This will not be a history in the sense that histories are filled with dates and families and places. But rather a remembering of things and people having to do with my life.

I think all of us remember certain things which have impressed us even in our early life, but these memories come to us in a sort of kaleidoscopic way.

My first recollection, which is very vivid, even after these many years, concerns my nephew Ralph Hodges, who would have been about nine months old, and I was three years. I can see him sitting on the floor on a red quilt and I was playing beside him. His mother, my sister Edith, brought a string of empty spools for us to play with. Years later, when I asked Mother about it, she said she had gone on one of her very rare trips to Grantsville to visit her folks, and Edith had come to take care of us. We were living in the two room log house which was always called the "old house" as opposed to the "new house" in which I grew up. Strange that I have no recollection whatever of the old house. I was the only one of Mother's children born there, and we lived there while the other house was being built, and of which I do remember something. Chase and I playing around, walking back and forth across the floor joists and getting in the carpenters way, and the carpenter putting a handful of wood shavings on my head and calling them ringlets.

We were living in the "new house" the year Edith died. I was at the cemetery, and saw my brother George pick Ralph up and carry him away from the grave. George was crying and I wondered why. I was four years old then. Edith died three days after her second son was born. She was only twenty-six years old. As I write this I can scarcely believe that so many years have gone, taking with them the toll of my parents and all of my brothers and sisters.

I remember one other thing connected with my very early days. A doll Santa Claus brought me for Christmas. A little blonde doll with a pink and blue satin dress. I recall asking Mother, "How could Santa Claus know the very kind of doll I wanted?" As I grew older, I realized that Mother had described it to me so impressively that I thought the idea was my own.

Between my fifth and eighth year I remember absolutely nothing, but when I was eight I had a very serious illness with a ruptured appendix. Doctors had to be called from Evanston, coming with team and buggy, and when they arrived they said nothing could be done for me. I could never live. But there was faith and prayer and the laying on of hands. Maybe the Lord had decided Mother had suffered enough with the death of her two young children,

Robert and Jeanette, and Edith. I did, however, have a very long convalescence, and couldn't be baptized that year. My hair was so snarled and falling out it had to be cut very short, which made me something of a freak for a while.

There were people I liked around and people I didn't and I am sure I was a tyrant. Strangely enough, one of the people I liked best was Orson Satterthwaite, my older brother's friend. I would cry until they sent for him, and I think he always came. He was very patient and funny. He made me laugh.

In our town and the neighboring towns, it was a foregone conclusion that the winter months would be made merry by the production of plays, which would be presented at home and "abroad" and which, amateurish as I am sure they were, everyone looked forward to, and enjoyed. I was so fortunate as to be chosen when there was a part for a child. Fortunate because from these experiences I gained confidence which helped me in later years when I was appointed to various offices in the church.

Once I was a little boy in a borrowed black velvet Lord Fauntleroy suit. Once it was a little black picanniny, and then I was in a play, I can't remember what my part was, but I do recall Della Cheney being a member of the cast. Joseph Hodges was the villain, and Orson Satterthwaite, the hero. Joe was supposed to shoot Orson. I don't know what the pistol was loaded with, but Joe was too close to Orson and shot him in the face. The blood streamed down and Melinda Lamborn fell off her seat in a dead faint. I say off her seat not out of it, because "out" would indicate chairs, when as a matter of fact the seats were planks. This was one time when the show didn't go on.

About this time, Bernetta Johnson and I started singing together. She had a very nice soprano voice and I had a fair alto. For years we were on every program, for lack of better talent I suspect.

Sometime about 1900, my brothers John and George had gone to Canada to help pioneer Southern Alberta and make their fortunes. They didn't make their fortunes, but they did pioneer and they did help to raise fine families.

Will followed them there but Father died very suddenly, so Will returned to run our little farm and help care for us younger children. I was ten years old, and Chase was twelve. We had certain chores to do — sawing wood, cooking feed for the pigs, and milking cows. In the winters Will went with the other men to the forests to cut timber for building purposes. They would go with their grub boxes and bedding on Monday mornings and come home Saturday to get ready to go again. So it was up to Chase and I to see to things around home. Mother was often

called by neighbors to help in times of sickness and death. My sister Ethel, who was fifteen years old at the time, was taking care of the house, and Mort at seventeen years worked for wages feeding sheep in the winter and helping farm in the summer. He helped at home with some of his earnings.

Winters were long and cold. The snow would be deep and temperatures down to -30°. There was always one east wind which would last for several days. Mother hung quilts to the east windows of our kitchen, the only room in which we had a stove. She would heat rocks to put in our beds, and in the mornings everything would be frozen. Even the bread. However, there were good times -- coasting, sleigh riding, and skating on the lake.

It seems that the older ones were away often in the evenings to Mutual meetings, choir practice, and teen-age parties. Chase and I would spend the evenings studying our school lessons, making trimmings for our Christmas tree and then homemade valentines. All of this by the light of a coal oil lamp. Often, Mother would make molasses candy and we would gather around the stove to hear her stories of her childhood in England, their journey to Utah, or her first days in Bear Lake. We never tired of hearing these tales repeated.

Summers were really a joy. We always had a horse to ride, picnics, the lake to swim in, and on the 4th of July a big celebration. Everyone joined in, and on Saturday afternoon were the baseball games between teams from other towns. How we cheered our own and screamed insults at the opposition, their ancestors and descendants. We hated each other, but by dance time at night (there was always a dance) we were the best of friends -- until another week.

I remember the first peas and little new potatoes. Creamed to make them go further, and the cake Ethel used to make on Saturday for Sunday dinner. She was a fine cook.

My very dearest playmates were Bernetta Johnson, Lucille Moffat, and Hattie Findley. Six weeks spanned the difference in our ages, and I was the youngest by two days. Therefore I was supposed to go along with anything the others decided to do. We were pretty good little girls, but could think up a bit of mischief. A man whom I thought very old, because he wore a beard, (he probably was really quite young at that time) kept the post office and a little store. His name was Joseph Irwin. He also was choir leader and a pillar in the church. He slept in a room above the store, and summer evenings he would have a door open; so we decided, one evening, to pick some of Bernetta's green apples and go along up the street to toss them through the doorway and then lay down in the middle of the street so he couldn't see us. He became somewhat upset after about

the third apple and he said,"I know who you are." We were afraid if he didn't, he would soon find out so we went away from there. As a matter of fact he did and about two days later after a severe reprimand from Mother, I was dragging my feet four long country blocks to apologize. I stood around the store for an hour waiting for people to leave so they wouldn't know I was in disgrace. I finally managed some sort of apology, and we became quite good friends. Not long after that he gave me a Sunday School song book and when I married he gave me a White House cookbook.

Bernetta's grandmother was living with them. She was from the deep south. Not only did she smoke a pipe, but she used snuff. One day Netta brought some snuff to school with her, and just before we went into school after the noon recess, we inhaled a generous amount, and were promptly excused to do our sneezing outside, where we had a nice game of "two old cat," while our teacher, John H. Weston, was trying to find out "who threw the pepper on the stove." I wonder now why he never thought it strange only the four of us were affected. He prided himself on the fact that he could smell any contraband we had in the school house. He took our apples, which he never returned; he took our parched buttered wheat, and I think, fed it to the birds. I doubt that he minded our having the parched wheat--it was the "crunching" that disturbed him.

Threshing time: How we children loved to watch the patient teams going round and round, and the old horse power thresher pouring out the wheat.

We could scarcely wait for the thresher to come to our place. The neighbor men folks helping with the threshing and the women helping with the cooking. I would hurry home from school scuffling through the fallen leaves to change my dress and run out to watch until dusk stopped the work. When finally the steam thresher superceded the old horse power, I lost interest.

But when the threshing was finished, it seemed to give me a feeling that winter was approaching again, even though there may be many Indian summer days left. Winter would inevitably arrive with its snowy moonlit nights. The howling of coyotes and sometimes snarling of wildcats. It was nice to have older folks in the house and good warm beds and quilts to pull over our heads — at times ——.

I was growing up now and had acquired two new farm jobs: driving whip for the haying and riding the horse back and forth through the endless rows of cabbage and potatoes; while Will followed behind holding the cultivator. I didn't like it but then I knew it was not only our bread and butter—but our shoes and taxes and tithing.

The men would make many trips to the Wyoming mining camps with produce, eggs and meat, etc. It was a four day trip with team and wagon. And always a number of men would go at the same time, and head back with coal for winter.

But childhood must be left behind. I was 13 now and graduated from the eighth grade. There was no high school in Laketown at that time. All young people who wanted further education and could do so, went to Paris, Idaho to the Fielding Academy. Pearl Early, Hannah Robinson, Lucille Moffat, Bernetta Johnson, and I lived together in a rented house. A very old house, I might add. Our folks sent or brought food from home. We hadn't many clothes and very little money to spend, but all of the students were as poor as we were so it didn't matter. Sometimes I think that was one of the wonderful things about those days. People were pretty much in the same class financially. There was no worry about "living up to the Jones." Neighbors were always on call in times of stress.

Some Laketown boys attended the academy also — Edward Crowther, John Moffat, Will and John Lamborn. They would come to our house almost every Friday night. We always managed some light refreshment, played crazy games and had a wonderful time.

I might say here that Paris was the Bear Lake Stake Headquarters of the Church, and still is, and Laketown Ward still belongs to Bear Lake Stake.

When I was 16 I went to work for G. H. Robinson in his General Merchandise Store. All of my girlfriends envied me, and I really did enjoy my work, and the dollar a day was welcome also.

I worked until the spring of 1911. When I was 19, I quit to go help Ethel. She was married to Thomas Weston and living on the Weston Brothers ranch. She was not too well and needed help with housework and cooking for the men. Also I planned to be married in the fall and wanted some time to prepare.

I am happy to say Bishop G. H. was sorry to have me quit my job. While I worked there, he built a large rock store and we moved in to it a year before I left. While they were building it, a man by the name of Pusy, a convert to the Church, fell from where he was working down into the basement and was instantly killed. Blood spattered the rock wall nearby and was never cleaned off. And when I would have to go to the basement for stock to replenish the shelves, I always cast a wary eye at that north wall, even though I was neither cowardly nor superstitious. But the basement was so big and aisles of canned goods, stock salt, sugar, etc. piled high and only one dim electric light (we had acquired electricity and telephones by this time).

There was only one store in town to serve the people, the ranchers, and stockmen. No cars or good roads, so G. H. had a good thing going, and how the money rolled in. In the spring, money from the woolclip; in the fall, money from the harvest and the marketing of stock, sheep, and cattle. We had a dry goods department also, and I had the privilege of selecting the merchandise. I remember a shoe salesman sent me a pair of the prettiest shoes I ever owned and no one in town had anything to compare.

Speaking of shoes, I recently wrote to a friend in England some things about my early home life and spoke of always having plenty of milk, cream and butter, because everyone had cows. He wrote back that he was born and raised in Liverpool, that they rarely had milk, never cream. What I should have told him, I guess, was that we had those things but we didn't always have shoes. Sometimes for months at a time Mother would cut cardboard inner soles for my shoes every morning to keep my feet off the ground or snow until we could get money to buy a new pair. She would never go in debt if she could avoid it.

One Christmas morning when I was about twelve, I stood outside our house crying because my shoes were so shabby, and I didn't want Mother to see me, because even then I realized she sacrificed so we could have what there was to have. While I stood there, Mort came home for the day from where he had been working. He looked at me and at my shoes, and got back on his horse without saying a word and rode away. When he came back, he was bringing new shoes from the store. Ladies, I am sure, with cuban heels and a patent leather tip on the toe. As I stood on the stage singing at the Christmas program, I did hope everyone was looking at my feet.

On October 4, 1911, I married George Lamborn in the Salt Lake Temple. The following spring my dear sister Ethel passed away following the birth of her second child. Ethel was only twenty-five. The only sister I had known, and once more tragedy had come to our family.

That spring George and I moved to Hodges Ranch. Sometimes during the winter, George's cousins Joe and Thomas Hodges came to Laketown and approached the Lamborn boys with an offer of their ranch and sheep for $60,000.00. Father Lamborn thought this was a very good deal and would furnish all the Lamborn boys with work. He brought his influence to bear, and the deal was soon made. I was very unhappy about the whole thing. George was the only married one of the boys, and I knew I would have all work and no pay. I told George that if Hodges Bros. were so anxious to sell at such a "good" price, something was wrong somewhere. But George laughed at that idea. I was young and wasn't supposed to have much judgment. But sure enough when they began looking over the

sheep, they found foot rot throughout the whole herd. This is an infectious disease of the hoofs and can only be cured by periodic trimming of the infected parts and dipping in a disinfectant, and precludes shipping to market until the whole herd is declared free of the disease. So there was nothing to market that fall. I had my troubles also. To begin with, the house we had to live in was so infested with bedbugs that we had to burn fifty pounds of sulphur before we dared move our things in. There was no electricity so it was back to coal oil lamps again. I washed by hand, baked, made butter, and never had less than five men and as many as ten sometimes to cook for. But finally George came to realize that it was too much for me so he hired a girl from Garden City to help me. She was nice, a good worker and company. I liked her very much.

The following spring we had a woolclip to sell and things began to look up a bit; then just before the alfalfa was ready to cut, came a terrific hail storm which stripped every stock bare of leaves. That which was left was only fit for grazing. So we shipped the lambs and turned the ranch back and while we didn't suffer financial loss, I always felt we wasted a year and a half and no more company affairs — George agreed.

We bought forty acres of land at the head of Laketown Canyon on which were a number of springs. We built a cozy little home there and homesteaded 160 additional acres. We called our place "Crown Lodge."

It was really a nice place to live. It was on the main highway. The mail truck passed by every day and dropped our mail off when we didn't go to town. We had so many visitors, especially the young unmarrieds who came almost every Sunday after meeting which was held in the afternoon. We lived several years at Crown Lodge, raised wheat and potatoes and chickens. Some of the sheepmen lambed not far from us and gave me all the lambs deserted by their mothers. One year I raised forty, but not on bottles. I taught them to drink.

I had a rather prolonged illness and George began to think we should move to a city. We had no where special in mind and hadn't offered our place for sale. But one day some people from Kemmerer, Wyoming stopped to see what we had and if we would sell, and before they left they gave us $100.00 earnest money with the promise to be back within a few days with cash for the balance, which they did and they bought all of our furniture. So we had only to load our car and decide where to go. Mother was visiting in Canada at the time. We decided to come to Salt Lake. I didn't want to go further from Mother. I wanted her with me as much as possible, and she did spend all or part of each winter with us for the ten years she lived.

We left Laketown on a cold bleak day in November. No one came to tell us good-bye, but then no one came to tell us good riddance either, so that was something.

When we arrived in Salt Lake, we rented a furnished apartment while we got our bearings and decided what to do about work. The first thing George discovered was that Kate Felstead, a girl from Laketown, was running a little grocery store in the neighborhood. The next thing George discovered was that Kate wanted to sell. I thought, "Here we go again," and we did and we were there for 19 years. I never really liked it but George always wanted to buy and sell. We seemed to have an aptitude for it, and during those years scores of relatives and friends and friends of friends visited us.

We raised our daughter, Edna Rae, in Salt Lake City. We were very proud of her. She lives now with her family in Boulder, Colorado.

When World War Two came, restrictions and rationing became quite a problem. We couldn't buy things and quantities we would have liked. Store business was not what it had been. George had a chance to go on a good job at Kennecott Copper so we decided that was what he should do, and I would keep the store for a while to see if he wanted to come back. In two days he decided he didn't and in two months I had sold out the store stock and fixtures and found a home for sale on Bryan Ave., which I thought very suitable. George and Edna Rae wanted to go into an apartment, but for once I was adamant. We had rented long enough. We were very comfortable in our new home. Edna Rae had graduated from high school, taken more business training and started working for the Bennett Company. I took two first aid courses and a Red Cross nursing course and contributed 3,000 hours of volunteer service at St. Mark's, the Veteran's, and Children's Polio hospitals. I also kept house and worked three days a week in a dress shop.

We lived on Bryan Avenue seven years in the Waterloo Ward. We had such nice neighbors, but suddenly they decided to buy homes and move away. The people who moved in were not very desirable, so we began to think of moving again. In the meantime, Edna Rae had married and was in her own home. Over night we had a chance to sell and within a few days had found a nice place in the Wells Ward, 1997 South 4th East. We moved there and lived nine years before George passed away. He was never well after he retired and died, February, 1961. I stayed on in the home for another seven years. But the work became too much for me; came a time when I thought I should sell, and a very good opportunity. So here I am finally in an apartment. Comfortable and not unhappy. George and I had a good life. We had many wonderful vacation trips together which are pleasant memories.

We were active in every ward in which we lived. I started teaching Sunday School and Religion classes when I was fourteen. At seventeen I was counselor in the YWMIA. I taught literary classes for fourteen years in the Relief Society, social science classes for two years. I have served on the Relief Society and YWMIA Stake Boards, given Daughters of Pioneers lessons for six years, have been a Relief Society block teacher and examiner of genealogical records. I have also done much geneaological research. Now this May, 1968, is the first time in sixty years I have been without a Church office.

I have a feeling of nostalgia thinking of the dear ones who are gone on, family and friends. The old days and old ways, remembering the pleasant things. Time has a way of mellowing that which we found hard to bear at the time. So now I am not young anymore (a mild way of saying I am getting old).

I am grateful today for my daughter and her family, my kind nephews and nieces, and the old friends who still remain and the new ones I have made down through the years, and I hope I have contributed something to make my having lived worthwhile.

Grace Kearl Lamborn
May 5, 1968