

Grandma Nelda – DISK 3

(Continued from disk 2)

From the back bone, he'd pull out some good lean meat. It was called tenderloin. And he'd bring it in the house and we'd have that for supper and it was such good sweet meat. It was just the best supper when we could have some tenderloin. Then he'd cut it up in pieces all along the side and then he'd take it and salt it and make bacon out of it. And then he'd cut up the shoulders and the hind legs. Then we'd have meat to eat. And then my mother, a few days after that, she'd say to my father, "Well, if you'll bring me some meat in" (because they'd keep it out in the wash house where it was real cold) "If you'll bring me some meat in, I'll make some sausage." Do you like sausage?

Then they'd grind the meat up and she'd mix spices with it and then she'd mix it all up and make it into rolls. And then when we'd want sausage for breakfast, she could just cut us off sausage to cook. Then she'd have lots more sausage than we could keep and so when she'd cook the sausage, she'd put it down in a crock. Do you know what a crock is? - Kind of like a crock pot. She'd cook the sausage and put it down in the crock and she'd pour the grease that she cooked the sausage in over it until she'd fill the crock all the way up. Then we'd put it upstairs where it was cold and when we'd want sausage for breakfast, we'd take some of that sausage out and it would be all cooked; all she'd have to do was heat it through good.

And that's the way that they'd save their meat so that we could have it all winter. The grease would seal it. And then my father would take all the fat meat because there's a lot of fat in a pig. And he'd take a lot of the fat meat and he'd bring it in and he'd help my mother. And they'd cut it all up on the bread board in little pieces and she'd put it in a great big kettle. And she'd cook all that fat meat and it'd melt all the fat out of it. And she'd cook it for a long while and keep stirring it and stirring it and pretty soon all the water and everything would be out of the meat and the fat would be all cooked kind of light brown. And she'd strain it and she'd put it in bottles and that's what she used for her lard.

That was lard and it was lots of work, but that's the way that they'd have to take care of the pig so they would use it all. That was the way that we got our meat and a lot of people, they'd hang their meat up in a sack on the north side of their house. And when they'd want a piece of meat, they'd just go out and saw them off a piece. And they'd hang it out there when it was cold weather and it wouldn't spoil. Not very long ago, I saw deer or some kind of an animal hanging from the north side of people's houses. It's an easy way to keep it if the weather's good and cold.

Well, I think I told you about this lady that lived down below our house that would have nervous breakdowns, didn't I? Her name was Mrs. Match and every once in a while she'd get sick up here in her head. Things would all get mixed up in her head and she wouldn't

know what she was doing. And we were always kind of afraid of her. And yet, when she was well, she was sure good to my mother. She'd iron for her and she'd hang out clothes for her when it was cold weather and put them out on the clothes line. You didn't have dryers. And she was really good to my mother and we liked her.

The reason I was going to tell them about it right now, one day when my father killed a pig, she liked the liver and the heart out of the pig and my mother didn't ever use that so she said to me, "Take this down to Mrs. Match." And there was a big plate of liver and the organ meat. And when I took it down, I knocked on the door and I was just a little bit scared. When she opened the door I said, "Mrs. Match, momma sent you down this liver." And she said, "Thank you." Then she took the plate, standing by her door and went just like that and flipped the meat off from it onto her table and it went splash. It splattered, you know, it was raw meat.

And I ran all the way home. She was mixed up in her head and yet she was such a good woman. It was World War I and she'd go up town and some boys that were very rude. They'd call her a German, a Hun and that was a nickname for Germans. She was from Switzerland. She wasn't from Germany, but we were at war with Germany and so we didn't like Germans. But these boys, they'd walk along behind her and call her names and it made her feel so bad. She'd come back home and she'd say, "I love the United States. I'm not a German. I wouldn't kill an American. I love Americans. I love the United States." And it would make her feel bad because these boys would say mean things to her.

When I was getting to be a teenager, do you know what we'd do on Sunday night? After meeting, meeting was always at 7:00 and by 8:30 then it was beginning to get dark. Why they'd always have a band concert at the park. And after meeting, we'd walk up town, go up to the park. Maybe we'd have money to buy us an ice cream cone or popcorn or something and we'd walk up to the park. Well, they'd have chairs all sitting around where people could sit and listen to the band play. And people would sit in their cars around the park and they'd sit on quilts. And people would come from all the little towns around like it would be here. It would be Venice and Elsinore and Central and Glenwood; people from Spring Lake and Santaquin and Spanish Fork and Benjamin and Lake Shore. They'd come to listen to the band play. Well, it was a good time for young people to get together. And we'd go strolling around the park and we'd meet friends from these out-of-town places and visit.

And we were getting old enough where we began to notice the boys and the boys began to notice us. And so finally, we'd find, maybe there were three of us walking along, maybe there'd be three boys that would come walking along behind us. And they'd want to talk to us and so we got acquainted with some of the boys from down to Lake Shore and Benjamin and Spanish Fork. Well, we thought they were kind of cute boys, you know.

So I think I told you that in the summertime, my father would take us on trips up to the canyon or down to the lake. Well, this one time I'm going to tell you it was an embarrassing thing for grandma, for me. One day all the neighborhood or else it was the whole ward was going to go down to the lake, down to Utah Lake. And there was a nice beach down there and a little warm swimming pool. And it was fun to spend the day down to the lake.

And my father would take his wagon and take the hay rack off; that was boards that went all up around the wagon to make it high. He'd take that off and we'd put quilts on the wagon bed and all of us would crawl up there and sit with our feet hanging off the wagon. And we'd sing songs and tell stories and have a good time riding along. Well, I thought "I'm too big to ride on the wagon with all the little kids." And so I asked my father if I could ride our pony. Do you remember what his name was? Old Teddy and they said, "Sure, if you want to ride the horse down there." So I got dressed up with my high top boots and my riding pants and I thought I looked really cute.

And Old Teddy was a tricky horse and this is what he'd do. When we'd go to put the saddle on Old Teddy, do you know what he'd do? He'd go and he'd fill his stomach full of air. So when we'd put the cinch on him to hold the saddle on, the strap that went under his stomach, we'd get it tight, but when we'd get the saddle on then he'd let the air out of his stomach and the cinch wouldn't be tight. Well, he was tricky and sometimes my father would take his foot and go like that to him on the stomach to make him let the air out of his stomach because he would just put his stomach as big as he could.

Anyway, that's what he must have done that day so we was riding along, all the kids was on the wagon and I was going off down the street. I'd galloped the horse for a ways and then I'd galloped back. I was just having a real fun time. Well, we got down to Benjamin. Now, Benjamin was a little town we had to go through to get to the lake. And there was where some of the boys lived that we liked to talk to on Sunday night when we'd go up to the park.

Well, maybe I was showing off. My father said I was. Anyway, I got to riding along and over to the ballpark in Benjamin, why they was having a ballgame. And all the kids was sitting on the fence and on the bleachers and I could see those boys that we knew. You girls are not quite old enough, but I got kind of nervous, you know. And pretty soon they said, "Hi there. Where are you going?"

And I waived back and all of a sudden, the saddle slipped. It wasn't on tight and I slipped and fell off on the ground and I was so embarrassed. All the kids on the wagon began to laugh and my father teased me and said I was showing off. But it was because that darned Old Teddy had just swelled his stomach so full of air that when he let it out, the cinch wasn't tight. And it was an embarrassing time.

One special time when I was just getting to be maybe 12 or 13 years old, the Hansen family invited our family to go to Salt Lake with them to the State Fair. And I don't remember – Hansen's had a beautiful new Studebaker and it had seats that would fold up inside and children could sit on them. So there was lots of room for all of us to go. And Hansen's two girls, Velda and Fern, and I guess Erma and I went to Salt Lake to the fair.

I wanted a new hat to wear and so mama said, "Well, go up to Clyde Wilson's." That was a dress shop and a millinery. Millinery means a hat shop. "And see if you can find you a new hat." So I went up and found a velvet hat. It was kind of like a bonnet, just as pretty as it could be, and it was just the color of Clark's house slippers. And it had shearing all underneath. It was so pretty and I was so proud that day to be up to Salt Lake to the state fair and had this pretty hat. It was real special. It was a hat that I just loved I guess until I wore it out.

When I was about 13 and started to go to mutual, we were told by our mutual teacher and my mother had always told us this that we should never sit down on an outside public toilet and you've been taught that too. Well, we were told in mutual that if we did that we could catch a very, very bad disease. And it really did frighten me and I was always very, very careful. But one day I noticed that on the inside of my legs I had some little round red sores like a rash.

And oh, it just frightened me to death. I thought, "I've got that very bad disease." And I was so frightened and I was afraid to tell my mother for fear that she'd make me go to the doctor. And I had never been to a doctor in my life before and I was afraid to go to tell her. And so I got all the different kinds of salves and medicine that there was up in the cupboard and I put it on these sores and they didn't get any better. And I was real worried and trying to get courage up enough to tell my mother about it. But I thought I had this bad disease and it was just something terrible that I just couldn't tell her.

And just at that time, our mutual class, the whole stake, all the beehive girls had been asked to go to the Salt Lake Temple and be baptized for the dead. And I worried about it, whether I should go or not. But I decided that I'd go and oh, there must have been 100 girls that went. We all got on the train that ran between Payson and Salt Lake. And we just looked forward to it because our beehive class had made a quilt to give to the Primary Children's Hospital. And then, the Primary Children's Hospital was right across the road north from the temple. Now there's a big parking lot there.

But there was a big house there and there's where they had these primary children that they'd bring from all over to cure them from being crippled or whatever was wrong with them. We were going to take this quilt to the Primary Children's Hospital and then we were going to be able to go down to Woolworth's which was about three blocks away. It was a five and dime store and a great big one. And we all had money that we could spend at

Woolworth's and at Cresses. They were two stores that we always went to when we went to Salt Lake. And so there were those three things that were real special about this trip and I wanted to go so badly, so I did.

Well, when we got dressed to be baptized, you'll see this someday when you go to the temple. You go down in the basement of the temple and there's a great big font just like a great, great big bath tub. It's almost as big as a swimming pool. It's real big and it sits up on twelve oxen, twelve golden oxen. Then you climb up some stairs and down into the font and you are baptized.

Well, they gave every one of us ten names to be baptized for people that were dead. So right at the first, why they called the girls in our ward, all but me and they went and they got baptized. And then they called another ward and another ward. And my friends in our ward, they got dressed and they stood out in the hall and they said, "Haven't you been baptized yet?" And I said, "No." And finally I said, "Well, you better go without me." So I sat there and I sat there.

And they went and took the quilt over to the children's hospital and came back and I still was sitting there on the bench. They hadn't called me yet. And so they said, "Well, we want to go down to Woolworth's, down to the five and dime store." There wasn't anything else for me to do, but sit there and just wait. Well, every girl, the whole stake was baptized and they didn't call me until the very, very last one. And when I went down into the font, they baptized me for the ten names and then they said, "Would you be willing to be baptized for some more?" And I said, "Yes."

Well, I missed part of the story. When I was getting undressed to be baptized for the dead in the little booth where I was, I knelt down and I asked my heavenly father if he would bless me that these sores would go away. And that I wouldn't have this terrible disease that I thought I had. Then this happened and I waited oh, just such a long while, for all these girls to be baptized each ten times. Well, they said, "Would you like to be baptized for some more?" And I said, "Well, yes." Everybody'd gone and so they baptized me 59 times and it was real special to have that happen.

Well, when I went home, I missed everything else but when I got home and got ready for bed that night, I didn't have any sores. My prayers had been answered that very, very day. And it was one of the first experiences that I had that I knew that my heavenly father answered prayers, even for children if they would ask. Well, I wondered ever after just what these sores were and I later found out that it was a fungus infection that I'd got.

And I don't know where I'd got it, but if I had gone to the doctor he would have given me some - I don't know what it was. Maybe you would know what it is. It's kind of a purple medicine. And anyway, you paint it on these little sores and it wasn't really a sore. It was

about the size of a dime. You'd paint it on there and it cured it right up. Well, I believe that maybe someone could have caught those sores from me because I got them for somewhere. But because I was the last one to be baptized, no one else (if they were contagious) could have got them. And the Lord answered my prayer. And I want you children to know that if you have a problem you go to the Lord and he will bless you because he hears children's prayers just the same as he hears other people's prayers.

Tonight I was glad, on *The Little House on the Prairie* that you saw a buggy because I didn't know whether any of you children had seen what a horse and buggy looked like or not before. But my mother had a horse and buggy like that that she used all the time when I was a little girl when she'd do her Relief Society teaching or her church work. My father would harness up the horse and then she'd have it ready to use when she needed to and that was hers. And then the family had a buggy that was wider than that and it had two seats and it was much fancier. All around along the top was fringe. It had red spoked wheels and little gold trim on it and it was very fancy. And they used to like to use my father's surrey; it was called, in the parades. They'd take it to funerals and special times like that. Then on Sundays, we'd go for a ride in it like you go for a ride in your car.

Well, the first automobile I saw was our neighbor's across the street. And when Mr. Tipton brought it home, it looked almost like that buggy. And it was red and black and I guess my brother or somebody come running in and said, "Come see Mr. Tipton's car." And we all ran out on the front porch and he got in front of it. And to start that kind of a car you had to put a crank in it and turn it fast until the motor would start to run. And when it started to run there was a smoke that went up all around it and it made such a loud noise. And Mr. Tipton called to my mother and he said, "Come on Minnie and I'll take you for a ride." And she said, "You'll never get me to ride in one of those things." But of course, automobiles developed until they were nicer to ride in and my father bought one. Well, I wanted to tell you that those were the kind of things we rode in when I was a little girl.

I think that during my junior high school days was some of my school days that I remember the best. At that time I graduated from primary into the mutual. And I don't know now whether if they still have Beehive girls or not, do they? Well, they had three years you could be a Beehive girl, a first year, a second year, and a third year. And when we were in our first year we had to choose an emblem. We had big blue bandelos that we wore over our shoulders like the boy scouts do. And Beehive girls was equivalent in the church to boy scouts.

Well, we had these big bandelos and we'd earn these emblems and sew them on our bandelos when we would complete requirements. Maybe we had to wash dishes for a week without grumbling or we'd have to do things around the house. And there were different fields where as Beehive girls we said that we could gather honey and gathering honey was

completing these requirements. And then we'd sew one of these emblems on our bandelo. And I wish I still had mine. I don't know where it ever went. It used to be up in the cupboard, but I haven't seen it for a long time and I don't know where it went. But anyway, mine was full.

Well, we each had to choose a flower because bees gather honey out of flowers and they would represent something that we wanted to put into our lives. And I chose a violet for my emblem and I embroidered a violet on my bandelo and it stood for modesty. It always reminded me to try to sit like a lady and to speak quietly and wear clothes that were modest, didn't show my body. Well anyway, those were fun years. Part of the time my sister Inez was our teacher.

And we did lots of fun things besides earn these requirements. We'd go on hikes for fun, we'd sleep out. One night, we slept down in a meadow. We'd have weanie roasts and marshmallow roasts and all those fun things at night. We'd take hikes and go swimming and did the fun things that you do. And then we'd also, every summer, spend a week up Payson Canyon and the whole stake would come. All the Beehives, girls in the stake, would camp there together. And they'd have programs every day and plan things for us to do. We'd go on hiked and we'd gather flowers and learn about them, and watch birds, and do things like that while we were camping out.

It wasn't always good weather. One time when we went, it rained and when we got our beds all made in the tent, why when it rained hard in the night it ran down and ran under the tent and got our beds wet. We didn't have sleeping bags. We put quilts down. My father had taken all of our supplies up the canyon on his wagon and he'd helped us put up the tent. And he told us we'd have to shovel a little trench around the outside so that if it did rain then we wouldn't get wet. Well, we didn't have a shovel or didn't do it. Anyway, we got wet. And it rained so hard every day that we couldn't do these fun things and so we'd stay inside the tent and we made candy and my sister Inez, our teacher, read books to us and we just had lots of fun things that we did every day even though we couldn't go out for a hike.

Where ever there's girls about that age, there are boys. Well, the boys weren't invited. The boys in the daytime, they'd like to come up the canyon and tease the girls and see what they were doing. And they just hung around our tent to have a piece of candy and to see what we were doing. And they'd try to play tricks on us and things like that. So one day when we went for a hike we saw where the boys were down in the creek swimming, because their clothes were all piled up by the banks so we thought, "Well, we'll just play a trick on those boys."

So we took their pants and their shoes and their socks and we took them away. And we tied knots in the bottom of their levis and put rocks in them and threw them up in the tree. And we scattered their socks and their shoes around everywhere. Then we thought they won't

be bothering us this afternoon. Along toward evening, why here came the boys and they said they'd had to hunt all day for their clothes and they said, "We'll et even with you." Anyway, they thought it was kind of fun and so did we.

One day, some boys came from Salem. That's another little town by Payson. And they came up the Payson Canyon on their horses and I liked to ride horses and I thought I was a good rider. And so these boys, we got to talking to them and we said, "Let us ride your horses" (three or four of us girls.) And they said, "No" they didn't want to. "You don't want to ride. You don't know how to ride." And we said, "Oh yes, we do." And finally we coaxed them into letting us take their horses. Well, when we rode out of this big park where we were camped, the other girls turned and went up the canyon. I thought they were following me and we'd go down the canyon so I went down the canyon. And I got the horse to galloping. I just thought it a lot of fun and I was having a good ride.

Well, pretty soon we came to a little road that went over the mountain that went to Salem. That's where the horse's home, its home was you see. And so I got to riding the horse pretty fast and it decided to go over the mountain home and I couldn't stop it. I wasn't quite as good a rider as I thought I was. I couldn't control the horse as well as I thought I could. And I just had been having such a good ride. Well anyway, the horse took off on this little side road and started to go up over the mountain. And it started to run and I couldn't stop it. I pulled on the reins and kept telling it to, "Whoa" and to stop and it wouldn't. It just kept running.

So guess what I decided to do? I decided well I might as well enjoy the ride. I could not stop the horst and I knew where he was headed so I thought I might as well enjoy the ride and pretty soon he'll get tired. So pretty soon the horse, he slowed down and I was able to stop it. And I was just kind of angry at that horse and I thought, "I'll show you." So then I turned it around and made it run back up the canyon. And I had a real good ride, but all the time I was pretty scared because I thought what if I hadn't been able to stop, if the horse and I'd got clear to Salem back to the barn where the horse came from? So that taught me a lesson not to coax to ride horses that I didn't know anything about.

Well, I don't remember much but Beehive girls, they put on lots of programs and we sang songs. And sometimes when we'd sing songs we'd get the giggles and spoil the song. You know what girls do, they get to giggling and couldn't stop. We did that one night in church. And then I wasn't a very good singer because they never asked me to sing a solo or anything. And I couldn't play the piano very well so I never did that, but I liked to give retold stories. I'd find a real good story and I'd learn it and I would tell this story. And I was often asked in programs throughout high school to give retold stories and I liked to do that.

Well, when I graduated from high school, my brother was called to go on a mission and he went up into the northwestern states. That was up by Washington and Portland, Oregon, up

in that area he served his mission. And it got time for me to go to college, but it was really hard times. It was sort of; well it was the beginning of a depression. Do you know what a depression is? Well, I hope you don't know, but do you know what inflation is? That's when everything costs so much. Prices are high and wages are high. Well, a depression is just the opposite. There isn't any work for the men and they get very low pay and things are quite cheap, but nobody has any money to buy things with.

And it was like that then and my father couldn't sell his crops (he was a farmer) for a lot of money so he didn't have very much money. So when it got time for me to go to school he said that he didn't think that he could afford to send me to school. So I thought that was all right anyway because none of my friends were going to go to BYU. Some of them went up to the LDS Business College and went away to work. I felt bad about it, but my very best friends would go to college the next year. The girls that I'd gone through mutual with and lived in the neighborhood, they were a year behind me in school so that year I didn't go to school.

Well, along in the winter one morning when I was helping my mother get breakfast, my father came in from out milking the cow and he said to my mother, "Today's the day we ought to send Winward" (that was my brother) "some money for his mission. I don't know where I'm going to get the \$90 to send him." And mamma said, "What are we going to do?" And he said, "I don't know. After breakfast I'll go up town and see if I can't borrow some money from the bank."

And that began to worry me because we'd always had money and this was the first time that I could remember when I had ever heard my parents say that they didn't have some money. And to not have money to send to my brother that was on his mission really did worry me. So that morning my father said if it was a little later, he said, "I've got some wheat that I could sell for seed for farmers to plant their wheat. I've got a lot of oats to sell, but I wanted to save it until planting time." Because then he could get a little more money for this grain for seed.

That was the situation in our home so every morning before breakfast we'd all kneel down around our chairs around the breakfast table and when my father was saying the prayer he asked heavenly father to open up the way that he would get money, that he could borrow the money, that he could get the money to send to my brother that was on the mission. And so we got up from the table and sat down and was eating our breakfast when a knock came at the door.

And in our door there was a window and my mother had a curtain on the window, but through the curtain I could see who it was. And it was Brother Bills. He was a man who had a farm right to the side of my father's. And so my father got up and invited Brother Bills to come in. And Brother Bills said, "No, I can't sit down, but I just came to ask you if you have

any oats to sell. Do you know that last night there was a man who came through town with 40 heads of horses? And he camped down by my place and this morning he came up to the house and he said, "Fred, do you know anybody that's got some oats to sell? My horses have to have oats to eat. I planned on buying some when I got to Payson." And Brother Bills said, "Yes, I think Brother Tanner's got some oats. I'll go and ask him if you want me to."

So papa said, "Well, I've got some oats to sell, but I was saving them for seed time so that we could get more money out of the oats if I could sell it for seed." He said, "This man said that he would pay what you needed for your oats." And papa said, "Well, how many bushels of oats does he need?" And Brother Bills said, "He needs 40 bushels." And quickly in my father's head why he figured up that that would be the \$80 or \$90 – what it was to send to my brother in the mission field. And right there that very morning while we were there at the breakfast table our prayers were answered and my father right away got the money and was able to send it to my brother. It really strengthened my testimony in prayer to have my father's prayer answered that quick.

Well, then when fall came again I went to school and that year I lived with my mutual teacher. It wasn't Inez by then because she'd got married, but it was a girl by the name of Naomi Wilson. She was the bishop's daughter and she'd been on a mission since she'd taught me in mutual. And she was home from her mission and I was going to live with her over to Provo. That year I could go to school.

And I used to tell Jewel and Lorelee when they'd want a new dress when they were going to school that when I went to school I only had two dresses. And I had a lot of collars and cuffs and I'd change the collars and cuffs on these dresses. They'd say, "Mama, don't tell us about your blue surge dress anymore." But we didn't have as many clothes then as you do.

Well anyway, I lived with the Naomi Wilson and a girl by the name of Elizabeth Simons and then my best girlfriend was Fern Hansen. And the four of us lived together in this little apartment. Well, that year Naomi had come home from her mission and she met a missionary down on her mission and she had fallen in love with him and when he came home, why they were going to get married. It seemed like all Naomi did was write letters to her boyfriend. His name was Donelle Hickenbothom and she was all the time writing letters to him and making candy and cookies and things to send to her boyfriend that was still on his mission. Well, she and Elizabeth slept in one bed and Fern and I slept in the other.

Well, Naomi had been to school to the BY before and Elizabeth had been to school the year before and so they knew all about going to college. Well, Fern and I didn't. And freshmen then, when you went to the BY to school, all freshmen had to wear a little green beanie. Do you know what a beanie is? It's a little tiny cap that you wear on your head. Boys and girls and everybody wore these little beanies. Freshmen had to wear them and if the upper

classmen, the sophomores or the juniors or seniors would catch you without these little caps on your head, why they would arrest you.

And you'd have to go to a little student's court and they'd tell you things that you'd have to do for punishment. The girls usually would have to sweep the halls at the college or wash windows or scrub the front steps. And that was about the worst job of all. And so believe me now, I was afraid not to wear my beanie to school. And sometimes I'd get just about over to the school and remember I didn't have my beanie on and I'd run home and get it. Well, the boys if they didn't wear their beanies, they'd do awful things to them.

One day when I was coming through, oh it was the old campus you know, and there was the arch we'd come through. And one day when we were going through there, why some of the upper classmen had caught some boys and they'd taken their pants off from them. And these boys had to run home with their shorts on because they didn't have any pants on. Believe me, freshmen always wore their caps. Well, you'd have to wear them for maybe six weeks or the first quarter. And it was always such a worry. I never did get caught and I didn't ever want to.

Well, before I go any further I want to tell you about the first day that I went to the BY to school. I was scared to be in such a big school. And my friend couldn't register with me because she had to take what they call bone-head English. She hadn't passed the test. She hadn't got good enough grades in high school in English so she had to take what they called bone-head English. But I could take the regular English class and so we didn't register together and we didn't take classes together because our schedules were so different. So I felt like I was all alone in this big school.

Well, my English class was up on the hill up on the upper campus. And we'd have to walk up there and back and forth between classes because some of our classes was down on the lower campus and some up on the other. Well, my first class the very first morning that I went to school was this English class. And I went in and sat down by a girl that was quite a lot older than I was. I think that she was maybe nearly 30. She had taught school and been on a mission and so she was quite a bit older.

Let me tell you this. You'll see why I always remember this. Well, I went in and sat down by this girl and the class was beginning to fill up with other students. And there was a boy from Payson came in and he went to the back and sat down. But I sat up on the second row near the end. Well, when it got time and the bell rang, the professor came out of his office into the classroom. They'd have two classrooms with an office between it. And he came out of his office and he was a great big tall skinny man and he was old. He seemed old to me anyway and he was tall. And he looked around the room and he said, "I wonder how many more is coming?"

Of course, nobody knew. And he stood there a minute, took his watch out of his pocket, and said, "I guess we might as well begin." And so he picked up a paper and a pencil and he said, "I'll start the roll around." And I said to this girl, this lady that was sitting by me, "Oh, I hope he's a good teacher." And she said, "Oh, I think he is." Well as he stood there waiting for the roll to go around, all of a sudden he just turned and fell on the floor and he was dead.

And we rushed up there and this girl that was sitting by me, she said to me, "Oh, rub his hand." And so she handed me his hand. And we saw a teacher and I said, "Oh, come quick. Something's happened to Mr. Maeser." And so he came in the room and then he sent us all out and he said that Brother Maeser had died. He'd had a heart attack and he'd died. Well, I came to find out that his girl that I was sitting by that was so upset when he fell was his daughter. And then we had another teacher for the rest of the year.

And you can imagine how that upset me all day. We, of course, didn't have that class. And that night, why over in Payson, my father went up to the barber shop and he met this other boy from Payson that had been in the class that morning and he told him, this other student, told my father what had happened. So my father and mother got in the car and came over to Provo to see how I'd got along after seeing Brother Maeser die. My teacher for the rest of the year was a lady. Oh, and she was the sweetest person. Her name was Elsie C. Carroll. And she wrote a lot of novels and she wrote for the *Children's Friend* and in church magazines. She was such a good teacher that I really did enjoy her.

Well, I told you that one of my roommates name was Elizabeth Simons. Well, she had gone to school the year before and this was her second year at BYU. The year before when she was going to school she boarded with some people and they were friends to Grandpa's sister, Aunt Hortence. And that year Cosme Spencer was living in Provo with his sister and so he got acquainted with Elizabeth Simons. But before the year was over or during the summer, I guess it was, he went back to Mexico.

Well, he and Elizabeth Simons wrote letters. Well, there I had two classmates that had boyfriends and when there'd be a letter come why Elizabeth would take her letter and she'd go into the bathroom until she'd read her letter. And then she'd come out and she'd take the letter and put it way down in the bottom of her trunk. And when Elizabeth would get a letter, why then she'd cry and she was so lonesome for her boyfriend. It was awful living with these two girls that had boyfriends and Fern and I didn't have any. And they'd make candy and cookies and stuff to send to their boyfriends.

Well, Elizabeth would tell us all about Cosme Spencer and what good times that they had the year before, but we didn't ever get to meet him because in he was down in Mexico. When school let out then I worked during the summer and my brother came home from his mission. And I was going to go back to school again when school started. Well, during the summer my mother got a rash all over her arms and it just smarted and stung and hurt and

itched until she could hardly stand it. And the doctor would give her salve and medicine to put on it and sometimes it would help a little bit and sometimes it would make it worse. And then neighbors would come in and say, "I think you ought to try this." And so she'd try that; nothing seemed to help. And so the doctor told her not to put her hands in water and to keep medication on it to see if it wouldn't heal.

So she got some long black stockings. She cut the feet out of them, and she'd pull these stockings up on her arms so the medicine wouldn't get on the bedclothes and her clothes and that's the way she went around. Well, I had to help her so much because she couldn't put her hands in water or wash vegetables or wash clothes on anything. And so that summer I helped my mother, but nothing seemed to help this rash on her arms. It was called eczema. And when it got time for school to start, she said, "I don't know how I'm going to spare you. I don't know what I'm going to do." And I didn't know what she was going to do either. I had helped her all summer and nothing was helping her. We were both quite worried about what we were going to do when it came time for me to go to school.

Well one day, my friend, this year her sister was going to go to school too and so we'd planned to go over during the week and find us an apartment over to Provo. It was over 18 miles away and we planned to go over and get us an apartment. And mama said, "Well, I think you'd better go. Go with the girls and get your apartment and then we'll just have to see." Well, we got our apartment along I guess maybe in August or something. When it got September there was lots of fruit to bottle and vegetables and things. I had to do most of it. There's lots of things that my mother could do, but when we got ready to do peaches the peach fuzz, when peaches came on, the peach fuzz made her arms itch so much worse and she couldn't get near peaches.

So it got just about a few days before school was going to start and Velda and Fern said, "Today, let's go take our clothes over and take pots and pans and things like that and get the apartment fixed up." And my mother said, "Well, you'd better go. You go and we'll just try to work it out some way." And so I said, "Well, what are you going to do? Here's three bushels of peaches to be bottled." And she said, "Well, you'll be back in the afternoon. Then you can help me bottle the peaches." And so we went over to Provo and took our things and that night, why before I had prayed that there would be a way open, some way that I could go to school.

I had decided I wanted to be a school teacher. And then you went two years and then you could teach grade school. And I had gone to school one year and I had one more year to go and then I could teach school. Well, I had asked heavenly father if he'd bless my mother that she would get well and I'd been praying about this. So this morning she said, "You go and then you hurry back and maybe we can get quite a lot of these peaches bottled this afternoon." So I went and when I came home I came around the house to the back door.

When I opened the door and went in, the first thing I saw was the cupboard right by the back door; it was just full of bottled peaches. And my mother was working in the kitchen and I said, "What's this all about?" And she said, "Well, I want to tell you, this morning after you left I went to change the stockings on my arms. The eczema and that rash, I could just brush it off like this. It was all dry and I had to go outside in the dooryard and brush the dried skin off my arms. I just brushed it all off. Look, my arms are just about well. I was able to bottle the peaches today."

And so then I helped her and we bottled the rest. And that was another time – And she told me, she said, "Your father and I have been praying that you could go to school and that I'd get better. Just look at my arms. They're nearly well." Well, I went to school and was able to finish my school so that I could teach school.

And it was a lot of fun that year because school had no more started when one day I got off the train (There was a little electric train that ran between Payson and Provo and went to Salt Lake and the students would all take this train. We called it the urban or the Orem train and it wasn't a steam train. It was an electric train and all the students would ride it. Other people also, but that was the way we got back and forth. Well, this day we got off the train, Fern and I, and there to the station was Cosme Spencer.

That summer I had met him at the dance. We'd gone to the dance and Elizabeth had introduced us to her boyfriend. Well this day, why when we got off the train it was along late in the afternoon and there he was. And so he came up and started to talk to us and he said, "Let me carry your suitcases." We said, "Oh, they're pretty heavy." And he said, "Oh, I can carry them. Where are you going? I'll carry them for you." So as he was carrying our suitcases along he said, "What have you got in these suitcases to make them so heavy?" And Fern said, "Oh, Nelda's got a cake. That's what makes it so heavy." And he said, "Boy, I want to see a cake that's as heavy as that."

So when we got to our apartment, I said, "Well, come in and we'll give you a piece of cake." So he came in and he hung around and hung around and hung around and visited with us through the evening. And the next Tuesday night when we went to mutual, why there Cosme Spencer was to mutual. And after mutual, we lived right across the road from the Malibu Church, and so he walked across the street with us. And we had a great big pine tree out of the front lawn and we stood around all of us under this pine tree and talked. And that's how I met Grandpa.

Cosme Spencer lived up the street a half block east. And after we got acquainted, why when I'd start out for school in the morning pretty soon I'd hear somebody come up behind me and say, "Boo" or something like that. And I'd turn around and it would be Cosme Spencer. I might have waited until I saw him come out of the house before I started to go.

He had a good friend named Irving Snow and he introduced Fern to Irving Snow so then sometimes they'd come to mutual then after mutual, why they'd walk across the street with us and we'd stand under this great big pine tree and visit. Well, I began to feel kind of bad after a while because Elizabeth was one of my best girlfriends. Well, Cosme Spencer would usually go over Sunday afternoon and see Elizabeth; maybe Saturday nights too. I don't know, but during the week why he'd be hanging around our place. So one day he began to ask me to go to shows with him and finally I said to him one day, "Now, listen. Elizabeth is my girlfriend and I don't want to do anything to hurt her."

He said, "Why don't you let me decide which girl I want to go with." So sometimes he'd go see Elizabeth and sometimes he'd go to see me. And during that winter why Elizabeth was the stake drama director over to Payson for the mutual and she'd put on plays. And on Sunday afternoon they'd go to the tabernacle and practice. Well, when Cosme Spencer would go over to see her he'd have to go over to the tabernacle and sit down on the benches where it was cold while they had their rehearsal. He'd get pretty tired sitting there.

So pretty soon he got so he'd get up and it was about five blocks down to my place and he'd come down there and spend the rest of the afternoon. And then when it'd get about time for me to go back on the Orem, why sometimes he rode back on the Orem too and then he could carry our suitcases. It was quite a long ways from downtown to where we lived. And that's how I got acquainted with grandpa.

When he'd come down to my place, why my mother would say, "Cosme, would you like a piece of apple pie?" And he'd say, "Well, I sure would." So she'd give him a piece of apple pie and popcorn balls. She treated him real, real nice. So he kind of liked to come over to Payson and ride back on the Orem with us. I guess because mama treated him so nice.

And I'll tell you this one thing to put on the tape. I always had a hard time when Cosme would come over to see me because Winward made so much fun of him. Winward was always so fussy the way he dressed himself. He was just so fussy about the way he dressed and one day Cosme Spencer came over and he had some purple socks on. Winward never got over teasing me about that. And Winward told mama, "If Nelda ever marries him she's going to drive her pigs to a poor market."

We talked about grandma getting ready to go to college and how her prayers were answered so she could to. And I want you girls to know that I really did enjoy going to school. After I graduated from high school my brother was on a mission and I couldn't go to school because my father couldn't afford to send me to school and to keep my brother on a mission. And so I stayed home and worked and got ready to go the next year.

The first year I went to school I lived with my mutual teacher who had been on a mission and had just come home. Her name was Naomi Wilson and Elizabeth Simons. And

something special about Elizabeth Simons, she was Cosme Spencer's girlfriend. I didn't know Cosme Spencer then and he was Elizabeth Simons' boyfriend. And then Fern Hansen was my bed partner and we had been good friends ever since we were little girls so it was fun to live with these girls.

Now, Naomi had been on a mission and he had also taught school and so she was quite a lot of help. She could introduce us to a lot of students over on campus and so we liked to live with her. And Elizabeth was an excellent student. She just studied and studied and studied and was really working hard because she really wanted to be a school teacher too. And Fern and I were just freshmen and we thought that we'd like to be school teachers and so that's what we signed up for when we went to school.

Naomi was in love and she spent so much time writing to her boyfriend. She didn't like to cook or wash dishes or anything like that and so she practically lived the whole winter on Post bran flakes. She'd stay in her bathrobe nearly all day on Saturdays and Sundays and she'd write letters and draw pictures on her letters to send to her boyfriend. We thought she was kind of silly. And we lived in a little apartment and Fern and Elizabeth and I liked to keep it clean. And we liked to cook and took turns and it worked out really well. We all got along well together. We really liked Naomi, but she wasn't much help.

And every weekend, why Fern and I would go home. We'd go get on the train and we'd go back to Payson and spent Saturday and Sunday and go back to school Sunday evening (back over to Provo). We did this nearly every weekend and that way why we could cook on Saturday at home and make cakes and cookies and make casseroles and things that we could take back to school so we'd have something to eat. And I was such a scared little freshman. The school looked so big. My goodness, there were about 700 students there at BYU and I thought it was such a big school and so many strange people and it seemed like I was kind of frightened that year.

When I went back to school the next year when I didn't have to wear that little green beanie on my head and I felt like I was acquainted with the campus. And the freshmen wore the greenies and I felt lots more secure and had a better term. The second year I went to school. I lived with this good friend of mine, Fern Hansen and her sister and another girl by the name of Marie Tervert. Now Marie and Velda Hansen had been to the BYU before and they had taught school and they were back to school again so Fern and I, we were sophomores. And they knew lots of the students on campus. We really got acquainted and had lots of friends and had a good time.

Marie was going with a boy by the name of Blaine Larson. His father had a photography shop there in Provo. And Velda all year long didn't have a boyfriend. By that time I had got acquainted with CG Spencer (Cosme Spencer) and he had a good friend by the name of Irving Snow. So sometimes these boys would come around and they'd take us out – Blaine

and Cosme Spencer and Irving Snow. Why, they'd take us to shows and take us for a ride in Blaine's car. Cosme Spencer and Irving Snow didn't have an automobile, but Blaine did so they'd buy his gas and they'd take us for rides and take us places that we wanted to go for fun up the canyon or down to the lake or somewhere like that. Velda never did have a boyfriend, not all year long and there were lots of boys.

And the thing that made school so much fun that year besides going to class was every Wednesday afternoon they'd have a matinee dance over in the old lady's gym. Do you know where that is? Across the road from the old campus. That was the lady's gym and all the girls; they had their gym classes there. I don't remember where the boys had theirs. Anyway, every Wednesday afternoon they'd have a matinee dance and that was lots of fun. You didn't have to have a boyfriend to go or anything. Everybody went to the dance and oh, for about two hours you'd dance and it was so much fun. We had so many friends and we just danced and danced.

There was a boy from Payson that fat and short and we didn't like him. His name was Vernon Moore and he was kind of a second cousin to me so I was supposed to treat him nice because he was my cousin, second cousin. He had an older brother named Huish and we like Huish. And Huish was good to us because lots of times he'd bring us things from home. If we didn't go home, why, he'd bring us over a sack of kindling wood and things that my mother would send up with him.

Vernon, we didn't like him at all, but he liked us. So one day, why I saw him headed right straight to ask me to dance. And I didn't want to dance with him and so I hurried quick and went into the ladies' restroom. And he asked the girl to dance that I was standing right by. And he said, "Nelda thought I was going to ask her to dance, but I wasn't." And that taught me a good lesson. I knew he was going to ask me to dance because we usually always danced with him. We didn't like to, but his brother was good to us. And sometimes we'd invite them to come have dinner with us if they'd bring us a big kettle of soup from home or something why then we'd say, "Well, come in and have some." But whoa, we didn't like Vernon at all.

One day, it was so much fun; I was standing there and they were having a sort of a big mutual convention – MIA convention or something in Provo. And all the mutual general board members were down. And there was one man that used to go all over the church teaching the young people how to dance these certain kind of dances for road shows and things like that. And his name was Will Robison and he came along and he chose me to dance with him. Oh, that was just great to dance with this wonderful dancer. I thought that was fun. And this man just died about a year ago. When it was in the paper about him dying, why he could quote whole Shakespearian plays. He was really quite a man and I had a chance to dance with him.

Well, the second year that I went to school was the year that I did practice teaching and learned really how to teach school and I just loved it. Every day I'd go over to the training school and I'd teach first graders how to read. And I had such a group of good students to teach. And then later in the year when I was about through with my student teaching then I went to Payson and I taught a third grade over in Payson for, I don't know, a month I guess to learn how to teach over there and that was fun.

But when I look back on going to college, I think of all the friends that I made and it was just great. And it was so much fun to live with these girls and we did so many fun things together. One thing we did once was have a big slumber party. All the girls at school had a slumber party in the ladies' gym. And we divided up into families and a big tall girl was the ma and I was the pa and then we had four or five children. And we took our families and we made our beds on the gym floor and had this big slumber party. And it sure was lots of fun.

We had a cold stove. Do you know what kindling wood is? Well, to start a fire in a wood stove or a coal stove you had to have fine pieces of wood to start the fire with. You couldn't start a fire with great big logs or big pieces of wood so we'd have to have little pieces of wood. And my father and my brothers, they would chop up pieces of wood and put them in sacks and then we'd take them over to school and we'd have this wood to start our fires with. Then we'd burn coal in our stove. And when we'd come home from school our apartment would be cold and we'd have to start a fire to get it warm. That was one way that Huish Moore was so good to us. When we'd need more kindling, why he'd tell my father and he'd bring it back with him in his car because he had a car.

By this time, why Cosme Spencer was getting to be quite important to me and on weekends when I'd go home, he'd come over to Payson. And there'd usually be a dance on Saturday night and we'd go to the dance sometimes. This was in the summertime too when it was good weather. There was outside dance halls. One was over to Salem and it was called Lakeside and then one was down to Benjamin called Arrowhead. And we had lots of fun.

On Tuesday nights, mutual in this ward we belonged to was especially fun because after mutual they always had a dance and the boys from school and all the boys in the ward would come to the dance and it would really be a big dance. And we'd have lots of fun. That helped during the week. And one reason that I liked to go with Cosme Spencer was because he treated me the way that I liked to be treated. It seemed like he would think of the things that I'd like to do and make plans to do them. And Blaine and Irving, they'd think of fun things to do like getting weanies or marshmallows and we'd go roast them or we'd go swimming or hiking. We'd hike up Rock Canyon after school was out and things like that.

And sometimes we'd go to a movie and after that why we'd go to an ice cream store and have ice cream. And all the kids at school, they'd go to Keelee's to have their treat so it was kind of a hangout for kids and that was lots of fun. And one night after mutual, it must have

been in the spring when we'd had some good warm days, why it was so pretty out at night that we decided that we'd would hike up to the Y. And a whole crowd of us hiked up to the Y.

And on the way when we got to the edge of town, somebody had piled up a whole lot of brush and we said, "Wouldn't that be fun to set it on fire?" It was all piled up for a big bonfire and so one of the boys, they found a match and we lighted the fire. And we didn't realize the fire was going to be quite as big as it was. So when we saw that it was going to be bigger than we thought it would be, why we knew that people around would see it and would wonder what it was you know. So we hurried and went on up the mountain.

We could hear people down there coming to investigate to see what this fire was all about, but it wasn't dangerous or anything so we thought that was kind of fun to make that great big bonfire. And we hiked up to the Y. Well, I wasn't going to tell you about that, but Cosme Spencer had some 22 bullets in his pocket and when the fire got to going, why he threw these bullets in the fire. That's when we hurried up the hill because pretty soon when we got up the hill it would go boom, boom, boom. And then people began to come outside and look to see what the noise was all about. No one ever knew that it was us that did it.

It was lots of fun to teach school. I really enjoyed seeing the children learn and at the close of the year I was the only one out of those four girls that got a job. Fern could have had a job, but she wouldn't take it because it over to Genoa. And it wasn't a good place to teach and it was the poorest pay of any job in the whole district and she wouldn't take it. And that summer Marie got married to this Blaine Larsen. And when summer come, Velda and Fern went out to the Nevada to work. They didn't get a school to teach. They went over to Nevada to work and Fern met a boy out there and got married and then later, why Velda got married and lives up in Pocatello, Idaho.

But I was the only one that got a really good school. And my pay when I started was \$75 a month, if you can imagine. It wouldn't be very much money now, but it was the starting pay for a school teacher. And then the next year I got a raise and the next year I got a raise and so I thought I was doing quite well.

Well, I wanted to tell you about the last few days of school. There's all of the excitement about exams and getting all your papers in and we had to pack up our things and clean up our apartment and get ready to go home. Well, my mother came over to Provo and we went shopping and she bought me the most beautiful pink dress. It was the prettiest dress that I had ever had and by far the most expensive. And all across the front were little tiny, tiny pleats. They called them accordion pleats and they were just little tiny fine pleats across the front. It was the prettiest dress and it cost so much money.

Well, on Sunday they had what they called the baccalaureate services for all the graduates. And we paraded from the college downtown down to the tabernacle for these services and I wore my dress. Our parents came over from Payson – Mr. and Mrs. Hansen and Mr. and Mrs. Tervert, and my parents. And they were all sitting in our apartment and all of a sudden there came a great big rattle, rattle, rattle on the screen door. We had latched the screen door because it didn't have a screen on it to close it. So we always latched it.

And when we turned to see who it was, it was Cosme Spencer and Irving Snow. I guess Blaine was with you too. But anyway, Cosme Spencer had arranged from the garage where he worked, to get a car. And he was all excited to think that he'd have a car so that he could take us for a ride and take us around after our graduation exercises or the services that night. And my parents, if you can imagine, here these boys came and they just rattled the door. They never did act like that any other time, but this time they come running across the lawn and our parents looked and thought, "What kind of boys are these? Is this the way they act all time?" We were surely embarrassed and so were they. So were these boys to think they'd act like that.

Well, we went to the baccalaureate services and afterwards my parents went home. And we got in the car with Cosme Spencer and Irving and Blaine and rode around. And finally they decided - we rode down to Utah Lake and all of a sudden they decided, well let's take a boat ride and they got a boat. And Fern and I had our nice graduation dresses on. We got in the boat and we went down the river onto the lake and when we turned around to come back, why the high water was coming down the river and they had a hard time getting back up the river. And they rowed so hard and the water was just right up almost to the top of the boat. And every time they'd row, they flipped water all on my dress.

Cosme Spencer gave me his coat and I put it over my dress, but still I got my dress all wet and it was ruined. And the next day was our real graduation exercises and I was supposed to wear it. And oh, I thought, "What will I do? My dress is ruined." So on the way home we were pretty scared because we had a hard time getting back up the river. And on the way home, why we decided that our graduation exercise was at 2:00 the next day. How would I ever get my dress? So Cosme Spencer said, "Well, you put it in a box and put it out on your front step and when I go to work in the morning I'll take it down to Madsen's Cleaners and I'll have it cleaned and I'll tell them that you'll pick it up before 2:00." Well, the next day before 2:00 Fern and I went downtown and I got my dress and they'd cleaned it and it was just like new.

But I was just about not to have a graduation dress because of such a dumb trick that we did. It was stupid of all of us to not use better judgement, but we were just trying to have a good time and it could have been serious. We were just lucky to get back up the river. Anyway, school was out and we went home. But these boys, they'd still keep coming over

on Sunday or on Saturday night and take us to dances and go to church with us on Sunday through the summer.

Well, it got just about time for school to start and all summer long why I'd been making me new dresses and getting ready – getting charts made and getting ready to teach children how to read and getting all ready for school. The trouble of it was though; my school was three miles away from where I lived. And my father said, "Well, I'll buy a new car so you'll have a car to drive." So he and my mother went uptown and they bought the prettiest automobile I've ever seen. I think I told you about this last time, didn't I? They bought a Chevrolet Landau. It was a 4-door car and it was robin's egg blue. It was turquoise blue and it had a pretty gray leather cover on it.

I thought it was the prettiest automobile I'd ever seen, but I didn't know how to drive it. And my father didn't know how to drive it very well because he was used to driving what they called a Model-T Ford and you drove it differently. You started and everything differently than a car that had a stick shift in it, you know where you go like that. And so both my father and I needed to learn how to drive the car. Well of course, my father, he'd driven before. It didn't take him long, but I hadn't driven an automobile only just a little tiny bit before that.

And so on Saturday – school was going to start on Monday – and on Saturday I had a chance to go to Salt Lake and go to a buyer's market where ladies who had dress shops (people had dress shops) bought their merchandise. And this friend of mine said, "You can go up there if you want and see what you want to buy." Well, I decided that I'd buy me a new winter coat. And so the man from - the automobile salesman said, "Well, I'll take you."

And so early Saturday morning he came over and I drove the car until I got up to Murray. When I got up to Murray, the traffic was getting heavier so Mr. Chatman, he took the wheel and drove me to the warehouse. And I bought me this beautiful black coat with a big gray fur collar on it and it was such a pretty coat. Well on the way home, I drove home. He drove until we got out to Murray and then I drove the rest of the way home.

And then on Sunday, Cosme Spencer came over and he took my mother and father and me and we went for a ride. And I practiced driving and then I said, "I better learn how to park on the hill" because the school house where I was going to teach was on a hill." So then Cosme took me out to Spring Lake and showed me how to park. Well, then Monday morning I was on my own and I drove out to school and I parked it right by the side of the building. And it was right where the boys played ball and I was kind of afraid they'd bat a ball through the window.

So the next day I parked it over in a neighbor's shed. Well, after school was out and I went over to get in my automobile to take it home, a mother cat had had kittens on the back seat

so we had to move the kittens off the back seat and clean the seat off. So after that I was pretty sure that the windows were rolled up tight. But it was fun to drive a brand new pretty automobile to school. But do you know that when it got cold weather this beautiful automobile wouldn't start. And on cold mornings, why about 7:30 I'd be all ready to go to school and I'd go out and I'd stop on the starter and nothing would happen. Nothing would happen.

My father would come out with a tea kettle and he'd pour hot water around on the manifold or the engine or whatever it was and we'd try to get it to start. Well, it'd just about take all my time to get that automobile to start. I could start it after school because I'd park it in the sun and it'd start all right. But in the morning when it was so cold, it wouldn't. One morning we couldn't get it to start and papa said, "Well, I'll hitch the team of horses on it and I'll pull you around the block." Well, he pulled me around the block and we got it started.

Another morning it wouldn't start and he was so aggravated to think this automobile wouldn't start that he pulled me clear up town to the Chevrolet garage. And when the manager of the Chevrolet garage saw him pulling this automobile up the street why he told my father, "Don't you ever do that again. Don't you ever pull a Chevrolet by a team of horses; it doesn't look very good for my automobiles. How will I ever sell any Chevrolets if you have to pull them around with a team of horses?"

But anyway, we had a hard time getting that car to start and so then I began to ride with a lady that taught school over to Santaquin. And I'll tell you she'd always gave me a ride for my money. She'd drive about 90 miles per hour on the slick roads. I'll tell you, I was really, really scared. And so then my father said, "Well, you can't do that anymore. You can't ride with Lucille Stowe. You'll just have to get that Chevrolet fixed so it'll ...

