a tree. I said, "I am going to get those little cubs." He said, "You come back here." He just wouldn't let me go until he was sure that bear was dead. The cubs ran up the tree, which was a big yellow pine. It was at least 100 feet high. It was about 30 or 35 feet to the first limbs.

I tied a lariat on my belt, took off my shoes, and went up that tree. Tenney said I had nails just like a cat. Anyway, I climbed the tree and got up to the top where those bear were. They would act like they were going to jump all over me and just blow right in my face. I finally got a rope on one and pulled him off the limb. I let him down when I got down to the first limbs as the rope was long enough and Tenney went to put a strap on him so I could have my rope to get the other bear. That little old bear just tried to eat Tenney up. He bit holes through his shoes and tore his pants; finally he just got him down and stomped on him and got a long strap on him and tied him so I could get the other bear down.

We got both of the bear down. We skinned the old mother bear. We had a hard time getting the hide tied onto the back of the saddle of Tenney's horse, because horses are afraid of bears. We finally got that done. We hog-tied the little bears, that is, we tied three legs together just like you tie a calf in a rodeo. I handed Tenney his bear on his horse. Then I had a crop-eared gray horse which I had to get on. He was afraid of the bear, so I took hold of the saddle and the bridle and tried to swing in the stirrup and he kept moving away from me. Finally I swung into the stirrup and this little bear bit right in the middle of the neck of the horse. That horse went into the air and threw that little bear about ten feet into the air. So we both got off and we put a muzzle on this little bear so it couldn't bite and tied the other legs together and I got on the horse all right that time. It was about ten or twelve miles to camp and the bears never quit bawling all the way to camp. That night we just spread out the old bear and these little bears were content to sleep right there on their mother's hide.

I took one of these bears home with me. We tied him on a wood rack and a Mexican went with me and we took him right on down to Dublin. We had a lot of fun with this bear. We had him staked down in the orchard. He would just go back and forth, back and forth. When a dog would come, he would just sit up on his hind legs and drop his head and was so innocent like the dog could go up and smell him, then he would just slap that dog at the side of the head. The dog would certainly yelp.

I used to take this little bear with me over to the store and around. I just had what we called a dog chain on him. He was all right for me. He would sit up for me, shake hands, and do a lot of tricks. But if he ever got close to a tree, he seemed to get the wild spirit and try to go up the tree. Then I would have trouble. This day he just made right for me and tried to get loose. I just kept jerking him back. I picked up an apple limb and just knocked

him down, finally the chain broke. He ran up a tree, the tope of an apple tree. I had to rope him and get him back out.

Finally one day he got up on the water tank. I went up after him and jerked him out right on top of me. So I have scars on my wrists and different places where I tangled with this bear.

We shipped him out to El Paso. We got him in a box and put him on the train. The express agent didn't have us get the slats quite close enough, so the bear got his head through the slats. We had to get his head back through and boarded up, so he was a mad bear before he started. All the way out, every time the express man went by the box, the bear would try to jump and get him. When he got out in El Paso, Tom Greer, who had been on the hunt with us, came over there with the buggy, and before getting him out, put a muzzle on him and a chain. He tied him to the back of the buggy. The last time the express man saw him, the bear had hold of the back wheel of the buggy and wouldn't let the wheel turn around. Tom Greer had the bear there at the livery stable and he took a buggy whip and just whipped him until he said that he didn't bother anyone. I wanted to sell him. Tom Greer said he had been offered \$500 for him. I said, "Now listen, you just give me half that much and you keep the bear." He didn't. The bear finally got kicked by a horse and was killed.

In the fall of 1909 my wife, Grace, took typhoid. She was very, very ill. In fact, she was unconscious; she didn't know anyone. Instead of the fever breaking up when it should, she had the second run of the fever. The doctors were doing everything they could for her. Father and I administered to her every day. One day I anointed her and Father sealed the anointing and promised her that she would get well. She had two runs of the fever, but the next day or very soon after that, when Father anointed her and I sealed the anointing, I had the same feeling that Father did. I could have promised her, but I was just too young and I

didn't promise her that she would get well, but I was sure that she would in my own heart.

The doctor sent the bishop to me to prepare me to lose her. I told the bishop, "Bishop, just as sure as you are standing there, Grace is going to get well." He tried to explain to me, he said, "Sometimes you know, in administering we get overanxious, especially those in the family, and we promise things which aren't to be. If it isn't the Lord's will, she won't get well. We just wanted to prepare you to lose her." I said, "I know she will get well."

When the fever broke, she just lay there. The doctor gave her a stimulant that I had to give her every hour or two, I don't remember exactly how often. But I sat and watched that girl all night long and never closed my eyes. She just gradually got better. To show you how ill she was, it was over three months before she could even walk. I would put her in the rocking chair and would take her out to the dining room. Then I started taking her for a buggy ride out in the sun. I would carry her out to the buggy, at first I would just have to bring her right back. Finally, she got so we could take a nice ride. Every day when we would come back in she would say, "Let me try to walk." I would hold her up and she would try to stand alone and she just couldn't. It was three months before she could walk.

After I started working in the store, probably a year after I had been there, and was fully acquainted with my job, when the Christmas goods came in, Father came out with a list of Christmas presents for four families who lived in Colonia Dublan. He said, "When you open the goods, you set these presents away for the children of these families." I thought..."Going to give them the first choice?" He said, "Yes! we want them to have as nice a toys as we have."

On Christmas Eve we put these toys in a box and filled a big box with groceries, just all I could lift, and took these boxes and put them in the back of the delivery wagon. Father told me where to take them. He said, "You don't tell anyone about this. This is between you

and me.” I don't think Mother even knew that Father did this. We took these groceries down to these people. I just knocked on the door and put the box in there. They just thanked me and thanked me. They expected it. Father did this all the time for underprivileged people.

Whenever a person who worked in the store got sick, even though he might be off two or three months, he got his paycheck every month. I said to Father, “How can you do that?” Father said, “He needs the money worse now than he does when he is working.” Father always took care of people. He said about John Prows' wife and three or four children when John was on a mission, Father said, “Everybody feels sorry for Eleanor. The way to be sorry for Eleanor is to take her a thousand pounds of flour in the fall.” That was the kind of a father I had.

When the women folks had to leave Colonia Dublan, they went out on the train on boxcars, flatcars, anyway they could get there. Father and my brother Henry, who was a broker there in Ciudad Juárez and El Paso and that was his business to get the people through the Custom House and other things, worked all night to get these women folk through the Custom House. You know, Mexicans don't work all night unless they get paid for it. Father tipped these Mexicans when they got all through. The next morning President A. W. Ivins' picture came out in the El Paso paper and said he had come down from Salt Lake and had gotten all the women folks out of the Colonies and safe into El Paso. My brother Henry just blew his top. He thought that was the worst thing he had ever heard of. Father said, “Now listen son, just let me tell you one thing...there is no end to how much good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit.”

In the fall of 1910 I got a letter from Box B – that is a letter from the First Presidency calling me on a mission to the Swiss and German Mission. I left in October for this mission in a company with Clarence Cardon. Two of us were going to the same mission. We went

ahead of the company to New York, because we wanted to visit New York and I wanted to get some clothes in Chicago from the Marshall-Field Company, with whom we did business out of the store in Dublin. So we went to Chicago and fitted up with clothes and from there to New York. We were in the hotel when the company came in from Salt Lake. Most of them had been sitting up all night; they hadn't taken a Pullman, so they went to bed. During the night some of the other boys had been out and they tried to wake up a roommate who had gone in and gone to bed. They were up on the eleventh floor of the hotel and they made so much noise that they came clear up from the office. They thought that there must be something the matter with that fellow, so they got the skeleton keys and went in. There was nothing wrong, only that he had sat up from Salt Lake City to New York and was so exhausted that he couldn't be wakened up.

Clarence Cardon, we called him Clad, was the kind of a fellow who didn't mix too well. So he advised that we just keep away from these boys. We went on to Montreal together ahead of the company, and never really got into the company until we got onto the steamship.

We took the S.S. McGuddick out of Montreal and sailed down the St. Lawrence River and went into the Atlantic, from there over to Liverpool. We had a very rough sea. Clad wasn't sick at all, the ocean didn't seem to bother him at all, but it certainly bothered me. There was a Scotch lady there who was having trouble too. She and I walked the deck there for two or three hours trying to keep from getting sick, but we finally both went down. I went into the cabin. I just laid in that cabin all the way over. Every time I would think I was feeling all right, if I would raise up on my elbow, here that sickness would come. At first I was afraid I would die and toward the last I got to where I was afraid I wouldn't die, I wanted to get out of it so badly.

We got into Liverpool and were met there by the head of the European Mission and were shifted from there over into France. We went across the English Channel and there they just closed down the boat and we were under the water as much as we were on top. That was the first time that Clad knew there was such a thing as seasickness, but he went down along with the rest of us on that boat.

We went into Paris and Dr. Barker, who was later the Professor of Languages at the University of Utah and later at B.Y.U., was in Paris getting his Doctor's Degree in the French language. He was a cousin of Chad's so we saw Paris with Dr. Barker as our guide. Did we see Paris...he just took us everywhere in a taxi. We had a very lovely time in Paris.

From Paris we went right straight to Zurich, Switzerland, which was the headquarters of the Swiss-German Mission at that time. I was sent down to Bern and Clad was sent down to the French part of the mission in Neufchatel. I labored in Bern for nine months. I was met at the train by the conference president and Lawrence Adams. They immediately took me down to what we call lower-Bern, down near the river bottoms. I got a very nice room owned by a wonderful lady, who wasn't a member of the Church, but it was a nice, clean room. They just said, here's your room. We see you up at a certain restaurant the next day at noon. I have never been sicker in my life than I was that night...

homesickness I mean. I hadn't had a word from home, since I had left home; I expected a letter at Zurich, but the folks had been waiting for me to send an address. I spent a night which I shall never forget.

The next morning I went to the restaurant and met the folks and got in and tried to do a good job of missionary work while I was at Bern. We used to tract alone at that time. They gave me a sentence, which was...Brittlebeanen desies..."Please read this." I just took the tracts and went from door to door and handed out tracts. If they invited me in, I would

just go in and sit; that was about all I could do, because I didn't have the language. I soon found a German who wanted to learn English; we exchanged lessons, which helped me very much.

The Branch President there was about ready to go home too, and they weren't doing very much missionary work. I was really discouraged to see the way things were going there. I had a lot of time to read. I read every Church book I could get my hands on, which helped me in my mission after that. Whenever I spoke in a meeting, it was through an interpreter until I finally went to conference over at Basel. I remember Art Woolley was there with President McKay. Art was Grace's brother; he was a very good speaker and President McKay used to take him with him on these conferences. I remember sitting up at the front at the side of Art Woolley and that was the first time that I tried to speak without an interpreter. I was called on to speak, Art gave my leg a squeeze and said, "Now do your stuff Thell." I got by pretty well, I believe. I talked for about ten minutes.

After nine month in Bern I was sent up to Cologne, Germany on the Rhine. There I was Branch President. I had two other Elders working with me. We had a nice branch there in Cologne and had meetings. We got out and really went to work and had some success. I was able to meet a family, a tailor, the man, wife, and three little girls. He just ate everything up which we gave him. We gave him all the tracts, then we gave him the *Book of Mormon* and came back in a week and he had already read the *Book of Mormon*. We gave him the *Doctrine and Covenants*; he read that the same way. He had gone from one church to another, so he wanted to wait and not be baptized for sometime until he was sure he had found the truth. He would bear his testimony, he paid his tithing, and soon after I left the Cologne mission, he and his whole family were baptized. We had some other baptisms there in Cologne, but up to that time they had never baptized a native of Cologne. Cologne was

strictly Catholic; the missionaries had never been able to penetrate to a person who had been born and raised in Cologne, and none had been baptized in the Church there.

We continued to have a nice branch in the Cologne area, which was well attended and the Saints were very cooperative. I still remember them very well, especially Brother Hartman and his family where we used to always eat our Sunday dinner at his home. He was a postman and didn't have too much income, but he used to really put on a spread. We tried to criticize him and he said, "We have to have one good meal a week, why not have it when the Elders are here?"

I labored in Cologne about ten months and was transferred from there over to the Wuppertal. The Wuppertal River runs between Marmond and Eberfeldt. The river is dry most of the time. Over this river from Marmond to Eberfeldt and beyond is what they called the Sweibebaund. It is a railroad and the cars just swing in the air. There is one track over the top. This train traveled at the rate of a mile per minute through the different towns. It was good transportation and cheap transportation.

In Marmond we lived with a family by the name of Paul Swartz. He was the man in whose name the Church was registered. It had to be registered in a local man's name. He was a very faithful member and a very capable member. They were meeting in Marmond in a private home with an attendance of ten or twelve people. We immediately got busy and hired a place to meet. We would go through a beautiful garden and in the back of this lot was a hall which hadn't been used for quite some time. We Elders got busy and cleaned it up, painted it, and got out and got to tracting and really working. It wasn't too long until we had about one hundred members attending Sacrament Meeting with about half of them investigators. We were very much thrilled with the progress we were making. One evening when we were just starting meeting a great big, tall policeman came in the back door. This

was unusual, as they usually sent detectives to investigate our meetings. I sent this policeman down a songbook and went on with the meeting. I called upon Brother Schwartz who ordinarily would talk an hour, or fifteen minutes, or whatever you told him. He was very fluent and well-versed in the Gospel. I told him we wanted him to take up the time, that we didn't want the policeman to hear us Americans talk so that he wouldn't have anything against us. Brother said, "All right." But he stood up and he would stand on one foot, then on the other and he didn't last two minutes. He just couldn't talk — he was so frightened that the policeman was going to arrest us Elders. So I called on Brother Smith who had been in the mission field about twenty-seven months and was about ready to go home. "I told him, you take up the time. There is no use of me talking."

Up until this time I had never talked in a meeting over ten or fifteen minutes. I had always prepared my talks beforehand and more or less memorized them because I had not been in the mission field too long and wasn't too fluent in German. Brother Smith did the same thing. He didn't talk over two or three minutes. I almost said out loud, "Lord, held me." I just gave a silent prayer. I walked out in front of the stage and I talked for over fifty minutes. It just seemed like I was standing in mid-air. I had to look down to see if my feet were on the floor. After the meeting was over and the policeman left, the Saints and friends came rushing up to me and said, "Brother Bowman, we never knew that you could talk German like that. We have never heard you." Sister Schwartz said, "He can't. That is the first time I have ever heard him talk German like that." From that time forth, I never had any trouble with the German language. It was just really talking in tongues; it was such a blessing to me.

The next morning a detective came up to the house where we lived and told Brother Schwartz that we would have to leave Marmond. They wouldn't arrest us, but would give us

three days to get out. So we moved over to Eberfeldt just on the other side of the river. We had a nice place to stay there.

In Eberfeldt we continued our tracting, but we would go over and hold our meetings in Marmond every Sunday, just the same as before, only we didn't live there. We didn't have a meetinghouse or meeting place in Eberfeldt. My missionary companion's name was

. He was a musician. He had had an orchestra of his own before he came on a mission. He brought with him his clarinet. Each day he would take out his clarinet and he taught me to beat time in leading the songs. This went on for probably a couple of months. Every day he would insist that I come and beat time. I learned all the hymns and to beat time. I found out later why this was. It seems that God moves in a mysterious way. We hadn't been in Eberfeldt too long until we got a telegram from our District President, Victor Sears. This telegram said, "Skedaddle, skidoo, the bulls have your number." Of course, we knew what this meant. We immediately packed up and left Eberfeldt and moved over to Dortmund, Germany. Dortmund was a big steel manufacturing plant in Germany. We had a branch in Dortmund and also in the next town, Heinna. We worked back and forth there. We had another Elder who joined us there by the name of Pusoudsky. He was a native of Poland, but had been in America for a long time.

We labored there in Heinna and Dortmund and also down in Essen, where the big Croupe Steel gun manufacturing company was. I had charge of all these branches there in that area—about five or six of them. We got along very well. This was one time in Dortmund that we didn't have an organist. I had taken music when I was a youngster in Old Mexico, so I went down to the church every day during the week for an hour and practiced so that I could play the organ for hymns in our church services at Dortmund.

We had been over to Hernoa one evening to a Bible class. After we dismissed the Bible class and were on our way home, we were picked up by the police on the street there. At this time I had an Elder by the name of Brother Meyer with me. Brother Pusoudsky lived there in Heinna and he wasn't with me. There were two of us together and they took us and locked us up. I said to the policeman, "Just put us in one cell, so we could be together." When we got into the cell, this Brother Meyer began to cry. He was a native of Switzerland, but left there when he was three years old. I told him what a big boob he was, but he just thought he was the most persecuted person in the world. I told him it was just another experience. We slept in the jail there, which had just a hardboard bed with a couple of blankets. The next morning the policeman called through the hole in the door, "Get up!" Meyer landed out in the middle of the floor and I just sat there. Pretty soon they came along with black coffee and black bread. I didn't want any and wouldn't take any, but Meyer seemed to think he had to take it. He munched a little on the bread, but didn't drink the coffee.

Soon, a detective came and took us over to Bochum, which was the County seat. He offered to buy out breakfast, but we figured we wouldn't be in very long and so we told him no, we would go along. We went over and met the Chief of Police there. I told him who we were and left him some tracts and gave him quite an extensive interview. Then they took us in to a Police Sergeant who was to make out the banishing paper. He was very, very aggressive, and said right off the bat (German) "So sind the vedamten Mormonam."

I replied, "Nich miervedamed als sil." Translated, "So you are the Damned Mormons."

I said, "No more damned than you are."

He said, "What is your name?" I said, "It geat sie nich on..." "It's none of your business."

He said, "You go stand in the corner with your face to the wall."

I said, "I am no school kid." So he was very aggravated with me. Then he started questioning Meyers and Meyers was going to answer his questions.

I said, "You shut up; he doesn't know our names and he doesn't know where we live and we are not telling him." So he took us down and locked us up. They took our suspenders, our belts, and our shoelaces so we couldn't hang ourselves and they left us there in prison until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we were given three days to get out of Prussia.

After we got out of there we walked quite a ways to where we had some Saints, and they gave us something to eat. Of course, we immediately had to leave Dortmund. We went from there over to Zwickau in East Germany.

There we had a large branch. We went to the man in whose name it was registered, Brother Hornakel. As soon as we came into Brother Hornakel, he greeted us warmly and asked me if I could lead the Choir. I didn't answer him; I just pushed it off. Pretty soon a few more members came in and they said, "Can you lead a choir?" I still evaded it, but pretty soon the whole room was full and everyone wanted to know, "Could I lead the choir?" I finally said, "Ya Bold." or "Yes Sir." So my training in Eberfeldt was meant to help me in Zwickau.

We had a large branch in Zwickau. We couldn't work right in the town because detectives were so numerous, so we worked in the outer villages. On our way out one day we spotted a detective following us, so we went around the lake, which was right in the middle of town, and went over there and hired a boat and went out on the lake. The detective

sat out there and watched us and watched us so he could pick us up when we came in. We just rowed around on the far side of the lake until he finally went out of sight. So we just tied the boat up to the bushes on the side of the lake and got out and took the train and left town. He never did catch us.

In meeting one Sunday, we always had two programs. I took charge if there were no detectives there, and if any detectives came in, Brother Hornakel took right over. One day I was leading the choir and the detective came in. Brother Hornakel gave me the sign. So I just slumped down in my seat and he went on with the program and I didn't talk in meeting at all. I had a German cape. As soon as the meeting was over, I just threw the cape over my shoulders and went down and picked up a baby from one of the sisters so it looked like it was my baby. I walked out past the detective and still didn't get caught.

After thirty months I received my release and went back to Cologne, Germany before departing. In Marmond I had a family by the name of Forsythe. He wasn't a member of the Church, but he was a bond keeper and was very friendly to us, and we ate many meals with him. On our days off on Saturdays, he used to take us to the old castles and we saw a good deal of the ancient life of Germany. He and another companion went with us and we started to travel and went from there to Paris.

We were in Paris for several days, then left the one man, and the two of us went on touring down through Southern Germany and all down through Italy. He was a very fine traveling companion. Whenever we went into a hotel, he always went in first. He was a bond keeper, so he always got the hotel for us at about half price. I taught him one trick, however; we always bought third class tickets, which were hard seats, but we always rode up in either second or first class because those seats were soft. All we had to do was when the

Conductor would come along, slip him a couple of Marks (about 50¢), and we had good seats all the way.

We toured Italy and especially Rome. We toured Rome with Thomas Cook and sons. They had the buggies there and took us around. The guide was a professor from the University there. He spoke English and I translated that into German and we both took notes. Then at night we compared our notes and we had a good diary of this trip.

We went from there over into Pompeii, which was destroyed by the volcano Vesuvius. It was very interesting to see the different things there. Father had told me to go to Pompeii, to take a guide and to have no women there. Going into those houses you could see why the Lord had destroyed Pompeii, because it was so corrupt and so immoral that you just couldn't believe it.

I had my ticket already purchased before I left Zwickau for the United States. So I took the boat at Naples and Mr. Forsythe wanted to loan me some money, as I only had about \$6 or \$7 left. I told him "No, I have seen missionaries borrow money from Saints when they went home, then never return it and it did more harm than good." He said, "Well, if I lose a little money, it wouldn't hurt me any. I have plenty of money." But I didn't borrow any money.

When I got on the boat, they had my steamer trunk down in the compartment with seven Italians. I just told the German steward to not put my stuff in there until I saw the head steward. I went to the head steward and laid five liras down, which was equal to one dollar, and asked him what he could do for a countryman. He said, "Just wait until I get through with this mob and I will take care of you." So he gave me a cabin over in First Class, just through the door. Every morning the steward there brought me down a breakfast of fried

potatoes, a little Filet Mignon steak and some orange juice. So that lasted me most of the time for nearly all day.

The second class, on which I was supposed to be traveling, they had cleared the decks of everything, all the carpets, all the drapes, and everything was taken off because it was filled with Italians immigrating to the United States. They were riding second class to make it appear that they were higher class citizens, but they were just anything else but. You would sit down to a meal and the things on the table were just like pouring swill into a trough for pigs. They would just all dive in and it was awful. We tried to get hold of the head steward and have dinner with him, which we were able to do.

When I had been on the boat for sometime, some Americans came around and I stood there and talked with them for half an hour in English. When they left, the German steward said to me, "Heir Bowman, you speak mighty good English." I said, "For Heaven's sake, I should...I am an American." I had to show him my passport to make him believe that I was an American. Of course, I hadn't talked any English then for several months, because in the mission field we never talked English in our rooms or anyplace; we always talked German.

The trip across the ocean was wonderful. The Mediterranean is one of the most beautiful bodies of water that you would ever want to see. The whole trip was without incident and there were no rough seas. The only thing that we ever saw was the dolphins coming up around the boat and trying to eat the garbage which was thrown overboard. We arrived in New York and there I immediately sent a telegram to Father. I had saved enough money to send a wire to Father. He sent me money to the New York Bank so that I could come home. I was only able to tip the stewards \$3.00; I told them that was all I had and they were very cooperative.

During the time that I had been gone, the folks had been driven out of Old Mexico and they were living in El Paso. I went first to Kanab, where my wife Grace was living during my absence from home. They gave me a nice farewell there. After being in Kanab several days, we took a buggy and team of horses and went out through the Kiabab Forest, and we went down the trail to cross the river. We had packhorses to take our suitcases down on the North side, then they had wired ahead and had mules come down and take Grace's Father and Grace to ride up on the other side. There was a tramway across the canyon there that Brother Woolley, Grace's Father, had built. We crossed that early in the morning and then walked out of the canyon. It was a wonderful experience, because the two men that I was with were the Forest Supervisor and my brother-in-law who thought they were wonderful walkers. They got along fine up to the Indian Gardens, but by then they were all flunked. I had led the way that far. I was used to climbing stairs, so I rolled rocks down the canyon while they sat down and puffed. We went on up and stayed at the El Trovar Hotel on the South Rim overnight. From there we took the train to El Paso where we met the folks.

In El Paso I worked for the El Paso Dry Goods Company. I marked their goods and had a nice clerical job. I worked there for several months. Then we moved up to Shalam with the folks on an eleven-hundred-acre farm, near Dona Anna, which is about five or six miles from Las Cruces, New Mexico. Grace and I moved up to this farm. It had at one time been the home of an orphanage. They had a great big open hall, then had all kinds of rooms on the sides. So when the whole family moved up, there was plenty of room for everybody. We were there plowing and getting things ready to plant.

On this farm, there were six-hundred acres of Alfalfa. We used to put up a good many train carloads of bailed hay every year. Among other things, we had quite a herd of

dairy cows. El Paso Dairy used to send up their heifers, so when they calved we kept them there and milked them. We usually had anywhere from twenty-five to thirty cows to milk.

We also had a big project of raising hogs on this ranch. They fed on the alfalfa in the fall. We would raise corn and other stuff to feed them too. We had as many as seven or eight hundred hogs. This was quite a job to take care of.

We were on the farm for two or three years, then left and moved from there to Kanab. On the way to Kanab, Grace and I went by way of California. We had a friend there by the name of Leo Romney. He wanted us to come for a visit. On New Year's Day we were able to see the Rose Parade. We moved to Kanab in January of 1916. It was quite an experience that we had. We went in on the train to Lund, Utah. We were met there and went to La Verkin and stayed with Mother's brothers, Henry and Joseph Gubler. From there we took automobiles and started over to Kanab. We had some experience in the mud and had to stay over in Short Creek overnight in a dugout with Will Rust. We finally arrived in Kanab.

In Kanab we took over the mercantile business which Father had established many years before. It was entirely run down. I remember the first day or two we didn't take in over ten dollars in the whole day long. The other store seemed to have all the business. We worked hard and increased the business.

Father finally moved over to Milford to be with my brother Henry and help him in a furniture business. I bought the business from Z.C.M.I. It wasn't long until I had a thriving business of about \$125,000 per year in those days and having a net profit of over \$10,000. I had all the business of the road builders out on the Kiabab and really had a nice business. The depression came in the fall of 1932 and things were really tight. Where we had been able to sell \$6.00 or \$7.00 shirts, we couldn't sell anything but a \$1.00 shirt. So a fellow by the name of Walker, who was the manager of Z.C.M.I. sent his brother down to try to get us

to write insurance. We didn't take it. Mr. Walker came down under the pretense of helping us, and got us to sign over the business to Z.C.M.I. He said that he would turn it back to us, but he immediately double-crossed us and the insurance on our place and everything else he turned back and threw it back in our laps. So I lost the business in Kanab.

I should make a correction here. I didn't take over the business until after I came out of the Army, which was in 1918. I left Kanab for the Army in the fall of 1917. I came up before the draft board there and as my wife, Grace, wasn't very well, they exempted me from the draft. My competitor in the store didn't like the idea, so he went into Salt Lake and went in to the draft board there. I don't know what he told them, but anyway they sent back to Kanab and told me to report for duty.

My brother-in-law, David Rust, was a member of the State Legislature and he wanted to write in and make an appeal. I told him, "No, I have been called in the Army and I will go."

Harold, at this time, was back to an Auto Mechanics school and he was drafted at the same time. We met on the train going in to Fort Lewis. We stayed there for some time, then moved on East. I remember very well when we first went to Fort Lewis they wanted to know if we played football. Harold, of course, had been a star football player. He went out to play. He wasn't in shape and in practice and they said they would just play him one quarter, but they kept him in for the whole game. The next morning he couldn't even get out of bed he was so sore. So I got permission and went and talked to the Captain and got him excused.

We moved from there to Camp Mills in New York. We were there in squad tents. When they called for detail, the old Army fellows said, "You never get up until they tell you to get up, and you don't sit down until they tell you to sit down." I said to Harold, "It isn't that way in civilian life," so we answered every call for detail. We went out with the Supply

Sergeant as we were in the Supply Company. We would get the supplies for the whole regiment. We would draw all the supplies and bring them in every morning. We were favored by so doing. We never had to stand guard duty or do any of the disagreeable things. When we got up on the ship going overseas, we never had to mop the decks or anything else. We were always favored.

Both of us had had experience working on the dray in our store in Old Mexico, so when the company regiment moved, they put Harold down at the depot to supervise the loading of the trucks and they put me up at Camp Merritt where they unloaded the trucks. We were always favored because we were good workers. Lieutenant Johnson and Captain Newkirk favored us all the way through.

Going overseas we went on the steamship Liviathan; that was the Old German Fatherland. It was the largest ship afloat at that time. It went all alone. We had on that boat ten thousand soldiers besides the officers and nurses. It went all alone, because it was a fast ship. All the way on the ship I could never eat a meal because of seasickness. I was very subject to seasickness. I remember on the day before Christmas, when we went down for our Christmas dinner, they persuaded me to go so they could have a little extra food. I took a plate and filled it, but wasn't able to eat it, so they had a little extra. Most of the time, I was in bed on the ship.

When we went over to England we went up to the Salisbury Plains, which was supposed to be a rest camp. Harold carried my pack all the way. I just carried the guns, because I was that weak from the seasickness and lack of food. We stayed there for a time at this rest camp, which was anything but. Then we moved from there down to South Hampton and there we got on a cattle boat and stayed there all one night and the next day. Sometime the following night, we crossed the channel over La Harve, France. Our motto at that time

was "Christmas in England, New Years in France, and the 4<sup>th</sup> of July in Berlin," but we never did get to Berlin.

We went from there down to La Cartine. There they were training to go to the front. Our officers didn't expect Harold, myself, and a fellow by the name of Black to go as they wanted to keep us to work on Detail. So we never got out and drilled at all. They would just tell us to fall out in the morning, and the other would drill. Finally, the whole company was broken up and went to the front including Black. However, Harold and I were held there because we had been interviewed as we both spoke Spanish. We went back to St. Lazier, France to take charge of civilian labor.

We had a lot of experience taking charge of civilian labor. I had a company in Longwy of 350 men. I had in this company fifteen nationalities. I could talk to them all either direct or through one of their own interpreters. A Greek could talk German, the Belgians, Algerians, and all those people could talk French, the Portuguese could talk Spanish, and of course we had English. So I used to speak four languages every day. These people built the hospitals and the roads, and so on and so forth. I had an American Corporal for every 25 men out on the job. So there was also quite a little contingent of American soldiers there under me. We had a big mess room and we lived the life of Riley there in Longwy, having all the food we could buy on the market and frozen beef off the American foods, so we really had it very good while we were there.

My brother Demar, who was a Lieutenant in the Bakery Division, came back AWOL and spent a week with me. I remember on the Sunday before he left we killed a goose which we had been saving for Thanksgiving. We had the goose, fruit salad, and everything you could imagine. Our Mess Sergeant was a good cook and he said, "So Mother's home praying for me."

We really had an easy time; we worked hard and had a lot to do. We were the Army Service Corp.; we were first in the Quartermaster's Force and then transferred to the Army Service Corp. While we were there, just before we left, Harold and I were both recommended for Commissions for at least a First Lieutenant, because we had been doing a Captain's job for a year and a half. The Commissions came the day after they stopped all Commissions in the A.E.F. and they told us if we would stay over for a little longer, we would get our Commissions, but we both preferred to return home.

I returned home to Camp Merritt. I worked there for about two days getting the payrolls in shape, because a lot of the men hadn't been paid in months. They had been moving around. I had charge of the train of soldiers which went from Camp Merritt to Fort Russell to be discharged. I left from Fort Russell and went to Ogden where Grace was staying with her brother, Roy Woolley. There she had been being treated by a chiropractor. He was treating her when I went there. We had never had any children.

I had never known what it was to go to bed without a backache from the time when I had a fall at age thirteen in Old Mexico. This Chiropractor treated my back also. When I wanted to pay him, he said I didn't owe him anything. I told him, "I am able to pay. I had saved my money in the Army." He finally let me pay three dollars for an x-ray. He said if he couldn't do that for an American soldier, he was a poor American.

WE went from Ogden back to Kanab where we met a Dr. Harris who finished treatment for Grace. It wasn't too long after these treatments that our first daughter was born on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July about four o'clock in the morning. We named her Grace. Dr. Norries was much aggravated with people shooting off the guns when Grace was so sick bringing the baby. For a good many years, young Grace figured that they were celebrating her birthday just for her.

After I came out of the Army, I took over the management of the store. Father was building the road over the sand from Mount Carmel to Kanab. That was a fete that not a single engineer thought it could be done the way that Father did it. Father deserves the credit for the fine road that goes now over from Mt. Carmel Junction to Kanab. He also built the bridge across the Kanab Creek. It has been improved since then, of course, but all that work was accomplished by Father and he was responsible for it getting there. He offered to contract it from the State to do the whole thing for \$40,000; they told him that they didn't want to break him. So they just let him go ahead and build it. He spent, I think, \$30,000 and the State took the other \$10,000 for other purposes. Father was one of the finest road builders and railroad contractors that the world produced. So after Father finished the road, he moved over to Milford to where Henry was.

I took over the store and had a very thriving business, doing about \$125,000 of business per year with a net profit of about \$10,000 when the depression came in the fall of 1932. At this time it was election time, and at our County Convention they said it was Kanab's turn to have a seat in the Senate. I was approached to go up and run for this seat and Richfield at the District Convention. I told them I absolutely couldn't do it, but they just simply wouldn't take "No" for an answer. So I went home and told Grace I either had to go or be a piker. So I ran for the Senate in the fall of 1932.

I was one of the Charter members of the Associated Civic Clubs of Southern Utah, so I was pretty well-known. I made one trip around through the five counties which I represented. This was all the campaigning which I did. They would ask me who my opponent was and I would tell them, "Heber J. Meeks, President of the Kanab Stake, a mighty fine gentleman." That was the type of campaigning which I did. This was at the time of the Roosevelt Landslide and I was the only Republican in the Tenth Senatorial District

who was elected in the fall of 1932. President Meeks came into the store the next morning to find out how the votes went. He knew that I would know because we didn't have very good telephone service in Kanab at that time. I told him what the result was and he didn't even congratulate me or shake hands with me. He didn't shake hands with me, I don't believe, up until the time I went up to take office. He was very much put out to think that he was defeated. He had relatives over in Wayne County and he had lived in Piute County himself, so I felt winning the election was a great compliment to me.

At this time a man by the name of Walker, who was president and general manager of Z.C.M.I., came down under the pretense of helping us in the store after the depression and got us to sign over, then they could give us more merchandise, and as soon as things got back to normal again and we could pay up, the store would be turned back to us. I told him he shouldn't send anyone in until after the election, but the next Monday morning here came Billy Mock to take the store over. I wouldn't let him take it. He got Walker on the phone and Walker kept making promises. I just told him "No." He finally just told Billy to go on home. I told the credit manager at Z.C.M.I. that Mr. Walker was just a dirty double-crosser. They thought I was a pretty tough man, but later they caught Mr. Walker. For three years he had been manager there at Z.C.M.I. Mr. Walker and another man owned a store up in Idaho. Mr. Walker had instructed that all invoices go over his desk, and he had just kept the invoices and never charged the store in Idaho for any merchandise for three years. Mr. Snow, who was then manager for Z.C.M.I., found this out and got on a plane and went up to Idaho and there caught the goods being delivered red-handed. Mr. Walker was prosecuted, but was allowed to just leave the country. I have never heard of him since.

Just one little instance to show you the difference in men. I owed the Heber J. Grant & Company for the insurance on the store. I was paying that by the month. There was a

large amount of the premium left. When I was in Salt Lake, Brother Cannon, who then was manager of Heber J. Grant & Company, called me and said: "Now we have this note, don't you worry about it at all. We get enough business from Z.C.M.I.; anything that ever comes, all the commission will be credited to your note until it is paid. So just forget the note." This man Walker had shoved it back onto me, took out other insurance, and canceled this insurance out. But Cannon was a different kind of man. He was very much respected. I will always remember him very well.

I went into the State Senate on January of 1933. I served two regular sessions and three Special sessions in the State Legislature, and was what I feel was very successful. We got all the bills through that my district wanted. They were going to build the road down through Long Valley in Kane County. Kane County just wasn't financially able to buy the right-of-way at that time. In connection with Jerry Knowlton, the State Engineer, I wrote a bill making the State buy the right-of-way instead of the counties. He said there was one way to do that and if I was going to put it through, the State wanted it right. That bill has always held up. There has never been a change in it and the State has been able to acquire the right-of-way under this bill up to the present time. The bill is still on the books and is being used by the State.

During the time that I was in the Legislature, and the Senate, I never failed to pass every bill that I tried to pass. As Knox Patterson said one day when I was trying to get the cattle bill out of his sifting committee, he said: "Damn you, Bowman, you haven't lost a bill in this legislature. You haven't even lost an amendment." I said: "Knox, I am a regular fellow." He said, "That is what is worrying me. If I let this bill out of the sifting committee, how many votes have you got?" I said: "Twenty-one." He said: "Who is against?" I said, "Old man Candland, and I guess you." He said, "If you have got that many votes, darned if I

don't vote for you too." And he let the bill out. So I completed that session with 100 percent.

Probably the most worthy thing that I did in the legislature, with the assistance of W.O. Bentley, who came up to lobby from St. George, was putting the Dixie College bill through. Dixie College, up until this time, had been run by the Church, but the Church wanted to turn it back to the State and there had been very much opposition to it. W.O. Bentley came up and we went up and had an agreement with the Chamber of Commerce and the Senators from Weber County that we would all stick together and these three junior colleges would all go back to the State, or none of them would. So that was the way we worked. It was really quite an undertaking. During that session of the legislature I lost thirty pounds in sixty days. I would make arrangements with a Senator or one of the House of Representatives to talk with W.O. Bentley and he would talk with them. With the two lobbying and working, we finally put this bill through, first through the Senate, then through the House of Representatives. It was considered impossible, but we put it through. We put it through with an appropriation on it. They had stopped the clock, and we were running two or three days overtime. When the bill got into the Governor's office, he sent word to Representative Miles that he was going to veto the bill. So Miles came over to me, so I went right down to see Governor Blood. His secretary wouldn't let me in. I said, "Now, you go tell Governor Blood that I have to see him. If you don't, I am going in anyway." So Governor Blood came out and said that the only time he could see me would be if he went without his dinner. I said, "What time can I see you?" He gave me a time. So we went in and he agreed that if we would take the appropriation off that he would sign it.

We called St. George and told them the agreement. So we had to take this bill back and amend it in the House and get it through, then take it to the Senate and back and forth. I

carried this bill myself; because of the opposition I didn't want anyone to keep it. So I went with the messenger taking the bill back and forth myself. About three o'clock in the morning, after we had that bill all through and sent back to the Governor, St. George called me and said, "St. George can't go to bed before thanking you." This was on a Sunday morning. I didn't go home until the next Thursday.

Before going home I went up to the office to find out the status of the bill and found out that Governor Blood told me that he was still going to veto the bill because in it it had the phraseology of "May" and he considered that as they "May" come back on the State for an appropriation. He had agreed not to have any more appropriations. So I immediately called St. George on the phone and told them, "You just move the whole city of St. George up here. I will hold this thing until you get somebody here." Orville Hafen, a member of the Stake Presidency, who was an attorney, was in Provo at the time. They called him and he came right up. Saturday morning ten or twelve cars came up from St. George and they all met with the Governor. They stayed right with him until he signed the bill. They had to go without appropriation for the first two years, but they got the bill through.

After the legislature was over, I went back to Kanab. I went to work for the Southern Utah Power Company as manager there in Kanab. They wanted me to go to work for \$80 per month. I told them I would do pick and shovel work first, but I would go for \$100. Of course, that was during the depression. Every fall the Dixie College brought plays out to Kanab, they always had a good, full house. This year they got out and advertised that it would be free. Of course, there wasn't standing room in the Kanab Hall. After they got in there and called things to order and had the prayer, the announcer said, "We have brought this play out to Kanab, free of charge, in honor of Senator Bowman for his rescuing our college in the legislature." Then they called upon me to speak: I said, "I don't know how it

would be to speak at anyone's own funeral, but I don't believe it could be much worse than this." So I, of course, said a few words.

This was in the fall of 1933. The Power Company moved me from Kanab to St. George to take the managership of the office there as they were having trouble. That is, St. George wanted a municipal plant there, so the power company moved me to St. George to help keep the Southern Utah Power Company there.

When we got to St. George, it was late in the night. W.O. Bentley, my wife's cousin, who was President of the Stake, had a group out to meet us. They had places for us to lodge, and took us in. They had already made me a member of the Rotary Club before I arrived; they wouldn't even take the money until I told them that the Power Company would pay for it.

All the time we were in St. George, my wife and I were honored guests at the Junior Prom and every event which the college had there—they always honored us. When we were in St. George, there was only one night a week which the temple was opened. We decided that we wouldn't miss a night going to the temple and didn't during the three years we lived in St. George. The Spanish Club came and wanted us to join them, but they met on that night, so we said "No. If you will change the night, we would love to join you."

At times it seemed the Devil was working against us. On the first night to go to the temple, my man had gone home and we needed to have a connection made for a new family coming in. I got that done and just got home and without eating supper or anything else, we got to the temple on time. For about a month it was just that way; it seemed like everything came up against our going, but after that it worked the other way. We never missed a session (night) in the three years which we were there.

After we got things straightened out in St. George, the people wanted a big "D" up on the hill. I told them, "Yes, we will put the D there. We will furnish the materials and you can help furnish the work." So they helped put the poles up on the hill, helped with the holes and we set up and lighted the D. As long as I was there, of course, the Power Company paid for it. After I left, Mr. Gardner said, "We are already furnishing free lights for the temple" and they wouldn't do it anymore.

It wasn't long after they moved me to Cedar City that the Municipal deal came up and Mr. Gardner wanted to know what they could do to stop it. I said, "Well, if you will spend a little money, I will go down there and I will organize and get that thing stopped." The Power Company didn't want to put out the money. They said, "We will get a citizen's committee down there and we can stop it." A couple of days before election, Mr. Gardner sent me down to see how that was going to go. I came back and told him, "It is hopelessly lost." He said, "What do you mean, hopelessly lost?" I said, "You are going to lose by two or three to one. They did; they lost by about three to one."

I was moved to Cedar City in 1936, and I was manager there of the City Division. When I was in Kanab, I put Kanab on the list of first place in collections. They were in bad shape and I did the same thing in St. George—got the collections up. They said, "Let us see you in Cedar City." It took me two years to do it, but I did it. The pumps in Cedar City had so many big bills on them, but I finally got it in first place in collections. I was with the Power Company until I decided to leave and took over the Studebaker agency for selling cars. I only had that for a couple of years and the garage where we were wasn't available for rental anymore, so we folded up. I owed the bank, at that time, \$2,000. Mr. Anderson at the bank, who was the cashier, called me in and said, "Now, I know that you will have a number of bills which will need to be paid. Inasmuch as this automobile thing has folded up because

the company came back and took all the used cars you had, you figure up the bills you owe and you come in and we will loan you the money.” Since the company took the used cars, I was left alone and really holding the bag. So I did this, and he loaned me \$2,000 more money. He didn't have a penny of security of any kind. But, of course, I went to work for the Government and I paid every dime of that off. I always appreciated that because it was getting me out of an awful pinch.

After I left the Senate, I started to do lobbying for the Power Company at the State Legislature. The Southern Utah Power, for whom I was working at that time, paid my salary and the Utah Power and Light Company paid my expenses. So I started into lobbying for them this way. That way I wasn't making any money, but after the first session of the Legislature, the Utah Power and Light Company was so pleased that they gave me a big bonus. On this bonus I was able to take the family and travel all up through Idaho, Montana, and into Yellowstone Park, back down the Columbia River, and down the coast to San Francisco, and attended the World's Fair on Treasure Island. There we met my sister Maybeth and her husband. From there we went to Los Angeles and visited with our nephew and back home. So this was the first real money that I made after being in my own business.

When I was still with the O.P.A. when the legislature came on, I wanted sixty days leave to go lobby in the legislature. They wouldn't give it to me. So I just quit and went anyway. When I got through with the legislature I didn't have to ask them back for the job, they were standing there waiting for me to come. So I had my job back there and stayed with the O.P.A. until it was through.

After leaving O.P.A. I started working for the Utah Power and Light Company. The year I was sixty-five years old I started working for the Power Company full time as a right-of-way agent. Then I always did their lobbying up at the legislature.

At first I had small bonuses from different attorneys which I helped with the bills, then, I soon learned that I knew the business and that instead of having the attorney take a bill and pay me to put it through for him, I took the bill myself. I always took care of the Power Company first and when I had extra time, I would take other bills to put through and to object to. This is where I made my savings which has meant so much to me. In all the time that I did lobbying there, I only lost one bill; that was because the Speaker of the House wanted to be Governor and the big banks said that they would back him, and he wouldn't let this one bill out of the sifting committee...that was the only bill which I lost. I was very successful in lobbying and found it very interesting.

At one time the people from the South came up and offered me \$10,000 if I would pass a bill taking the tax off of Oleomargarine. I told them, "No, I am not interested. We had a dairy state and I didn't believe in it and I wouldn't take it." They said, "Well, you won't have to pass the bill, if you will just put it in and do your best on it. We will still pay you the \$10,000." I said, "No!"

An ex-Senator took that bill and he has never been able to do anything up at the legislature since. I never took a bill in the legislature to oppose or to pass that I didn't believe in in all the time which I worked there lobbying. I believe that is probably the reason that I was as successful in the work as I was.

After I reached seventy, the Power Company forced retirement at seventy. I didn't ask them to stay on, but one of the attorneys of the legal department said if they couldn't find a way to keep me, they had better get a new legal department. I went home and had a month at home. I did some painting and things that needed doing around the home. The Power Company called me and gave me a big banquet down at the University Club, gave me a nice

couch which I still use, also gave Grace a nice overnight bag for a present. They told me they had a contract for me.

I worked for them then until I went overseas for a trip in 1965. Each year during that time they raised my wages \$50 per month. So when I quit working for them I was making \$400 per month more than I was making when I was supposed to retire at age seventy. The Power Company was a very fine company. I had lots of fine experiences. It was said that I could buy a right-of-way when no one else could. During those last two or three years I worked, I spent several million dollars for them. We bought two strips 110 feet wide clear down through the Salt Lake Valley. We bought it in fee, so the Power Company owns the property and the farmer can still use it. The only thing is, the Power Company has the right to go in and fix their lines and to build more lines if they need to be built. I bought the same way up in North Ogden. So the Power Company owns land up there 110 feet wide clear across those benches.

In all the years I worked for the Power Company I never had a word of criticism. They were always wonderful and a fine company to work for.

In 1965 my wife and Grace and I decided to take an extended tour of Europe. Through Ken Garff Company we bought a Mercedes-Benz automobile to be delivered over in Frankfort, Germany. We picked up our daughter, Grave, in New York and flew up to Iceland and over across. We finally took the last part of our journey in Germany by train and went and picked up the car in Frankfort. Then we toured West Germany and took a bus tour through East Germany. I had been there when on a mission and one thing we noticed in Berlin—one of the biggest streets in the world is Unter der Lindom...that means Under the Lindon trees in German. The Russians had this part of Berlin at this time and you just couldn't believe how run down everything was over there. They only took us to the better

parts of East Germany and tried to show us how well they were doing, but it was certainly thin. One thing we noticed in East Germany was that there wasn't a bank there. In West Germany there seemed to be a bank on about every corner, but in East Germany we didn't see a bank. People, I guess, didn't have any money to put in banks.

We went north from Germany clear up through Norway, Sweden, through Finland, and into the Lapland. They told us that we would be lucky if we saw any reindeer, but when we came out of a fjord up on the side hills, we saw a large herd of reindeer. We immediately took our Kodaks and went over as far as we could, and Grace took both Kodaks and waded the creek and went over and got pictures of those deer on the side hills. Then we took the binoculars and located the herder. We have pictures taken with us and the Laplander herder. He was very neatly dressed and had on the native costume, but was clean shaven. We had a very nice acquaintance with him.

We crossed over into Norway. I remember we had our car parked there in front of a store. There were big high steps and Grace had gone over to get some grocery goods. So Grace Jr. ran over and told her to come quick. There was a big Lap Lady who came out on that front porch. I imagine she weighed 300 to 350 pounds. We snapped her picture through the windshield, but the mirror was in the way, so we have a slide with this Lapland lady standing on the porch, and the background of the picture is the forest just in back of us. The mirror in the car put the background in the slide. It is one of the finest slides I have ever seen in my life.

We went on through Norway over into Hjemmerfest, the most northern city in the world. Of course, to get there you had to go through the fjords on a boat. We got some wonderful pictures the next morning as we came out of the . They were

feeding down by the fjord. Coming back out and going down the road, we were there early in the morning and we found a lot of reindeer as we drove along. We saw one of the finest specimens of bit, white reindeer with large horns. So Grace Jr. and I both jumped out. Grace went to take the picture and she found that she was out of film. But he came right my way so I have this great white reindeer in a wonderful slide.

We came all down through Norway. It was a wonderful trip. There just seemed to be road down through the whole country and it wasn't paved. It was narrow and if we ever met a truck, we just had to find a place to turn out around. Once in a while when we were in a small town there would be a quarter to a half-mile of pavement in and out of the town. So we went down and took the boat at Burgen and went over into England, then up to Scotland. Back down through England with our car, we never stayed in hotels. We would stop where there were signs of bed and breakfast. Those were the places where we stayed. They were always clean and nice and very reliable as they fixed them for tourists.

I remember in Wales we stayed at one lovely place there and we sat around the fireplace in the evening visiting with the older people. One man thought he was so old and decrepit and we found out that I was three or four years older than he. I went out the next morning to see them milk the cows; this farmer had taken the prize there for several years. One thing that I had never seen before, there was a large herd of pigs in one corral and the son of this older farmer, who really ran the farm, but was still a grown and middle-aged man, opened the door and called one pig by name. That pig came out and the man would take him over and put him in another pen. I always thought pigs didn't have any intelligence, but that pig certainly did.

We went from there to London. We did extensive touring in London, going into the old Tower of London, to the museums, and all the different places of interest there. We saw

the old walls which the Romans had put in. We had a really nice visit in London. Then we shipped the car and ourselves across the English Channel. We traveled then through Brussels. We were especially pleased with the scenery in Brussels. My wife was very much interested in the handmade lace which they were making. You could watch the natives make it.

From there we traveled on down through West Germany down to Cologne and down the Rhine. We were making our way headed for Turkey. We got down into Yugoslavia and went through the underground caverns there, which were also very interesting. Not quite as much so as the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, but worthwhile. We were having a very nice trip seeing all the interesting things as we went along. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I wanted to stay in this town, but Grace Jr. talked us out of it. She said that we would be too late getting to the next town. So we started out to go to the next large town.

It was on this trip that we had our accident. The roads there in Yugoslavia were paved, but narrow. You never knew when an ox or something else would come up on the road. All at once on the right side of the road there was a truck that showed up with no lights on. Grace didn't slow down, that is, she didn't brake it too hard, but started to go around the truck. When she got around the first truck there was another truck facing us stopped with no lights on. So she did go between the two trucks and didn't hit either one, but the turn was so short that the car rolled over and we went down the hill. That is the accident that caused the loss of the life of my darling wife, Grace.

Grace was badly hurt. She had a collar bone broken, and she had internal injuries. People stopped and finally hauled us in. I had five broken ribs and a very severe back injury besides. So it was a very unpleasant ride going into the capital of Yugoslavia. We got there and into the hospital. They x-rayed us. There were no private rooms, so Grace was in a

room with a jumping-jack of a girl. Grace was really in pain. They hadn't done very much for her. It was on Friday evening that the accident occurred.

They put me in where there weren't any beds; there were just bunks which sloped down in. I couldn't get in or out alone. If it hadn't been for some of the patients there in the room, I would have just been there. They didn't give me a thing for pain or anything else. There was just one Orderly, no doctors. No conveniences of any kind. When I was lying there, and I just felt I couldn't stand it any longer, I would start to pray and then I could go off to sleep. The Lord surely answered my prayers.

The next day I went down to see Grace a couple of times. One of the patients helped me walk down there as I could hardly walk. On Sunday when I wanted to go down, they wouldn't let me go. She had passed away.

Before this, I had sent word to the director of the hospital for the doctor and asked him either to let me go see him or have the doctor come to see me. He came right up. He said, "Haven't they done anything for you?" I said, "Not a thing." He immediately got on the job and got me fixed up fairly well.

Grace Jr. was hurt some, but she went right to work. On Saturday morning she went out and got the car and had it pulled in. The Yugoslavia police had pried the front door of the car open and stolen everything which was of any value out of it. Grace went to work and really did the impossible in getting things ready to send her mother home. She had to be in a tin box. They wanted to put her in a big casket-box and drop it over this tin box. She wouldn't stand for that. She got a carpenter and got lumber, which is scarce in that country, and got everything made. They weren't going to put the body on the train. They wanted to have a truck take her up. We called Ambassador Kennedy and he got hold of the head of the railroad and said, "You let that be put on the express in the morning and it will be able to get

to Belgrade to meet the airplane.” Through Grace’s arrangements, she just seemed to be able to get in touch with everyone. She met one of the leading Government ladies there and all these arrangements were made. So in just two or three days we flew home. We stopped off at New York and then came on home. I think the largest funeral that was ever held in the Yale Ward was held for my dear darling Grace. The overflow audience went clear back into the amusement hall. The night before at six o’clock there was a big line waiting and they never quit coming through until eleven o’clock that night. What a wonderful array of friends and sympathisers we had in this great sorrow. It was marvelous to me. We took an easy chair we had at home to the mortuary and I had to sit all the time. Over at the services, I was just able to sit in this chair.

I soon snapped out of it. My ribs healed immediately. By January I was able to go down to California and help Chloris and Ray with their landscaping for their new home. After staying down with Chlo and Ray for a month, I came back home so I could put in my garden and flowers as usual. I lived alone for three years. After I went home after the funeral I never missed a Priesthood meeting, I never missed a meeting of any kind. I don’t believe anyone missed a companion more than I did, but the Church was certainly good to me to be able to find a place that I could worship and have comfort. I went to the temple five days a week. I would get down to the early seven o’clock session getting up about 5:00 a.m. and be down to the temple at 6:30. I went through three sessions every day and some days as many as five sessions. At the same time I worked at the veil at each session. So I was able to do a lot of temple work in these three years. It was certainly a wonderful experience for me.

In the fall of each year, during the vacation, I would go down and help them at Jacob Lake in the business down there.

After three years of living alone, after much urging, everyone wanted to introduce some widow to me; I decided that I would make it a matter of prayer. If I felt satisfied that I should, then I would remarry. After much prayer and thought, I called up my present wife, Edith Marie Goates, whom I knew very well. She lived in our ward when I was in charge of home teaching in the ward. All the people who lived out of the ward, I visited myself. I knew her very well. I had visited in her home for a good many years. I called her up and invited her to go with me to the monthly meeting banquet of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. From that point on we went together quite steady. After Grace Jr. was married, I gave Grace a very wonderful wedding reception in our backyard and we also used Madsen's yard and patio for food. There was music and various entertainment down in our canyon.

I told Grace she could take the car and for an additional wedding present I would pay their way from the dam at Lake Powell up to the National Rainbow Arch, which is probably the largest arch in Western America. This was a wonderful trip. We just took slides everywhere. Those canyons are just indescribable. We took what slides we had with us and as soon as we got up to the Marina where we had to get off the boat and walk up to the bridge, we bought more film and took all of that too. That was certainly a marvelous trip.

When I told Grace that she could do that, "or if you would rather, Edith and I will go with you." I said, "Now you tell Arthur and let him make the decision." Arthur said, "I certainly want Thell and Edith to go with us." Edith said that she wasn't going on anybody's honeymoon, but she did. She went with us and we had a wonderful trip together. I have some wonderful slides of all the Rainbow Bridge country. One slide in particular, there were those big black ravens. In our luncheons, they gave us eggs. They had been feeding the ravens eggs. So I put my egg right out and had my camera ready. A raven came down and

just as he picked up the egg and was ready to start off, I snapped him and have a wonderful slide.

We went from there around to the Indian Reservation, through Willow Springs, and on back up to Jacob Lake and stayed overnight there. Then we went out to the Grand Canyon. At that time they had opened up Point Sublime and we stayed there that night at sundown. With the clouds full and the sun shining through, you just can't imagine the color which was there. We got some wonderful slides of that. We went back and stayed at Jacob Lake again, then went down through the Indian Reservation, over to the Hopi Indian country, and on to Mexican Hat and up into the Natural Bridges and Wildhorse Point. Thus we saw all the wonderful scenery that we have in Southern Utah. We were with Arthur and Grace for ten days and we certainly didn't cramp their style. I never saw anyone who enjoyed themselves any more than they did.

Now, my biggest desire is that Arthur and Grace get back and get through the temple. Arthur had only been a member of the Church a couple of months when they were married. He has become a very active member in the Church and has done missionary work along with Grace and has had the privilege of baptizing some of his converts. He is very active in the Church, doing drama work and Senior Aaronic Priesthood work and I am very proud of the record that he is making.

In 1967 our car had been in the customs house of Greece there for two years. Mercedes-Benz Company there in Greece had promised to get the car down and get it repaired. They said if we would send the money, the car would all be repaired. When we got over there and made our trip, we didn't go to see about the car, but we made a trip all down through Turkey, through Egypt, and up the Nile and back into Jerusalem. We were in Jerusalem on Easter Sunday in 1967 with a lot of other Christians. When we came back up

into Greece to get our car, it was still there in the custom-house. We had to get it out and get it fixed. Those people over there just didn't know how to fix an automobile. That is, they don't work like we do over here. So it took a long time to fix it and they just fixed the body part of it and didn't fix it underneath. So we had trouble with the car later on and had to have it pulled in at Naples, Italy and have it thoroughly repaired.

So after waiting for all this to get repaired, we went on over and toured Spain rather thoroughly. We didn't get into Portugal, but we went on up into Madrid and passed up Paris and went on up to the Netherlands, Rotterdam and Amsterdam. There we met one of the finest families who took us in when we couldn't get a hotel. This family is still very dear to me. I have kept in touch with them. Their daughter was over last summer as an exchange student and called on me. We toured Amsterdam right during the tulip time and picked out a lot of tulip bulbs, which I still have now that bloom every year.

Our car was shipped from Rotterdam to New York. When we got it in New York, Grace drove it out to Utah for me.

I was blessed with a wonderful family. When Grace had Typhoid in Old Mexico and was so very ill, it was thirteen years before we had any children. The children came after the chiropractor treatments which she had in Ogden, referred to earlier. So we had four wonderful children...three girls and a boy. They have all been a great source of joy to us. We are very much in hopes that our son, Conrad, will become active in the Church. He was very active as a Deacon, very active all through the Aaronic Priesthood, and was ordained an Elder. He was very active until he came out of the Army after being wounded. He was still active then.

A lady who was a communist, but who was recommended by Mr. Warsaw, got a group of young people together and made them think that they had been imposed upon all

their lives. Conrad got to the point that he said he didn't even know whether he loved his mother or not. This was a very trying part of our association with our children.

He went down and drove bus for the Union Pacific. Then he started smoking while he was gone, and for quite a long while Conrad was rather estranged. But that has all passed. Conrad has for years been just as loving and cooperative and fine with the family as anyone ever could be. The children and grandchildren all love Conrad. He has been so wonderful with them. He always remembers them at Christmas time and other times. So we are still in hopes that Conrad will soon become active in the Church. We pray for this every day of our lives.

The other three children have been wonderful in the Church. Grace is a natural missionary and never loses a chance to bring someone into the Church. She has been the instrument of bringing a good many people into the Church.

Chloris, with her husband Ray, are now presiding over the Spain Mission. They opened up the mission in July of 1970. They are doing a wonderful work there. Ray has been a great source of satisfaction to us as a son-in-law. He has been a Bishop, Stake YMMIA President, President of two different Stakes, and a Regional Director before he went over to Spain. So Chloris has been a wonderful helpmate to him.

Elaine married Glenn North Taylor and they have three adopted children, which we love very much. Elaine put Glenn through Veterinary School in Colorado. He was an "A" student. When he went over the platform to get his diploma, the Director called him back and said, "This man has led his class every year; he has been here and has nothing but an A in every course. Glenn is a good student. Since then he has his Ph.D. in Biochemistry and is doing cancer research at the University of Utah. Elaine has taught school and put him

through school, then taught until they adopted their first child. Since then she has been Primary President for a good many years and is now on the Stake Primary Board.

After Edith and I came back from the trip with Arthur and Grace, I went down to Jacob Lake to help with the fall deer hunt. When I came back from down there, Edith and I were engaged. After being engaged, we were down in Provo at Maybeth's place and called up Merrill Christopher and his wife, who were dear friends of mine. They came over to the house. During the conversation they said that they were going to conduct a tour to Hawaii and would like us to go with them. We immediately got busy and were married on December 19, 1968 in the Salt Lake Temple. Brother Spencer W. Kimball performed the ceremony. We had a large group of relatives on both sides there to witness the ceremony. All through the years with the Power Company I had used the University Club as a place to take the Senators to eat. It is one of the finest places in town. So I called up Mr. Bullen and asked him about the date for our Wedding Breakfast. He thought it was for the Power Company and he said, "No, we are all filled up, we just couldn't take anything before Christmas." I said, "I was in hopes to have a Wedding Breakfast there." He said, "Oh! Oh! You going to be married. We will just have to move over." So he got his book and gave us a date and we had a lovely Wedding Breakfast there at the University Club with seventy some people attending.

Then we flew immediately to California and spent a few days with Chloris and Ray and family. Then we picked up the tour and went with Merrill Christopherson and his wife as conductors of the tour. We had a three-week tour. Every minute of it was enjoyable. We will never forget the wonderful time we had.

I remember one place I was put on the spot. They always arranged for the tourists to attend the Sunday night meeting, and always gave us a chance to go through the temple. We

did go through the temple with them. For the Sunday night meeting when Merrill was arranging the program, right out of a clear blue sky he announced me as one of the speakers. Edith, biased as she is, thought I did very well. I got after Merrill and said, "I thought you were my friend." He said, "Well, I think if the shoe was on the other foot, I would have been the speaker." So I think that is also true.

We left the tour and came back through San Francisco and spent some time there with the family. The grandchildren, Ray and Chlo, just loved Edith right from the start. In fact, when they came up after several months and we met them down at the airport, little Dianne who had always run and jumped in my lap ran to Edith and not me. I was a little jealous, I must confess.

So Edith and I have had a wonderful nearly four years together. We don't have any disputes of any kind; we just get along fine and love each other and work together and go every place together. Now we are going to leave next Thursday for the tour in Europe.

### MEMORIES ABOUT HENRY

One of my first recollections of my brother Henry was when we moved from Kanab to Provo. We stayed at the Roberts Hotel, we made friends there, and then we moved up to the Turner Apartments. We worked for Turner. Father had told him that he would rather we work for nothing than not to work at all. We both milked cows, then we went out and thinned beats. He was paying so much a row. We kept track and we had quite a sum of money in our minds coming to us, but when we came to the end, he wouldn't pay us anything. He said, "Your Father said he would rather you work for nothing." So it wasn't long until mother moved from the Turner Apartments into a house owned by Jim Bean. He

had renovated this house and fixed it up very comfortable and built a small barn for our horse, Bill.

I always remember that whenever a fire alarm was sounded that Henry would run for the barn and jump on old Bill, and away he went. Mother tried to stop him, but it was always of no avail. Henry went to the fire. I remember us riding old Bill down then the Utah Lake was frozen over and we did a lot of skating. In fact, we skated clear across the lake. We would jump the seams when we found one. One day when we were skating on the Mill Race where the ice was slick and there was no snow on it, Henry got too close to the edge and fell in. He scrambled back, and scrambled back until we were finally able to find ice thick enough to pull him out. We tried to build a fire, which was of no avail, so we jumped on old Bill and ran all the way home. By the time we got there his clothes were frozen stiff.

Mother didn't keep old Bill too long. She figured that he was more of a nuisance than any benefit. So she sold him and bought a cow. She bought a very fine cow, which we kept all the time that we were in Provo. So we had plenty of milk and butter all the time.

We used to go up north of town and go swimming in the millrace. One of our favorite sports was catching frogs. We would build a fire under the wire fence and skin the frogs' hind legs and hang them over the wire and roast them. That was a delicacy. We were also able to catch a few nice trout there in the millrace, which we took home to Mother even though it was out of season. Mother enjoyed them, because she didn't know that we weren't supposed to catch them.

I don't remember too much. Henry worked for Brother Borden part of the time. I worked for him all the time. At threshing time and harvesting time Henry also worked for Brother Borden. When the whistle blew at noon, we would all run for the river and jump in. That is where I learned to swim. Bill Borden threw me in and said, "Swim or drown."

When we moved from Provo, after Father came home from his mission, I remember on the train going down there, we were always together. We boys always slept in one big room. At the hotel there in El Paso, we would call for ice water every little while. Finally, we wet the sheets and got under them. The evaporation made it cool enough that we could go to sleep.

We went into Old Mexico on the train and immediately went to Colonia Juárez. I don't remember any special events there.

The next thing I remember probably more than anything is when Henry went on his mission to Old Mexico. I think he was only about seventeen years old when he left. He went there and filled a good mission. I remember on time at Christmas he sent a Christmas card home with MERRY CHRISTMAS printed on it with fleas. It wasn't small print either, so he must have had plenty of experience with fleas.

After he came home from his mission, he worked some in the store there at Colonia Dublan, but he almost immediately went out to Ciudad Juárez where Father established a store and a brokerage business. Henry had charge of the store and the brokerage business. He spoke Spanish just as well as he did English. He would dictate a letter on one side in English and on the other side in Spanish.

One thing I remember about Henry; he was very strong. One time when they were unloading sugar in the warehouse, I was there. The cube sugar weighed one hundred kilos, which is 220 pounds. Henry could pick up one of those boxes and stack them way up over his head. He had great strength.

Henry and I went to the Brigham Young University to school in the fall of 1907. I remember very well about the place we lived, down next to the Timpanogos School. It wasn't too long until I started going with Grace, whom I later married, and I had to walk fifty

blocks to take her up to the B.Y.U. and back home. Henry took that in charge and moved us. We lived with Lacy Farnsworth on Third North, just across the road from where President Brimhall lived. In 1908 Henry was married to Eva Done (see pg. 12).

I made the baseball team there at the B.Y.U. Henry was the trainer. He took care of all the athletes—rubbed them down. They just looked to him to do everything. I think he did that later with the basketball team as well. He was very popular with the team. I earned my Block Y in baseball.

Henry and I were always together. We went to school together. We both belonged to the Commercial class. We had hung in the archway between the two buildings a big dummy. On it it said, "Vote for Reese. (I don't remember the other name.) He died pushing for votes." We came to school just a little bit after the fight began. As we got there, there was a big rumpus down on the corner. They were fighting over this dummy and wanting to burn it. Professor Earl Glade was hanging out of a window and as we went by he said: "Kill Cruck Larsen! Kill Cruck Larsen!" Cruck Larsen had taken a pencil and had just cut the cheek open of one of the commercial boys. Most of the commercial boys were smaller than these 1908 college students. We got down there and Homer Christiansen and Jack Christiansen were the two big men who were there. Henry jumped onto Homer and I jumped onto Jack and pulled them off from the commercials so they could burn the Dummy. They said: "It will just take about two licks to put you boys out." Henry and I said: "Put them in." When everything cleared away, I had Jack Christiansen down in the mud puddle and Henry had Homer Christiansen down on his back. So I remember as we went on to school hearing bystanders say: "There are the boys who put Jack and Homer Christiansen in the mud."

When we were forced out of Mexico, Henry was a broker there in Cuidad Juárez and understood the customs very well. He and Father worked all night to get the women folks

across the border into El Paso. Mexicans don't work all night for nothing, so Father furnished the money to tip them so that they would work. The next morning it came out in the *El Paso Herald* a picture of President Ivins giving him all the credit for getting the women folks out of old Mexico. My brother Henry just blew his top. Father said to him: "Now listen son, just remember one thing. There is no limit to how much good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit."

During the revolution there, Henry and Eva lived in Ciudad Juárez, but finally had to move over to El Paso because it got too dangerous to stay in Ciudad Juárez. We had rented our store to the revolutionists, to Villa's Army, and Henry went over one afternoon to collect the rent. Instead of them paying the rent, they locked him up. He got to the telephone and phoned El Paso. Ed McClammy, who was the old Bill Parker which we read about in Utah history, found out that Henry was over there. Villa was staying in El Paso. Ed went to get an order from Villa, no one was supposed to get in, but Ed went right in and got the order from Villa and went over and got Henry out of jail and brought him back to El Paso about four o'clock in the morning. Henry stood there in the jail and overheard the Mexicans talk about executing him the next morning. So those were troublesome times. Henry and Eva stayed in El Paso until this trouble was over.

When we moved to Kanab in 1916, I remember that Henry purchased a small frame house about one and one-half blocks from the store. Henry worked in the store a little with us when we took over the old Bowman and Company store, but he went to work for Jesse Johnson and herded sheep for Jesse Johnson for quite a while. I don't remember too much more about Henry. When he was in Kanab in 1918 he had the flu and pneumonia. It left him with a bad heart, though he didn't realize it at the time.

I know that he moved over to Delta. He was Marshall there for sometime. He used to do extra work. He unloaded coal and shoveled those big carloads of coal out, which was very hard on him. When he was in Delta there he used to puff a lot, but he did this heavy work.

He later moved to Milford and was an agent for the Continental Oil Company. Then some years later he moved to Provo and was still an agent for the Continental Oil Company. I remember that Henry was very aware of his condition and he passed away in Provo.

### DEVEROUX

Speaking of my brother Deveroux, one of the things I remember about him mostly was his expertness in playing basketball. He was one of the finest shots at the basket that I have ever seen.

When we were in Shalem, we had five brothers who played basketball. We had this big room which had been used for a dining room for the orphans. It was a very large gymnasium with an excellent hardwood floor. We played one man for himself on the baskets. Therefore we got in very good shape. We used to go down and play at Mesilla Park. Coach Russell, when teams were coming in to play the college, he would arrange for them to stay over and play us. We were never beaten there at Mesilla Park.

One night DeMar had to go to El Paso, so they gave us another sub to play, but we still beat them 30 to 10. Deveroux was such a good shot at the basket, we always fed him the ball. So when he got up to Provo, and he made the basketball team, Harold was ineligible because he had played the year before with New Mexico College, so he would run up and down the sides telling Deveroux, "Get in there, get in there and get the ball, because no one is going to feed it to you."

Deveroux made the team and went to Chicago with the B.Y.U. team and they were second place when they went there to the National meet.

After the war was over and we were all back in Kanab, Panguitch challenged Kanab for a fat man's basketball team. the rules were that you had to weigh over 200 pounds and be married. The mail driver had watched us practice some and he saw that Deveroux was such a wonder shot. So Panguitch asked permission to bring over Asher Henry who was an All-American in high school to offset Deveroux. The night of the game Harold made an announcement to the crowd before the game started that Asher Henry would never get a basket. Asher would run all over the field, but whenever he came down near the basket, Harold covered him up and he did not make a basket all that evening. There were three Bowman boys on this team—Harold, Deveroux, and Thell, Dave Pugh, and I don't remember the other player. We would give these fat men three shots at the basket, then if they couldn't make it, we would throw it down to the other end and make a basket. At the last of the game, Deveroux just sat down on his "Fannie" and we would feed him the ball and he would throw a basket from sitting down flat on the floor. After we beat this fat man's team somewhere around 80 to 10, they invited us back to Panguitch to play a picked Panguitch team, not the fat men, but the regular town team which consisted of ex-high school and ex-college players. We went over to Panguitch and even beat this team. So, as brothers, we had a lot of fun playing basketball together.

### **SPEAKING OF MY MOTHER**

Mother was of Swiss descent and had been raised in St. George. She was very economical and very saving and very efficient. All the time at Kanab she stayed home and took care of the family. At first Father urged her to go to Salt Lake with him when he went on business or to Church conference; Mother always felt that she had to stay home with the family.

I remember that after I was married, the advice she gave to my wife Grace was: "Whenever Thell asks you to go with him, you go, because if you don't, the time will come when you want to go and you won't have an invitation."

If any one thing led to Father's success in business, it was Mother's economy and the fact that she was so wonderful to help him in any way which she could.

When they moved to Kanab after leaving Mexico, they ran the hotel for nearly two years. It was Mother who really managed the hotel and made a success of it while Father was working on the road over the sand.

In Logan, Mother was working in the temple continually...and Father, of course, with her. Mother took care of the apartments and the people who moved in and out loved her so well that they always spoke well of her.

She was a marvelous teacher. She taught Primary. I don't think there was anyone that was more successful in teaching young people than Mother was.

I remember in Logan when she had a slight stroke and was quite ill, but she regained most of her health. It affected her memory, however, which bothered her very much. Finally, she was with Eva in Provo when she had a second stroke or embolism. We all came to Provo and were there when Mother passed away. She was only ill for one week.

After Father had passed away, Mother had saved the money which came in from the chickens and the apartments so that she had a bank account which more than paid for her

illness and funeral expenses. It also did other things which she wanted done. She had presence of mind enough that she had Thell's signature authorized at the bank so that when she passed away, I was able to pay all the bills. In fact, I was able to pay the balance which was owed on Henry's bills when he passed away.