

Journal
of

Judson Yancey

December 27, 1975

When you get as old as I am you can remember many things in your childhood, but not in the order they occur. Forgive the rambling. I was born October 6, 1915 at Groveland. We lived about 2 or 2 1/2 miles from the church or school. We walked to school, but on Sunday we usually rode in a "high top" buggy or a sleigh in the winter.

About all I remember about Primary was, that afterwards we always stopped at Grandma Deans and she gave us bread with jam on it and sent us on our way. They had some "June" apples that were real good and in the summer we'd get one of them.

Dad fed hogs and I remember he had so many of them, probably 200 or 300. I remember trying to ride one. Also of the terrible fight between two boars. I also remember helping drive them to town to the stock yards.

John and I were real close, so when I started school, he insisted on going also. The teacher thought after a day or two it would wear off. It didn't and so she let him keep coming. When Frank began school he wouldn't go alone, so I had to go in his class for two weeks before he'd go alone. We were in a small school and two classes to a room. One class "recited" while the other studied, so there wasn't much noise.

Some of the things I remember from the early grades. We usually played games at noon, or marbles, or whatever the season. As we got older Richard drove us to school in a buggy. A kid jumped off the grandstand once on a dare. It didn't hurt him. The next week he jumped off something about 5 feet tall and broke his leg in five places.

We moved to Riverside for a couple years and then back to Groveland.

I remember a few of my grade school teachers:

Mrs Felt in 1st grade.

Mrs Marlowe in 3rd grade

Mrs Isom in 5th grade

Mrs Melvin Wilcox in one grade.

I remember in Riverside, we were playing baseball and I hit the ball. Just as I got to first base here came a kid racing his horse and got me between it's front and back legs and really gave me a scare. They took me home.

Sometimes kids would bring a boiled egg in their lunch and take it to the store and trade it for candy. When he found out they were boiled, boy he'd get mad. The store burned one day and they let school out so we could help carry things out.

There was man who used to be a county official. He was a real good speaker and everyone would ask him to speak at funerals. I remember telling the teacher we were related to him so we could get out and go to a funeral, just to hear him. (related to the dead man)

When I turned 12 we moved to place in Groveland where the man had just committed suicide by hanging in the barn. They had cut him down and the rope was still there. Dad sent me out after dark once to feed the cows and it was sure hard to get enough courage to go into the barn.

When we moved to Riverside, Dad installed gasoline lights like camplights that were hooked together (one in each room) with gasoline. It was while we were here that we got our first electricity.

I went to mutual in Groveland. They held scout meeting separate. Mr Callister was our first Scoutmaster, then when we moved to town, Ronald Bitton and then Gordon Durney. We were real active. Went on a lot of hikes and camp and advanced to an Eagle. Later years I got the Scouters Award and the Scoutmasters Key.

One day, several of us went to the Snake River and it was quite low so we waded across. The water came right up to our noses. If we'd stepped in a hole, I don't know what we'd have done. I couldn't swim at the time. When we got over onto the island we started a fire and it got away from us and burned (dry grass), the whole island. Next day everyone asked, "Did you see the fire", and we said no we hadn't.

One Sunday night we were in church in Riverside and someone yelled "Fire!" We all ran out. Someone had been stealing gas out of Bishop Halverson's car and had lit a match to see and it blew up. They pushed it away so the others wouldn't burn.

It was about this time we got our first pair of long-legged pants.

Dad was a hard worker and always encouraged us to work. In Riverside we had about 30 milk cows and mom usually milked them. Richard helped her. We had an ice house. We'd put ice in it and covered it with saw dust. It would last most of the summer.

The 4th of July was a big day because everyone went to the church to have races and games. They rewarded you (if you won) with a bottle of pop or a candy bar.

Dad was real stubborn in seeing that we didn't get sick. Every so often he'd gave us a dose of castor oil, or salts, or some favorite pill whether you needed it or not. One day I stayed home from school because I didn't feel good. Before night I wished I'd have gone.

We hoed beets one summer to earn enough to get a bike. He bought the bike and after 2 or 3 days he decided it was too big for us and gave it to Lionel Chapman (cousin).

Dad didn't really have time to take us much, because he worked so hard, but he tried to give us what he could. He had the hired man take us to the mountains in a wagon one summer for a few

days. I do remember him taking us out to Lost River fishing once - in a wagon and how far it was. His last words of instructions were "give them a couple "N.R." pills each morning

One summer the family got in a wagon and went to Arco to visit Aunt Mary. Man, that was a long Trip. I remember dad getting a new Buick Sedan (with windows) and took us all for a ride to show us how nice it was.

About a month later he let the hired man take us to the show in town and when we came out someone had stolen the car. I don't remember how long before he got it back. We sure felt bad.

John and I and sometimes Frank would go to Grandma Yancey's on Saturdays occasionally to help her.

She had an orchard and a cider press and she'd fill 10 or 20 fifty gallon barrels and let them turn to cider to sell. (from cider to vinegar). If we'd help grind we could have a cup of cider (worms and all).

We were so tickled, one Saturday she made us a cherry pie. Small pie cherries but she left the stones in. I'll never forget it.

She was a good woman and in her older years would come to visit us. Her one desire was to live to see how the 2nd World War turned out. Then she died one night with her feet soaking in a pan to relieve her pain from diabetes.

Grandpa Yancey was blind. I don't remember him too much. He was one of the early settlers and one of the first Bishops of Groveland. He'd take a load of apples in a wagon to Pocatello each fall and buy their winter groceries. I'd never seen such a big pantry as they had. I was probably 6 or 7 years old when he died.

Grandpa Dean had a mustache, and about all I remember of him was everyone was scared of him. He ruled hard. I think he had a 40 acre farm in McDonaldville and he took cream to town. He owned a small building on Bridge St. and "pinched" his pennies and bought stock in a local store. I remember mom telling us that Uncle Clarence talked him into putting his stock, etc. in his safe in town and after grandpa died there wasn't any.

After Grandma Dean got old she became real childish, like she was a kid again. She lived a hard life. When she died each of the kids got \$1,000 except Mom and Aunt Lucy. He'd claimed they had both borrowed from him and hadn't paid it back.

Mom tells us of her early days. They lived in Evanston, Wyoming. They had to herd the cows and carry the milk cans to the creamery. She was quite old when she got shoes.

One day she was cleaning house, they had a straw mat for a carpet, as she was straightening it up she felt a lump and it was a sack of gold. She was so tickled, because now they'd have money

and Grandpa would be happy instead of mad. When she gave it to him he really beat her, and told her to quit snooping.

After harvest, they'd pick the heads of wheat that were missed and tromp them out and sell it for spending money.

I remember one day when we were to school and the bishop came and got us out to go over to Grandma Yanceys. Mom was staying there. She was sick and they never expected her to live so had asked us all to come have prayer with her. I don't know if she remembered us or not. We were so happy when she finally got better. She had several real sick spells. She never complained at all. She did a full days work and usually that much more in the barn or field. I don't know how she did it and dad worked just as hard.

We never had much money as kids, but no one else did either. I don't remember a time we didn't have all we needed.

The bank talked dad into feeding about 300 head of cattle one winter. This was at the time of the "crash" and the price dropped to almost nothing. They took the cattle and waited. We moved to Tyhee and was farming 250 acres and he had about half of it in beets. He had a real good crop. They waited till fall then foreclosed for the cattle. After that we moved back to Blackfoot where he trucked for years and then farmed a little in his last year.

Most of the men in his ancestry had died in their 50's- so Dad had always felt like he would too. He lived longer and finally realized all don't die at the same age.

During the depression it was real tough for him. He took out trees, hauled ice hauled hay and pulp on whatever there was but he got us through it. Richard and Frank both helped dad more than the rest of us. Whenever mom was sick Tillie took care of us.

John and I each got paper routes, etc. and made our own spending money from the time we started high school.

I went to scout camp several year. They were highlights in my "teen" times. I also got to go with a group from Pocatello, Lava Hot Springs, etc., on a trip into the middle fork of the Salmon. It took a week and we wore out a pair of shoes completely. It was a good experience. We marched in the Fair Parade, at rodeos, etc. We always had competition between different troops, where advancement, hikes, etc, each counted so many points.

Grandpa Dean bought a new car, he was too tight to buy gas, so he just let it sit in his garage, jacked up so the tires wouldn't rot.

When Dad was young it was his job to carry in the wood. He'd forget (or goof off), so one day Uncle James put a sheet over himself and decided he'd scare dad enough so he would get the wood in before dark. He hid next to the house and as dad came with his

arms loaded, he jumped out and yelled. Dad took a piece of wood, hit him over the head, and knocked him out.

Dad told us how, when they moved to Groveland from Chesterfield (near Lava), they drove the cattle and horses and came across the hills East of town.

Melvin Ockerman worked for dad and they made a big saw and ran it off a tractor. They'd saw down trees for people and saw the wood and split it. They were splitting some one day. Dad was holding the blocks, and Melvin using the axe cut off dad's little finger on his right hand. They grabbed it and held it until they could get to town and the Dr. sewed it back on. It was stiff and he never ever played his violin after that. I can remember them changing bandages and how nasty and sore it looked.

I was never sick much. Every time someone would get a disease, they'd quarantine you in till it was over. Then you'd have to burn sulphur in the pot to fumigate the house and then the Dr. would take the sign down.

I remember dad buying a new phonograph and how nice it was. You wound up a spring and it would play most of a record, then you'd rewind it. I was in my teens when we got our first radio. You had to use earphones to hear it.

Mom had "irons" she placed on the coal stove to heat and used to do her ironing with. I still have a scar on my finger from my first pocket knife.

Dad did his own blacksmithing. One day Grandpa Dean was helping him. They had a fan they'd turn to blow air through the coal to make it hot. He took an iron out and threw it on the ground. I didn't realize it was hot and picked it up. I really burned my hand. I remember mom holding my hand over the stove, It was supposed to help draw out the heat.

I didn't take any activities in high school. I worked after school in the newspaper office melting lead for the linotype machines and janitor work. John delivered "special delivery" mail for the Post Office. We'd each make \$6 or \$7 a week and it gave us our spending money and clothes.

I bought my first car when I was in high school. It cost \$19. I paid \$5 down and \$1 a week. We sure had fun with it. We went to Salt Lake in it once. We also went up to Challis camping once in it. Sometimes you'd have to turn around and back up a hill. The transmission had 3 bands to turn the car. 1 for low, 1 for high, and 1 for reverse. If you ever went over 100 you'd have to change at least one band. They didn't have starters or windows. No anti-freeze neither.

In the winter, you filled it with water and kept it covered with a quilt for a few miles till it got warm and then cover it every time you stopped. If you stopped longer than a couple hours you had to drain the water or it would freeze up and break.

The first new car I got was in 1936 and cost \$753. Verl Horrocks was returning from his

mission and he brought the car home from the factory for the freight.

When we were in high school we'd thin beets each spring and work in the harvest in the fall.

One summer 3 of us rode our bikes through Yellowstone Park. It took us 8 days, and rained 5 of them. One of the boys had an uncle in Ashton and he owned a bakery. He filled us up on cinnamon rolls. We had quite a time with the bears on that trip. We piled our food, etc. in boxes and slept around them in our sleeping bags. One night a bear walked over one boy and into the food. We got up and moved several miles to another camp.

Several times we had to wait on the road till a car would come and stop next to the bear so we would go around the other side of him.

After high school (still in the depression) John and I worked in the beets and potatoes and between seasons we'd go to Teton Valley and work in the green peas during September. After harvest we went to Salinas, California, and worked in the lettuce and peas and then to the Imperial Valley for the winter where we worked in the peas, melons, and lettuce. I did this for about 3 years.

It was 1938 when I married Marion. She's sure been good to me.

We worked in the beets, etc. the first year. Then I worked for Uncle Ephraim on the farm. I got \$30 a month. We had 20 cows to milk by hand before and after hours.

Dave went to California and so in the fall of 1941 we went down where he was. We went to an aircraft school for 6 weeks and then worked for Northrop Aircraft which was just starting up. I worked nights because they paid 55 cents an hour.

I worked there about a year. We'd push Sharon around the block in her stroller and drive into Los Angeles occasionally. The war started while we were there and you weren't allowed enough gasoline to go very often anywhere.

In the meantime, Dave moved to San Francisco and wrote for me to come up there. We could get \$1.09 an hour in the ship yard. We worked there about a year and then moved back to Blackfoot. It was while we were in Richmond that Deanne was born.

Frank came down and lived by us in a trailer and so did John. I worked nights. It was hard on Marion because she tried to keep the kids quiet while I slept and with the others all there.

When we moved back to Idaho we rented ground and farmed for about 10 years. I'd work for John in off times and finally quit farming and went to work for him.

In 1956, I went to work at the A.E.C. site--for 16 years. During the 1930's it was real hard to get work. One fall John went out to work for Uncle Joe Wilson. He had him plowing with a team and plow. He plowed a couple days and then Uncle Joe decided he had started from the wrong side of the field and made him plow it over without pay.

We never planned on having any work from about November until April so would have to save up enough to get us through the winter. (\$50 or \$60) Laundry truck driver, etc made from \$12 to \$15 a week.

When I was working for the newspaper Mr. Bottolfson from Arco came here to be the editor. He got \$50 a week. That was so much money. He later became Governor.

One day on my paper route I found a full bottle of whiskey (Prohibition was in effect and you only got it from bootleggers). I showed it to one of the businessmen and he said "Here, I'll get rid of it."

One day Dave went into Cleggs store to buy him a gun. They kept them in the front of the store. He picked out a 22 that should have been worth around \$2 and took it back to the office and asked Clegg, "How much for this gun?" Get your gun and get out of here, I'm tired of having your kids coming in here trying to sell everything." So Dave got a gun for nothing.

Brig Horrocks was Clegg's partner. They were both real good people. You could buy furniture or appliances and pay what you could. They'd never charge any interest of say a word if you missed a payment.

The first couple months, after we were married, we rented a room from Grandma Horrocks. She was Grandma Lehmitz then. Lehmitz was an old man who hardly ever spoke English except to cuss and sear. He'd chase people away from his place and everyone was scared of him. One day he had a quarrel with Freida and left the house. She asked me a little later if I'd go out in the shed and milk the cow. As I opened the door there he stood with an axe in his hand. I thought that was the end of me. I grabbed a pitch fork and it must have scared him. He said "I'm just gathering up my stuff" and left the barn.

Lehmitz was real old. At least he seemed to be. He worked for a farmer and would walk to work and back. It was 3 or 4 miles. He fell and broke his hip and it wouldn't heal and he lay in the hospital for a long time before he died. I felt sorry for him then.

We used to go to the river and cut down a tree or two and mix them with the coal to make the coal last longer.

It was real tough for my dad to get through the depression. He had 4 or 5 trucks. Richard drove one, Ted Barney drove one and Thomas Jorgenson drove also. They hauled cement all over southern Idaho. They'd get about \$7 a load to haul it from Inkom to Arco. They hauled it for a lot of bridges in Island Park, Twin Falls, Challis, etc.

I remember the first truck dad owned when I was 5 or 6 years old. It was open cab and they had to pour gas from a bottle into it each time they started it.

One day Richard was bringing a load of cement from Inkom and he saw Uncle Joe Jensen

stopped along the road. He was having car trouble. So Richard told him he'd pull him home. The trucks only went 25 or 30 miles per hour. Just before they got to town and while still going Uncle Joe opened his car door and stepped out. (fell to pavement) He said he guess he went to sleep and thought he was home.

When we were 7 or 8 years old, Uncle Clarence Cox had a Model T Ford truck and he hauled cream to Pocatello. The road was graveled, not paved. One day he took me and John with him. It took all day to go to Pocatello and back and he took us to a cafe and ordered us dinner. I'll never forget that.

When we lived in Tyhee we were up next to the hills. One day all the horses got out except a shetland pony that was so old he wouldn't leave the place. Dad told me to take the pony and go find the horses. I couldn't make him leave the yard. So Melvin Ockerman (he worked for Dad) said, "Here I'll show you how", so he got on him and started beating him. The pony ran around the barn about twice and then ducked into the door knocking Melvin off. I walked several miles up into the hills to get the horses.

One year when we went to scout camp, they had one large building where we ate our meals and they had a big Negro cook. If anyone said a word about the meal, he'd pick up a big "meat cleaver" and come toward them, cause they were out the door and running. I still don't know if he was fooling them or meant it.

Right after we moved onto the reservation to farm, we were feeding a few pigs and I asked Marion to go into the auction sale one day and see if she could buy me a few small pigs. When she came home she said, "You'd better go in because I think I bought some but I'm not sure." When I got there, she'd bought the pigs and also several calves. We laugh about it yet.

One summer, I was bothered with arthritis. I'd get so sore I couldn't hardly raise my feet to walk. I'd tried everything I could find and nothing seemed to help. I was about 19 or so. One morning I got up and mom was just getting ready to go to work. She did housework. I told her I had made arrangements to get my tonsils out and was going up this morning. She about fell over. I'd just had a feeling I'd try it to see if it would help. She went up with me. The doctor was up in a second floor office. They didn't have a hospital and did their work in the office. As soon as he took them out and I came to , I walked down the stairs and my arthritis was gone.

I told her we were going over to McCall to work in the lettuce the next day. That night dad jacked up my car and took the wheels off and hid them so I couldn't go. I finally found them and that afternoon we left. I guess a kid can be a worry whether he realizes it or not. We worked in the lettuce over there for a couple weeks and then came back.

New Years Day 1975

It's New Year's Day 1975 today. We are in Arizona. I'm closing in the carport and making a guest room for company (a bathroom and combination Kitchen and front room). I'm going to work

on it a bit today, and this afternoon go over to Queen Valley and help Blackburn's stake out their house.

Last week I worked several days at Queen Creek L.D.S. church helping with the landscaping and sprinkler system.

It's a bit cool this morning. It's the coldest morning yet this winter (20 degrees). We've been here for a bit over a month (Jan. 1, 1975) and I don't think there's been hardly a day we haven't had mail. Everyone is sure good to write and we sure enjoy it.

The time goes fast here. It doesn't take too much to keep busy and if you do something for an hour or two it seems the day is gone. I feel so much better here in the winter and I think Marion does too. Our biggest problem is being uncomfortable from eating so much.

I put Skip's septic tank in and am fencing his lot this year. I moved a large (10 ft) palm tree on to it for a surprise. They're coming down the last of the month for their vacation.

Rambling back again! The only time all my life I heard any words between Mom and Dad-- One morning they had a few--not loud. I was going with him in the truck and when we got a block or two from town he let me out and told me to walk back to town and get her a box of candy and take it back to her.

We never had refrigerators so people used ice boxes for what help they could. Mom would cook up a whole pork when we butchered and put it in a large crockery pot and cover it completely with lard. Then whenever they wanted any they just took it out and re-cooked it. Dad was a good provider and we always had plenty to eat.

Frank drove a truck for Dad for several years. We had a sandpit in Fort Hall and he hauled sand. He'd shovel it on and off and haul 5 to 6 yards to the load. There weren't any ready-mix concrete then and people mixed their own. It took so many loads for the State Hospital, Snake River bridge, etc.

Poor kid, Dad paid him a few dollars. He never went anywhere, just shoveled sand, and when he'd get a hundred dollars saved up his Dad would talk him out of it. He was just in his teens, and that is probably what started his back trouble.

Frank was always good at making business deals and real good at any kind of building. He has done good for himself.

-With Mom and Dad Yancey as witnesses I married Marion Greaves August 3, 1938 at Uncle James home in Blackfoot, Idaho.

-Sharon Lynne Yancey born March 25, 1941

-Deanne Yancey born February 16, 1943

-Gerald Judson Yancey born April 13, 1945

January 6, 1976

It got to 20 degrees last week and the orange groves at Chandler Heights that weren't protected were damaged by frost. They announced in church to come get what you want. Some next to the tree weren't hurt much. The others just slightly. So yesterday we went over and got 4 boxes. Mrs. Bruce was real hurt to think more people wouldn't come and pick them for their own use.

We've added a bath and small kitchen and one large room out of our carport. We're getting it about done.

There was a boy who wanted to cut his dog's tail off but didn't want it to hurt so much, so he cut it off an inch at a time.

I've been helping the Queen Creek Ward put in their sprinklers and landscape. They are remodeling their building. I worked most of last week on it. We've got it about ready to test out and plant. The Bishop turned it over to me to lay out and tell each one what to do. They're real good to come out and help.

January 9, 1976

Otto- Ray and I went to Rocky Point, Mexico to see what it was. It's about 220 miles each way. We bought some fish and hope to go back there fishing later.

Ray and I have been working, building a house for some people over in Queen Valley, Arizona. We have all the brick up to the square and are taking a few days off. (Don and Jane Blackburn)

January 29, 1976

We're selling a place in Blackfoot (904 Wandell) and expected the closing papers a week or so ago. They came today so we were relieved.

January 30, 1976

Skip and LuDean and their family came to visit. They arrived last Saturday night. We had their lot fixed up (water, sewer, etc.) and they're over there. We're going to Nogalez, Mexico today.

Ray Mickleson came down yesterday. They are staying behind Jack Trebelicocks house. Their water line was frozen and broken. Otto helped them get it fixed.

February 10, 1976

Skip and Elwin left for home last Friday. We went to Nogalez and to Rocky Point, Mexico

while they were here. We enjoyed them.

Jack Trebelcock came down last night. He lives next to us here.

A statement made in Priesthood class: If each star was as thick as a piece of paper, they would reach around the world six times. And a talk: to be good doesn't have to be eternal.

When we were young (in high school) three friends and myself rode our bicycles up through Yellowstone Park. We were gone for 8 days and it rained 5 of them. Our worst obstacle were bears. Several times we had to have a car park by the bear so we could get past on the other side. At night we slept on the ground in sleeping bags in a square. We piled our food etc, in the center. One night a bear walked over one of us and got into the grub. It scared one friend so much he wouldn't go back to bed until we moved to another camp around 20 miles away.

Mom and her family.

Grandpa Dean had a hard life. They farmed and he saved what he could. He spent only what he had to. If the kids worked they had to give whatever they made to him. Mom tells of them herding cows, helping on the farm, etc. and always no shoes during the summer. The kids then carried the milk to the creamery. They would go out and pick the wheat that was missed and shell it out by hand for spending money.

Grandma didn't say much. She was quiet, took care of the house and did what she was told. After Grandpa Dean died she shouldn't have been left alone, but preferred it. She became real childish and eventually didn't recognize or remember much. She was just in her childhood again.

Mom helped all the time and when she grew up she taught school for a few years. She tells of having Uncle Daniel (Dads brother) in her class and when he decided to, he'd just say "I'm going home." and get up and leave.

Mom played the piano and Dad the violin for church dances for quite a while.

They farmed most of their life and later went in to the trucking business. They had 5 trucks and hauled cement for lumber yards and contractors. Then as he got older he went back to farming for a few years. No one could ever work harder. Dad used a large "scoop" shovel to lead sand, wheat, etc.

Dad had a heart attack and the doctor told him to stay in bed a couple weeks. Being active he couldn't do it and one day said he was going out and clear ditch to work it off and that brought on another one that caused his death.

We took Dad and Mom to California one fall. They'd never ever gone anywhere. David took them across town (Los Angeles) to see Dad's sister Alice. It happened to be shift change time and it took them about 3 hours to get home. The next morning Dad went up town, bought a used car and

went home.

We took Mom with us to Hawaii and tried to take her on Sunday drives. She enjoyed going to Logan to see Aunt Julia. Mom did housework and later worked in Boyle Hardware Store. The depression years were real hard on them. Dad would take out huge cottonwood trees for \$10 to \$15 and haul beet pulp during the winter, or whatever he could.

We always had a place to live that was clean and neat and plenty to eat. Mom baked every other day. We always had meat and eggs, etc. Mom held up real good after Dad died and preferred to live alone. She deprived herself of luxuries so she could leave a little to each one of us. She loved to sew and made trunks full of quilts, pillowcases, dolls, etc. "They showed" us where to go but never forced us anywhere.

One day we wanted to go on an overnight hike with the scouts and it was stormy and Dad didn't want us to go. He finally said, "If you'll stay home this time, I'll never stop you from going again." He kept his word. We were in a contest with other troops and we got more points for overnight hikes than anything else, so we tried to take as many as were allowed. We went on February 22nd, one year down to the river and stayed 2 nights. It was 20 degrees below zero and we had blankets and quilts, but no sleeping bag or tents (or overshoes). When I got up in the morning my shoes were wet and frozen solid so I went out bare footed to get wood to start a fire. We had many outings like this and he never stopped us.

A lot of my early activities came through the Scout program. One summer, 32 of us from the Pocatello Council went into the Yellow Jacket Meyers Cave area and walked back into the middle Fork of the Salmon River area. It was a full weeks outing Aand not much left to your shoes time we got back. We saw a lot of wildlife, did a lot of fishing an just hiked. It was high and beautiful country.

Mom's older sister (Aunt Mary) was a nurse. She delivered me as a midwife. She was married to a man named Brown and when he died she married Parley Black. They lived in Arco and he was an insurance salesman. Later they moved to Logan and rented rooms to college students.

Three of Moms sisters-Aunt Lindy, Aunt Louie, and Aunt Tillie (Matilda) married 3 brothers-Nephi, Ephraim and Jens Sorenson.

Aunt Agnes Cox, Aunt Lucy Wilson, Aunt Emma Taylor, Aunt Janie Chapman all lived around Blackfoot and Aunt Julie Hale and Mary Black lived in Logan. Her family was all girls.

Dad and his family.

I don't know Dad's family as well. Uncle Orville was in construction and worked on roads etc., quite a bit in Montana. He stopped at our place in California (1941) and visited on his way to South America to work.

Uncle James was a good contractor and built many good buildings. He build Cox Motor (Boyle Hardware and Safety Savings) Elks Building, Blackfoot Jr. High School, First and Ninth Ward church and others and then moved to Idaho Falls where he lived and worked until his death. John worked for him quite a bit and I did on 2 or 3 occasions.

Uncle Cyrus was injured in war. I remember they put a Germans stomach in him (or that's what we were told). He was a bookkeeper and died fairly young.

Uncle Daniel never married and was also a veteran. He died quite young also.

Uncle Orly farmed in the Groveland area and liked to hunt and fish.

Uncle William was a Druggist and lives in Utah.

Aunt Sarah lived in Utah.

Aunt Silvia was married to Jared Anderson and lived in Pocatello. He was a businessman and also Stake President.

Aunt Bertha was in charge of their family genealogy and after Uncle Joe Jensen died she moved to Utah.

Aunt Alice never did marry and lived in California most of her life.

Aunt Ruth was our age. She was adopted and she lives in California also.

Uncle James was Bishop of First ward and married Marion and I.

My Family (brothers and sisters)

Dad also drove a school bus for several years prior to his death. Our own family was really like two families- The older half of which some were gone (married) before the younger ones were born.

Tillie (Ockerman) was the oldest and probably the closest to Mom. She has almost been a mother to all of us rather than sister. She is really active in the church, loves to bake and cook. She has a lame leg (shorter) from (I think) Polio, but never complains. She spends a lot of time at the temple, visiting people, etc. Melvin (Tillie's Husband) has always been like a brother, we've known him so long. He's and excellent fisherman and would do anything for anyone.

Richard was the second in the family and the oldest boy. He went on a mission and when he came home he helped Dad for several years while Dad was trucking. After he married, he farmed till the present time. Dad felt close to Richard and tried to re-pay him by helping him all he could during his later years. I'm sure he did. Richard was Bishop for the Riverton Ward for many years and then

on the high council. He has been a good example and the guide to the rest of us. He has farmed most of his life. He'd help any of us. They have a good family.

Wyora was #3. She also being older helped at home a lot. Mom was sick and stayed in Arco with Aunt Mary for several months and Wyora and Tillie had the house to run. She grew up in the depression and really had a rough start. They tried turkey raising, berry farming, working or whatever they could. Then they worked in an aircraft plant in California and then went into business for themselves (grocery). They worked real hard and did good for themselves. They lost one son in an accident. The last few years have had rather severe health problems, but are a joy to have around. She died in 1980 after a lot of sickness and finally cancer. She was buried in Las Vegas. She missed having a home of her own the last few years.

Elvera # 4 was quite a pretty girl and was rather smart in school. She got a job and helped keep Richard on his mission. She married and lived in Utah and spent her working years working for the government. She was divorced and never remarried. She spends a lot of time helping her 2 children and making things for the grandkids. At present, she is having health problems and hope they don't prevent her from a planned trip to Hawaii to visit John and Arlene.

March 6, 1976. We got work today that Elvera had died from cancer.

Born November 11, 1913 in Rose, Idaho

Died March 6, 1976 in Salt Lake City, Utah Interment Valley View Memorial Park.

Judson was # 5. I was probably a bit different from the rest. I'm sure I inherited more than my share of stubbornness from Dad. They mostly taught me to work by example, because we were never forced to do any. After we (Marion) were married, I worked for a year then went to Hawthorne, California where I worked in and Aircraft Plant for a year (1941). Then moved to Richmond where we worked in shipyard a year and then back to Blackfoot. We farmed for several years and worked occasionally for John as a carpenter. My Asthma began bothering me, so I quit farming and worked as a carpenter at the A.E.C. site from 1956- for 16 years.

Since then I've been working with "Skip" (Gerald) and it's been good for me because I can take cold months off. I built several houses for both myself and others in evenings and off hours.

1984- We've spent last 12 winters in Arizona. Built several houses and have some good friends there.

March 21, 1982

Better catch up a bit.

Melvin Ockerman died March 9th. He's had a bad heart for years. We'll miss him, he's been real good and a joy to visit. He was a master fisherman. He was a good farmer, a good manager and a good neighbor to all. We feel sorry for Tillie, she'll miss him. They were so close.

Also we had some bad new from John. He went to California and had some bad headaches. So he went to the hospital. They said he has a bad brain tumor and can only live from 3 to 9 months.

He's probably better prepared for the news than any of us. I don't know how things will develop. We sure pray for him.

John was # 6. I was probably closer to John than the rest. We were in the same grade at school and went through scouting together. I worked during school at the newspaper and John delivered "special delivery" mail for the post-office. John married quite young and had a rough time because of the depression. He worked for Uncle James as a carpenter and soon went out on his own. He's made a real mark in construction as a builder and has built a lot for the church. Hawaii, Illinois, Texas, New Orleans, and others and helped on a church in South America. John is really dedicated to what he does. He's served in the Bishopric and has been a temple worker for several years. He's extremely generous and helps others often. We enjoyed fishing together and still miss him every time I go. John was good to me. I'll be glad to see him again.

Frank # 7. He was also individual, a bit different from others. During school if he'd see two kids fighting, he'd always go help the smaller. He was a hard worker and helped Dad while John and I were working at jobs for ourselves. This could have contributed to his "back" problems that has plagued him for years. Frank has been a real good businessman and made some good investments, etc. He takes care of what he has and has been real good to both his children. Frank and Lorine both devoted years helping and caring for Lorine's parents and sister. I hope their health permits them to enjoy a bit now. Frank owns quite a bit of property in California. They haven't been as active in the church as we'd like to see, but have done a lot of good on their own. We sure love them.

David and Delpha # 8 & 9 were twins. Dave was always a hard worker. John used to say, he could do anything. He is a plumber by trade, but can pick up a saw and work right to the side of you. Dave was probably the sportsman of the family. He really enjoys hunting and fishing. We've gone with him many times and really enjoy him. We've gone out "Deep Sea" fishing with him also. Dave has always been a good provider and never afraid to attempt anything. Dave and Ruth, John and Arlene, and myself went to Alaska in 1979 on a fishing trip. Real nice trip and beautiful country. In 1984 He's off to Alaska then the Pacific Islands- Australia etc. He enjoys every minute of his life. He's fun to be with - He's been bothered with a bad leg from an accident.

Delpha was a pretty girl. She was also smarter than the average. Her biggest fault was that she felt sorry for everyone else and would give or do anything for them, rather than herself. Because of this, she had two unhappy marriages. Merlin was an alcoholic and mistreated her terribly, but she always felt sorry for him and tried to make a go. Her second marriage was to a man who was so jealous, he counted the postage stamps and miles on the car. She supported them both and was a good worker. Delpha died at home with cancer. She was so sick she lost her sight and so thin the bones came through the skin and she never complained a minute. I'm sure there's a place waiting for her. She left two good children- Jeannie and Lalean. Delpha could have accomplished anything she tried.

Alzina # 10 was a pretty girl too and quite smart. I think she was a bit different also. She was more to herself. She married a C.C. Camp worker from back east. He seemed a good fellow, but they didn't get along and she divorced. She married a second time and this one died. Her third

husband has been in construction mostly. They seem to get along well, and have done fairly good for themselves. Alzina has been more of a "loner" and not active in the church. She has worked hard all her life. They like to grow a large garden and can a lot. They live up next to hills in central California. They travel quite a bit. We always enjoy them.

Adam # 11 served in the war. When he came home he farmed one year and then began carpentry. He worked a year or two and then worked for John. He then worked at the A.E.C. Site for 6 or 7 years. He then began contracting on his own. He has built mostly family dwellings. Adam is a good carpenter and does good work. He has done quite well for himself. Adam has held several leadership jobs in the church as Elders Quorum President. He is at present a city councilman. Adam has had quite a bit of back problems also. Adam makes good decisions and most people admire him and his judgement. He has a nice home, beautiful yard and good hobbies. The community has benefitted from his wisdom also.

Jesse # 12 served a mission to Arizona where he contracted a lung fungi which caused him problems. He has been a carpenter most all his life and also engaged in school bus contract hauling. He worked with John for several years and then spent a couple years building a church in South America. When he came back he worked with John again until John left to work in Hawaii. Jess has built some good building and has done really good for himself. Jess has a good business head. He has been a high councilman and a bishop of his ward. Jess was killed a trench cave in while installing a sewer in a new house he was building. His family has grown and they are all what he would have wanted of them. If Jess ever made a decision he didn't like, he'd erase it and start over--never complain.

Verda and Velda # 13 and 14, were twins.

Verda married and lived at Fort Hall for several years. They moved to Blackfoot when Jess left for South America so they could "watch" mom in her later years. Verda was close to Mom and I don't think she missed a day going over to visit with her. Verda also worked for quite a few years. She has been active in church all her life. Verda has always been good to check up on all of us when we were sick. She's good to have around. She makes you feel good. People like Verda. She keeps close watch of Tillie for all of us. We love and appreciate Verda.

Velda has always been a leader and active. Her 1st husband died in an airplane accident. Velda worked as a bookkeeper for years. After marrying Tommy (Plant), they moved to California. They've both been active. They're both real-estate brokers and do quite well. We always enjoy visiting them. Velda has raised her family well and sees they get educated. I go home teaching with her father-in-law. He's sure proud of her and the kids and Tommy too.

LeRoy # 15 lives in Bountiful, Utah. He worked for an electronics firm for a few years and then began a business of his own. He developed a special "lighting switch" and specializing in stage lighting in churches and schools. He had a real successful business, was hit hard by high interest and bad accounts, but bounced right back. He's intelligent and real exciting to talk too. Their children were adopted. They live in Bountiful. We should visit all of them more than we do. They're all such

good people.

Wallace and Wanda # 16 and 17 were twins. I remember Wally as a small feller. He was real sick with pneumonia and they had to drain his lungs with a tube through his ribs. Wallace served in the service and worked in a finance office in Japan. Wallace could type near 100 words a minute and would demonstrate this talent at times. He tried to work at carpentry, but didn't like the hard work. He moved to California and opened his own real estate business. He has others working for him and has done well. Wallace isn't afraid to try to do anything. He's done a lot of building and business deals. High interest and slower times have made it difficult for him. I like Wally. He has a heart of gold. He's given so much to others. He has some good kids and they'll all be O.K.

Wanda finished high school and was smart and active. She met a fellow from California and married. After her first child was born and she had gone home, she had complications and finally died from kidney trouble. They changed her complete blood and tried everything they knew at the time, but couldn't prevent it. Her hair was a beautiful blonde and before she died it turned red. We received a card recently that her daughter was graduating from high school. She left in her place a beautiful and sweet daughter. We met her at the reunion this summer (1984). It made me feel bad, to think we hadn't looked her up sooner. Wanda can be proud.

We've been spending the winters at Queen Creek, Arizona. I couldn't breathe here (in Blackfoot). We've enjoyed it there and it's been good to my health.

March 3, 1976

Frank and Lorine came down from Sacramento and spent Tuesday and Wednesday. They had a new car. Wednesday afternoon it began to rain and then snowed. The snow melted before it hit the ground, but there's snow on the hills all around.

March 6, 1976

We got word today that Elvera had died from cancer. She had planned to go to Hawaii soon for a visit. We're waiting for more information about the funeral, etc.

The funeral was held in Salt Lake on Tuesday. I flew from Phoenix. John came from Hawaii for the funeral. Deanne was there also. Marion, Ester and Ray, Otto and Elizabeth, met me at the airport Wednesday morning.

March 25, 1976

Ted and Wyora are here for a few weeks, they have a new trailer house and a new car. She's been quite sick most of the winter and hasn't felt good since they got her. I think she should go to the hospital, but it's hard to tell someone else. She sure doesn't feel good.

March 28, 1976

Just a few remarks from church today. * If you don't know where you're going, it doesn't matter which road you take.

We (Marion too) went to a ballgame last week. Oakland A's against the Los Angeles angels. They had 4,222 paid attendance which is real good for spring training. I've got tickets for 3 more games.

We're going to take Denight's to Grand Canyon tomorrow if Wyora isn't any worse. She promised to let Ted take her to the hospital tomorrow.

Last Wednesday - Blackburns invited us and Denights' over to Queen Valley for dinner. It was a nice evening. After they finished their drinks we went to the clubhouse for steaks.

We went to another ball game Wednesday and Oakland get beat again by the Chicago Cubs 7-2. Then we went over and visited Rowses' and stopped at "Desert Samaritan" hospital to visit Wyora.

April 3, 1976 (Sat.)

Denights and us are going to the airshow at McCaran Field and then go to the flea market at Phoenix.

Sunday afternoon, Marion and I are going to the ball game - Oakland and the San Francisco Giants. Tuesday we're going to the game with Oakland and Dodgers and then go over and visit Rowses.

June 4, 1976

We've been back home for 6 weeks and working with Skip. He's a good boss, let's me do whatever I want. He sure works hard. I hope the best for him.

June 5, 1976 (Sat.)

Today the Teton Dam broke and flooded out Rexburg and Sugar City. The water hasn't got here yet, I don't think it'll bother any here. It's sad to see the destruction and damage done in a few hours time. Rexburg is such a nice town. We always stop there each time we go through.

June 12, 1976

The water came and is gone. It flooded quite a bit on both sides of the river. It got about 4 feet deep in Valley Bank and in other stores. Most of the trailers had to move out of several courts.

As you drive out toward Riverside, everyone has their carpet spread out on their lawns drying. They estimate 400 to 500 homes flooded with \$50 million dollars damage in Bingham County. We got by real lucky. They used sandbags by the thousands, or hundreds of thousands.

June 11, 1976

Marion and Skip decided I needed a new pickup, so today it came. It's a green G.M.C. and quite nice. It took me 4 hours to clean all the stuff out of the old one.

June 13, 1976

Dave and Ruth came up from California and Dave is helping John 2 or 3 days and then we're going fishing.

John and Arlene talked in church today. A few remarks: On the island of Molakai, you take a mule trip from the airport down the road that is quite steep to the leper colony on the peninsula. It is on area 3 1/2 miles square. The guide takes you on a small bus through the colony for about 4 hours. Some houses are fair, some poor. Some lawns green, some brown. Even though modern drugs would permit them to leave, most stay. Some because they're deformed, some because they choose to stay.

There are 11 members of the branch there. The Branch President has a new car and in 3 years has 500 miles on it. There are 2 police cars under a carport. Both have flat tires, because they're never used. Where is there for anyone to go? As the guide left the group back at the mile stop, he said he was 57 years old and had been there since 18. His only regret was that he didn't get to serve a mission for the church before he contacted Leprosy. Then he commented, there are no children he The youngest person is 35 years old. If you ever feel you need to complain, take a day and visit Molakai.

June 24, 1976

Skip, LuDean and I got a permit and drove up to Rexburg, Sugar City and the flood area in general. You couldn't believe the damage without seeing it. In Rexburg there were houses that were pushed off the foundations. There were houses washed away completely (many) some were sitting on the golf course, some in the middle of the roads, and some out in farm fields several miles away. Some were never found (only demolished). The whole town looks like a huge junk yard. They'll never get the mud all out of everything.

There were some houses sitting half in a basement, half out. Some were piled into others. Sugar City was unbelievable. Only a few houses were salvageable. Trees and trash were piled everywhere. Cars and machinery stuck up, out of trash everywhere. Refrigerators had floated out and were everywhere. Trailer homes were mashed like tin cans. No one saved anything. Nearly all the stores had the inside gutted and will have to rebuild. The towns smell like a large swamp. People carried mud out in buckets and dumped it in the street. The heat

runs and everything is filled with mud. Large logs from the saw mill floated and rammed through houses leaving huge holes. A basement house had the roof raised up and a T.V. was wedged between the concrete and the roof.

They estimate the damage in excess of 1 billion dollars. There's no way to tell. Some ground can never be used again. Large combines and tractors and cars are scattered everywhere. Bridges are gone and 20 miles of railroad gone. A railroad car was sitting upright out in a field, with a house trailer up against it.

One fellow showed us where a new brick home stood, he said all they've found of it was the cement cap of the fireplace. The force of the water caved in basements and left them half full of mud. They were lucky to have the college on high ground. It gave shelter and meals etc. for thousands. They're trucking in 1900 mobile homes from South Dakota, Texas, and Florida to use as temporary homes.

There have been 25 or 30 bus loads of people coming from Salt Lake, Brigham City, etc each day for about 10 days helping the people clean up the mess. There's 70 or 80 pieces of heavy equipment clearing the mess and now they'll start demolishing the houses that can't be reclaimed.

The stores had their floors caved in and basements filled. Furniture all washed away etc. It's going to take courage to rebuild but they will.

June 26, 1976

We went to the cabin last night and back for church today. It's nice up there. I hope I get enough ambition to finish the casings and trim. I seem to get lazier each year.

Well, we've been up to the cabin several times this summer. John and Ron (his son) came up once and we went into Buelah Lake fishing. Lee Orchard went with us. Over Labor Day, we went fishing again to the lake. John and I, Lee Orchard, and Larry and John's son, Ron. It was nice. Dave was going to come up and go with us, but he broke his back in a fall and couldn't.

Dave and Wally came up for the fair. While they were here Marion invited all the family in this area to go to the cafe for dinner. All of them came except Adam. They had a nice meal and a nice visit.

September 15, 1976

Marion's step-father (Brig Horrock) has been ill for a couple months and died this week. He had a real nice funeral at the Ninth Ward. May 1, 1890 - September 14, 1976. He was born in Heber City, Utah. Loved most of his life in Blackfoot, Idaho. He sure had a lot of friends.

September 25, 1976

The church has asked us to each write a family history. I'll incorporate mine in with this.

I was born at Groveland, Idaho. Grandpa Dean and Grandpa Yancey lived next door to each other. Grandpa Yancey was one of the early settlers. He had a nice home. He was blind most of his life and would have Uncle Daniel or one of them help him take his apples to Pocatello each fall in a wagon to sell. He'd bring back flour, etc. for the winter. Grandpa Dean was "one of a kind". You never did get to really know him. Grandma was always good to us. They never really had much, but were good. I remember Grandpa Dean doing blacksmith work. Dad had quite a few horses and usually milked 20 or 25 cows. I remember getting my first pair of long pants when I was about 12 years old.

Activity in the Church

I was always active as a scout and had 45 or 50 merit badges. I also had the Star, Life, and Eagle, and as a leader-- had the Scoutmasters Key and Scouters Award. I was scoutmaster in Tyhee, Riverton, Sixth Ward and Fifth Ward for a total of 15 years. I was on the Stake Scout Board and also a neighborhood commissioner. I was superintendent of M.I.A. for 5 years in Riverton and 5 years in Fifth Ward. I was also in Superintendency as a counselor twice. I was Superintendent of Sunday School in 5th Ward for 2 years and taught Adult Sunday School class for 2 years. I taught Elders Quorum for 5 years in Fifth Ward, a short time in Second Ward and 5 years in Sixth Ward and I taught it again there for about 3 years.

Family

As a family we've had quite a few trips and outings. We enjoy the outdoors.

Marion and I went to Hawaii with Mom, Dave and Ruth. It was nice.

October 4, 1976

John and Arlene, Dave, and Lee came up to the cabin and John, Dave, Lee and I, went into Buelah Lake. There was about 3 inches of snow, but we had a good time. Dave has a broken back and is wearing a brace. It was quite hard on him but he made the trip pretty good.

Skip moved his trailer back home from his lot. We've enjoyed having them up there this summer when we go up.

October 6, 1976

Judson's Birthday. Sharon and family gave him 2 ties and a beautiful card. Gerald and family took us to the Sandpiper in Pocatello for dinner. Marion gave a photo album, 2 cassettes, 3 rolls of film, a watch band, and card.

October 12, 1976 (Tues.)

Dinner at Tree House with Buelah and Jack, Lorine and Ray, Marion and Jud and then home.

November 7, 1976

A truly beautiful fall is nearing an end. We've closed the cabin for winter and getting "stuff" ready for Arizona. Mona called to tell us someone had broken the windows out of the house down there, so we'll have that to fix. We'll leave around Thanksgiving.

At work, Skip is getting all the cement in on 2 or 3 places.

Sharon and Jim have moved into their home in Thomas. It's real nice, but too big for me. Marion's mother hasn't felt too good since Brig died,(worry and etc). I think she's feeling a bit better now. We took her out to dinner last week and she really enjoyed it. We should do more.

November 21, 1976

We went up to the cabin and put tin on one half the roof. It was worm and nice. Other years you couldn't get up there this late. We brought a load of wood back and gave it to Melvin and of course she made us stay for dinner.

We had a road made to the back of the lot and it makes it nice.

November 24, 1976

We all, Skip's family, Deanne's, and Sharon's, went to Sharon and Jim's for Thanksgiving dinner. We're getting quite a crowd. We surely have a good family. We're proud of every one of them.

November 28, 1976

We're getting ready to go to Arizona tomorrow. We're anxious to get there to take care of the place, but feel sad leaving here too.

November 30, 1976

Arrived in Queen Creek about noon, no problems. Someone had broken the windows, so we fixed them. They still have melons on so we've been filling up on Casabas, Persian melons, and cantaloupe.

We got 5 large cactus and moved here. One was so big I had to chain it to a fence post to get it out of the pickup and then hook on it to get it stood up in the hole. I hope they live because they look nice.

December 8, 1976

We've been over to visit Wyora and Ted. She's had quite a time with her health this year. The last couple days I've been putting in a sidewalk and now painting a bit.

December 1976

Skip's family came down the day before Christmas and stayed till January 3rd. We took an airplane ride up over Phoenix. Went to Rawhide, the zoo, the flea market, and to Nogalez. We went to Mexico fishing, but it was too windy so we didn't get to go. Sunday after church we drove up to the Lakes (Apache, Roosevelt) and back home and they left today. We sure enjoy them. We went up to the mining camp restaurant also.

January 11, 1977

We received an invitation today to President Carter's inaugural ceremony and parade. He's O.K.

It wouldn't be fair to write a diary and not mention "Tuffy" our dog. She belonged to LuDean and it was a bit unfair taking her from LuDean. She went to work with me every day she could for years and always kept one eye on me. She knew exactly when it was quitting time and would move over to the pickup.

She knew when we were in a motel and never let out a sound. She was good company right to the end. Tuffy is waiting for me up there.

February 12, 1977

Denights are staying with us again this year. Ray and I are building a house for Blackburns in Queen Valley. We're also doing a little work for others over there. Raymond has been real good to work with and it gives us something to pass time.

We've been to Nogalez a couple times and usually go for a ride once a week or so and to dinner for a past time. This has been a real good winter.

March 10, 1977

It's getting spring. We've about finished Blackburn's house. I bought a boat and last week we went to Lake Sagura. It's a beautiful lake. Today we went over to Whytes and saw Uncle Nephi and Aunt Lindy. They're going home in the morning.

March 21, 1977

We've started remodeling an old house at Queen Valley for Jerry and Martin Berg. They are fun to work for. We are re-doing the kitchen and one bath and will finish up next year.

I've been having my teeth fixed by a chinese dentist "John Don". He's sure good. I did a little work at his house. His wife is Mexican. She invited us over to dinner. It was Mexican and nice.

John and Dave (Ruth and Arlene) came down last week and stayed 3 nights. We enjoyed them.

April 10, 1977

We're getting ready to go back home.

We've been quite busy all winter. We built Blackburns house, a set of restrooms for the golf course and started a pretty good remodel job. There's a couple weeks left for next fall.

Last Saturday we went to Mexico to get a few things to take home to the kids.

April 30, 1977

We're back home. It has been a dry winter and spring. We have bought a lot and are planning to build a house to sell. I hope it's right. We went up to the cabin last week. That's the earliest we've been able to get in.

September 15, 1977

The summer is going fast and so much has happened. Both sad and good.

My brother Jesse was killed today in a sewer cave in. It will sure put a lot of responsibility on his family. He was so industrious. He had a half dozen school buses and being a builder had several projects started. We feel real sad for both him and his family.

Also, this summer, Marion's brother George died of a heart attack and a month earlier our brother-in-law, Woodrow Stroschien died of cancer.

We're building a house on East Judicial to sell or rent. It's nearing completion and look real nice.

We've been up to Buelah Lake twice this summer fishing and have been to the cabin several weekends.

Marion's Uncle Emil Blanke of Salt Lake died a couple weeks ago also.

I've worked for Skip this summer again. He's sure been busy. About 14 houses this year.

Jesse had poured cement for a house, so John and Dave and some donated help (and Steve) have been finishing it for Doris.

October 22, 1977

Today a bunch of us and some from their ward framed up Steve's house for him. We think we have our house sold. We're thinking of Arizona and getting anxious.

Marions mother has been sick all summer. She's been to Salt Lake this week. I hope they find out what's wrong with her.

The winter of 1977 has been nice to us in Arizona.

I remodeled Berg's house in Queen Valley and have been building one for Don Blackburn. We've also built a new one here to sell to a neighbor. We've been quite busy. Marion has been my home teacher partner this winter. We've been for a few rides, etc and gone to Nogalez a couple times.

John and Arlene, Dave and Ruth, and Wally and Linda came to visit. Arlene's brother-in-law, Walt England, died and so they had to leave for home about an hour after they got here.

October 17, 1978

It's been a busy summer. We built a house at 151 N. Pendlebury Lane and it's finished now. We've started one on Robbins street and hope to close it in before we go to Arizona. I went to Alaska with Dave and Ruth, John and Arlene. We flew back into the Bullsitna Lake on the Yutka River. The Salmon were too big for our tackle. We hooked a lot but couldn't land them except for a few smaller ones.

We've been to the cabin several times and enjoy it.

Skip built a new home in Rose, so they didn't get to the cabin much.

Marion's mother has been sick for some time and had a stroke. She died this morning.

November 1981

Now it's Nov. 1981 already and a lot happens in a couple year. We've had good summers and good winter too. Last winter (1980-1981) I taught the Elders Quorum lessons at Queen Creek while down here.

This summer we helped Skip again. Also helped the Quorum quite a bit with their wood project (Idaho).

It isn't cold down here (Arizona) but we enjoy a fire here also to be getting wood from the desert (or waste ground).

Bishop Nevitt gave us some palm trees and our neighbor kept them watered, so they've grown good. It's real dry down here this winter for a change. The last three winters it has rained so much they've had a lot of flooding.

We worked up in Island Park quite a bit this year (summer).

John, Richard, and I went to Blackfoot Reservoir fishing. It was nice to be together.

Skip has sold his home and moved to town and in the process of building a new shop. We left home November 23, 1981.

March 1982

We've had a good winter here in Queen Creek. We've helped Walt frame up his house, framed one in Queen Valley, and had quite a bit of other work, so the winter has gone fast. I've taught the Elders Quorum again this year.

I've built me a wood-splitter this winter. Hope it works.

We're getting to where we know the people good here and really enjoy them.

Helped Skip again this summer. John has been sick (tumor) this summer so we helped him a bit to do some of the things he wanted to get done.

We had a real big garden and gave quite a bit of it away. We had a well drilled at the garden and built a small storage shed out there.

John died on November 6th. He had a rough summer, but never complained.

We came down a week earlier this year and got here November 6th, 1982 and pretty well

settled not. Before we came down, we took all the kids out to dinner (Pocatello). Deanne has an Indian boy staying with them. You wouldn't believe how much he could eat.

December 19, 1982

I was ordained a High Priest today, by Bishop Nevitt. President Barney, Carl Allen, Allen McClure, and Ralph Pomeroy stood in.

Up home they've reorganized the stake and shifted wards around. We'll find out next spring what's happened.

Queen Creek Ward had a Christmas party outside last night. I furnished wood. We had a large fire and a good time.

November 1983

Had a busy summer again.. Cami Turpin got married and Suzi Driscoll went off to school. Debra got to sing in conference. The family all went to dinner together and on November 16, 1983 we left for Arizona. It was good weather coming down and we feel good (at least I do) (wish Marion did).

We've cleaned the yard up and ready to enjoy the winter.

*Thunder is important and impressive, but lightning does all the work.

May 8, 1984 (Wed.)

What a spring for events happening.

1. Skip got moved into his new house, he's done a nice job.
2. John (Driscoll) has been made a Bishop. He'll be good at it.
3. Jim's (Turpin) still on High Council. They've all surely done good.

During the winter I worked in Arizona quite a bit.

We left for home on April 18, 1984. Coming out of Flagstaff we were in an accident that did quite a bit of damage. We hope the people involved recover O.K.

Bonji, our little brown and white dog went into shock and ran out through the forest. We went back out 4 or 5 times trying to find him. We hope his story has a happy ending. We'll have to list him as missing in action. He was sure a lot of company. Corky still misses the little guy too.

Just before I left Arizona I got a lump on my neck. So the last 2 or 3 weeks have been hectic. They've given me 20 or more x-rays and a dozen different lab tests. (Dr. Haddock and Dr. Thueson). Then they referred me to Dr. Cannon in Idaho Falls. Today he told me it was malignant and they believe the source to be my prostate glands. So it's more x-rays tomorrow and I guess removal of my testicle Friday, since they supply the hormones to the prostate. He says they hope it cuts the supply down to where it either stops it or slow it.

It's a hard decision to ask one to make...or is it, depending on the alternatives. You read of

these things, but always to someone else.

I've asked some of my own family to give me a blessing tomorrow night to help prepare for it. That's one thing we're grateful for...our family.

Right now I'm expecting a long journey before leaving. We have so much and we've been blessed so much.

May 10, 1984 (Thurs.)

It's morning and the thoughts are beginning to sink in. It isn't a joke after all. It's something serious and it's you they're talking about- not someone else. It's the beginning of the last chapter and it's up to you to see what goes in and how many pages are written. Right now my thoughts are, "what would you like to do", and the answer seems to be, just what I've been doing. Maybe now I'll get that last board tacked up on the house. I've left for so long.

Would the sands of the Caribbean be as exciting as a hammock under the trees of your own backyard. Would you sooner travel the highways or dig in your own soil.

Right now my desire seems to be: see every sunrise, feel every breeze that blows and listen to the streams trickling by.

Now I'm going to enjoy life finally for what it is: I, going to see the best in everyone (I hope). I'm going to try to be a bit more pleasant. I'm going to enjoy my family more fully. I'm going to turn more thoughts to those of the family that have already gone, and I'm going to enjoy the most exotic foods you can imagine (a good hamburger, a bowl of spaghetti, or a glass of ice cold milk)--the same things I've always enjoyed.

I've wanted to lose about 20 pounds so I could keep my pants up. I'm giving up that idea, because I know Deanne will keep bringing me cinnamon rolls, and I'll keep eating as many as I can.

Yea, I know it might be the beginning of the last chapter, but I think it's going to be the best chapter of the whole book.

Friday-- I even cried a bit this morning, I don't know whether I'm scared or just feeling sorry for myself.

Adam came up today and we had a good visit. Tillie, Sharon and Marion all called. Walt and Orville Larsen visited and Jim and Merlin came over and gave me a blessing. There has been so many call or visit. It's good.

I went in at noon and came back to home about 5. It took quite a while for the spinal to work off and my back ached quite a bit all night.

May 11, 1984 (Sat.)

Feeling quite good today, just seems like an extra long day. Had quite a bit of company. Watched T.V. a couple hours. Yesterday they had a doctor come in and explain what had happened and what to expect in the future. I should go home Sunday morning sometime (Mother's Day). I feel a bit bad because I wasn't where I could get anything for Marion. She's been real understanding through this. It'll be good to get home and see my dog and squirrels again also. We'll be able to finish up a little more of the garden now.

August 1984

We had a real good family reunion in July. Wanda's daughter came with her father. To me it was an emotional meeting -- excited at meeting her, but ashamed for not making the effort before. Adam also came which meant so much to all of us.

August 5, 1984

For our 46th Wedding Anniversary, we had an evening at Sharon's and a fishing at Jackson's Pond. I think we all enjoyed it. The 10th was Marion's birthday, we had cake and ice cream.

We've had several letters and calls from Queen Creek. We appreciate their concern and their friendships.

I've got a big garden again and enjoy watching things grow. I'm trying a few sunflowers this year. They're great and exciting to watch.

I think more this year as the ones that have gone ahead.

Wyora--how she suffered and how in later years she longed so much for a place of her own--rather than a motel or trailer.

Elvera--pretty as a woman. Devoted to her children and believing in those she knew best. It was sad she was lost from the church.

Wanda--just like a flower picked as soon as it bloomed. She wanted to live so bad. If medicine had been only a few years earlier.

Delpha--another pretty girl. Talented. She felt sorry for others and became involved with a couple men who mistreated her. Today she's an angel.

Then there's Jesse--ambitious, always in a hurry, but he gets things done. A great business head. A good Bishop and High Priest Group leader. He left altogether too soon, because of an accident. He'll be remembered a long time.

John--never knew much other than work. He was a master organizer. Gave freely to other, left a legacy of beautiful buildings here and abroad. Many friends and admirers. Gave a lot of time to temple, church, etc. He'll miss the fishing so much that I'll try to do a bit for him. I can't go without

thinking of him and Dave and how they enjoyed it.

Mom--What a lovely Mother--Never a cross or loud word. Never a complaint. She bragged a bit toward the end. She had a right to. Always concerned about each one of her family and proud as a peacock of each one. I always thought she went without so much, but now I know she had it all. She was active in church. She worked in field. Cared for her home, set the example, gave encouragement. She showed great appreciation and love to all. She endured to the end. I'd like to give her a big hug.

Dad--was #1 hard worker. Always welcomed a challenge. Invented machinery a few years before their time (beet-topper, potato combine). Always worked 12 to 14 hours a day. Farmed, fed cows, hogs, milked, and always a thousand things to do. He loved the ground and certainly knew how to get along with it.

If he didn't have time for us kids, he'd have the hired man take us on an outing. He never forced us to work. He taught us so much. During very difficult time, he took care of all of us. He kept his problems to himself (lost his home). He just picked up and went on. He finished his last few years on a few acres of ground, raising a few pigs (and he was so proud of it) and farming a few acres.

He loved it, as he loved us all. I have a big hug inside me for him too. I forgot to give it to him when he left.

September 26, 1984

The summer is going. I've been helping Skip what I could. Keeps my mind occupied. Had the best garden ever this year. I've felt pretty good, but have mood trends and tire a little easier.

They reorganized our wards and we're back in fifth ward again. I'm teaching the High Priest groups, don't you feel sorry for them. We have so many good friends and our family is just super. We sure enjoy and appreciate all of them.

Since my operation, I've had a lot of "heat flashes" that have been quite bothersome. I thought I was having a heat stroke one night and felt that Dad helped me by prompting Marion to come home from a meeting early to check on me. Thanks Dad, Thanks Marion.

September 26, 1984

Today I had a real strong feeling while working in the garden. I felt real overcome to think the time was coming when I couldn't dig in the dirt anymore. That really hurt.

Last Saturday we went to the temple with Sharon's girl, Cami and Gary. There was a deaf man going through also and it was an interesting experience watching the interpreter.

October 4, 1984 (Thurs.)

We went out to Sharon's for a family dinner. We sure have a good family.

We've had a good summer, raised a good garden and tried to share it with others. Most appreciate it. Some expect it.

I've had a few health problems this summer. I have a lot of heat flashes. Twenty a day and they sure weaken you. Skip's good to let me help even though I don't get too much done. People are good to me and I appreciate it. I know I have a lot of faults. I'm trying to overcome. I think I'm gaining, at least I'm trying. I still need to learn more patience and probably be a bit kinder and express it more. Marion has been real good this summer and watches out for me a lot. She's surely done a lot of canning. I love her a lot, I wish she felt better then maybe she'd be a bit more understanding.

Some days I hurt real easy. I'm sorry. I really love all my family and would like them to know it. Marion has helped me a lot. Sharon does so much and appreciates everything. Deanne and John look after me like a little kid. Everybody likes Skip. LuDean treats me real special. All 13 grandkids are different. They're ours and we love them all.

Sometimes I think Corky is one of us. The way she acts. She's been good company and watches out for me just like you'd expect.

October 6, 1984

It is Juds 69th birthday. Marion gave me a statue of granddad and child, a card with \$20, and a book of scenic pictures. Sharon and Jim gave a card and \$10. Deanne and John gave cookies and cake. Mrs. Ethel Clement, a cream pie. Maggie Gardner, an apple pie (candle). Mrs Hawks, a lemon pie. Eddie VanOrden, a pumpkin pie. Suzanne, an I Love Grandpa wall hanging. Cami and Gary, a saw with the Most Wonderful Grandpa engraved. When she went to pick it up, Eddie, Mr. Dale and Marleen Ramsdale were delighted that it was for Jud.

* A young boy was lowered down over a cliff to do something. After he was pulled back up, someone asked him if he was frightened. He said, "No, my dad was holding the rope."

October 20, 1984

I have sure enjoyed having a piece of ground I could dig in. It's been good for me, although at times it's seemed a bit too much. This year, I think I had the best garden I've had. I hope it's been good to a lot of people.

We were discussing the other day how much progress had been made on our life. Radio and television. Airplanes and then jets and rockets. The first man on the moon. I remember the first satellite, how we went out in the evening and watched it go by. It looked about size of a bean, tumbling end over end as it went by. (Just like another star).

We saw on T.V., the killing of President Kennedy and later the Attorney General Robert Kennedy. The 2nd World War, Korean War, Vietnam War. They don't seem to accomplish much. The change in farming, from horses to tractors, to giant tractors. Some of our old machinery looks so quaint, but it did the work.

It makes you appreciate your folks and grandparents for the accomplishments they made with

what they said.

November 1, 1984

The family went out for dinner tonight. There was 20 of us. We had a good dinner and enjoy our family.

April 1985

This past year, we put a new roof on so we'd feel better about the snow.

Marion watched me real close when we went anywhere so she'd know where the hospitals were. We went to Emergency in Ashton, Blackfoot, Logan, Wickenburg, Tuscon, Mesa, and nearly everywhere we went. She was a big comfort and I always needed her. We liked to drive into the mountains and etc. During the time we were married, we built quite a few houses in spare time. Some for ourselves and some for others. This has been our main source of putting a little away for our later years.

I had a heart attack in 1973, and being 30 miles from town it was quite hard getting gasoline, etc. but she helped immensely getting me through it. The ward in Queen Creek gave us a lot of support also. We've built 3 or 4 motels in West Yellowstone and we've built 10 or 12 houses in Arizona and made some good friends. Marion gets along real well with so many of them down there. They all love her and center a lot of activity around her.

I know that my cancer will limit my activities a lot, but we're going to try to get something good out of every day I have left. Even a simple car ride, or a hamburger, or sitting and talking now means so much. Marion has had quite a hard time getting around, so between us we'll find more joy just being together.

Skip gives me rides. Sharon and Deanne bring in their love and food. We have a good family and they'll yet support Marion with their love. I enjoy all of them, and our son-in-laws, and LuDean, makes us so proud of those we leave behind as a heritage of ours.

Marion remembers and loves everyone's birthdays, etc. I hope the Lord shows me a few simple ways to help re-pay her for the joy she adds to our home each day. I know there isn't time left for me to get even with her, but I'm so thankful for the opportunity to make a start.

Marion taught school in Pingree, Firth, and Blackfoot. During the evenings and on Saturdays, we built quite a few houses. Some for ourselves and some for other people. Skip helped a lot. We've enjoyed our last home, here at Robbins Street because we have a lot of large pine trees and there is plenty of squirrels. They eat off the patio and it's fun watching them.

Elvera, Wyora, and Delpha had all died with cancer. I never dreamed I'd have it too. People have been so good to come and help us, to encourage us, and to share with us. Right now, I'm doing pretty good and taking life a day at a time.

We went to arizona last winter, but had too many health problems and came back during February. I've taken radiation treatments, etc, and now I'm not much good for anything. I get tired easy but like to get out for an hour or so a day. I miss work, but Skip comes in and takes me with him once in a while.

Skip went up with me to make my funeral arrangements, and I know they'll all help Mom what they can. I've lived during probably the most progressive time in history. We've seen the invention of radio and television, aircraft and rockets and radiation and automobiles, etc. We used to ride to school in a buggy or sleigh and we'd heat rocks and wrap them up to keep ourselves warm. We got electricity when I was 8 or 9 years old. We had kerosene lamps and we'd haul enough ice from the river and bury it in the sawdust to last most of the summer. Mom would separate the milk and make our butter. Dad bought a threshing machine and did threshing for years. Then they invented the combines and hay equipment and potato combines. My first tractor cost \$750 and a new car (in 1936) cost about \$730. You could build a fairly good house for \$5,000. In the 40's, carpenter wages were about \$1.00 an hour.

We've enjoyed a lot of pretty places in Idaho. Island Park, Jenny's Lake, Jackson Buelah Lake, and the mountains and streams around Mackey and Sun Valley. A trip up through northern Idaho and back through Salmon is enjoyable too. Many trips to and from Arizona were beautiful. We came up through northern California once and through Oregon back home. The red woods are fascinating. We always loved the ocean, and the mountains. Donners Pass and on into California is pretty.

I know that since I got cancer many things will be different. I've learned to appreciate so many people and to go on a walk and see the beauty of the earth. I know I'll be limited, but looking ahead we learn to hope for each day and what it brings. It's hard to fight discouragement, but great to know how much is still here. The grandchildren are all at an age when they are pretty well shaping their lives and what a great bunch of kids they are. They're starting their own futures and looking high for goals. It leaves you with a good feeling.

Mom has limits to what she can do in some ways. Other ways there's no stopping her. I feel good knowing the kind of people that will be her world. I never left any very big marks in the world, but was able to see some of the greatest changes in mankind, able to live amongst some of the greatest people. And live in one of the choicest spots on earth.

MY GREATEST TREASURES

by
Judson Yancey

I was born fifth in a large family. We had many blessings others didn't have. We learned early to be independent individuals. We had to share Mother's love with others. However, there always seemed to be plenty. We learned to appreciate the beauties of nature: trees, streams, mountains, animals and the clear, blue sky.

The older we got, the more precious our family became. We were proud of each other. We'd

been taught to work, love, and share. Mom or Dad always worked right at our side. I wish I could tell them how proud I am of them and how much they taught us. Now many of our family members have gone but there are still enough left to love, help, and share with one another. What a comfort knowing there are others waiting up there! They are more precious than all the gold in the world. Some of them we've waited a long time to see. It will be such a joy!

I am thankful for the family of my own, who have wished me well and helped me on my way, and for so many good friends (like each of you) who have shared life's experiences with us. The trust I've been given by each of you makes it so easy to go. I'll leave you my testimony to help lighten your way, as I wait for each of you to come home to stay. What a treasure we all may gain!

"1986"

I wouldn't have known what pills to take or when, without Mom. She's given up almost too much to take care of me. I'm not in a position to make up all I owe her, but I'm trying. I'm expecting each of you to help give to her what I can't. Pray that she gets enough health to enjoy herself. Encourage her to keep busy, because she can give a lot of joy to a lot of people yet. Mom has always been careful with what she has. She has many outstanding qualities and gets along good with people. When the time comes, she'll need all the help and love you can spare, but she also wants the privilege of being herself and making her own decisions. She knows how much love each of you have for her and how much she has for each of you and I know how proud she is of each of you. It leaves me feeling good knowing the bond that exists. I wished I could enjoy each of you for many years to come. It'll be a short time till we're together again rejoicing. Live a full life. Enjoy and love each other. Be proud of what we have accomplished together. Forgive each other of what needs to be forgiven and forgive me of all my wrongs.

Marion's family love her and she'll get a lot of joy from them yet. Our families and our way we live our lives are the most valuable possessions we have.

I'd like to leave you with all the blessings I have to give and all the encouragement you need. Enjoy each other, help each other, and hunt for the best there is. I have asked for God's forgiveness and for his strength that we may all have the privilege of being together again. Don't ever doubt my love and pride of each of you.

I would like to stand and bear my testimony, but right now I get so emotional I find it real difficult. I'd like to thank my wife + family for the care and love and time they have given me, and the prayers and encouragement from so many friends during this difficult time.

I pray for both strength and encouragement to face what's ahead. It would be so much more difficult without the help of the Lord.

Even with my limited knowledge of the gospel it takes about all the strength and courage I can muster to face some days.

I want to acknowledge the strength the home teachers bring into our home, I know also the comfort of having your name in the temple.

I pray for God's forgiveness of any wrongdoing and for the help to keep and strengthen my testimony of the Gospel.

I'd like to express again my thanks + love for each of you + do it in the name of Jesus Christ

~~written~~
written and spoken by Judson Yancey Sunday before
he fell and broke his arm.
Judson died Aug 30, 1984