

David Earl and Martha Loretta Holladay

By Marjorie Pilar Holladay

I am going to write a little about my family. My dad was born January 30, 1889 in Santiquin, Utah. They gave him the name of David Earl Holladay. Everyone would ask him what is your name and he would reply my name is David Earl just call me Earl. My mother was born in Spanish Fork, Utah on the Third of October 1891. The name they gave her was Martha Loretta Ellsworth.



Martha Loretta

There was a dance in Spring Lake my mother had gone to the dance with the bishop's son. When my dad walked in, he said, "Who is that girl in the pink dress?" Grandma replied, "I don't know." My dad said, "Well, that's the girl I am going to marry." And he did on November 4th 1908 in the Salt Lake Temple. I remember my mother saying they had a reception and a lot of people came and they danced and she only received a pair of pillow cases from her girl friend.

Next I am going to write is from a short journal my mother wrote

Clarence Belcher Rozells husband was staying with us and helped trap musk rats We lived on the farm Grandpa Holladay had bought forty acres. Dad trapped enough Muskrats to get hides to bring \$75.00 and we used it to buy our first piece of household furniture stove named Orcadian.



David Earl

The next summer we moved again to a house called the Sam Bennett house, but dad still drove back and forth to take care of the farm it was only about a mile away. One day we saw a fire down the way of our house and it was burning down. It caught fire somehow and burnt to the ground. The new farm where grandpa moved to was only about a mile from where we were staying so we bought a five acre piece of ground joining grandpa's ground .Clarence and dad went and built us a two room house with pantry and closed in porch and clothes closet. While they were doing this I was at the Bennett house. I had a miscarriage there, but I got along fine. We than moved to our new home just a mile east of dads folks they lived on the other end of the farm of forty acres. The U.S. highway 30 ran right through grandpa's property and on our corner also ran the Strawberry canal towards Santiquin. We sure liked our new little place.

Mother does not have this in her story

They had a boy born on December 4, 1909. They named him Earl Parnell. Also a girl was born Vidella. She was born on 17th of March 1911. Vidella was badly hurt in an accident the horses ran away with the buggy and she was thrown out and hit her head on a rock which cause a concussion this cause pressure on the brain which took her life on February 9, 1912. Mother was expecting her third child. When this new little spirit came into this world it was another boy they named him Dee Lamar he was born 30th of August 1912. I don't know if they were all born on this place or not)



But to go on with her story

We really like this place many times I would think how nice if we could have kept Vidella and she would of been running around. She was such a sweet baby. She was smiling all the time. We had people tell us they never saw a baby like her as she smiled all the time. One of the speakers at her funeral said, "When the spirit gets so sweet like this little girl they are too good for this earth and he will call them home." I never forgot it.



Our five acres was a really nice place. While living here we had another baby boy. We called him Joseph Ardeen he was born on January 17, 1915 and when Joe (we called him) was about five or six weeks old . Rozell had a baby boy and they named him Everet Holladay Belcher. Rozell didn't have enough milk for him so I would take him in the day time and it would give her enough milk for evening and night. She was staying with her folks as they just lived on the other end of the farm next to our five acres. Now Joe says it's no wonder "H" (they called him) is bigger than me he got all the cream. Joe was little in form while H was more like his father and mother bigger in stature

We lived in this new home until Joe was about one and half years old when dad began to want to travel. So we sold our new home to a man in Spring Lake his name was Sam Perry. He had a one room grocery store and when he moved our house over there he converted it in to a beer parlor. So that is why Joe says he was born in a beer parlor.

Spring Lake wasn't a very big town and everyone was Mormons. They have a beautiful natural spring lake, that's where it gets its name. They have a school and church. It is three miles from Payson where I lived till I was seventeen years old and got married.

Well, we sold out and started to get ready to go traveling. Dad had a cousin living in Burley, Idaho and we decided to go there. We bought us a white top buggy and a span of mules. We had a tent, bedding and all the clothing we had and a big grub box full of all kinds of foods we had 200 miles to go. We just wanted to take our time so dad never made the mules get off a walk. We would go as far as we wanted then stop in some nice place, pitch our tent and hobble the mules so they could eat grass and plenty of water.

We sure were enjoying that trip. One night when we camped we didn't realize where we were, but next morning we saw a big river just below us and we were quite relieved that the wind hadn't blown in the night or our tent would of been in the river. I was expecting a baby when we left Spring Lake and we went slow as dad never let the mules get off a walk. Sometimes we would stop at a farm and buy milk for

the children. The three boys were having a good time. We had been on the road 13 days when we arrived at Burley 200 miles from home. The river we camped by was called Bear River.

Dad's cousin and wife was sure glad to see us, we set up our tent and got some springs and we had a mattress so we stayed in our tent at night ,but ate our meals with them. They had been talking about going to Nevada to visit relatives and we could stay there in the house and watch the place for them.

Dad went and applied for a job and he got on at the sugar factory. He must have like sugar, because when he came home at night he said, "I bet I've ate at least a cup full". but he still ate his supper. We like it there at Burley we was only at walking distance from a big river with a long bridge over it ,lots of people would go down to swim by the bridge. We would go and let the boys and dad go in the water. Joe and I didn't go in.



Later on dad got another job with the power company this he like better. In 1916 on September 25th, Lillie Althea was born. We really loved her as we lost our first little girl.

We stayed in Burley until dad was called back to Spring Lake as his brother Verdell had died from a ruptured appendix. We came on the train and left our things and mules at a neighbors place; dad went up later and brought them home. It was a sad thing to come back to se Verdell dead. We really loved Verdell. Carter was a little younger than Verdell and it was sad for him as the always played together. All the time we had gone on our trip now dad was satisfied to settle down for awhile



Rozell and Clarence had a house they had bought in Spring Lake and no one was living in it , had two rooms and two rooms in the basement they let us live there for awhile. While we were there the three boys came down with the whooping cough and they sure was sick. We had stored some of our furniture so it was pretty nice to have that much. We didn't have a storage in food and it sure worked a hardship on us, but we managed to live. Parnell started to school while living at this place. An old man named Blix, built the house and it looked like a doby house.

The school was just though the fence where we were living. So Parnell only had to crawl though the fence to be on the school grounds. I'll never forget how poor we were. My mother came out to visit me, and I said, " I don't know what we are going to eat." As Parnell came home to eat at noon and all we had to eat was bread and water. He ate that and went back to school, I felt so bad and cried.

My mother said, "That isn't a sin to be poor." and then she said, "You remember how the saints had to dig roots of all kinds Sego Lilly bulbs and Dandelions." and then she said, "Let's go upon the hill and see if we can find some Dandelions." Well we did find some and cooked them and ate them with bread. I felt so glad. She said, "Taste it and I felt better." That didn't happen all the time as times got better.



Dad got a job and work sometime for his father. Grandma would send down a quart of milk when ever dad happened to be there at milking time .This went on till spring , then dads folks left there and moved to Salt Lake and we moved into their house on the highway 30 road between Spring Lake and Santiquin.

We stayed there until Dixie was born on October 13 1918. We named her Dixie Maxine. I was only 8 months pregnant when Dixie was born, I had been cleaning the house and by reaching up caused me to start flowing , we sent for the doctor and he had an awful time getting her out as she was coming feet first. Dad said he expected to see a leg of the baby come out as the doctor pulled so hard she was lodged. After she was out the doctor had to go in and cut the afterbirth loose as it had grown to the side of the uterus, and I was really sick and suffered a lot of after pains. Now Dixie says no wonder I am the tallest the doctor stretch my legs. She was perfect anyway after all the trouble and a cute little girl, our third girl.

While we stayed at this place we planted a little garden and one day as dad was cultivating the garden Lilly was walking close and ran in front of the horse, before dad could get to her the horse stepped on her head as she had fallen down in the rows it was a miracle that she didn't get hurt.

Dad jerked the horse and he reared back, she wasn't hurt as the dirt was loose and soft I was really scared. We stayed there for about a year or until Dixie was old enough to travel.

Then we came up to Nampa, Idaho and stopped at uncle John and aunt Minnie Clarks home they insisted that we stay there until we found a place. We found a 40 acre place on South Side Boulevard Road out South from Nampa it was a nice place and had 12 acres of fruit orchard, nice big house and barn. There was one row of trees in the orchard that had every kind of fruit in it. Red and white delicious apples, improved Alberta peaches, pears, prunes, two kinds of cherries, apricots, and quinces.

Also by the house was a large long grape arbor. We would raise lettuce by the acre and sell it as head lettuce. We would all get out and cut the lettuce and pack it in large boxes and haul it into Nampa to the packing house. We made quite a bit of money. We also had some milk cows and had hay and pasture for the cows.





On January Fifteen, 1921, Vernal was born. He was a big beautiful baby and he weighed 14 lbs. and fat and chubby. When Vernal got to be about 5 or 6 months old, he sure was fat. Rozell would undress him to show everyone who came around as he was a perfect baby.

Rozell and Clarence Belcher came up there to visit and decided to stay a while so they found them a place or home and Clarence found a job. They had their baby Mary with them and was carrying her around in a clothes basket with rings on each end so they could carry Mary between them.

Then our next baby came Oct. 25 1922 she weighed about 9 lbs. Being a girl she was like all the other girls and was pretty. Ruby May was the name we gave her. She had a noise in her throat when she cried and we were worried about it. The doctor said she would out grow it. So when she was about 2 years old she caught a cold and after that left, she never had that wheezing any more.



Later in 1924 on July 8th, I had another baby boy and we named him John D. All this happened while living on the Variety Fruit Farm. When we bought this farm we was to pay \$1000.00 a year. We stayed there for five years. We did pretty well until the last of the fifth year we couldn't make our payments as the bottom or



price had dropped out of everything. We couldn't even sell our fruit. We announced at church that if anyone wanted any fruit to come and help themselves and a lot of them did come. It was better than to let them go to waste. We told Mr. Dakon that he could have his farm as we couldn't pay that year. He wanted us to go on and forget that year as he knew the reason. Dad said. "No. we would leave."

Well, we found another place to rent. A 80 acres called the Bicandi farm about 1 or 2 miles east of where we were. We moved up there and it had a nice home on it. The house was made of rocks so we called it stone house. Dad farmed that place for two years.

One day Joe and Vernal came in from the field carrying two little skunks in their arms and they was sure covered with skunk perfume. I made them undress outside after they came back from taking them back where they found them. I made the boys wash their own clothes. The little skunks were sure pretty.

While we lived there I had a miscarriage and the doctor said it would have been twins.

Then later on, about three months, I had another miscarriage and was real sick. We decided to give up the farm at the end of the second year so Mr. Bicandi moved in there as it was a good farm and he never wanted it to lay idle. Mr. Bicandi was a logger and worked in the mountains. He had great big horses and he let dad use them to plow up the ground the first year.



We then moved into Nampa and found a nice home on Garland Street. The people all around us were Nazarenes, but I liked them. They were good neighbors. I became pregnant again and when the time came my closest neighbor, Mrs. Erwin, sure was good and helped me take care of our baby girl. We named her Verna, born April 26th 1927. I don't know why we didn't give her a middle name. She would say. "Why didn't you give me a middle name? All the rest have one." We didn't realize it would make any difference. She was beautiful too. We loved her as much as we did all the rest. And we sure loved them all.

While we lived there, dad worked on the second ward new church that they were building. I heard him remark one day, "I bet I have shoveled all the gravel for the basement and foundation for the church". We were going to the little white church up there which was bought from the Catholic Church. It was where our church is

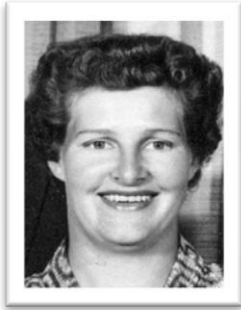
now on Eleventh Avenue, only it has been made larger three or four times. Our ward keeps getting bigger and we had to build on more rooms.



Later on in 1929, we moved to a park called Kurts Park (city park) The city hired dad to take care of the park and then gave him another job working on the Police Force at night part time. We had a nice house in the middle of the park and the city had some shade trees delivered there to be planted. So dad and I planted quite a few of the trees. They also built seven one room cabins for tourists and put five electric burners in the camp kitchen for tourists to cook their meals on. Sometimes the cabins would be full and some would put up tents. We fixed one room in our home to be a store so tourists could get things to eat when they came late or stayed for a length of time .We did quite well. It was all stuff to eat and drink (pop) and other stuff.

There was one family that came and the mother was expecting a baby and was afraid to go any farther, so she asked me to be with her to help her. I said yes, Well when it came time we called the doctor, he was performing an operation and couldn't come till later, but would come soon. It wasn't soon enough, as I had to be the doctor to do something I had never done before. The baby was so slow coming that I had to take it with her help. The baby almost died.

When the doctor finally came he told Mrs. Potter she had me to thank as it would have died if I hadn't took it. I sure was scared, but I knew I couldn't show it as it was an emergency, but when I left to go back to our house I cried all the way. I was so relieved and nervous. I would go over every morning and take care of her and the baby. I was expecting a baby some time later and on the 29th of May 1929.



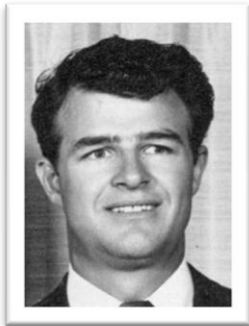
I had another baby girl she was like all the rest sweet and beautiful. We named her Pearl Larue. (All my babies were beautiful and still are.) We lived there on the park three years and dad decided he wanted to move back to Utah. I think he was tired of having two jobs together. I liked it there as in the summer people would come for picnics, celebrations and it was always something going on. We were just across the street from the Nazarene College and hospital and in the fall they would put up a large tent for meetings and I could stand by our window and hear them talk and sing they always had a large crowd. While we lived on the park



Lamar came home from school and we noticed some sores on his face and head and discovered it was small pox so the doctor came and gave vaccination shots to Dad, Dixie, and Parnell (Parnell had a job testing cows at the farms) he had a car and the rest of us had to move to a house owned by the city that we was quarantined in, they called it the pest house. Some of the others got it and some didn't. I was the worst. It was the time I was pregnant with Pearl and I was so sick I wished I could die.

The doctor and nurse came everyday while I was so bad. We all got over it and went back to the park Between Verna and Pearl I had an awful profuse miscarry and almost bled to death that is what the nurse at the hospital told me happened when I went to the hospital when Jack had his appendix out. the nurse told me about how bad it was

Then we planned to go back to Utah. We loaded up all our furniture we had and sold them on the auction sale at Nampa, at that time the auction sale yard was across the street from consumers grocery store (later it became Hales furniture store) They sold cows pigs, chickens, and everything. When we first went to Nampa we would go to these sales and we would have to laugh, as we saw so much stuff, sometimes tin cans and all sorts of bottles, and it came a time that the people began to complain about the smell of the stock, they had to move out of town A lot of things they had to sell there .was things most people would throw away.



Later on after moving back from Utah we did profit from one thing, we bought (an old cow) she was so poor you could hang your hat on her hips. So they had a hard time getting a bid on her and finally the man "Said who will give me a dollar". Dad said," I will" Well he drove her home or lead her not knowing that she might fall down or apart, but we were glad she didn't as she was giving about a gallon of milk each milking, and later on she had a calf. Dad fed her real good and she got fat and sure saved us from having to buy milk everyone liked her as she was so gentle. We got up one morning and found her dead I guess of old age. We all felt so bad as she was so good.

We loaded up and went to Salt Lake. We went to Grandpa's place out on 93rd south and 9th east of Salt Lake. It had a large two story house and a large barn with a loft in it. It had a stairway up to the loft and the children would go up there to play. There were five acres that we planted in tomatoes and where then they were ripe we picked many crates of the tomatoes and sold them to a cannery. It helped us out for a living and expenses.

I was expecting a baby and on the 17th of Feb. 1931, a baby boy was born. We were all happy like all the rest and he was a beautiful baby. He was born at an LDS maternity home in Murry, Utah. We named him Dan Glen. When he was about a year old we left the little farm and moved up to the city of Salt Lake and found a home on Brueano Ave. There was a grocery store on the corner close to our house so Lamar asked for a job and they let him work. It was a good thing as we needed food and there is where we got them. Lamar was awful good and glad he could help.

Dad walked the streets in town looking for work but he was only able to get one on a crew of digging trenches for pipe lines. In those days they didn't have any other way to dig only by shovels as they hadn't started to make machines like they have now. The weather was very hot and we would put wet sheets in the front of the windows so the wind would blow through and it helped so we could sleep.

One day I laid Glen out on the lawn grass in the shade and told Verna and Pearl to watch him and suddenly one of the girls came running crying saying Glen was strangling. Dad and I rushed out to get him and dad couldn't get out the thing he had swallowed. So dad took hold of his feet and shook him up and down. Still nothing came out. Dad then looked again and saw something shiny, and he ran his finger down and pulled it out. It was a wrist chain. I think one of the girls accidentally dropped it while showing it to Glen. Dad said he had torn into one of his tonsils, as they were bleeding. We was afraid he would not be all right as he was turning black and couldn't breathe.

As if that wasn't enough, he fell and put big bruise on the back of his right ear. He couldn't walk so we put a quilt over a lettuce crate and let him play as he could stand up and walk around in the box. When he fell in the box, it caused a large bump to come on and we had to take him to the doctor. They lanced it and it got better, but he couldn't hear very good. After he grew up we discovered he couldn't hear in that ear very much but he got by.

Later when he got married, his father-in-law was a hearing-aid Doctor and he told Glen about a new doctor that would be able to help him with his hearing. Glen went to him and he operated on the head back of the ear and found out that the first operation the doctor had removed part of the mastoid bone some way so this affected his hearing and the doctor made a new one. He put in a new plastic patch over his ear drum so when all was done, Glen said when he walked out and down the hall, and it sounded like a horse was following him. He never had any more trouble.



While still on Brueano Ave, Joe got up one night, put on his pants and started out to go to the park. He was dreaming that Lilly had left her purse at the park on a bench and he was going to get it. The girls and he had been playing in the park that day. Well, he couldn't find the purse so he started back for home. He was bare footed and as he started to run he woke up and he said he kept looking around to see if anyone was watching. I was asleep or just laying on the couch in the front room and heard him come in and he saw me set up and came over and told me what he had done. We sure had a big laugh over it. The next day the girl next door told us that she was setting with her boy friend on the porch and saw Joe in his underpants and wonder where he had been after dark.

Ruby was taken to the hospital with colitis. She was eight years old, and was there for quite a while. Dad would go down on the street car, as it was quite a ways from our home, he would stand on the corner and the nurse would push the bed over to the window so she could see him and dad would wave to her. They wouldn't let anyone in to see her. She was in there a month and was on the critical list. Some of the family would come and stand on the street corner, She would see them crying, because they thought she would not live long.

Lamar worked at the grocery store on the corner and bought all our groceries for us, as dad couldn't get a job only one and it was digging pipe trenches in the city. (In those days they didn't have any machines to do the work like they do today). He worked six weeks and when they got through he couldn't find another job so he decided to go back to Nampa. By that time I was pregnant again.

Dad caught a ride on a freight train and Joe started out to walk, He said he caught rides in twenty one different cars and seventeen of them were Fords. It took him two days. The first night he found a straw stack in Burley and burrowed himself in to keep warm as it was so cold. Then went on the next day, when he got to Nampa dad had found a place, which was the Hennis farm.

He let us know and we packed up all our things to take as grandpa and Clarence said that they would see that we got up there. They had a big truck or rented one and we filled it with our belongings, on the top of the load was a feather mattress that my mother gave me and it was a good thing that I had that, as about half way one of the trucks axles broke and we were quite a ways from the next town, and it was getting late Clarence caught a ride and went to the next town to get a new axle and we went to work to fix a place to camp. They had a large canvas over the load and grandpa fixed it in to a tent by putting sticks over a pole and propping it up underneath and I made a bed inside with the feather mattress, so we were quite comfortable. We then went on the next morning.

On the way we saw a wild duck which had been injured and Jack got down and caught it ,then he kept it all the way home, it became a pet. We arrived in Nampa and found Dad and Joe they had rented a place forty acres with a house and garage on it. We called it the Hennis place as that was the owner's name. .

Dad got the ground ready and planted wheat and other things. We bought 100 baby chicks and our neighbor John Stucki said he had some buff orphonyms hens that were trying to set and if we wanted we could take them and give them back later which we did. We bought 100 from Mr. Storey and we raised every one of them except three. Mr. Storey said I'll put in three for good measure. The hens were so big that they could cover 35 for one 34 for the other two hens. We planted some squash on the south side of the garage and when it grew up the leaves were so big that the little chickens would go under them and it was a nice place for them, some small black bugs came on the squash and the chickens would eat them and it helped to save our squash.

While we lived at this place I gave birth to a baby girl and we named her Marjorie Pilar. She was born on the 22nd of September 1932.

Comments from me again



Early in the year of 1932, I received my call to go on a mission to the earth. You can't imagine the excitement, they told me I would have a little time to prepare and that I would go to a large family. My parents would be David Earl Holladay and Martha Loretta Ellsworth Holladay. I would have six brothers Parnell, Lamar, Joseph, Vernal, John D, and Glen. I would have five sisters Lillie, Dixie, Ruby, Verna, and Pearl. One sister had already completed her mission to earth, Vidella was her name and she assured me earth was a very beautiful place, that I would have a wonderful family. I also had another sister with me Donna Jean. She was to follow my call to earth. Father taught me many things I would have to know about earth life and the plan I was to follow. He said life would not be easy, But if I listen to that still small voice I would find the way back to Him. He said I was very blessed to go to a righteous and good family.

My parents had been married in the (Salt Lake Temple.) November 4, 1908 and all my family had been invited, we were all there 14 children. We all were excited to find out which ones would go first. Well I was number Thirteen, On a warm evening September 22, 1932. They came to tell me it was time to go. I said my good-byes and Father said let me give you a blessing before you leave It was hard to say good-bye and I started crying. I was screaming when I came to this earth. Of course I don't remember how it all happen, It was all so fast, but things come to me to remind me that someday that is where I want to be when I leave this life.

I was born in Nampa, Idaho. They tell me it was a small house. I was too small to remember anything about this place. The neighbors name was Bicandi, and they had a daughter named Pilar, That's where I got my middle name. I was blessed Marjorie Pilar Holladay.

My first name was given to me because of my older brother's wife her name was Marjorie Burt. They were married Sept. 3rd. 1932. We lived here for a while and then moved to Kuna, Idaho and lived on 80 acres later my dad brought 40 more acres, then it became the 120 acres. I can remember more about this place and well try to relate some things that happen here.



My other sister came to join us here on March 19, 1935. Her mission was short, about 15 minutes. You see she didn't have to be tested like the rest of us, she only needed to fulfill her second estate and receive a body. She was needed more in Heaven to help prepare the

way for the rest of us to follow. She was named Donna Jean Holladay. She was buried on this place two miles west of Kuna. I wish I would have known her and had a younger sister to play with in this life. I am looking forward to seeing her.

I am going to write this next happening in my life in my mother's words.

One day while I was washing clothes I had a gas motor on the washer to run it and I left it running while I went into the house for another batch of clothes to put in next. Margie was about three years old and she climbed upon the stool and started putting clothes in the ringer I guess I forgot and left it running. Well she tried to put something in the ringer and it caught her hand and it ran through clear up to her shoulder and the ringer kept running until it burnt a spot on her back and shoulder as big as the top of a teacup. I heard her screaming and I ran out and released it. As I hit the release bar it hit her under the chin and she looked up at me as if I had hit her. I will never forget the look on her face. It burnt clear into the flesh and to the bone. The piece of skin came off when we got her down. We rushed her to a doctor he cleaned the wound and put acid all around the edges of the sore. (Marjorie said she remembers how cool it felt when he put the acid on) I asked him what it was just as he accidentally dropped a piece of cotton on the floor and the nurse stooped to pick it up, but the doctor yelled and said don't pick that up it will burn your fingers. (I can to this day still hear that doctor yell don't pick that up.) Then he told us that the sore would have to be kept covered with the acid because it had to grow all new skin and shouldn't be allowed to crust over, it took five months to be entirely healed. We had to take her in every three days for treatment then once a week. Some people said she became spoiled because her shoulder being sore we would have to tell people not to touch her and she got the habit of saying don't touch me, as she was afraid they would hurt her sore shoulder. She slept with Dixie most of the time and she would wake up and say Dixie wob it or Dixie wob my shoulder she couldn't speak quite plain. That went on for about a year as it took a long time to heal. She was left with a large scar. Thank goodness it never did any damage to the muscles and nerves.

My comments again

I was very small when my mother was quite sick and had to go to the hospital. Dixie took care of me and I begin to think of her as my mother, she was fourteen years older than me. My back was healing and I would always ask Dixie to rub it for me. One day they brought mother home and she walked between daddy and Joe and I jumped up and down saying mama can walk, mama can walk. After Donna Jean was born mother never got to feeling very good. She had to go to the hospital to have an operation.(She writes they took out one ovary and her tubes, appendix. Then about two weeks later they cut or took out the hemorrhoids. I was in so much pain. I think that is what made my hair go gray. I had a doctor Nokes who operated on me in St. Lukes hospital in Boise. That was the day after Jay Blackburn was born. When Lillie went to go home they wheeled her to my room so I could see my first grandchild Jay. Then I was still in there two more weeks or to be exact it was twenty nine days, as I had a nervous breakdown.)

I remember when the kids would go to school mother would set and rock me and sing all the old songs. Little boy in Blue, For sale a baby, Playmates, Two Little Girls Side By Side. I can remember some of the Christmas's. We would go to the school Christmas Eve And go home and rush right to bed then when we would get up Santa had came and even brought the tree. It was always so nice and warm in the living room we didn't get to be in there very much because it was so cold. It cost to much to heat it all the time. Most all the memories were around the old cook stove in the kitchen. I can remember one year I got a doll and I left it lying on the floor and she got her leg stepped on and broke, and I felt so bad I never forgot it. Boy did I cry. I can still picture it all in my mind .The snow always seemed so deep, but dad always shovel a path to the outhouse. Talk about a num. bottom. I had a good child hood I was always loved and taken care of.

When I was six years old I got scarlet fever was very sick with a high fever. They had to quarantine our house the other kids had to move out, I remember they would come and stand outside and I would look out the window and wave at them. I could not go to school. I did like school; my teachers name was Mrs. Bell. When I started school they spelled my name Margie and I learned that, then later I took a note to school that my name should be spelled Marjorie so I had to learn to write it that way. Now I go by either way. She would send my school work home with the older ones after I got better. I never went to school much in the first grade. After the fever and the rash left the kids would set and peel off my skin and it felt so good.

A year later I came down with rheumatic fever. I ran a high fever and my joints swelled up. In the night I would scream because I would be tired of lying in the same position and mother would come and turn me. She would just move me and inch and I would scream. I really got run down and it left me with a bad heart. I was in bed for a long time. Later when I would go to school I could not go out to play with everyone I had to go to the janitor's room and lay down. I could hear the children out playing and having a good time sometimes I would get up and look out the window and watch them. I was in the second grade at Kuna Grade School. The school had all eight grades in. The bus was a truck with a canvas tarp over the top. In the winter it was so cold.