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Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

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have tried to explain, the income was not for the family, but for the head of the family. Each year as the increase from the cattle herd was sold, the income went to father who used it for what purpose I have never tried to ascertain. Suffice to say, it could well have been used to compensate for poor management of father's other interests. The continued repeation of this procedure must have resulted in great impact.

My Older brothers, with mother's guiding hand, managed the holdings in Idaho which father had inherited, improving them until they became quite valuable. When my brothers bought the property I was aware that many interested people, including mother, felt they had bought property which they had already earned and which should have been theirs without purchasing it.

What I hope I have permitted to filter through these paragraphs of background and explanations is that in spite of this--shall I call it trial or seeming injustice or heartbreak--mother stayed loyal to her commitments. It seems almost incredible but such loyalty was an integral part of her life.

I think I have mentioned that mother was not demonstrative, but she was very sensitive to other's feelings and needs, especially those of her children. She told me on at least two or more occasions of an experience which cut her very deeply. In the long winters in Bear Lake one healthy sport was to have a toboggan (a home-made sleigh which was pulled by, usually, one horse), and with this combination one could go sleight riding or "tobogganing" with his friends. Walter had spent days making such a sleigh for some special occasion. After it was finished one of his Uncles saw it and having an errand to run, borrowed this sleigh without checking. When Walter was ready to use it, it was gone. Each time mother mentioned this event, I could sense how deeply Walter's disappointment had hurt her.

Another instance I recall, and on a happier plane, but one which I remember because it illustrated her concern for the needs and the wants of her family: I was with her when she went to Centerville on one occasion and we were to stay at the home of her sister, Thersa. We had fresh corn on the cob and it was then, as it has always been, one of the favorite foods for me. I had eaten two or three ears of corn, and as there was plenty I asked mother if I could have "another." She said yes and I proceeded to have another, and another, and another. Aunt Thersa and others in the room got more excited with each ear of corn. They warned mother of how sick I would be, of the danger, etc., but mother, fully aware of how sick it might make me, and of the dangers, let me eat on. I was so grateful to her because I was so hungry for sweet corn on the cob. Incidently, it didn't make me sick, although the overindulgence of ripe peaches the next few days did.