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Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

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Date:

It was impossible to bring the boat into shore because of the receding water and impossible to launch a boat out to help the situation. However, the girls were experienced enough to keep the boat at right angles to the waves which were tossing the front of the boat far above the girl's head, then letting it drop equally low into the next trough. One can understand the anxiety of mother because for once the matter was out of her control.

To relieve to tension she was experiencing, she stood hear the water's edge and called time and time again, "Come in! Come in to the shore. Why do you stay out there? Come in!" She couldn't possibly have been heard thirty feet away. I recall that my fear for the safety of the occupants of the boat was far over-shadowed by my feelings of sympathy for mother in her deep anxiety. Incidently, and worthy of mention, was the fact that the girls had everything under control and were having one of the best times of their lives.

One characteristic for which I could always admire mother was her lack of the desire to gossip. If she ever had any such tendencies she had put them out of her life by the time I was growing up. She believed in, and taught her children, to respect authority. It was a trait she passed on to all of us and one for which we have been grateful.

She taught us to pay tithing. At one time she was paying tithing at the end of the year when the Bishop, in all good faith and sincerity, mentioned that she like the widows (her husband was on a mission) should or could be exempt from paying tithing. She was quite upset. When she arrived home she said, "What right did anyone have to decide for her tithing she should pay." We were taught to respect the sabbath day and I can't remember when we failed to have family prayer and the blessing on the food.

Our religious training came to us largely by example. I was still a small boy when mother took me with her to a General Conference in the great Tabernacle in Salt lake. Mother was an executive officer in the ward Relief Society and as such was entitled to a seat in the section elevated above the main floor, but lower and just in fron of the choir. These seats were close to, and faced the pulpit and the seats where the First Presidency sat.

I have a vivid picture in my mind of President Joseph F. Smith coming in from the side opposite us and walking towards us until he reached his seat on the rostrum. Little things like this can be very impressive.