

Track Changes

His having to go in the army was just part of life, though we worried about when we were going to get married. We figured, from what we'd heard, that he'd be finished with basic training by the end of June and so he'd be able to get some time off to come home and get married. It turned out that the term was doubled—he was put on standby to come back. I stayed up all night the night he was ___(unintelligible)___ big hill down here that goes down into the valley. I watched all morning for his car to come—I didn't sleep much that night because I didn't know for sure whether he was going to make it or not. Despite being up most of the night, I was awake the next day for the wedding—I'm kind of a night owl anyway.

After getting married, we lived first with a family in Olympia, and after that we found a place in Tacoma where we had a baby.

Despite being married to a soldier, I found life pretty normal—he came home at night and he went to work in the morning. We had friends, and we had a good time. Our first baby was born about a year after we were married. We were married on the 27th of June and he was born on the 14th of June the following year. We were living in this little tiny home in Tumwater, and a baby takes a lot of time, especially your first one. I was the oldest girl in my family—I had three sisters younger than I—but I was only seven when the youngest was born. I babysat, but mostly just for my siblings, and so I had had little to no experience being a mother. I had been a nanny of sorts, but that was with school-aged children—I just had to make sure that they got their homework done and that I had meals ready for them and kept the house up.

Once we had children, most of the time I was busy taking care of kids, keeping the house up, meeting with friends, and going to church—the normal things you do.

Deleted: to

Deleted: that they doubled the term

Deleted: .

Deleted: though

Deleted: W

Deleted: in Olympia first, when we were living with a family

Deleted: morning.

Deleted: We had a good time and we had friends

Deleted: The baby

Deleted: next

Deleted: ¶

Most of the time I was busy taking care of kids, keeping the house up, meeting with friends, and going to church—the normal things you do. After the baby was born we were living in this little tiny home in Tumwater and a baby takes a lot of time, especially your first one.

Deleted: and so I

I don't remember how much Lee made, but we had enough to get by. I was a depression baby—I'd learned to live on not a whole lot. And things were so inexpensive when we were married—I, can't believe, looking back on it now, that when we were raising our children, candy bars were three for a dime. We didn't ever buy candy when I was growing up. We would get money on the fourth of July that we could spend for whatever we wanted and that's the only time I ever remember having money when I was growing up.

- Deleted: , and things were so inexpensive when we were married. I
- Deleted: e now
- Deleted: that
- Deleted: though

I grew up in Toperville. My father was a farmer and the post-master. Besides our garden, he raised alfalfa and sometimes sugarcane, but peaches were the cash-crop. We didn't have a lot of money, but we never felt poor. My mother made all of our clothes and they were better than anybody else's store-bought clothes. We would go to the store and we'd find the dress we liked and she'd say, "Ok I need this much fabric" and then she'd go home and cut the pattern out of a newspaper. In the next two days, we'd have a dress. She got her fabric mostly at Cedar City—it was thirty-six miles up to cedar city and we went there more often than we went to Saint George. I think Cedar was a bigger town at the time.

- Deleted: he raised
- Deleted: . P
- Deleted: . We never felt poor though
- Deleted: n anybody else's

We had some underclothes made out of flour sacks—we'd bleach the flour sacks really well, so that the only way to tell they were flour sacks was by the paint markings that we couldn't get out. You couldn't tell they were flour sacks otherwise—they were soft.

- Deleted: good
- Deleted: and aside from some of the paint markings on the flour sacks that we couldn't get out, y
- Deleted: . It was soft.

We had running water in the home, but when I was probably in my pre-teens before we had an indoor toilet. Before that, we had an outhouse half way down the yard. Our yard was half a block deep and we raised fruit trees and vegetables and my mother's flowers. We even had chickens and a pig and a cow. When we had to do our business at night, if all we had to do was pee, we would just go out in the dark to the watering ditch and "fertilize" the vegetables. (Chuckles). We didn't ever have a chamber pot.

- Deleted: We would go to the store and we'd find the dress we liked and she'd say, "Ok I need this much fabric" and then she'd go home and cut the pattern out of a newspaper. In the next two days, we'd have a dress.
- Deleted: eh
- Deleted: to
- Deleted: out house
- Deleted: doen
- Deleted: mothers
- Deleted: c
- Deleted: We canned most of our food

I remember, vaguely, taking a Saturday bath in a number three tub. Our hot water came from our coal stove. We'd keep the fire going and have a tea kettle for hot water when we wanted extra. We used the

- Deleted: You
- Deleted: and
- Deleted: you have
- Deleted: you want

tubs as part of the washing—we had a regular washing machine and electricity, but we did the rinsing in the tubs.

- Deleted: a
- Deleted: we
- Deleted: had the tubs to do the rinsing in
- Deleted: We had a regular washer and electricity.

We only bathed once a week but we would wash our hands and face regularly with a washcloth.

- Deleted: only
- Deleted: —hands

As I think back on growing up, my most vivid recollections are of summer nights when we were out till after dark playing games. We lived in a little town where we would run up and down the streets, and

- Deleted: —
- Deleted: ere
- Deleted: and

we'd run up and down the lanes, playing games—there were enough of us in the town to play lots of games. We played run sheep run and kick the can and we'd roller-skate on the highway—we all had roller skates.

- Deleted: and

- Deleted: . We
- Deleted: rollerskate
- Deleted: d
- Deleted: .

They clamped onto our shoes and we'd tighten them up with a key. The only place we had cement was in front of the school house, which was a block and a half south of where I lived, and that's where we

- Deleted: I didn't ever learn to ride a bike. My brother had a bike but I didn't ever learn to ride abike.

would go roller-skating. It was tricky because it went down the hill and we had to make the turn at the bottom, but we were good at it. We jumped rope to the red hot pepper song and we played marbles. I

- Deleted: Our roller skates
- Deleted: —
- Deleted: . We would roller skate on that.

didn't ever learn to ride a bike. My brother had a bike but I didn't ever learn to ride one. I don't remember a lot of specifics about these memories.

- Deleted: . We

The earliest thing I actually remember is when my grandmother Bringhurst died. I was five when she died. She lived across the street from us—I vaguely remember her sitting on our front porch. I

- Deleted: I
- Deleted: She lived across the street from us
- Deleted: I was five when she died.
- Deleted: back

remember she was old—she wore her grey hair in a bun on the back of her head and she wore old high-top shoes and long skirts. I remember her mostly sitting and just rocking on the front porch.

She wore bunions and those shoes were so misshapen, I thought, “I wonder what her feet look like.”

- Deleted: these old shoes and I have her feet—she had
- Deleted: and

Now I know. I inherited them.

I have vague memories of somebody coming and staying with us when my sister was born. I think we were all born at home, except for my brother who was older than I.

- Deleted: when one of my sisters was born about

I remember hearing about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I had to have heard about it on the radio because we didn't take a newspaper and so we got all our news from the radio. The only difference I noticed as a result of it was that more young people left—cousins and friends. I remember rationing. It didn't affect us a lot except for gas, but we worried about that. I don't remember cutting sugar, but when I was growing up, everything we ate except for tuna fish, mother made. She made the salad dressings, baked bread and canned a lot. We canned most of our food—we would have a whole cellar full of fruit. We butchered a pig every other year for our meat and we'd kill our chickens when they stopped laying. I remember my dad chasing the old chickens that had stopped laying. We called them old hens—we'd catch them and cut their heads off and then hang 'em up and let 'em drain. Then we'd scald them with water and pull all the feathers and hairs off. I remember pulling the feathers off. We didn't have beef very often, but we often had scrapple—we loved scrapple. Everybody talks about it now and thinks, "How could you eat that?"

Scrapple's called head cheese in Philadelphia and that's what we often called it. I think that came from my father's side of the family because his heritage was back in Pennsylvania. To make head cheese you take the scraps of the meet and grind them up good. Then you thicken it with corn meal, put some seasonings in it, and cook it. You stir it and stir it and stir it as you're cooking it, until the spoon will stand up in it and then you put it in a pan and cool it. After it's cool you slice it and fry it up—it's really good.

I lived in Provo and taught school for one year and then we moved out of state to the big city. Moving to Provo had been moving to a big city for me. I'd been in Saint George for two winters to school, but it was pretty small. We had a two room school in toperville—first, second, and third grade in one room and fourth, fifth, and sixth in the other room. After that, we went to a high school in Hurrican that housed grades seven through twelve. There were eight people in my grade when I was in grade school, and that was probably a good sized class. I was really a small town girl—never went anywhere, except

Deleted: t

Deleted: —

Deleted: i

Deleted: —

Deleted: about

Deleted: dressings. She baked

Deleted: We

Deleted: . A

Deleted: ,

Deleted: but we

Deleted: . We

Deleted: e

Deleted: it

Deleted: and

Deleted: and

Deleted: and

Deleted: y

Deleted: and a

Deleted: and it's

Deleted: I remember my dad chasing the old chickens that had stopped laying. We called them old hens—we'd catch them and cuttheir heads off and hang em up and let em drain and then you scald them with water and pull all the feathers and all the hairs off. I remember pulling the feathers off. ¶

Deleted: foruth

Deleted: firfth

Deleted: 7-12

once when I went to Salt Lake with my father. Because he was post master, he had to go to a convention, and I got to go with him and stay with one of my mother's brothers who was up there. I didn't go a lot of places while I was there—I mostly just played with cousins. What I remember most about those trips, though, was that the water was nasty.

My first big train ride was when I went to meet my husband. It was my first out of two train rides. My second train ride was when my I came home for my brother's wedding. I had three children at the time and I brought the three children with me on an overnight ride. We went from Seattle to Tacoma and then changed trains. We got off at Pocatella I believe, and then had to take a bus the rest of the way home.

We have five children and fifteen grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren.

My family had five children and I was the second oldest. My brother was eighteen months older and then I had three younger sisters. Marilyn, the sister just younger than I am—kind of a tomgirl said, when we were in our early teens, "It's not fair. They treat me just like a boy." I was the quiet one who stayed inside. She liked outside stuff. I didn't. I didn't ever learn to milk a cow. My grandfather tried to teach me and I couldn't do it. (Chuckles). I couldn't get any milk out.

My second sister, Sandra, was four years younger than I and the youngest, Karen, is seven years younger.

I was the one who always helped with the cooking, and when I got older I could go into the post office and give people their mail when they came.

Deleted: .

Deleted: once

Deleted: or something

Deleted: once

Deleted: I

I remember from going to the big city that the water was nasty. I didn't go a lot of places. I was there just to play with cousins while he was there.

Deleted: When I went to meet my husband it was my first big train ride

Deleted: W

Deleted: was married

Deleted: so I came home for his wedding and

Deleted: —we rode overnight—

Deleted: w

Deleted: and then went to Pocatella I think it was and

Deleted: I had tot ake

Deleted: to

Deleted: ah

Deleted: I

Deleted:

Deleted: in my family

Deleted: 18

Deleted: boy

Deleted: (I on the other hand was quite), she

Deleted: c

Deleted: i

Deleted: than I am.

Deleted:

Deleted: and stuff

Deleted: they had moved the pos

With Edits Incorporated

His having to go in the army was just part of life, though we worried about when we were going to get married. We figured, from what we'd heard, that he'd be finished with basic training by the end of June and so he'd be able to get some time off to come home and get married. It turned out that the term was doubled—he was put on standby to come back. I stayed up all night the night he was ___(unintelligible)___ big hill down here that goes down into the valley. I watched all morning for his car to come—I didn't sleep much that night because I didn't know for sure whether he was going to make it or not. Despite being up most of the night, I was awake the next day for the wedding—I'm kind of a night owl anyway.

After getting married, we lived first with a family in Olympia, and after that we found a place in Tacoma where we had a baby.

Despite being married to a soldier, I found life pretty normal—he came home at night and he went to work in the morning. We had friends, and we had a good time.. Our first baby was born about a year after we were married. We were married on the 27th of June and he was born on the 14th of June the following year. We were living in this little tiny home in Tumwater, and a baby takes a lot of time, especially your first one. I was the oldest girl in my family—I had three sisters younger than I—but I was only seven when the youngest was born. I babysat, but mostly just for my siblings, and so I had had little to no experience being a mother. I had been a nanny of sorts, but that was with school-aged children—I just had to make sure that they got their homework done and that I had meals ready for them and kept the house up.

Once we had children, most of the time I was busy taking care of kids, keeping the house up, meeting with friends, and going to church—the normal things you do.

I don't remember how much Lee made, but we had enough to get by. I was a depression baby—I'd learned to live on not a whole lot. And things were so inexpensive when we were married—I can't believe, looking back on it now, that when we were raising our children, candy bars were three for a dime. We didn't ever buy candy when I was growing up. We would get money on the fourth of July that we could spend for whatever we wanted and that's the only time I ever remember having money when I was growing up.

I grew up in Toquerville. My father was a farmer and the postmaster. Besides our garden, he raised alfalfa and sometimes sugarcane, but peaches were the cash crop. We didn't have a lot of money, but we never felt poor. . My mother made all of our clothes and they were better than anybody else's store-bought clothes. We would go to the store and we'd find the dress we liked and she'd say, "Ok I need this much fabric" and then she'd go home and cut the pattern out of a newspaper. In the next two days, we'd have a dress. She got her fabric mostly at Cedar City—it was thirty-six miles up to cedar city and we went there more often than we went to Saint George. I think Cedar was a bigger town at the time.

We had some underclothes made out of flour sacks—we'd bleach the flour sacks really well, so that the only way to tell they were flour sacks was by the paint markings that we couldn't get out. You couldn't tell they were flour sacks otherwise—they were soft.

We had running water in the home, but when I was probably in my pre-teens before we had an indoor toilet. Before that, we had an outhouse half way down the yard. Our yard was half a block deep and we raised fruit trees and vegetables and my mother's flowers. We even had chickens and a pig and a cow. When we had to do our business at night, if all we had to do was pee, we would just go out in the dark to the watering ditch and "fertilize" the vegetables. (Chuckles). We didn't ever have a chamber pot.

I remember, vaguely, taking a Saturday bath in a number three tub. Our hot water came from our coal stove. We'd keep the fire going and have a teakettle for hot water when we wanted extra. We used the

tubs as part of the washing—we had a regular washing machine and electricity, but we did the rinsing in the tubs.

We only bathed once a week but we would wash our hands and face regularly with a washcloth.

As I think back on growing up, my most vivid recollections are of summer nights when we went out till after dark playing games. We lived in a little town where we would run up and down the streets, and we'd run up and down the lanes playing games—there were enough of us in the town to play lots of games. We played run sheep run and kick the can and we'd roller-skate on the highway—we all had roller skates.

They clamped onto our shoes and we'd tighten them up with a key. The only place we had cement was in front of the schoolhouse, which was a block and a half south of where I lived, and that's where we would go roller-skating. It was tricky because it went down the hill and we had to make the turn at the bottom, but we were good at it. We jumped rope to the red hot pepper song and we played marbles. I didn't ever learn to ride a bike. My brother had a bike but I didn't ever learn to ride one. I don't remember a lot of specifics about these memories.

The earliest thing I actually remember is when my grandmother Bringhurst died. I was five when she died. She lived across the street from us—I vaguely remember her sitting on our front porch. I remember she was old—she wore her grey hair in a bun on the back of her head and she wore old high-top shoes and long skirts. I remember her mostly sitting and just rocking on the front porch.

She wore an old pair of bunions and those shoes were so misshapen, I thought, "I wonder what her feet look like." Now I know. I inherited them.

I have vague memories of somebody coming and staying with us when my sister was born. I think we were all born at home, except for my brother who was older than I.

I remember hearing about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I had to have heard about it on the radio because we didn't take a newspaper and so we got all our news from the radio. The only difference I noticed as a result of it was that more young people left—cousins and friends. I remember rationing. It didn't affect us a lot except for gas, but we worried about that. I don't remember cutting sugar, but when I was growing up, everything we ate except for tuna fish, mother made. She made the salad dressings, baked bread and canned a lot. We canned most of our food—we would have a whole cellar full of fruit. We butchered a pig every other year for our meat and we'd kill our chickens when they stopped laying eggs. I remember my dad chasing the old chickens that had stopped laying. We called them old hens—we'd catch them and cut their heads off and then hang them up and let them drain. Then we'd scald them with water and pull all the feathers and hairs off. I remember pulling the feathers off.

We didn't have beef very often, but we often had scrapple—we loved scrapple. Everybody talks about it now and thinks, "How could you eat that?"

Scrapple's called headcheese in Philadelphia and that's what we often called it. I think that came from my father's side of the family because his heritage was back in Pennsylvania. To make headcheese you take the scraps of the meet and grind them up good. Then you thicken it with corn meal, put some seasonings in it, and cook it. You stir it and stir it and stir it as you're cooking it, until the spoon will stand up in it and then you put it in a pan and cool it. After it's cool you slice it and fry it up—it's really good.

I lived in Provo and taught school for one year and then we moved out of state to the big city. Moving to Provo had been moving to a big city for me. I'd been in Saint George for two winters to school, but it was pretty small. We had a two room school in Toquerville—first, second, and third grade in one room and fourth, fifth, and sixth in the other room. After that, we went to a high school in Hurricane that housed grades seven through twelve. There were eight people in my grade when I was in grade school,

and that was probably a good sized class. I was really a small town girl—never went anywhere, except once when I went to Salt Lake with my father. Because he was post master, he had to go to a convention, and I got to go with him and stay with one of my mother's brothers who was up there. I didn't go a lot of places while I was there—I mostly just played with cousins. What I remember most about those trips, though, was that the water was nasty.

My first big train ride was when I went to meet my husband. It was my first out of two train rides. My second train ride was when my I came home for my brother's wedding. I had three children at the time and I brought the three children with me on an overnight ride. We went from Seattle to Tacoma and then changed trains. We got off at Pocatello I believe, and then had to take a bus the rest of the way home.

We have five children and fifteen grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren.

My family had five children and I was the second oldest. My brother was eighteen months older and then I had three younger sisters. Marilyn, the sister just younger than I am—kind of a tom-girl said, when we were in our early teens, "It's not fair. They treat me just like a boy." I was the quiet one who stayed inside. She liked outside stuff. I didn't. I didn't ever learn to milk a cow. My grandfather tried to teach me and I couldn't do it. (Chuckles). I couldn't get any milk out.

My second sister, Sandra, was four years younger than I, and the youngest, Karen, is seven years younger.

I was the one who always helped with the cooking, and when I got older I could go into the post office and give people their mail when they came.

Final Version

His having to go in the army was just part of life, though we worried about when we were going to get married. We figured, from what we'd heard, that he'd be finished with basic training by the end of June, so he'd be able to get some time off to come home and get married. It turned out that the term was doubled—he was put on standby to come back. I stayed up all night the night he was ___(unintelligible)___ big hill down here that goes down into the valley. I watched all morning for his car to come—I didn't sleep much that night because I didn't know for sure whether he was going to make it or not. Despite being up most of the night, I was awake the next day for the wedding—I'm kind of a night owl anyway.

After getting married, we lived first with a family in Olympia, and after that we found a place in Tacoma, where we had a baby.

Despite being married to a soldier, I found life pretty normal—Lee came home at night and he went to work in the morning. We had friends, and we had a good time. Our first baby was born about a year after we were married. We were married on June 27 and he was born on June 14 the following year. We were now living in a tiny home in Tumwater, and a baby takes a lot of time, especially your first one. I was the oldest girl in my family—I had three sisters younger than I—but I was only seven when the youngest was born. I babysat, but mostly just for my siblings, and so I had had little to no experience being a mother. I had been a nanny of sorts, but that was with school-age children—I just had to make sure that they got their homework done and that I had meals ready for them and kept the house up.

Once we had children, most of the time I was busy taking care of kids, keeping the house up, meeting with friends, and going to church—the normal things you do.

I don't remember how much Lee made, but we had enough to get by. I was a depression baby—I'd learned to live on not a whole lot. And things were so inexpensive when we were married—I can't believe, looking back on it now, that when we were raising our children, candy bars were three for a dime. We didn't ever buy candy when I was growing up. We would get money on the Fourth of July that we could spend for whatever we wanted, and that's the only time I ever remember having money when I was growing up.

I grew up in Toquerville, Utah, where my father was a farmer and the postmaster. Besides our garden, he raised alfalfa and sometimes sugarcane, but peaches were the cash crop. We didn't have a lot of money, but we never felt poor. My mother made all of our clothes, and they were better than anybody else's store-bought clothes. We would go to the store, find the dress we liked, and she'd say, "Okay, I need this much fabric." Then she'd go home and cut the pattern out of a newspaper. In the next two days, we'd have a dress. She got her fabric mostly in Cedar City—it was thirty-six miles up to Cedar City, and we went there more often than we went to St. George. I think Cedar was a bigger town at the time.

Some of our underclothes were made out of flour sacks—we'd bleach the flour sacks really well, so that the only way to tell they were flour sacks was by the paint markings that we couldn't get out. You couldn't tell they were flour sacks otherwise—and they were soft.

We had running water in the home, but I was probably in my pre-teens before we got an indoor toilet. Before that, we had an outhouse halfway down the yard. Our yard was half a block deep, and we raised fruit trees and vegetables and my mother's flowers. We even had chickens and a pig and a cow. When we had to do our business at night, if all we had to do was pee, we would just go out in the dark to the watering ditch and "fertilize" the vegetables (chuckles). We didn't ever have a chamber pot.

I remember, vaguely, taking a Saturday bath in a number three tub. Our hot water came from our coal stove. We'd keep the fire going and have a teakettle for hot water when we wanted extra. We used the

tubs as part of the washing—we had a regular washing machine and electricity, but we did the rinsing in the tubs.

We only bathed once a week, but we would wash our hands and face and bodies regularly with a washcloth.

As I think back on growing up, my most vivid recollections are of summer nights when we were out till after dark playing games. We lived in a little town where we would run up and down the streets, and we'd run up and down the lanes playing games—there were enough of us in the town to play lots of games. We played run sheep run and kick the can and we'd roller-skate on the highway—we all had roller skates.

The skates clamped onto our shoes, and we'd tighten them up with a special key. The only place we had cement was in front of the schoolhouse, which was a block and a half south of where I lived, and that's where we would go roller-skating. It was tricky, because it went down the hill and we had to make the turn at the bottom, but we were good at it. We jumped rope to the red-hot pepper song, and we played marbles. I didn't ever learn to ride a bike. My brother had a bike, but I didn't ever learn to ride one. I don't remember a lot of specifics about these memories.

The earliest thing I actually remember is when my grandmother Bringhurst died, when I was five, She lived across the street from us—I vaguely remember her sitting on our front porch. I remember she was old—she wore her grey hair in a bun on the back of her head and wore old high-top shoes and long skirts. I remember her mostly sitting and just rocking on the front porch.

She had bunions on her toes, because her shoes were so misshapen. I thought, "I wonder what her feet look like." Now I know. I inherited them.

I have vague memories of somebody coming and staying with us when my sister was born. I think we were all born at home, except for my brother, who was older than I.

I remember hearing about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I had to have heard about it on the radio, because we didn't take a newspaper, and so we got all our news from the radio. The only difference I noticed as a result of it was that more young people left—cousins and friends. I remember rationing. It didn't affect us a lot except for gas, and we worried about that. I don't remember cutting out sugar, but when I was growing up, everything we ate except for tuna fish, mother made—the salad dressings and baked bread, and she canned a lot. We canned most of our food—we would have a whole cellar full of fruit. We butchered a pig every other year for our meat, and we'd kill our chickens when they stopped laying eggs. I remember my dad chasing the old chickens that had stopped laying. We called them old hens—we'd catch them and cut their heads off and then hang them up and let their blood drain. Then we'd scald them with water and pull all the feathers and hairs off. I remember pulling the feathers off. [There were also "pin feathers," small, hair-like "feathers," which you had to burn off with a lighted roll of newspaper. Does she mention that?]

We didn't have beef very often, but we often had scrapple—we loved scrapple. Everybody talks about it now and thinks, "How could you eat that?"

Scrapples are called *headcheese* in Philadelphia and that's what we often called that dish. I think that came from my father's side of the family, because his heritage was back in Pennsylvania. To make headcheese you take the scraps of the meet and grind them up good. Then you thicken it with cornmeal, put some seasonings in it, and cook it. You stir it and stir it and stir it as you're cooking it, until the spoon will stand up in it, and then you put it in a pan and cool it till it "sets." After it's cool you slice it and fry it up—it's really good.

I lived in Provo and taught school for one year, and then we moved out of state to the "big city," as moving to Provo was for me. I'd been in St. George for two winters to go to school, but the town was pretty small. We had a two-room school in Toquerville—first, second, and third grades in one room, and fourth, fifth, and sixth in the other room. After that, we went to a high school in Hurricane, which housed grades seven through twelve. There were eight people in my grade when I was in grade school, and that was probably a good-sized class. I was really a small town girl—never went anywhere, except once when I went to Salt Lake with my father. Because he was postmaster, he had to go to a convention, and I got to go with him and stay with one of my mother's brothers who was up there. I didn't go a lot of places while I was there—I mostly just played with cousins. What I remember most about those trips, though, was that the water was nasty!

My first big train ride was when I went to meet my husband. It was my first out of two train rides. My second train ride was when my I came home for my brother's wedding. I had three children at the time, and I brought all three children with me on an overnight ride. We went from Seattle to Tacoma and then changed trains. We got off at Pocatello, Idaho, I believe, and then had to take a bus the rest of the way home.

We have five children and fifteen grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

My family had five children, and I was the second oldest. My brother was eighteen months older, and then I had three younger sisters. Marilyn, the sister just younger than I am—kind of a tom-boy girl, said, when we were in our early teens, "It's not fair. Everyone treats me just like a boy." I was the quiet one who stayed inside. She liked outside stuff. I didn't. I didn't ever learn to milk a cow. My grandfather tried to teach me but I couldn't do it (chuckles). I couldn't get any milk out.

My second sister, Sandra, was four years younger than I, and the youngest, Karen, was seven years younger.

I was the one who always helped with the cooking, and when I got older I could go into the post office and give people their mail when they came.

