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Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

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"That's Dr. Thomas," she said. "And don't underestimate him. When he was a boy he would brag about what he was going to do and straight-way go and do it. You keep your eye on him. He is worth watching." And indeed he was. He picked the University of Utah out of a slump and put it into and ascendent era.

These are stories about men, but they were mother's childhood friends, and to me they tell about her.

Her close friends in her adult life were women who distinguished themselves. Veanette P. Larson was for many years nearest neighbor and perhaps her closest friend. "Nettie" had attended the A.C. college in Logan, taught school, wrote considerable, made friends with all her neighbors and raised exemplary family. It seems a compliment to both of them that they were referred to as "kindred spirits." With her associates, this was the pattern of her life.

Mother had enough schooling to aspire more, even to becoming a school teacher, a goal she reached to a limited degree when she taught the elementary grades in Centerville for a short time. Father had taught school also, so it was no accident that four of her five children became school teachers.

Without a doubt, the idea that her children would benefit by securing schooling was one of her main concerns in life. In the locality where we lived it was considered exceptional to graduate from the eighth grade; however, most families set that as their goal. But in our family and a few others, it was the preparation for high school. One by one, mother sent her children to the Church high school, the Fielding Academy, in Paris, Idaho, twenty-two miles south of Georgetown and one by one they graduated from high school.

A place to live in Paris was a major problem because our family finances seldom afforded outright boarding in someone's home. The other alternatives were to batch, a form of light housekeeping where the students did their own cooking and house care, or to move as a family to Paris. Twice mother moved to Paris for the winter and the children could live at home. It was quite an event to gather into the wagon the beds, the necessary furniture, food clothes, etc., to set up a home in Paris. On one occasion we took a cow. Melvin would return to Georgetown quite often and return with hay for the cow and, I suppose, potatoes and other vegetables from the cellar, and flour.

The first time we lived in Paris we lived on the main street and across the street west and south of the First Ward chapel. Aunt Emily lived in the first house east of the chapel and about one-half block "through the lot" to the south of the imposing Stake Tabernacle. This made us close neighbors, a situation we enjoyed very much.