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Title: **Book-47**
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Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

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Date:

Mother did her share and more in the ward organizations. I think her most rewarding experience in Church work was teaching in the M.I.A. My first recollection of her Church positions was of her being President of the Primary. She saw to it that I attended, how much I'm not sure, but I remember going with her to attend my class. I probably remember this because I was the only boy present, at least of my age. She was Secretary to the ward Relief Society for a long time and I can remember going with her to Relief Society meeting while I was real young. The good sisters were quilting and I enjoyed sitting under the quilt pretending it was my house.

Walter commented that he remembers that mother's work as Secretary to the Relief Society required her to make a record of the wheat donations. It was the custom for each Relief Society sister to bring to Relief Society meeting a pound or so of wheat, a project carried on to ward off famine when and if a famine should occur. He remembers that she would spend hours getting an accurate record.

One other very youthful memory is of my attending sacrament meeting while I was still young enough to sit by mother during the services. I amused myself by putting on and taking off mother's black kid leather gloves. I remember the ward choir partly because there was a sister Dunn who was outstanding in her ability to sing. Her trained rounded tone was a little out of place with the other less polished voices, but I liked what I heard and remember feeling disappointed if she were not there. In those days the women sat on the left side of a center aisle as we went in and the men sat on the right. Walter remembers that the girls sat with the women, of course, and the boys with the men, although youth and teenage attendance was much less than at present.

I have said that mother was a friendly person. The lady school teachers from out of town often choose to board with her. Perhaps she was a good cook, too, at least we children thought so people passing through were frequently at our table. I remember the Kunzs' from Bern, a town about eighteen miles to the south west, would camp under our shade grees and eat supper with us as they drove their dairy herd to the summer range where they made cheese. We would always, at least usually, increase their herd by several good cows and in the Fall they would stay with us again over night and return the milch cows with their grown calves, and leave us our year's supply of cheese.

I have referred to out-of-towners eating at our table. I remember it was threshing time and that it was a big occasion. A machine crew of several men, mostly local people would "follow" (go with the thresher), some to drive the horses which provided the power, some who became professional at the various jobs at