

Here are a few pages from Mike's ^{book,} (my brother)

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While Dad was on his mission his parents purchased a 40 acre farm in Groveland, Idaho. So when he returned home at Christmas Time in 1915, it was to Groveland not Butte. At the first fast and testimony meeting in 1916 Bishop Bowker introduced him and asked him to bear his testimony. Present in the meeting was the lovely eighteen year old. Sylvia May Yancey, daughter of Adam Yancey, later Bishop of the Groveland Ward. She was surprised to hear that the Andersons had a son on a mission. Needless to say, they met and began dating.

That summer Dad helped his father on the farm. He knew so little about farming that he hitched three horses to a doubletree, making one horse do as much work as the other two. A neighbor, Arthur Manwaring, seeing his plight, showed him how to use a triple-tree thus equalizing the pulling load. From then on it was "smooth sailing", the furrows were straight and the horses "placid and manageable." During the winter of 1916-17 he was employed again as a night clerk for the Oregon Shortline railroad in Blackfoot. His family gave up farming and moved to Pocatello, but Dad remained in Blackfoot sleeping in a vacant room at the depot. His wages were again \$70 a month.

Sylvia, worked as a nurse for Dr. Mitchel, his home converted into a small hospital. Her close friend, Irene Sorensen Curtis, recalls that she and Sylvia were both born the same year in a very cold place, Chesterfield, Idaho, next to the Indian Reservation, she on January 15th and Sylvia on May 1st. Their families were close friends and active in the church. Three or four years later they moved to Groveland, which seemed like the Garden of Eden. Soon Brother Yancey was called to be the Bishop and Brother Sorensen the Ward Clerk. Their wives worked together in the Relief Society. When Sylvia turned eight on May 1st, Irene and Sylvia were both baptized in the canal behind the big Yancey home. Irene writes that "Bishop Yancey asked Sylvia to go first, and then me. It was so cold. We ran to the house to get dressed. That May Day was a special day for me. I got a new dress. In my new May Day dress Sylvia and I had a special lunch, we went for a walk and braided the Maypole. Sylvia was a little more on the serious side than was I."

Irene continues, "Upon graduating from the 8th grade we entered high school together in Blackfoot. When the weather was bad it was hard to get to school, so our parents arranged for us to live in a small duplex next to the high school with a nurse. The nurse was gone most of the time, so we felt quite grown-up and independent. We studied, worked and played together. On weekends we went home to our parents. A lovely young couple with two small children lived in the other side of the duplex. There was a door between the two apartments. Often when they went out, they asked us to look after their children, leaving their door open. Coming home one evening they gave us some candies. Thinking they were breath candies we ate quite a few. The next morning we were two sick girls. Sylvia struggled to school but didn't stay long. I couldn't make it. The candies were laxatives. Our neighbors were so sorry for what had happened. They wanted to call a doctor but we said no. We soon recovered. Another evening we were studying by the window. Our neighbor called telling us to sit still, there was a man trying to look in. He picked up a poker and went out after him. The man fled. Another night we heard a noise on our back porch. We were having trouble with dogs getting into our garbage. I said to Sylvia, 'It's that darn dog.' I picked up the broom, jerked the door open and screamed to Sylvia. 'It was the grocery delivery boy for the neighbors. He stood there and laughed

Sylvia's older sister, Alice, said that they attended grade school in a one-room schoolhouse adjacent to the chapel which was on a lot adjacent to their home and which lot had been donated by their father. One of the school teachers was a Mrs. Haffensberger. Alice said that Sylvia once rescued their younger brother, William, from the drowning in the canal. William saw a goose across the canal and went after it. There was a plank across the canal. As William was trying to walk along the plank, he fell in and was going down and down when Sylvia grabbed him and pulled him to safety.

Another older sister, Bertha, remembered that Sylvia came home from nursing school for the holidays. The George R. Bailey family was all sick with the flu "so mother (grandma Yancey) and Sylvia went over and helped all they could. Some folk wondered how she could do that while on her vacation. But later when Sylvia was in the hospital in Salt Lake City following the removal of her appendices, Brother Bailey was the first to visit and bring her flowers."

Bertha also remembered Sylvia "as such a good-natured baby and rather plump. When James was on his mission 1906 to 1908, he sent home a song which we taught to Sylvia and she sang it at a church program. It was a pretty tune with appropriate words and Sylvia sang it well." Bertha also remembered that Sylvia taught them how to make hot packs by wringing towels from boiling water without burning your hands. "You hold the ends of the hot towels then twist through the middle. I can still see the big tub sitting there on the kitchen floor and Sylvia wringing out the towels."

When Bertha attended BYU at Provo in 1916-1917 she took a class in dressmaking and remembered making a dress for Sylvia, made from gray silk trimmed with pink beads. It was the dress she wore when she married Jared in 1917.

Orley Nathan, Sylvia's brother, just younger than her, remembered "how very likeable she was, helping mother around the house, never complaining, never finding fault. She was much like our mother in looks and actions. She was active in all the Church activities." He remembered when Jared came courting her while he lived in Groveland.

My sister, Alice Mae (The Lord sent us only one sister so He sent us the best, one who was much like mother) remembered mother as a very "stable influence in our lives, like the sun that rises each morning. She went about cleaning, cooking, taking care of us in a quiet, patient way. She was always cheerful." "I don't remember her kissing us or telling us she loved us, but I knew without doubt that she did. Her actions showed it more powerfully than words ever could."

Melvin, my oldest brother, remembered mother as a friend and caregiver to our neighbors and ward members. "Barney Moyes, a bachelor neighbor and mechanist at the railroad, helped me completely overhaul a Model A Ford motor. When I tried to pay him for his time, he said the food and assistance from our mother was compensation many times over for what he had done for me." "Another neighbor, Mrs. Taysom, was so sick that mother put her in the northeast bedroom of our big brick house and nursed her for better than a month. Mrs. Taysom was a very complaining person but mother patiently cared for her until she was well."

In the spring of 1917 Sylvia moved to Salt Lake City to begin a three year nursing course at the LDS Hospital. On April the 6th the United States declared war against Germany following the sinking of the Lusitania. Much of the warfare was conducted by the infantry in the trenches which did not appeal to Dad, so he decided to go to Salt Lake City and enlist in the Army Air Corp. There he would see Sylvia and ask her to marry

him before going off to war. The problem was getting a temple recommend for her. The only feasible solution was to talk with her father, the Bishop, before he left. Unfortunately Dad did not leave an account of what happened, but I imagine it went something like this: "Bishop Yancey, I am going to Salt Lake City to join the Air Corp before being drafted into the Infantry. I am in love with your daughter, Sylvia, and would like to marry her in the Salt Lake Temple. Hopefully she can continue in nurses' training while I am away. If she accepts, how can she get a temple recommend in Salt Lake City?"

After pondering a few moments Bishop Yancey replies, "Jared, I am grateful that you have come to see me. Sylvia and I have had some discussions about you. I know she has deep feeling for you. However, the nursing school requirements may require her to be single. Perhaps you should talk with David Smith, the Hospital Superintendent. I'll write a letter to Sylvia and providing she agrees to marry you, suggest that she talk with the Superintendent and explain that you will be separated during the duration of the war and until she finishes nurses' training. I'll write out a temple recommend for Sylvia and include it with the letter. But let me ask, 'Do your folks know about this?'" "Oh yes," says Jared, "Mother and Dad think the world of Sylvia and your family."

Not only did Dad take the letter and recommend to Sylvia, but also a wedding cake, which her older sister, Bertha, prepared when she somehow found out what was going on. It must have been the talk of the family....maybe even the talk of the town. I wish I knew where and how Dad presented all this to Sylvia. Did it happen in Memory Grove? Or just over a Root Beer Float? Strangely I never asked Dad more about the details. This much I do know ..., they talked with David Smith, Supt. of the Hospital, who agreed to let her continue with her training provided they live apart until she finish her training, otherwise hospital regulations required that a married person resign. *ed*

Dad enlisted in the Air Corp the same day they were married, December 12, 1917. As agreed Sylvia lived at the nursing quarters and Dad lived at Fort Douglas during the six weeks he remained in Salt Lake City. I suppose that in the evenings when possible they saw each other and talked about their future plans.

