

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

### I Rulon

I was born in Fillmore, Utah, August 29, 1918, at the home of Don Wixom. Sister Wixom who was acting as a midwife was taking care of Mother. The family at that time was living on an 80 acre farm north and west of Fillmore, where Dad had sought to establish a farm by drilling a well, hoping to get artesian water. My parents were Orson Pratt Callister and Annie Francella Jones. I was their sixth child and fourth son.

Dad had sold his 50-acre farm in Groveland, Idaho, Bingham County, to Frank Halverson and moved his stock and equipment, as his family to Fillmore. His brothers were living in the Fillmore area and had urged Dad to move there and get "free water." Mother had opposed the idea from the beginning; because they had worked so hard to build buildings, ditches, etc. to get their farm in Groveland producing. In fact, one of the General Authorities of the LDS Church had warned Dad not to go, but his brothers kept after him until he decided to make the move.

Because of his lack of understanding, he bought land and drilled a well, on land that sloped down to the west and when other farmers drilled wells at a lower elevation, Dad's well gradually dried up. Finally he had to give up his farm and leave the area. He moved to Delta, Utah, and rented a big farm from the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. in partnership with Mother's brother, Andrew Jones. They planned to raise a lot of sugar beets, but when the beets came up and started to grown, sub water came up also and killed the beets, causing them to lose the beet crop.

Dad had to move from the farm so the family lived in rented houses and other buildings, some very small, until Dad could make other arrangements. During that winter, 1918-1919, a flu epidemic swept the whole country, and several of the children came down with the disease. My sister Francella became very ill and had to be taken to Salt Lake City to a doctor. Her lungs were full of liquid and a doctor said she would have to be operated on to save her life and one was scheduled. The night before, Dad's brother, Thomas Callister, who was either the temple president or a counselor in the presidency, gave her a priesthood blessing and she coughed up about a quart of pus.

In the morning when the doctor came in to examine her, he saw a change in her. An X-ray showed her lungs to be clear so no operation was needed. Francella slowly recovered, but her lungs were never strong for the rest of her life.

Dad needed transportation so he traded a team of horses for a car that had been placed on blocks. His brother, Bill, came and got the car running so Dad drove it to Idaho to find work. He spent the spring shearing sheep, something he had done before, and made enough money to move his family to Idaho. He had lost his livestock, savings, etc. in Utah.

The family moved in with Grandma Holt, Dad's mother, in her house in Groveland, just north of a canal by Orson Manwaring. The first memory I have is sitting on Grandma's lawn watching a young lamb running around. I remember going up to Aunt Elida's home about 400 yards north of there.

Dad still had some money coming, 3,000, from Frank Halverson, from the sale of his farm in Groveland, so he bought a 30-acre farm in Moreland, without any buildings, and rented a house in the Moreland town site. It was a log house, along a large ditch in Moreland. At that time there was a big problem of rabid animals in the area, especially among the wild animals. A bite by such an animal usually resulted in death.

One day, I was playing on the bank of the ditch with my brother, Hyrum, making mud pies, when we looked up and saw a coyote coming towards us and it was foaming at the mouth, a sign of rabies. We yelled and took off for the house. Of course, Hyrum, being bigger, beat me to the door, but, instead of helping me in, he slammed the door and leaned against it, leaving me out with the coyote. Mother heard my yells and made him let me in. He always said he was just trying to scare me, but I still he think he was just frightened. Somehow, Mother had one of the children slip out and run up to Christensens, a neighbor. Mr. Christensen came with a rifle and shot the coyote.

Then Dad rented a 20-acre farm and house still in the town site, a red house on the east side of Moreland, next to William Bartlet's home. Mr. Bartlet was the school superintendent. Across the street was the Andrew Benson home, where we went for our water, because we had no house well. They had a hand pump so we got our water there, for they were good, sharing neighbors. It was not unusual for a neighbor with a well and pump to let neighbors use the well.

In the warm weather, our livestock could get water from an irrigation ditch which ran through the farm, but in winter, twice a day, we would have to drive the livestock about a third-of-a mile south to a canal and break the ice to water the livestock. In those days, the water was kept in the canals to water livestock. It was a real hassle to drive the cows and horses to water each day. No, we didn't use horses,

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for we drove them on foot

The farm was two miles south and west of our house. Dad did pretty well the first year or two because prices were up for farm products, following World War I. Then prices dropped and hay that had sold for \$20 a ton went for \$5. Potatoes dropped from three or four dollars a hundred to 50 cents a hundred. Dad tried to raise sugar beets, but some of his soil was sandy and, in the spring when the beets came up, the wind would blow the sand and it would cut off the beets, killing most of them.

Dad saved his money, \$800, to make the payment on the farm and went to Blackfoot to put it in the Stanrod Bank until time to make the payment. The next day the bank closed its doors, taking his money. He couldn't make the payment so Mr. Halverson foreclosed on the farm. He told Dad that he could rent the farm. Dad borrowed some money from his brother, Bill, either two or four hundred dollars, and went to Salt Lake City to talk to a Mrs. Whiting who had a forty acre farm in Groveland. Somehow he talked her into taking the money as part of a down payment with a promise to pay the balance of the payment in the fall. She agreed so in March, 1925, we moved to Groveland. I was in the first grade, six years old, but helped drive the livestock, horses, cattle, and pigs, to the new farm in Groveland, a distance of three miles.

I had had a lot of experiences in Moreland that I remember. In those days families would visit back and forth on Sundays, coming for dinner and spending the afternoon visiting. One Sunday, the George R. Bailey family from Groveland, old neighbors from there, was visiting us. To have something to do, we placed a foot-wide board up to the top of a white-top buggy and we took turns sliding down. Once when I was sliding down, some older boys, I am not sure just who, tipped the board and I fell off, landing on my elbow on some large rocks. There were lots of rocks in Moreland. My elbow was really painful, so I went in to my folks and told them what had happened. They just sent me out to play. My elbow was so sore that I kept going back in to complain. After about an hour, someone took a closer look at my elbow and decided that it was broken. So Dad hitched up the team to the buggy and we drove the seven miles to Blackfoot to see a doctor who set my arm for me. I don't know why it took so long for someone to learn that my arm was broken. I think I was about five years old then. I had to wear a sling for my right arm and had to learn to eat with my left hand. Soon my arm healed and never gave me any more trouble.

My brother, Eldon, was not so lucky. One time he was riding a horse, bareback, on the farm and was having fun racing the horse. He came to a turn and leaned one way and the horse went the other way, with Eldon falling off and landing on his elbow. He was taken to Blackfoot to the doctor, who set the fracture. Unfortunately, the doctor never set it right so Eldon had a crooked arm for the rest of his life. He learned to use it all right and could even pitch baseball either right or left handed, but his arm was always crooked.

One time Orson, Eldon and Hyrum were down on the farm playing, along the bank of the Danskin Canal. Orson turned away for a short time. When he looked back, no boys, just two straw hats floating on top of the water. Orson ran and jumped into the canal and pulled Hyrum and Eldon out from under the hats, saving their lives.

One day I had nothing to do so I was following some older boys around, Woodrow Bartlet and Wes Lowe. They didn't appreciate my company, since they were about five years older, Eldon's age. They chased me away and then started shooting at me with rocks from their flippers. A flipper was made by taking a Y-shaped branch and cutting the branches off leaving a Y and then fastening some rubber strips to the ends of the branches with a piece of leather in the middle, shaped like an oval. Anyway, they were shooting at me when one of the rocks hit my right eye, starting bleeding. The good Lord was looking after me because I still have a scar on my right eyelid, but the eye was not injured.

I had friends that I met in church before I started school, among them were Boyce Benson, Neil Forman and Boyd Belnap, who remained friends for the rest of my life. The church was about three blocks away and was an old frame building, built in a T shape. We attended it every Sunday and that is about all I remember about it.

I had Measles, along with my siblings and the County Health Department came out and quarantined us, putting a large red sign by the front door, saying "Measles." This meant that no one could enter or leave the building while we were under quarantine. It lasted for two or three weeks. Those not afflicted had to move out. At the end of the period, Mother burned some sulfur candles to fumigate the house before the other family members could move back in.

Actually, we lived in two houses while in Moreland, moving into a white, stucco house owned by Dawsons, which was about a block away from the red house we had lived in. One day, when I was about three years old, I took a can of water and went out to try to drown out some ground squirrels that had holes

along the main road. I started to pour the water down a hole when I heard a bull bellowing and running towards me. Of course, he was in a pasture on the other side of a fence, but I was frightened and ran across the road to the other side. Just then I heard another bellow from that side of the road and another large bull came racing towards me. Yes, I started for home as fast as I could run, thinking the bulls would be right behind me. I never tried that again.

In those days there were no kindergarten schools, etc. We were expected to be six years old, be able to recite the ABCs and count to a hundred. That was it. I could do all of that and had turned six years old just a few days before school started. I was very timid and feared going to school the first day. Finally Hyrum took me into the teacher and helped me get started. I learned later that Eldon had the same problem his first day of school.

I remember the Christmas program the school put on. I was to have a black costume and a black hat, just why I can't remember. Anyway, I was afraid to tell my Mother about my needing a costume. The teacher would ask each of us how our costumes were coming and I would assure her (a Miss Cheney) that everything was all right. The day of the program came and finally I told Mother about the costume. She was angry and disgusted with me but hurried and made one for me.

At Moreland there was one school building for grades one through twelve, so the grade school and high school students were together. There was a small gymnasium too. So all of my older brothers and sisters were there too.

In the spring we moved to Groveland. I don't remember being so frightened as I was at the beginning of school. The school in Groveland had six rooms, a principal's office, a furnace room and a small gym, that was about 30 feet wide and about sixty feet long. No showers or dressing rooms in those days. It was a two-story building with four rooms up, two down plus the furnace rooms and the gymnasium. The school building was part of a square and took up about one-fourth of the area with lawns, equipments, etc. The north half of the grounds had a large, wooden grandstand and a baseball diamond. Also there was a grove of trees, some hand bars for exercise, and a corral and barn for livestock. Some of the students would ride horses to and from school, since there were no busses in those days. Those came later.

I adjusted pretty well. I was sick a lot of the time because of bad tonsils. One boy, Joseph Smith, gave me a bad time. I put up with it for a time. The next year I had my tonsils and adenoids taken out by Dr. W.W. Beck, who came out and operated on five of us in our home, using the kitchen table for an operating table. I remember taking the ether and flying around in something like an airplane until I came out of it. I couldn't eat anything that evening, but, during the night, I woke up and was really hungry. I called to Mother and she came and fed we some beef broth that really tasted good. I think that the doctor charged \$75 for the whole operation. I recovered slowly, but was a lot stronger. I went to Joseph Smith and dared him to come out and fight. Instead he went to the principal and told him I was bullying him, no fight.

I forgot to mention that, when we lived in Moreland, Dad had a fight. He went up the ditch to get his water one-day and a man working for a Mr. Augustine, was taking his water and wouldn't let Dad have it. Dad started after him and they had a rough and tumble until they were so tired and bruised that they had to quit. Dad had a black eye, etc., but so did the other man. Anyway, Dad never had any more trouble getting his water after that.

I can't remember the name of my first grade teacher, but I think it was a Mrs. Jones. In those days, some of the grades would be combined in one room. I remember that one day when I was in the second grade, same room as the first grade, I was working on arithmetic problems, really concentrating. We were to have our pictures taken that day. I had been ruffling my hair while trying to solve the problems. Anyway, I looked like a wild boy in the picture.

We had a large bell, hung on a large framed structure with a rope hanging down. Someone would ring the bell to start school, to end recesses and noon hour. At one time the bell was in the school attic, but it was so heavy that it cracked the ceilings so it had to be outside. We had some swings and other equipment on the playground. In the winter we always played outside for recess and noon hour. We played "fox and geese" and other games, and, of course, "pomp, pomp, pull away" running back and forth on the school lawns. When we were older, we played baseball at recess and noon, when the weather was good and basketball during the winter.

The gym ceiling was only 12 feet high, two feet above the baskets. No long shots, but we did have to learn to pass the ball around and work it in to the basket. As a result, all of us learned how to pass effectively. It helped me all through school. In 1939, Blackfoot High School won the state championship.

Of the starting five, three of the players learned to play in the Groveland gym. We cheated a little to get into the gym to play. We learned how to open some outside doors so we could sneak in a play. The doors were on the east side of the gym, away from all else. Later, Alvin Bergeson, was the custodian, and, since he had boys playing too, he would not say anything when we sneaked in. Of course, we never bothered anything in the building, and stayed in the gym. As I said, no showers or dressing rooms.

My sister, Francella, taught school there too. She was the music teacher and would take us to teach us how to sing. She was wise in her selection of songs and chose songs the boys liked to sing. I enjoyed them.

We always put on a Christmas program, and would go over to the church, where the program was held, to practice for two or three weeks before the program. Of course, we had costumes, etc. In those days, no one complained about holding programs in the church. We had graduation exercises there too. After all, it was the only building available that was large enough.

Our principal, Ken Thomas, loved to ham things up. Addie Tressl, was a magician, and a very good one. He and Ken would put on special shows for us. Ken would be the stooge, the dumb one, freckles, etc. Addie would pull things out of Ken's ears, etc., and Ken would appear dumbfounded. It was hilarious. The show was held in the wooden-framed church and it would be packed every time. The people loved it. So did Addie and Ken. Addie was really talented. Years later, he and his wife built a play-town on their place, old buildings, saloons, barbershops, blacksmith shops, etc. I don't believe they ever charged admission, but schools, etc. would bring the kids to see it. The kids had a ball. After Addie and Hazel died their kids sold the buildings to someone out of state and it was all taken away.

When I was in the eighth grade and we would play baseball at noon, we would divide into two teams. Mr. Thomas would pitch for one and I would pitch for the other. It was always close, for although he was older and bigger, I could pitch as well as he could.

I was on the Groveland basketball team when I was in the seventh grade, but I was small that I didn't play very much. In the eighth grade I played; all the time, although I was only 5 foot 21\2 inches tall and only weighed 92 lbs. We won most of our games but lost to the Blackfoot team. When we were in the county tournament, I had a problem with a toothache so Dad took me to the dentist. I lost my first tooth, but went from the dentist to the gym to play. I had to smile because the Blackfoot coach introduced me to a friend and told him I just had natural ability. He little knew of how much time I played with my brothers during the summer. All of our family, boys, played on the high school teams. In the spring, Coach Addington Martindale would give one of the boys a basketball for the summer. By fall, the covers were all but gone, but we did learn to play basketball. Of course, we had to have some natural ability, but we surely tried to develop it.

While in the eighth grade, I also participated in track. In the country track meet, I took first in the 100 yard dash, the high jump and the broad jump. Of course, the boys practiced that too. I also had to stay out in the fall to help harvest the crops. After the potatoes were harvested, I had to help harvest the sugar beets. I would help with the topping, the loading, and then drive the team and the wagonload of beets to the beet dump, about a mile and a half away. Usually, I had to hurry to get there before the dump closed for the night at 6 p.m. I made it and had to drive home in the dark. To unload, I had to stop at the weigh scales, then drive up a sharp incline high enough that the wagon box could be tipped on its side so the beets would fall in a container with a wide belt on the bottom which would carry the beets and dump them in a railroad car, sitting on the tracks. Then I would drive under a chute, trip a gate and get the dirt from the load.

When I went back to school, I had been gone for about three or four weeks and felt like a stranger. I was far behind and had to work hard to catch up. Just after I returned to school, spelling tryouts were held. I won the right to represent the school, surprising me and everyone else. In the county spelling bee, I slipped up on a simple word, breathe. I left off the last letter, just a simple mistake. I knew how to spell it, but just thought I had finished the word, but hadn't.

A girl named Donna Seamons and I were co-valedictorians. After all, there were only 13 in the class, some good students and some not. I think all of us went on to high school. Our Groveland School was a separate district from Blackfoot, but the students went there to high school because of an arrangement where the Groveland District picked up the bill for its students.

In the winter we had to cut a hole in the ice each morning to water the stock, for the canal companies kept the water in the canal for that purpose. Later, when every farm had a well and an electric pump, there was no further need of that, so the water was turned out in the winter. We often skated to school and then skated home after school. The school was only half a mile away so when we didn't skate,

we walked. I remember one morning after I had reached school, I realized that I had my chore overalls on so I had to run home and get back before school started.

We always had chores to do the year around. When I was little, I had to go to the woodpile and get a bucket of chips to start fires with and then bring wood in for the stove. When I was a little larger, I had to chop the wood into lengths to fit the stove. Then, too, I often had to carry water in from the well. Dad always had something for us to do. When I was about seven years old, I would follow Dad on a beet row. He would chop out the beets to leave them the right distance apart, and I would have to be sure there were only single beets left and no weeds. As soon as I was a little older, I took a row with Marion, my younger brother. Trouble was, Marion was younger and would get tired. I would look back and he would be sitting there chopping in the same place, not moving. He was better as he got older.

Every summer, just after we got out of school, we would start thinning beets, as long as I lived at home. We soon learned one thing, to do a good job of thinning. Later we had to hoe the weeds in the beets two or three times. If we did a good job of thinning, the hoeing was much easier. Too, we would get a bigger yield in the fall. Sugar beets were our chief cash crop, so we had to take good care of them.

After we finished thinning our beets, we would try to find work away from home thinning beets to make a little money for us. We were never paid directly for our work on the farm. We shared in the income with clothes and school expenses. But, the only cash money we had was earned working away from home. Trouble was, by the time we finished our beets, most of the thinning jobs were gone. The ones left were always the weedy, hard to thin beets. We usually tried to get a job anyway so as to have some money for ourselves. One year Lila went with us. She was the only one of us who could drive the old Model T Ford. The beets were terrible, weedy and hard to thin. To make it worse, there was some joint grass in the beets, which made the weeds thicker. We persevered and finished, but couldn't collect our money. The owner said we didn't do a good job, so we had to go through them again. He was smart; he got a thinning and hoeing job all in one.

Thinning beets was a rough job, out in the hot sun every day, usually crawling on ones knees. Hoeing was easier. We had to lean down a lot to pull weeds, but at least we went on our feet. One time we thinned some beets in Sterling, but there wasn't a good stand and we never got paid for our work.

When haying started, we had to finish at home and then try to find a job. When I was 12 years old I worked for John S. Bowker, driving a derrick team. The team was hitched to an old mower with a cable running back to the derrick and up to the derrick pole and dropping down on the end of a hayfork. Some forks had four tines and some six. The man forking off the hay would have me back up the team of horses so that the fork would come down on the wagon. Then he would stick the tines down into the hay and set the trip, a catch that would hold the fork in place. Then he would yell at me and I would drive the team forward pulling the fork load of hay up into the air. The derrick pole was chained down in a way that the derrick pole would swing over the haystack. The stacker would get the hay where he wanted it, and then yell so that the forker would pull a rope, tripping the fork load of hay. Then I would back up the horses so that the fork would return to the wagon. For this work, I was paid 50 cents a day and dinner. Eventually, it was raised to a dollar a day and dinner.

There was more than just driving the horses. I had to be there and have the horses ready to, hitched up 7a.m. At noon, I had to water and feed the horses before eating and then have them hitched up ready to go at one o'clock. We worked until 6 p.m. Then I was expected to take the team to the barn, water them, unharness them and feed them before going home. I still had cows to milk before supper and before I had any free time.

If we were caught up with other things, there was always work to do in the garden, but we usually found time to go swimming in the canal that ran through our farm. We always had to work at least half of the day, anyway. I am grateful that I learned how to work, to endure it and I learned that I didn't mind it so much.

We had little money. We played baseball and had our own team, but we had to furnish our own equipment mitts, balls, bats, plus our own transportation. The Groveland community had a town baseball team. Often, we would go to the school grounds, the square as we called it, and watched them practice until we were old enough to play. By that time, the community baseball teams were gone. We played softball. Earlier softball was just for girls. Now boys played it. It was a faster game and not as expensive.

One of our hardest jobs was threshing grain. A man would come into the field with a binder, pulled by three or four horses, and he would cut the grain and the machine would form the grain into bundles, tied with twine. Then we would shock the grain, placing into shocks made of eight or ten or more bundles with the grain heads up, so that they could dry out, which would take a couple of weeks. In those

days a threshing machine would come down the road, stopping at every farm in turn. It was powered with a tractor and a long belt running from the tractor to the separator. At first the tractors were steam powered and then gas engines took over. Usually the farmer's wife would have about three crew members for breakfast, about ten or more for dinner and four or five for supper. In later years, the crew would eat before coming and go home for supper. Once we had a man who insisted on staying for supper. So we fed him.

Usually there were from three to five wagons with a man on each one to load and drive the horses, four men in the field to pitch the bundles on the wagons and someone to care for the sacked grain. It was a relief when trucks took this over and there were augers to unload the grain. The bundles were heavy, especially on the end of a fork. One had to work at top speed all day, always hoping that the driver of the wagon would have fresh water either in a water bag or jug.

The best part of it was that the women would each try to out do the others in fixing a big meal for the crew. We had some of the best meals we ever ate while threshing. Usually the farmers would exchange work with neighbors so the crews went up and down the road with the machine.

Progress is wonderful, but the farmers lost something when they quit changing work with each other. The closeness was gone and neighbors didn't neighbor so much any more. Of course combines are wonderful and so much easier and we wouldn't want to go back to the old way, but we lost something.

I started high school in Blackfoot in the fall of 1932. I was a little larger by then and weighed 107 lbs. I'll admit I was a little frightened, but my brother; Hyrum was a senior that year so I soon adjusted to a large school. At that time the upperclassmen would grab the freshmen and run a pair of hand clippers down the middle of his hair. I didn't appreciate that very much, but endured it. The frosh girls were initiated too, some silly things about what they had to wear.

One of many first strange experiences was taking a test. What it was called I don't know but it was to evaluate our ability, etc. I ended up in the bonehead English class. Why, I will never know. At the end of the first six weeks, I was transferred to the fast English class. We were studying, "The Lady of the Lake." At the moment I can't think of the author. At my age, I have forgotten a lot of things. Anyway, when we took a test on the material, I had the highest score of any freshman. Never happened again. I was never a whiz in math or science, but English and History were my best subjects and I did well in those subjects.

In those days, as a frosh, I was an outsider. I made friends but never really belonged to the city group. It never bothered me very much. As I said, we never had money. As a freshman, I wore a pair of boots, riding pants, and had two shirts that last every week. I seldom went to dances, although I did go to a Seminary dance or two. When I did, I had to bum a ride in and just had 35 cents to buy a ticket and then come directly home.

I was invited to a party, but just ignored it. However, in the evening a carload of kids came after me and took me to the party and brought me home afterwards, so much for that. I didn't have the money or even the desire to fit in. I did serve in the Student Council, though.

When basketball started, I went out for the team. Practice was in the evening so, after doing chores, I would ride old Belle, a workhorse, to the school, tie her up at a power pole behind the stake tabernacle which was just across the street, and then ride her home after the practice. It did get awfully cold in the middle of the winter, but I wanted to play basketball, so I did. My coach was Hartkopf who had been the high school coach at one time. He had a few strange ideas, but I learned a lot from him, especially how to guard someone. We just did fairly well as a team. In fact, I think there were only two of us left that played regularly as seniors.

I had little contact with anyone outside of Groveland during the summer. I grew a little and weighed about 115 lbs. When school started I was taller. I didn't go out for football that fall. I had played some football out in the field with Hyrum and some others. I did play basketball again and had the same transportation. I made the team and learned a lot more.

I went out for boxing that year, too. Once, during a summer, Francella had some friends come to see her. Heading the group was a man who was taking them on a tour of the West. He was also a boxing coach. I had never boxed, but did some while he was there. He taught me a few things about boxing, which I never forgot. So I went out for the boxing team. I boxed as a bantamweight, between 112 and 118. Raymond James was the coach and he helped me a lot. I was in good physical condition because I worked all summer and fall. However, I never stayed out in the fall for a long period to help in the harvest. But we played basketball all summer, baseball, and other things. I had never even watched a boxing match before. Our first match was with Ririe. My opponent was named Wheeler and gave a tough match. I did all right and the match was called a draw. I met Wheeler twice more that year. I won the rest of my matches,

except in a tournament in Idaho Falls. I won the first night with a knockout. It even surprised me. The next night I had a short man, heavier, and really fast. We started out and he started swinging. He caught me just below the ribs on my left side. For a moment, I could hardly move. Then the pain lessened and I was able to move around. I out boxed him and won the match. The next day my back was so sore I could hardly move. Dad took me to the doctor to see if I had some broken ribs. He checked me carefully and said that I just had a severe muscle bruise. So I boxed that night in the finals and there was Wheeler again from Ririe. It took a while for my aches and pains to loosen up and then we went at it. It was called a draw again and we were told that we both qualified for a tournament to be held in Boise in the summer. I won the rest of my matches including those at a tournament in Blackfoot. There I was awarded a little golden glove for the outstanding boxer in the meet.

I had a really good pair of basketball shoes that is used for both sports. I kept them in a locker in the coach's cage. When I went to get them, they were gone. I never found them. I heard later that Doyle Clark; a fellow boxer had them. The problem was the boxing tournament in Boise during the summer. What shoes would I wear? I couldn't afford a new pair. Hyrum had an old pair, much too big for me, but I had nothing else. During June I hung a rope on the derrick pole and hung a sack filled with dirt to use as a punching bag. With no one to work out with or to coach me, I trained as best I could.

Time came for the tournament and I met a car in Blackfoot, an old Model A Ford sedan. There were four of us riding with an old gentleman who took us to Boise. We stayed in a hotel there and ate at a Mechanical Cafe, the first I had seen. The food came around on trays on a moving chain and we took what we wanted. It cost 50 cents.

The first night of the tournament my opponent was Wheeler from Ririe. My ribs were healed but it has little training. We started slugging it out and that lasted for the three rounds. I won on a close decision.

The next night I fought an older youth from Malad. I was doing fine and then my right leg gave way. I may have been hit. I'll never know. I wasn't hurt in any way, except my ankle. I couldn't continue so lost the match. I've always thought that the too-large shoes I was wearing was the cause of the problem. If I had had my own shoes, I think I would have been all right.

I learned that I had pulled the tendons in my ankle. The saddest part was I had no one to help me or to tell me what to do. I should have put ice around my ankle, but I didn't know that and no one gave me any advice. I didn't sleep all right because of the pain. My ankle swelled up, of course. I could hardly walk at all. I came home and could not walk on that ankle for a month, so much for experience. By fall it had healed and never bothered me again. I did sprain ankles while playing basketball, but never felt that it was caused from the injury I received in Boise.

That fall I started my junior year of high school. I was taller, about five foot, ten inches tall and weighed 130 lbs. I had never gone out for football in high school, but had played out in the potato fields after the potatoes were harvested. My brother, Hyrum, and some of his friends would get together and I would play with them. I was placed on the JV team as quarterback, a position I had never played. In those days the quarterback called all the plays and mostly blocked. I seldom carried the ball and never passed. In those days the teams did little passing.

I don't remember playing many games. I do remember playing Arco's varsity at Arco. We were inexperienced and lost 12-0. I did get a lot of experience though and made a lot of tackles from my position of safety. I must have done fairly well because, the next week I was moved up to the traveling squad with the varsity and able to travel with the team for the rest of the games.

I decided to run for junior class president, competing against Glen Harward who was a close friend of mine. I was frightened about giving talks in the campaign assembly, but did and won the election. I had always been friendly with everyone and felt that I had a lot of friends.

I also signed up for debate, since Hyrum had also debated. I've always been glad that I did. I made the team and debated on the affirmative team. Back then there were three debaters on each of the teams, affirmative and negative. We did well and won over half of our debate meets. When went out of town for debates, we were usually taken in a car by Walker Rich, Sr., father of Sam Rich who was on my team

This year I was on the varsity basketball team. At first I played very little, and then, as the season progressed, I got to play more and more and, finally, was on the starting five. We won most of our games but lost out in the district tournament to a team from Aberdeen. This team had two or three very tall men and played a zone defense that we couldn't seem to penetrate.

That summer, I did a man's work and was 16 years old. I pitched hay and grain, along with the

older workers. I did get tired and my arm muscles ached at the end of the day, but I managed.

We still had to thin and hoe the beets as soon as school let out in the spring. It was still tiring and dusty out in the beet field when it was so hot. We used to do a half-acre a day, each one of us when thinning. Between rounds of beets, we would play basketball. In the spring the coach at the high school would give us a basketball to use. By fall, the cover would be in shreds, but we learned how to shoot, pass, etc., on the dirt court we had at home. Occasionally, we would sneak into the school gymnasium and play there.

We also went swimming in the Riverside Canal that ran through our place. The brothers had dug a deep hole just below the bridge and set up a diving board so we did a lot of diving. We also would dive under the bridge and swim under it to the other side. We could tell when we were out from under the bridge because the sunlight reflected in the water.

I also learned to play tennis. My sister, Francella, had bought net wire and built a dirt tennis court on the edge of the hill our house was on. I was never very good, but learned to play the game.

Also, the house we lived in was a small one, a living room, with a bedroom on the north end of it, a kitchen, an outside porch on the south and an enclosed porch on the north. This porch had boards about four feet high as a wall and then screen around the top of the boards and reaching to the roof. In winter, Dad would place canvas to cover the screen, to shut out the wind and part of the cold. There were two beds there and that is where the boys slept. The girls either slept in with the folks in the bedroom or on a bed in the living room.

In the winter, we would take flat irons to bed with us to warm our feet and run and jump in bed as fast as we could. Mother would always have plenty of bedding for us. We slept on straw ticks with the straw changed every fall. Sometimes we would take the bedding out and sleep on the lawn in the summertime. We liked that.

The boys had to milk the cows by hand, usually, from ten to 12 cows. Dad had lost part of his left hand as a boy, when he stuck a pin in a dynamite cap, so he had only one good hand to milk with. Still, once in a while, when we were gone on a trip, he would try to milk with that one hand. We had no electricity for the first few years we lived in Groveland, so we had "Coal Oil" lamps to light the house and a lantern to use in the barn. Even after we had electric lights in the house, we still used the lantern in the barn, until I left for college in the fall of 1936.

In the fall of 1935 I started my senior year at Blackfoot High School. I was about half an inch taller and weighed 144 lbs. We started football about two weeks before school started. I was in good physical condition because of my work on the farm and, too, we were always running a lot. I could always run a lot without getting out of breath or getting very tired.

I was the quarterback again. Our offense was chiefly, a running game. I never carried the ball, but did a lot of blocking. I got so I could knock a man off of his feet nearly every time. We could use a flying block in those days so I would dive and hit a man just above the knees and take him down. We had some good ball carriers and some good blockers. Our fullback was an Indian, named Mathew Cook. He was shorter than I but weighed about 185 lbs and was a sprinter. He was very hard to tackle and was our chief ball carrier. We had others too, but they were lighter.

I also played safety on defense. I had to break up passes and return punts and kick offs. I played every minute of every game. Most of the main team played both offense and defense. That was common in those days. And, we couldn't go over and talk to the coach during time outs or between quarters. Nor could he send plays in with players between plays. If a player was taken out of the game, he had to wait until the next quarter before he could re-enter the game. So, I called all the plays.

We played Shelley for our first game at Shelley. It was a hot day and I did get thirsty and a little tired. We won 19-0. Remember we had had only two weeks to get ready for the first game. We had a good season, we beat Idaho Falls 14-0, but lost to Pocatello 0-6. We always thought their touchdown was an error for we thought the carrier never got over the goal line before he was hit and driven back. We lost one other game to Rupert at Rupert. For some reason, we just had a bad day. We beat Firth 66-0, and won the rest of our games. Since the game with Firth was so easy, the coach had me start another game as quarterback against Arco, who was playing our JV's. I played all of that game too. In fact, I carried the ball for the only touchdown in the game. I can't remember getting very tired either.

When school started I decided to run for student body president. My opponent was Glenn Harward again. When we played freshman basketball under Coach Frank Hartkopf, we were all given nicknames. I was called "Skinny" because I was that. Glenn was called "Itchy." So our teams in the election were called the "Skinnyites" and the "Itchyites". So much for names.

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I won in a very close election. Glenn had the support of most of the city kids and I had some of them and most of the country kids. I had one advantage, I had had one year of debate so I had more speaking experience than Glenn. During the year, I conducted all the assemblies and had many other opportunities to speak. I also conducted most of the student council meetings.

I also made the debate team again, only this time there were only two on each of the teams. We did well and finally won the state championship. I remember our trip to a meet in Twin Falls. The debate coach asked me to take our car. We had a 1932 Chevrolet sedan that Francella had bought for the family when she came to teach in Groveland and to live at home. The coach gave me five dollars to buy gas and pay the car expenses. I had little money of my own so was fearful. I drove very carefully, to save gas, etc. The kids in the car were always trying to get me to drive faster, but I had to get good mileage. Twin Falls was 150 miles away and I had no cash in reserve.

One experience, I remember at the contest, was a dinner given the last night. We had to pay our way into the banquet. The money was collected as we were sitting at the tables. I was sitting by Lucile Woodruff, whose father managed the telephone office in Blackfoot. She turned to me and told me she had left her purse in her room, so I had to pay for her dinner. I had very little money, but did pay for her.

One thing I've always regretted, I didn't go to the last debate meet in Northern Idaho. Why, I didn't have any money to pay my expenses and knew the folks had little. Now I realize that somehow I could have come up with the money, but was fearful at that time. I told the coach I was going to participate in a track meet, as a cover.

We had a good basketball season. We won the sub-district and district tournaments, the latter was played at Lava Hot Springs because they had a new, larger gymnasium. We won the title by defeating a team from Grace, 15-12. We had a good passing team and, in those days, there was no time limit as to how long a team could hold the ball before shooting. Our guards would hold the ball until the other team members would come out after the ball. Mathew Cook also was a good basketball player and played guard. He was quick, fast, and a good shot. We won our first two games in the state tournament and then had to play Pocatello for the state championship. We had no tall players, the tallest about six foot one inch tall. Pocatello had a tall center, about six foot, five inches tall. So we knew we had a problem.

In those days, after every basket, there was a center jump. So every time we had to walk back to the center circle and have the two centers jump for the ball. Before the game, Coach Martindale told me that I was to play center. I had played a forward position all season. So I played center. Coach knew I was a good guard and hoped I could handle the tall opposing center. I tried. At the center jump, I would always jump as high as I could, but couldn't touch the ball. The worst part of it was to try to get the ball off of the backboards when someone would shoot for a basket. The only chance I had was to get between the opposing center and the basket. Worst time was for a foul shot. He would take the inside position, next to the basket and I had to stand alongside. If the ball bounced on his side, the tall center could just tip the ball back in the basket. It was frustrating. I did the best I could, but it wasn't enough. We lost 23-19. I made the second all-state team.

I ran the hurdles for the track team and qualified for the district meet, but didn't go to the state meet. Just wasn't tall enough nor fast enough. Hyrum did better, but he was taller.

During my junior year I learned how to delegate. As president, it was my responsibility to see about the junior prom. I had had no experience in planning nor putting on a dance, so I worried and worried about it. Finally, I realized that I could appoint committees to do the work. I did and it worked fine. Only problem was the decoration chairman spent too much money. We had money for the Prom in our budget, but she went overboard. We had enough but some faculty members "chewed me out."

It was a fine dance. I stood at the head of the reception line with my date. Behind me were my parents and then the other members. My parents were overwhelmed but did well. But, I always remembered afterwards that one could delegate authority and get a job done.

Graduation exercises were held in the stake tabernacle, as was the practice in those days. It was the only building large enough for such a crowd. No one even thought of protesting about holding exercises there in those days. The high school had an auditorium, but it was much too small for the occasion. I was not one of the top ten students so did not participate in the program. All I could think about was getting my diploma and having it over. As I walked out of the building, hurrying, I stopped and realized that I would never see all of my senior friends again and realized how foolish I had been. I never saw most of them again. I realized, then, how much fun I had had in high school and how I would miss my associations with all of my friends.

That spring, 1936, a bunch of us joined the National Guard. Why, I don't know. We had to pass a

physical examination. I learned then I was hard of hearing. The doctor held a watch out from my ear and told me to say when I heard it. I didn't hear it, but said I did. He just laughed at me. I wonder if my hearing was affected because of my sinus trouble. But, looking back now, I realize that I was hard of hearing from then on, but didn't realize it. Much later, while teaching school, my hearing became a real problem.

In June we were supposed to go to a National Guard camp in Boise. We were to leave in the evening, so we boarded a train about 10 p.m. or around that time. We reached Boise about 6 a.m. and found nothing prepared for us. We had to get tents, set them up, and make other arrangements. We had to set up tents for the cooks, dining, etc. We were getting a little hungry, but just had to wait. It was nearly noon before we were fed, so much for army efficiency.

Army training was all new to me. We learned about inspections. We were issued a rifle and told to clean it. First time for me. We tried and learned that we didn't know how to really clean a rifle and were told off at the first inspection. Afterwards, I got rags, oil, a knife, etc. and really worked on my gun until it was cleaned, enough for an officer praised me for having a clean gun. It took me two or three hours to do the job. We learned how to march properly, to salute the commissioned officers, to mop and clean the barracks floors, but never learned to shoot a gun properly, until I was in the regular army years later.

We were given a pass to go uptown one night and found out what it was like to bum around town in a uniform. I also had one bad experience. I had a five-dollar bill in my wallet and left it in my pants hanging by my cot. Someone stole it and it had to be a buddy from Blackfoot. I inquired around and think I know who did it. I was really disappointed in the guy. We had been friends in high school, not close friends, but I never had fully trusted him. I learned never to leave your wallet where someone else could get at it. In those days, \$5 was a lot of money to me.

Then went to Rexburg in the fall, I was able to get a discharge, since I couldn't attend the meetings in Blackfoot. Later, when World War II started, the Blackfoot company of the National Guard was one of the first units to be called up.

That spring Dad bought some sows who were to have babies, and said they were for Hyrum and Rulon to help them go to college. We fenced off some hay ground and built pens for the pigs. I don't remember how many baby pigs were born, but there was enough to pay our way in college that year. The plan was for Hyrum to get a summer's job and send money home to buy feed for the pigs, while I was to stay home and take care of them. I hauled buttermilk from the Smith Dairy in Blackfoot in a 50-gallon barrel in a two-wheeled trailer that I pulled behind the car. The barrel had a lid on it and the buttermilk was put in with a hose and poured out by tipping the barrel by the pigpens. One time I was coming home with the trailer and the barrel tipped over and fell off of the trailer. Somehow, I was able to get the barrel back on the trailer and set it upright. It had to weigh 400 lbs, but somehow I did it. I'm sure someone was answering prayers that day.

We had a problem. Hyrum was working on a hay farm down at Arimo. One Sat. night he borrowed a car from Junius Wilde, a neighbor who was working there and had an accident. He had to use his wages to repair the car, wages he was supposed to be sending to me to pay for the feed. Somehow we got by and did end up with enough money to go to school, Thanks to Dad,

I was offered a scholarship to go to Utah State Ag College at Logan, but, after talking to Hyrum about Ricks College, I decided to go there so I could play football and basketball. At that time there were no athletic scholarships at Ricks. Coach Clyde Packer said he would help me find some work. At that time the government had a program to help students earn part of their school expenses. It was called the National Youth Organization or something like that. Through it, we were able to work enough hours around the campus to pay our tuition. At that time the school year was divided into three quarters, tuition was \$22 a quarter. I made arrangements with to Blackfoot area boys, Tam Grimmet and Ronald Benson from Moreland to stay together in a room in the Idamont Hotel. We had planned for only two of us but we ended up with three. All sleeping in one bed. We would take turns sleeping in the middle. It cost \$15 a month for a room. There was a sink in the room, no cupboards, so we had to make some shelves, etc. The bathroom was down the hall. We had a hot plate to cook on and a waffle iron to make waffles and we made a lot of them. We made them from scratch: flour, baking powder, salt, milk, eggs, etc. We got so we could make some fine waffles. We even made our own syrup, using sugar and water. We ate a lot of waffles that year.

We brought most of our food from home, meat, eggs, milk (while it lasted), fruit, etc. Ron and I ended up furnishing most of the food. Tam would go home on a weekend, get some money from a brother, and then eat at a cafe while his money lasted. Then, with the last of his money, he would buy a few

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supplies and come to eat with us. At times we were ready to throw him out. Looking back, I think we should have done it.

Of course I went out for football. Clyde Packer had been an All-American basketball player, but he had never played football and it showed. But, we had only 22 players on the squad, and only 12 or 13 knew how the game was played. One or two of the players had never played football before. As you can guess, we didn't have a good season, losing most of our games. I did carry the ball some of the time.

The sophomores tried to initiate the freshmen. Since I was playing football with some of them, we were friends. There was one sophomore boy that was somewhat of a sissy, Francis Jensen. He was in the middle of things, but I told my sophomore friends that I wanted to take him down. He outweighed me about forty lbs., but I grabbed him and threw him down and sat on him.

College life was fun. There were quite a few of us living in the hotel so we had a lot of fun together. Our dances were held on Friday nights in the "Playmore", a hall above the J. C. Penney in Rexburg. We always walked our dates to and from the dance. No one had cars that year except Keith Wadsworth, from Ammon, Idaho, who played a trumpet in the college orchestra and had a Model A Ford coupe. That is the only student who drove a car to school, except for students who lived in the nearby area and lived at home while going to school.

I had one unfortunate experience during the football season. One night we had practice up on the campus by Spori building, the main office and classroom building on the campus. The football field was being irrigated that night and was covered with water. There was a border around the east side of the building made of lava rocks, to mark the parking zone. During practice, while we were running plays, I carried the ball around the end of the line, closest to the building. I stopped when I came close to the rocks, for some of them had sharp points. One of the players playing on defense was upset about something and kept charging after I stopped. He hit me in a hard tackle and threw me on my back on one of the large rocks. I could hardly breathe when I stood up so the coach took me to a doctor. He said I had cracked some of my ribs. It was sometime before I could move without pain. I never missed a game though.

I played my first football game under lights at night at Gooding in a game with Gooding College. It was a new experience for me. All my high school games had been in the daytime and the rest of my college games were too. I did play one game that year in a snowstorm, the only time I ever did that. Usually the season ended before winter set in.

We had a much better basketball team than our football team. A Norman Holman from Sugar City, who was Hyrum's age, started school the second quarter. In those days, it was not unusual for a person to just go for part of the year, which meant some of them might play for three and even four years on one of the college teams. Norman and I played forwards. Tam Grimmit, my roommate, played one guard and Terry Peterson from Rigby, Idaho, played the other guard. We did have a tall center, Clair Robinson from Newdale, Idaho. He was thin and about six and one half feet tall.

At this time, we still had a center jump after every basket, so a tall center was a big advantage. We played a fast-break offense, where we would get the ball and break down the floor as fast as we could. Coach Packer was a good basketball coach and we did well. We were winning most of our games when we played Weber Jr. College from Ogden, Utah, at Rigby. We had an awful night and did poorly. Yet at the end of the season we played Weber again for the Junior College Championship and beat them two out of three games for the championship. We won the first game; they won the second. For the third game I was assigned to play guard, to guard a Bingham, who was their high scorer. It worked and we beat them. I was chosen on the all-conference team, as a guard. One of the games I remember best that year was when we played Gooding at Rexburg. We beat them easily Friday night, and played them again on Saturday night. We were having a bad night and with ten minutes left in the game, we were 15 points behind. The players on the other team were cocky and a little insulting. Suddenly we caught fire. Norman or I would steal the ball and the other would head for the basket. We were getting tired from running so much but we never gave up. We won the game by about five points, a sweet victory.

After basketball, I went out for track and ran hurdles. I placed in the conference meet in Salt Lake City so I earned letters in all three sports. At the end of the year, I was awarded the Kugler Award for the outstanding athlete of the year. After the winter quarter that year, I thought that I needed to stay home and help Dad put in the crops that spring, but after about two days, Dad said he didn't need me so I went back to school for spring quarter.

I lived at home that summer. Hyrum and I got a job measuring crop acres for the Soil Conservation Program. We would go around to the farms in the Groveland and Rose area and measure the

different crop acres. At that time, there were some restrictions as to how many acres of different crops a farmer could have. Since Hyrum was older and had had more years of college, he would set up a table, level it and I would run around and stand on the boundary lines of the different crops. He had an instrument, somewhat like a surveyors' instrument that he would sight through. By setting up at different points in the field, he draw in the different plots of ground and then at the home office, they could figure out how many acres were in each plot. Sometimes I used a sweep, which was two yards long to measure the sides of the plots.

One time, while in the Rose area, we ended up on the bank of the Snake River. We had a hard time figuring out just where the different farms were located adjacent to the river, so we took off our clothes, swam the river and figured things out. It worked too.

One day Hyrum brought a package of chewing tobacco and tried it. I tried as little of it too and was as sick as I could be, throwing up all over the place. That was the only time I ever tried the stuff.

During the summer I played on a softball team in a league in town. Sometimes I pitched; sometimes I played shortstop or second base. Once I played first base. I had a lot of fun anyway,

College started about Sept. 20th so we started football two weeks before that. The first year, we had only about two hundred students in the school. The LDS Church operated the school, but, during the depression the Church was having a hard financial struggle so it tried to give it to the state of Idaho, with the provision that it was to be operated as a two- year college. The state didn't want it. Some of the people, merchants and others, put up some of the money needed to keep the school open. This year, the fall of 1937, there were about three hundred students enrolled. As a result, we had a lot of players out for football, many of them from Rexburg and the surrounding area.

The captain and fullback of the team called the plays. He also did most of the coaching. One Monday the coach came out with plays drawn out one paper. He had lost his papers with the plays drawn out, and had changed many of them. The captain, Earl Warren, from St. Anthony, took his papers and explained how the plays should be. We called Earl, Al, and had a lot of respect for him. He wasn't fast on his feet, but could always be counted on to gain as few yards threw the line on a carry.

This was a much better year for the Ricks team. We won most of our games, beating the University of Utah freshmen, 12 to 6, the Utah State freshmen, 7 to 0, Carroll College from Helena, Montana, 14 to 0, We tied Boise Jr. College 0 to 0 and also tied Weber Junior College 13 to 13. We should have won the latter game, but missed a point after touchdown kick, the only one missed all year. We lost to a team at Rupert, I can't remember the name of the team. We lost to the University of Idaho, Southern 'branch at Pocatello, also. Their team was just too much for us. They didn't belong to any conference so they had no eligibility rules. Some of their players had finished college at other schools and could still play.

We lost to Albion College from Albion, Idaho. That week we had one of our best players ineligible and five others of our main eleven out with sickness and other problems. We did not have our center, who did the punting, Al Warren was sick, etc. I usually played center on punts, and would pass the ball back to the punter. He was large, standing about 6 feet two inches tall and weighing about 290 lbs. In fact, he was fat, but he surely filled up the line on defense. With six of our starters gone, even our signal caller and fullback, we were in a bad way. To make matters worse, I had been injured the previous week with a bruised leg muscle and hadn't been able to practice. Still, there was no one else so I called the plays and tried to run the team. I was the only regular in the backfield, so I tried to do most of the ball carrying, but I had no blockers in front of me. The regular ends were gone too. The worst part of it was, we had no one who could punt. Norman Balmforth tried. Once he kicked against the wind and the ball came right back to the line of scrimmage. I just couldn't do it alone. We lost about 33 to 0. I think we could beaten them easily if we could have had our regular players.

In those days, we seldom passed. I think that, if I had worked out some pass plays, it would have helped. I did the little passing that we did. Oh, well, we got a lot of experience.

To earn my NYA checks that year, I made a deal with the coach. I would write up the pre-game stories and send them to the papers. Sometimes I wrote sports for the Salt Lake Tribune and the stories were published with little or no changes. I sent pre-game information to the various opposing teams and to the local papers. I also wrote the sports stories for the college paper.

My sophomore year I was elected class president. My duties were to conduct class meetings and some programs during the year,

That year the college opened a dormitory for boys and girls. The boys lived downstairs and the girls on the second floor. For the boys, there were four boys in a room, with four cots. No boys were

allowed upstairs. In fact, Mrs. Ardell Chapman, the lady in charge, would stand out in the foyer to be sure the girls got in on time and that no boys sneaked upstairs. We ate together in the dining room and held parties if the dining room too. It cost us 15 dollars a quarter for our rooms and \$17 a month for board. Some of the students would bring meat and vegetables to pay for their board. One student must have brought Red beets because we had Harvard beets regularly.

As was the custom in those days, the bathrooms were down the halls, including showers. Anyway, it was much better than "batching it" in the hotel.

We had a lot more competition for the basketball team than the year before. We started year with a lot of players. We still had our center, Clair Robinson, one guard, Terry Peterson, and me from last year. One change, though. We had center jump to start the game and at the start of the second half other times, when a team made a basket, the other team took the ball out of bounds and play resumed. This made a much faster and more interesting game.

We started the year in good shape. I remember we had a two-game series with Snow College at Ephriam, Utah. The first night we beat them easily. The second night things were different. I soon learned that the referees were going to get me out of the game. I had never fouled out, but in this game all kinds of fouls were called on me. One time I just was running in front of a player to head him off, no contact at all. I was fouled. I asked the referee why the foul. I was told I was too close to him I never even touched him, nor came close to doing so. Soon I was out of the game with four fouls. Yes, they, Snow College, won the game. That was the only time I was fouled out when playing basketball. It was also the only time that the referees were out to get me.

After the first of the year, Coach Packer brought in a new player from Rexburg. He was not a team player. We had always had a good passing team before, but Earl Walters would shoot every time he was close to the basket, never trying to work the ball in. We took second in the conference but we never had as good a team as the year before. At end of the year I was talking to the coach and he said he had made a mistake in bringing Walters into the team. He made a lot of points but never cared for the rest of the team. That was the end of my basketball career at Ricks.

I'll go back now to living at the dorm. We were assigned tables, eight to a table and a hostess. I can't remember her name. I found a pretty, intelligent girl sitting by me one night so we proceeded to get acquainted. Her name was Margaret Smith, formerly from Saint Anthony, but her folks were living in Salem, about two miles north of Rexburg. I met her mother once while they were still living in St. Anthony. Anyway, the hostess kept trying to draw us into a conversation, but we largely ignored her. After the dinner, I asked her to accompany me up to the drug store for a drink at the soda fountain. She did.

I think it was the next night when we were eating that I told her I needed a typewriter to write a sports story that had to go in the next day. I usually used a typewriter in the typing room. Now I needed one right now. She said her roommate, Leola Jackson, had one so she would ask Leola if I could borrow it. Leola was not there, but Margaret brought it down and made me promise to get it right back. I typed the story as fast as I could and returned the typewriter to Margaret. By this time, Leola was back and wasn't very happy about my using her typewriter without her consent. But, it got me out of a hole. We continued to get better acquainted and started going together.

I didn't tell about my girl friend my freshman year. Her name was Marie Kidwell and she and her younger sister lived in a room in the hotel Idamont where I stayed the first year. We started going together in the fall of the year 1936, I kept company with her for the rest of the school year. Her folks moved from Idaho to a small town near Pendleton, Oregon. During that summer, Wallace Anderson, a friend of mine from Thomas, Idaho, invited me to ride with him and his brothers to Ellensburg, Washington, where they were going to visit an older brother. He said I could see Marie while on the trip. I had written to Marie and she knew I was coming. Her town's name was Pilot Rock, Oregon. So I went with them and stopped at Pilot Rock and visited with Marie and her family for a couple of days. Then I hitchhiked to Ellensburg, Washington, and found the Andersons. Then we drove home, not stopping until we reached Blackfoot.

I am telling this because Marie came to Rexburg to visit relatives and to see me. I introduced her to Margaret and took Marie to a college dance. She just stayed for a couple of days. That was the end of our relationship.

I continued to go with Margaret and even went to see her during the Christmas vacation. After the basketball season was over, Brick Parkinson, who had played basketball with Hyrum at Ricks, invited me to go with him to Montpelier to play in an outlaw tournament. I did and Margaret and Marjorie Ellsworth, a teacher at Ricks College, went with us. I played in the tournament but didn't do well.

During the winter quarter I moved out of the dorm and lived in as rented trailer belonging to a friend, Maughn Parkinson. It was parked near the college behind a Parkinson house that was empty that winter. Norman Balmforth from Shelley, lived with me. We got along all right except that he wanted to put beans in everything we cooked. I lived with him for that quarter. Then at the beginning of the spring quarter I moved to Hotel Idamont and lived with Earl Chapple from Ammon, Idaho.

As the year progressed Margaret and I became more serious. One night I was with Maughn Parkinson and he asked me why we didn't get married. We hadn't even considered it. He said we could use his car so we decided to think about it. We both hated the parting that would come in the summer. So we took Maughn's car and drove to Rigby to the courthouse and got a marriage license. I gave my home address in Blackfoot. Then we drove to Ashton to get married, hoping to find a Mormon bishop or stake president. We tried to drive to the home of a stake president, but it was in April and the road was terrible, snow everywhere and we got stuck in the snow. Fortunately a farmer came along with a team and sleigh and pulled us out. We went back to Ashton and found a Protestant minister who married us. We had as our witnesses Earl Warren and Edna Nelson, friends from Ricks College.

We thought we would wait a while before telling everyone, which was a mistake. One time I was returning from a track meet in Salt Lake City, I stopped in Blackfoot to call the folks. Dad came on the phone and said for me to come home. I answered I had a ride back to Rexburg and thought I should go there. He answered and said he would see that I got to Rexburg all right, but he wanted me to come home. He said they would be right in to get me.

When I walked in the door, Dad took me in the front room and threw an envelope in front of me and asked me about it. The envelope was from the clerk in the Rigby courthouse containing the marriage license and wedding certificate. He asked me if I had to get married. I replied "No, of course not."

He said, "Then it is all right."

It seems that Francella had seen the envelope addressed to me and held it up to the light and read "Marriage License." Of course, she opened the envelope and found the license and certificate and showed them to the folks.

They took me to Rexburg the next day. Margaret and I went to see her folks and they were wonderful about the whole thing. So we decided to let everyone know about it. Earl Chapple moved out and Margaret and I set up housekeeping in the hotel room. Chapple still dropped around at mealtime from time to time. One thing about Earl, if we had any leftovers, he finished them.

When summer came, Margaret stayed in Rexburg to work at Penney's and I went to Blackfoot for a short time. I tried working at Penney's, but didn't care for it. In the meantime, Hyrum had lined up a job for me, thanks to Coach Vadal Petersen, basketball coach at the University of Utah. Hy was married and living in an apartment at 131 J. Street in Salt Lake City. In the fall, he would be moving to California, where he was going to do graduate work and teach some athletic classes. He helped find us a one-room apartment on K Street.

My job was construction work at Bingham Canyon, Utah, in the Utah Copper mine area. There were three other athletes working there, the Spendlove boys from Delta, Utah, and a Pierce from Brigham City, Utah, who was a football player. The Spendlove boys, Ward and Floyd were living with their sister in South Salt Lake. They had purchased an old Chevy sedan and invited Earl Pearce and me to ride with them. Of course we shared in the expenses. They would pick me up about 6:30 a.m. and then drive to Bingham so we could be there ready to work by 8 a.m.

Two days before Arba, Margaret's older sister, and her boy friend had invited us to ride to Rexburg to visit the folks. Of course, we did. Unfortunately, we didn't get back to Salt Lake until past midnight, so the next morning I was very tired. At work, we were mixing cement and pouring T shaped blocks about six feet long. Some weighed about 300 lbs and some about 200. After the blocks were dry enough we would stack them in a pile. It was rough, hard work. I was tired and had to force myself to keep up. I thought noon would never come. It did and the afternoon was much better. After the first day, I was all right and could keep up with the others, although I was much lighter in weight than the rest.

We were paid 35 cents an hour and there were no deductions for Social Security nor for taxes. We were lucky to have a job. Every day carloads of men would drive up, hoping to find work. Jobs were awfully hard to find.

After a few weeks, we were put to work, setting the blocks in place. They were made to form a roadway for railroad tracks. We would put them in place by hand, sometimes building a rack ten feet high. We would use a dolly to help move the blocks. One end would rest on the dolly and someone would have to carry the other end. With the larger blocks, it was a real struggle. We had planks laid on top of the racks

and we would have to roll the dolly on the plank while someone would follow carrying the other end. Sometimes it was a real problem, trying to maintain one's balance while carrying the block. It was heavy work and I hurt my back again. Later, during the winter, I would be walking alone and get a sharp pain in my back and would have to stop and wait for the pain to ease before I could walk again.

Ours was a hurry up job, so soon we were working seven days a week. I sorely missed those days of rest. I did get hardened so I could do the work all right. Poor Margaret would be alone in the apartment from 6:30 a.m. until about 6:30 in the evening. She did get homesick and that lasted until the next trip home.

She did have an Aunt Thera who lived nearby and that helped. Also Arba would get together with her on weekends, and that helped. Sometimes, when I had Sunday off, we would get on a street car and travel out to Sugartown, below 21st south to visit her Aunt Zephur Doyle, a widow with about two daughters and who took care of Arba.

Margaret found where the city library was and would walk down and borrow books to have something to read. We did have small radio. She also packed a lunch for me everyday and surprised me with what she put in. Later in the year, she applied for a job at J.C. Penney in downtown Salt Lake, because of her previous experience, she was given a job in the piece goods department. She worked nine hours a day, six days a week, for \$15 a week.

When September came, Hyrum left for California and we were able to take over the apartment of J Street. It had two bedrooms a kitchen, bath, a hallway and a balcony. It cost us \$35 a month, including heat and lights. Arba moved in with us to help pay the bills and lived with us for the next three years. I don't know how we would have made it without Arba's help.

School started and I soon learned that I had forgotten how to study. The first quarter had mostly C's on my report card. When transferring from Ricks to the U of U, I lost some of my credits so I had to take longer to graduate. I also applied for and was given employment by the National Youth Administration, the organization that helped me at Ricks. I was able to work enough to pay for my tuition, but here I had to pay out-of-state tuition, which was higher than that I paid at Ricks. Soon I was correcting papers for an English professor, Dr. Edward F. Chapman.

I had wanted to major in journalism, but found that there was only one, two-hour course taught at the U. I ended up with a history minor, and an English major. So I took a lot of English classes. I found that I had not taken many history classes so I had to work hard in both areas. I had taken a German class at Ricks and my English requirements included a foreign language, so I signed up for more German. At Ricks, I never studied very hard, especially German. I had an awful time. German is not an easy language to learn. I was given a condition at the end of the first quarter. So the next quarter I had to work extra hard and earned a C, which was substituted for the Condition. At first, I had only C's and a few B's. By the end of the year I had mostly B's and a few A's, but I really had to work hard to raise my grades. By the end of my senior year, I had mostly A's.

I went out for basketball and did fairly well. Coach Vadal Petersen used a different system. And he had a habit of yelling at players if one made a mistake. I wasn't used to this and never really adjusted to it. I played on the JV squad most of the time, but did make the traveling squad for most of the year. Our first Christmas, I was in Spokane with the basketball team. Fortunately, Margaret had Arba for company. We had our Christmas when I returned. Somehow Margaret had saved enough money to surprise me with a Hamilton watch. I wore it until it wore out.

Winter in Salt Lake is sometimes depressing. Because of the mountains, smog would form, partly from the coal-fired furnaces. This smog would be so thick that it was hard to see. Too, there would be a black deposit on the curtains and walls. We were glad when it ended.

We would both leave the apartment early in the morning. I had about a mile walk to the U and she had about the same distance to work. Usually, I would walk down and meet her when she got off work and we would walk home together. Often we would buy groceries on the way home. Bread was 10 cents a loaf, and milk the same. Sometimes we could get milk for two for fifteen cents, plus a bottle deposit.

We never went to church, except once in a while to Mutual. I would try to mop and clean on Saturday and we would lie around and rest on Sunday. Sometimes we would go to a show, a matinee. If we got there before 2 p.m. we could get in for a quarter. Occasionally, not often, we would have dinner at a cafe. There was a Chinese cafe on State Street where we could get a good meal for 35 cents. We found a Japanese cafe on First South where we could eat for a quarter, lots of food, but not very tasty.

I went out for track in the spring and earned a letter in the hurdles. To do so I had to place at least third in the state meet. I did.

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

That summer Arba got me a job working for the Utah Power and Light Company, with the help of the U athletic department. I worked on a line crew, which did all kinds of repairs, building new lines, and even brushing and painting steel towers in and around Salt Lake City. One time we went to Park City for a few days. Then Park City was just a small mining town. We worked in the hills, digging holes and setting power poles. The soil was rocky and we had to use bars and drills to make holes for the power poles. The holes had to be six feet deep about sixteen inches in diameter. Sometimes we would work all day digging one hole. From time to time the bars and drills had to be sharpened too.

I was called a "grunt", shortened from grounds man. My job was to work with an electrician who would climb a pole and be working on top of the pole. He would take up a rope and a pulley. When he wanted something, he would call for it and I would fasten it to the rope and send it up to him. When he was through with something he would fasten it to the rope and I would bring it down and put it away.

We had to be at the warehouse in Salt Lake, ready to go to work at 8 a.m. Then the crew would go out in a truck to where we would work. We worked until noon, took a half-hour for lunch, and then worked until time for us to load up so we could be back at the warehouse by 4:30. It was the first time in my life that I traveled to work on company time. I was paid 50 cents an hour, the most I had earned until that time.

We had one problem, since we didn't join the union. A union representative would come out quite often and carry on about the students not joining the union. He would make up things he said we said about the union and try to cause problems. The foreman would ask us about what we were supposed to have said and then just pass it off.

It was hard work, but no harder than I had been used to and we were working out in the country most of the time. I learned to appreciate the electricians. But I was surprised to learn that a journeyman electrician only made \$160 a month. I became with friends with one of them who lived in Salt Lake. He had a real time supporting his family on his salary. I compared my father on his 40-acre farm with this man. Dad had a lot more security, plenty to eat, etc. than this man did. This had a great deal to do with my wanting to return home and farm. In fact, that was the main reason I became a farmer.

At this time, jobs were hard to find and there were so many people out of work and unable to find employment. Even college graduates had trouble finding employment, no matter what his training was. It was very discouraging.

There was not much change my senior year, but I had a great desire to get through and leave the city. I still worked for Dr. Chapman and walked down to meet Margaret when she got off work. One weekend some of my college friends invited us to go with them to Saltair, a resort out in the lake. There was a causeway leading to the resort. At that time the resort was famous and popular. When we reached there, we found all kinds of rides, etc. the same as fairs, etc. today. My so-called friends told us that they would buy the tickets if we would ride on the roller coaster with one condition, we had to sit in the last seats on the last car, so we did. We were the only ones on that car and there were only a few on the coaster. We really had a wild ride. After we got off the coaster, we watched the next go round. The last car would rise up off of the rails for about three feet and then come back down. No wonder we had such a wild ride.

I was still taking mostly English and History classes. I enjoyed the history classes the most. Looking back I think I should have a history major, because I thoroughly enjoyed the classes and was able to get A's in the history classes.

I had to take one more German class to meet the English requirements, so I did. This time I was better prepared, since I had learned how to study and got a B in the class. I was never really proficient in German, but I felt better about it.

I went out for basketball again, but realized that I had missed spring practice so I was at a disadvantage. Also, there were some new players, big ones that the coach had proselyted, meaning he had worked hard to get them to come to the U. I was on the squad but played only occasionally and became discouraged. The season passed. I did go out for track again and again made my letter. Looking back now, I think that an athlete worked too hard for what he got out of it, unless one was going to coach or turn professional.

When summer came I had to find a job by myself so I applied for a job as a taxi driver. One catch, I had to get a chauffeur's license. In order to do that I had to take a state test. I tried and failed because a lot of the questions dealt with trucking and such regulations, which I knew nothing about. I studied a manual and passed the test the next time I tried; I had to be fingerprinted and have a picture taken, one to show on my license.

I started working a day shift, from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. for the Salt Lake Transportation company,

which owned both the Yellow, and Green cabs which used the same office and garage. The yellow cabs were newer and cost more. As the cabs got older, they were painted green. At that time the downtown zone was the cheapest one, a quarter for a Green Cab and 35 cents for a Yellow one. We used the same stands and the same dispatchers. In the morning we would be sent to a cabstand and had to stay there until we had a fare or received an order to go someplace to pick up a fare

This was summer and it was very hot standing on a street corner in the hot sun. We weren't allowed to sit in the cabs. At least, we weren't supposed to. Sometimes we would have to stand there for an hour or more, and, in the afternoon, the temperature would be around 100 degrees, sometimes more. It was not a glamorous job, nor did it pay well. We received 15 cents an hour plus 30 per cent of what we took in. We did get tips sometimes, but not all the time. On the average I made about \$20 a week, including tips. Of course we had some amusing incidents now and then. We soon learned where the houses of prostitution were because a man would get in and ask to be taken to such a place, meaning we had to know and quickly.

I was fortunate because I was never held up nor had a fare that couldn't or wouldn't pay. Later in the summer I asked for a night shift, from 4 p.m. until 12:30 a.m. or from 5 p.m. until 1:30 a.m. At least it was cooler and business was better. When school started I continued to work that shift for the first quarter. I failed to mention that I graduated in the spring with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

I had to take a comprehensive test in English the last quarter, which was to cover all the undergraduate courses that included some, I had never taken. We had to really study to prepare for it. It was a written test and one had to pass with a score of 70 to get a degree. I worked for weeks on it, preparing. I made one serious mistake, I studied the night before until midnight, which meant I was tired and couldn't think clearly. Now I realize that I should have taken the night off and I would have done better, but I did pass.

One problem, what kind of job could I get with a B.A. degree, teaching school. I had to get a teachers' certificate which meant another year. Too Margaret was pregnant and had to quit her job the first of the year. Also, as a graduate student, I had to do a lot of extra work to get a decent grade, sometime a third or half as much more as an undergraduate. To make it worse, I was working nights and was tired and sleepy all the time. The first quarter was really a struggle. I had such a hard time trying to understand what I read. I had to fight to stay awake in class, too. Somehow I made it.

Jay, our first child was born April 3, 1941 in the LDS Hospital. Margaret had been going to a doctor so we were prepared. She had to stay in the hospital for nine days, as was the custom in those days. Also, she was told she must not feed the baby when he cried during the night. The hospital bill was \$50 and the doctor bill was \$25. I think they gave us special rates because I was a student.

I had an awful time for the first two weeks after the baby was born. I was tired and needed my sleep and the baby would be hungry and cry and cry. Little sleep. Finally Margaret started feeding him when he cried and we all got more rest. I finally quit driving on school nights and just drove Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. That helped. We borrowed \$100 from Orson to see us through. We made it.

When school ended, I didn't stick around to get my teachers certificate, but had it mailed to me in Blackfoot. I had applied for a teaching position through the Placement Bureau at the U. The best they came up with was a position in Milford, Utah, teaching English for six periods a day for \$900 a year. I was so disgusted that I nearly tore up my certificate. I could make more than that driving cab. Through the family, I learned that there was a position open in the Shelley School System, teaching in the Junior High School and coaching basketball. The superintendent was Ken Thomas, former principal in Groveland. I called him and made an appointment for an interview. I got the job. It paid \$1200 a year, which was better anyway. One catch, I would have to teach wood shop and I had never taken such a class.

I had done my practice teaching at a junior high school on the U campus, a special school for special, bright students. I learned a lot from my supervisor. I also found they had a wood shop class there and I made a few trips there to see how it was done.

One other problem, to get an Idaho Teachers' Certificate, I had to take two special classes, Idaho History and Idaho School Law, but I arranged to take them by correspondence during the summer.

The day after school was out, we left for Idaho. I had borrowed Dad's car and we loaded all we could in the trunk and back seat and headed out. We left a few things with Margaret's Aunt Thera. She said she had never seen two kids so anxious to leave Salt Lake City.

We spent the summer with the folks with me helping on the farm with the chores and crops. In between times, I worked on my correspondence courses. We had lined up an apartment in Shelley up by the high school a three-room apartment, bedroom, kitchen, bath and living room. Our lights were furnished

but we had to buy our coal for the heater.

I taught at the Elementary School north of the highway in Shelley, some eighth grade classes and some seventh. I also taught wood shop in a building west of the main building. I had to learn a lot in a hurry to stay ahead of the kids, since I had never even had a class in wood shop. I got along all right and I learned to use a wood lathe, etc. In former years the students had made a lot of lamps using cedar wood, so I learned how to do this. I even had two boys build a rocking horse for my son, Jay. We used it for years. I got acquainted with two older female teachers who had taught there for years and learned that they remembered teaching with my sister, Francella, who had taught in Shelley.

The school had a large lawn and playground where the kids played at recesses and noons. I had to take my turn supervising the playground. In the winter, we forced the kids to play outside, unless it was extremely cold or a storm was giving us wind and a lot of snow.

At Christmas time, the school put on a Christmas program, with skits and songs. The women who was in charge of music, chose some songs the boys hated to sing, so they were uncooperative. I had to ride herd on them, even though I sympathized with them.

I had charge of basketball so I started practice. To my surprise, few of them had ever played so I had to start with the fundamentals. I worked and worked with them and found a few good players. One, who had played before and was pretty good, did not show up for one of our games and gave no excuses. I put him off of the team, in spite of pleas from his parents and the principal. Before the season was over, we had a fairly good team, but most of the players were small. There were some larger boys on the squad, but they were at an awkward stage and didn't play well. We did OK until the country tournament, where we met a team from Blackfoot Junior High who were experienced and well coached. We lost to them every time we played them. Their coach wanted to run up the scores, so he left his regulars in nearly the full game. This irritated me because the people from Blackfoot would boast of the big scores of the games. If I had had the kids for another year, we could have had a good team too.

I had one problem, someone went through the kids cloths during practice and stole their money. After working on the problem for a while and listening to the kids, I found that some of the players were the culprits. How disappointing!

We didn't go to church while in Shelley. Why, just because we didn't get started. No one ever visited us, no Home Teachers nor Relief Society teachers.

We had one memorable experience. I learned that one of my seventh grade students was hungry and was going without food. I told my wife and she made a large bowl of soup and we invited the kids over for supper. There were four of them. Their mother was out of town and their father had been gone for some time, since he was a musician and playing in different parts of the countries. The mother was having an affair with the local dentist.

The next morning we fed them breakfast and then contacted the local Relief Society president and she took over. The mother was a daughter of Nellie Humpheries who lived in MacDonaldville, just north of Groveland.

One of the boys was killed in an automobile accident and I was asked to speak at his funeral, the first time I had ever been asked to do that. I had to really study to prepare for that, but I did all right.

When summer came, we went to Groveland. The Groveland store was closed so I had a bright idea-we would open the store and run it. I arranged for a lease and made the other arrangements. The biggest problem was the money needed to stock the store. We had some money, but not much.

I need to go back to Shelley. We bought our first car while there, a 1935 Chevrolet coupe with a rumble seat. It cost us \$115 with 10 dollars down and five dollars a month. We also bought a refrigerator with similar terms. When Dad learned that I was buying a refrigerator for my wife, he bought one for mother, the first she had ever had. We also paid Orson the \$100 we had borrowed from him while going to school. My wife applied for and got unemployment for a few months, which helped us with our bills. After all, \$100 a month didn't go very far.

Back to Groveland. We opened the store with what supplies we could buy. At that time we bought our supplies from a wholesale company in Pocatello, Zions' Wholesale. The manager talked to me and gave me some good instructions. He explained that I should consider the articles on the shelves as cash and when someone wanted credit, we were loaning the individual cash. It helped me to understand how to run a business. We called the store, "Cally's Cash Store." At Ricks I was called Cally, so the name fitted. Later I realized it was a mistake and changed the name to the Groveland Store. A Farr Candy Co. truck delivered ice cream and candy, while a soda pop company from Pocatello delivered pop and loaned us a cooler

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

I asked to be released from my teaching contract in Shelley, and, grudgingly, it was granted.

Running a store was a new experience for me, but Margaret had had a lot of such experience. She learned to know the people in Groveland. Our business was fairly good. To this day I don't know if we made any money. It seemed to take everything we had to buy new supplies each week, but it was a learning experience. One thing I learned, there was little time for home life. We opened at 8 a.m., usually, except when a cousin would pound on the door and wanted to buy some corn flakes for breakfast. Then we would stay open until 8 p.m., except when some neighbors would come in, buy a bottle of pop, and want to talk until bedtime. We also learned to appreciate some good friends who always supported us. One elderly gentleman, my former bishop, Joseph Jensen, would walk a mile through the fields and buy groceries and then carry them home.

We got along pretty well until fall, when the county hauled in a lot of gravel to gravel the road and left it there through the winter. We had a lot of rain and slushy weather and the mud was about a foot deep in front of the store. The people took other roads to go to town, etc., and we lost a lot of business.

I took a job teaching in the Groveland School, fifth and sixth graders. The old school had burned down while we were in Shelley and a new one was under construction. In the fall, I had to hold classes in the old MacDonaldville School building, one that had been vacant for years. It was a two-room frame building. No inside plumbing, etc. We used the building until the first of the year when we moved to the new Groveland School building, which was only partially completed. The carpenters were still working on the gymnasium so we had the pounding going on every day while we were holding classes.

I had two grades in my room, so I had to learn how to handle two classes at the same time. It took some doing, but I soon learned what I had to do-- have one working on assignments while holding discussion with the other.

I also took over the basketball team when the gym was finished. Again, few of the boys knew anything about basketball, so I had to start with the fundamentals. I had another problem, the principal didn't want to have the boys taking showers and then going home, fearing that they could catch colds. He was a pain-in-the-neck. He was not overly bright and had some weird ideas. To Margaret, I called him "Old Hard Head."

This meant that Margaret had to run the store every weekday while I taught school. There wasn't a lot of business because of the road, but it put a lot of stress on her, since she had a one-year old boy with her all the time.

We ran into another problem, WWII was on and it was getting harder and harder to get supplies. Gas and a lot of foods were rationed, and soon we couldn't get candy, pop or ice cream as well as a lot of other things. We decided we would have to close the store. Then, too, Orson and I had decided to start farming and made arrangements to lease the John F. Bowker place in Groveland, about one and a half miles west of my father's place.

We procured a loan from the Farm Security Agency to buy Mr. Bowker's livestock and equipment. He wanted to live in his house, so he arranged for another old house to be moved onto the place. There was one labor house there, so Orson took that and we moved into the other house. We had to fix up the old house to make it livable.

We milked sixteen cows and they brought in \$400 a month, enough that both families lived on that and also paid the farm expenses until fall. We bought a small tractor, a 35-horse power Case, and used that to plow and cultivate. We learned a lot in a short time. Orson had been used to working a 40-hour week and felt that at night, when the chores were done, he was through for the day. I soon realized that those hours wouldn't do to get our crop in, so I plowed each evening until about eleven p.m. Soon we hired Lindsay Hale to plow from ten p.m. until morning. Orson would plow in the morning and I from noon until 10 p.m., so we were keeping the tractor going 24 hours a day. The plow was a single bottom, two-way plow so we were slow making progress. Finally, we got the crops in. We planted grain, new seeding, and beans, since Mr. Bowker had always raised beans. We also had a crop of clover seed, which was already planted.

We also rented some beet ground from Dad on his place. I forgot to mention that we planted about 15 acres of potatoes on the Bowker place.

We did well. In the fall, we needed a frost to ripen the potatoes and kill the vines. The first week in October we planned to start digging potatoes on Monday morning. Sunday night we had a hard frost that killed all of the vines.

I forgot to mention that I had to get out of my teacher's contract in the spring. I needed to do that because if I didn't, I would have to go into the service. I got a farmers' exception.

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

We made a mistake in the fall. Mr. Bowker offered to see us his farm for \$24,000 and would take the rent as a down payment. We thought he was holding his price too high so didn't take him up on it. We were foolish. He said he was going to sell it, so we had to move.

We heard of a place in MacDonaldville that was for sale, a 180-acre farm that was priced at \$12,500. We made the down payment and prepared to move. Meantime, a dairyman from Pocatello who had a farm contacted Orson and a dairy plant and who wanted Orson to move there, run the farm and supply milk for the dairy. It was a Grade A operation, meaning Orson would get a higher price for his milk. He decided to move to Pocatello. He took the livestock and I took the machinery and moved to the new farm in MacDonaldville.

This meant that I would have no income from a dairy. There were other problems. The house was a "Doll House," a small house with four rooms, none larger than 9 by 11 feet. The ceiling was eight feet in the center of the house and about five on the sides. It was built as an A frame. Of course there was no inside plumbing, the toilet was outside across a ditch that ran through the place. Water was from a hydrant about 50 feet away. There was a granary, a log barn, and old deserted house on another road. But we moved in, happy to have our own place. I owed Orson about \$1500 for his share of the down payment. That became a problem, later. We had traded our Chevy coupe for a Dodge pick up, which we drove for several years.

I had to get a loan on the new farm, and a new loan to pay off Farm Security. I managed to do that. I also tried to buy a few cows to have an income of some kind. I made some poor choices, for the cows I bought were not good cows. I did buy a nice heifer from Willard Wray. She had only been fresh for a couple of months when she jumped over a fence and cut off one of her teats so we had to sell her.

We were happy in spite of our problems. I enjoyed having my own place and doing everything my way. I planted the grain, etc., and soon was busy with irrigating and other things. I made another mistake. When it came time to cut hay, I listened to my neighbor, D.A. Gordon, who told me I could rent his tractor mower and his side rake for haying. Golden and Bernell Elison lived in the area and wanted to put up the hay on shares. I should have done it. When I was ready to start cutting hay, I went to Day for the equipment, but he said he needed it for a couple of days. The big problem was, I had watered my hay and needed to cut it. I waited and waited. Day was an odd person, a big talker, but not a producer. I finally got his tractor and mower and cut my hay and used his side rake to rake it. But, in doing so, the hay ground dried out and I lost hay production that year.

We moved there in the fall of 1943. The next year I arranged to buy some more milk cows and contacted Margaret's father, Charles Smith, who was a field man for Nelson-Ricks Creamery in Rexburg. He found me a herd of cows and I borrowed money to buy them. There must have been about 12 head. I soon found I had problems-mastitis. Too many of the cows had it. But we struggled along for now we had an income to pay our living expenses. I fixed up the old, log barn with stalls, installed a Surge milker and was in business. That winter I had a hard time. The log barn was cold and the ice formed in the airline for the milker. I had to thaw it out each morning before I could milk.

The next year I was wiser. I also planted some field peas for a cash crop, another mistake. When we harvested them, we cut them with a mower, horse-drawn, with a roller attached that left the vines in a long roll. Then I had to make piles out of the rolls. Then we had a big wind and a lot of the pea vines were rolled all over the field. I gathered them up as best I could, but a lot of the peas had been shelled so my crop wasn't very heavy. In fact, it was a disaster. But I did put up my own hay.

I tried to plow up some hay and plant beets. One should never try to follow hay with beets, as I learned. The beet crop was a very poor one. I learned a lot in a couple of years.

The next year I did a little better. I built a shed for the cows and had hopes of getting on my feet financially. I had a problem. Orson came and demanded his money, now. Otherwise he insisted I move to Pocatello with my livestock and help him with the dairy. We did about December. We lived a very small house next to the farm. It was a nightmare. We worked from 4 a.m. every morning until 10 p. m. every night, hauling hay, bedding cows, and milking them. We were really unhappy. By then we had a second son, Lee, and were busy with our two boys. My brother, Eldon, came to the rescue. He came to Idaho on a visit from his home in California. When I told him of my problems, he offered to loan me the money to pay Orson and he did. I paid Orson and we moved back to MacDonaldville. We were so happy to be there.

When we moved back to Groveland, we became active in the Church again. I served as a counselor in the Sunday School superintendency and also as the Young Men's Superintendent. Margaret taught in the Sunday School and the Relief Society. I also taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School and that was a real learning experience. We were happy to be active in the Church.

Then our happiness ended. I was down at Dad's in January when Margaret called and told me I had a letter from the draft board, saying "I had been selected by a group of friends and neighbors to serve my country in the Armed Forces." At first, I thought she was kidding, but she told me to come home and see. It was true.

The problem was "The Battle of the Bulge." Suddenly more manpower was needed and, also, for the planned invasion of Japan. I had two children and was 27 years old, but more men were needed.

I had no choice. I sold my livestock and part of my machinery. I had had my tractor overhauled and so it was in good condition, so I agreed to sell it to Orson. I had Arthur (Bud) Burton helping me get ready. One day I asked him to drive it into Dad's place since he lived just across the street. I only had water in the radiator, so I asked him to be sure and drain the water out when he turned it off. He didn't, for he forgot. The next day, when I was at Dad's place, I looked over and saw the tractor, and hated to go look at it. Sure enough there was a big crack in the block. This meant another overhaul job. I sold it to Orson, but had to pay for the overhaul.

I made plans to move my family to Rexburg so Margaret could be near her folks. We found a place on Webster Ave for sale for \$2700. We made a large down payment and agree to pay the balance at so much a month. While I was in the service, my family would receive \$100 a month from the government. We moved our furniture, etc., to Rexburg and I reported in Blackfoot to be inducted into the armed forces.

We were placed on a train for Salt Lake City and taken to Fort Douglas just east of the University of Utah. There were given Orientation classes and lots of physicals. I had traveled to Salt Lake with a group of men. While being given a physical, I told them of my sinus troubles. It was a waste of time. I was examined carefully and told that my condition wasn't serious and that I would still serve. One problem, my friends from Blackfoot had been shipped out so I was sent to Texas with another group.

One of the group was a real drinker. He kept insisting that I take a drink with him and I kept refusing. He never gave up, but neither did I. He couldn't seem to understand why I refused to drink with him and I couldn't understand why he kept insisting.

We were sent to Camp Maxey in Texas, the north east corner of Texas, not far from the Arkansas border. The nearest town was Texarkana, just over the border. My education started all over again. I was assigned to A Company, with men I had never seen before. We had more Orientation Classes and then lots of drilling. In one assembly, a pompous, small, fat Major addressed us. Every time he spoke, he told us we were there to "learn to kill and to keep from being killed."

This was March and we soon learned that it could be cold in Texas that time of the year. We had a cold north wind blowing and some snow. It felt as if the wind came from Canada. We had a stove in each end of the barracks, but it was only warm near the stove, something like our frame church building in Groveland. We were given shots, told to get a haircut, and learned what a "GI" party was. We had one every week. The cadre would pour hot water on the barracks floor and we had to take mops and scrub the floors. Then we had to clean the restrooms. Afterwards we had an inspection to see if everything was in order. We each had a bunk, upper or lower, a footlocker where we kept our clothes and other things, and a wrack where we had hangers to hold our coats, etc. We had to have our shoes cleaned and oiled, our beds made carefully, our bunk framed dusted, etc. If any of our coats were not buttoned, we were "gigged," meaning we got extra K.P. duty. K.P. stands for kitchen police. We each took one day every week or two. At that time, we reported to the kitchen at 4.a.m., helped clean up, set the tables, served the food and then cleaned up after each meal. It was a tiring, trying day.

Soon we were issued rifles. The first thing we had to do was clean them very carefully. From then on they were inspected every week and one had to pass inspection or more K.P. or guard duty. I kept mine clean. We had lots of classes, most of them inside until it warmed up, and then outside, often on a sandy knoll.

I failed to mention that every morning we were called out for exercises--push ups and lots of others for about half an hour before chow. I soon got so I could do 50 push up without sweating. Sometimes, if a member of the cadre was in a bad mood, he would say, "Fifty push-ups" for everyone. Soon I was in a good physical condition.

Our chow was just army chow. Plenty to eat, good food, but, sometimes not very appetizing. It could have been a lot worse. We had one glass of milk for breakfast. That meant that, if we used it on our cereal, that was it, then water or coffee. I drank lots of water. Some nights when we were out on patrol, the cooks would bring out coffee and cake, never any water. No, I never drank any coffee.

For the first two months, no passes. Later I did go to Texarkana, mostly out of curiosity. In

Texas, the towns all had a large square, grass and statues, etc. And one heard constantly the southern drawl. "What ya-all doing this evening." Soon we had a group of southerners from Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama join our company. Then, later a group from Hawaii. What a company. The Hawaiians were hot-headed and quick to quarrel. Of course, not all of them, most of them were a mixture of many people and cultures.

I was appointed a "Platoon Guide," which meant I always marched at the head of the platoon. We were the second platoon, Company A. One time, before this appointment, we were drilling on the field. With my hearing problem, I had a hard time understanding the orders. Once I thought I was doing as I was told, but found I was all alone with a sergeant giving me instructions and laughing at me. Wow!

Once, for a parade, I acted as company commander, and marched the A Company in the parade. This meant I had to give all the commands, etc. I did well, especially since I had had no previous experience. In the company was a man who had taken ROTC in either high school or college, but I was given the privilege.

For the last big test we had in Basic Training, we had to march for 25 miles, carrying a full field pack. It was hot and we had one canteen of water to last us, one pint. The worst part of it was we had to wait our turn to join the march, and, once, fall out and wait until most of the other companies passed us. This was in July, a hot time in Texas. I made it without any problems, but some men fainted. Others had blisters on their feet, some just fell out because they said they couldn't make it.

One day we had a mile run, wearing our heavy combat boots. I took off, passed everyone, and won by at least 50 yards, and I wasn't even tired.

I made friends with a lot of people. Soon I learned who were LDS and who weren't after while, we more or less stuck together. We found where services were held on Sunday and met together. Most of those I met who were LDS were from Utah.

Finally, we finished our training and were given two weeks passes to go home, with orders to board a train in Ogden, Utah, two weeks later. Margaret met me in Ogden, driving alone in our Studebaker pick up. We spent the night with her grandparents. Grandpa and Grandma Cordon, then drove on up to Blackfoot to spend the night. Then home to Rexburg. My sons hardly knew me, since I was in army clothes.

One thing I did while on leave, I built some clotheslines for my wife. I don't know how she got by without them, but she had. Of course the time passed rapidly and I had to leave. Margaret went with me to go to Ogden. Of course, I stopped in Blackfoot to say "Goodbyes." Marion and Lovell were both in the service so the folks were alone.

When we reached Ogden, I went to the Railroad Station and was happy to see Hyrum Adams from Blackfoot. He and I had known each other since grade school. I told Margaret "Goodbye." She had to drive back home all alone. I felt sorry for her, but there was nothing I could do about it.

We rode the train to Camp Adair, Oregon, where we were instructed and divided into groups to go overseas. Then we rode the train to Pittsburg, California. From there we rode small ships to San Francisco, where we boarded a larger ship. This was a small ship, one that had been a passenger ship but had been converted to a troop carrier.

Hy and I stayed together on the ship. We had a smooth crossing. We didn't go to Hawaii, but sailed to an island called Ulithi. Here we rested overnight. We were anchored in a lagoon where the water was clear and we could see the coral on the bottom of the lagoon. We were allowed to go swimming and that was fun, especially after being cooped up on a ship for nearly three weeks. I was lucky on the trip over for I was never seasick. Some of the group would be sick and stay in their bunks. At times, my stomach would be uneasy, but I would go up on deck and walk around and that helped. I never missed a meal.

We went through some straits and finally came to Manila, in the Philippine Islands. We anchored in the bay and were taken ashore on some landing barges. Then we were loaded on as train for the next part of our journey. It was a small railroad with narrow tracks. The cars were made out of lumber and had wooden benches for seats. The cars were narrow and only about 25 feet long. As we traveled through the countryside, we found little destruction here. It was mostly rice fields with Nipa huts, huts with leaves interwoven to furnish roofs. The farmers were using water buffaloes in the fields.

We came to a village named Angeles, where we got off of the train. The town was near Clark Field, an U.S. airbase. It was evening and we were marched through the village on our way to the replacement depot. The area stank. We were glad to get past it. We marched for about three miles and came to the base. What a mix-up. We were told to find a tent to sleep in and that we would get our barracks in the morning. We found one and slept on the ground. In the morning we were given breakfast

and told where to pick up our barracks bags. We found them and left them in a tent. We were told that some natives were selling fruit at one end of the camp and that it would be good for us, after being on a boat for so long. We found we could buy oranges, bananas, etc. The bananas were green on the outside and orange on the inside, but they were good.

We were assigned to an eating area and allowed to lie around most of the time. Some of us decided to play softball, found equipment and started to play. For the first time in my life, I couldn't hit a softball. I fanned every time. I was baffled.

We had other problems, on the west coast the Stevedores were on strike and wouldn't load ships, even for the servicemen so our food supplies became really short. I can't prove it, but I think we were eating horsemeat some of the time. At least the meat had a strong taste and our meals were small. We got by all right, though.

I failed to mention that while we were in Camp Adair, Oregon, the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan and the war ended while we were at sea. We learned later that all of us were scheduled to be part of the invasion force to invade Japan. Don't let anyone tell me that we should not have dropped the atomic bomb. Experts figured the invasion would have cost the lives of 500,000 Americans and about one million Japanese. I would have been on the front line.

While we were at the replacement depot, new orders were cut. Some were to go to Korea, some with the army of occupation to Japan, and some to stay in the Philippines. We were anxious to learn where we would go. One night we were all called together and names were read off where we were to go. Hyrum was to go to Korea. I was to go to Manila to the Armed Forces Institute, along with about three others. We were told we had to find a truck to take us where we were to go. We ran around yelling at truck drivers until we found one going to Manila. We told him where we were supposed to go and he knew the place. When we reached there, the men in charge had not received the papers so were not expected. They told us to follow them and we were given a cot to sleep on and we had our barracks bags with our clothes, etc.

The next day the new orders came and we were made welcome and given things to do. We slept in a burned out building that the Japanese had set on fire by pouring gasoline on every floor and setting it on fire. All that would burn was the doors, furniture and the windows. The walls, floors, etc. were all cement, so the building was still standing and usable. We even had showers.

We worked in an office building, called the Regina Building. It had not been destroyed. I was sent to the registration section for the Armed Forces Institute as a clerk. The Institute provided extension courses for all the servicemen., navy, army, air force, etc. My job was to go through the applications, see if the applicant was qualified and then turn over the papers to others to send the books and the supplies to an I and E officer. He ordered all the materials. There was one at every base. He would fill out the forms and send eight copies of the order. We would trash seven of the copies and file one of them. Also, I typed letters for an officer. Trouble was, my typing was not the best and it took me a long time to make a good copy of the letter for him to sign.

We were next to the Pasig River that was a chocolate color because of the waste and garbage that went into it. Still the little kids would go swimming in it all the time. The sailors would come up the river to a dock near us in boats for a leave. In the morning they would be neat looking with clean, starched uniforms. In the evening most of them wore dirty uniforms and showed signs of having a wild time. It was the same, day after day.

In the evening there wasn't much to do, occasionally a movie. We had a PX where we could buy a few supplies, get cokes and candy. Often I would walk up town with one of my buddies. There were a few makeshift buildings with groceries and a few supplies. Nearly all of the canned goods, cereals, etc. were from the United States. Most of the Filipinos wore clothes made from armed forces clothing. Although there were a few buildings facing the street, they were mostly shacks made of old tin and other scavenged materials. Behind the buildings along the streets, nothing. Just piles of old buildings and junk.

Once there were a lot of fine government buildings made of cement and other such materials. Now there was just the remains, showing big holes from bombardment. I did find one building that was still standing, YMCA Building. It had a lot of holes in the roof and walls but was still usable. In fact there was a gymnasium there. We formed a team and played in a tournament. We won too.

After two or three months our Institute was moved out to the Rizal Stadium. most of which was still standing. Our offices were in the former offices and dressing rooms. We moved into tents and slept on cots. We had no mattresses, but had a mattress cover to put under us and blankets to cover us, no pillows, of course. Our mess hall was there by us. Filipino women would take our clothes and wash them for us. Of course we had to pay for it.

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

We were allotted two cartons of cigarettes a month. We would sell them to a buyer who came around. Besides the money my wife received from the government every month, we were given about \$20 a month in cash, in Pesos of course. the money used there.

I signed up for a few courses. We had to study and then take an examination to complete the course. I even took a course in Dairying. Without even reading the materials, I took the examination and passed it and got a B for the course. I later read the material to find out what I had missed on the test.

Usually, I received a letter every day from my wife and I, in turn, would write to her every day. The mail was free and came by plane. Once there was a foul up and we didn't get any mail for about three weeks. Then we got all the backed up mail all at once. Since we were close to the equator, our seasons didn't change. No snow, no blizzards, etc. In fact, our nights and days were mostly the same length of time. It would get dark soon after six o'clock in the evening and the sun would rise about the same time each morning.

One strange thing happened. I heard there was an LDS Mutual meeting one Tuesday evening so I went to it. For some reason, I was sure I would meet someone I knew. It was a party. I was going from room to room looking for that person, when I saw Claude Lilya, a nearby neighbor at home. What fun. We had a good time. He told me where Church was being held each Sunday so from then on I went to Church every Sunday. The chapel was called Ellingswood Chapel. There were no windows, just frames. There were holes in the walls, etc., but how I enjoyed the meetings. I attended every Sunday as long as I was there.

Meantime, my good wife had been working to have me sent home to run the farm. We hoped we could do that so I could be home to farm that year, 1946. No way, but one day I received a letter saying I was to be sent home on a special release. My wife had succeeded. No other word for a while. I was told to see the Inspecting General to find why the hold up. I didn't get any sympathy, but in about two weeks I was sent to a replacement center down on the shores of an ocean bay, to wait for a boat. I spent a relaxing time there swimming, etc. One day some friends and I were wading in the shallow water bending down looking for sea shells. Suddenly something jumped out of the water on each side of me. I jumped and let out a yell. Someone laughed. There were fish that would swim along for a ways, and then jump out of the water and that is what happened.

I wanted to tell about my Christmas. I had purchased gifts for my wife and children and mailed them early. I had found some really nice pieces of Jade that I sent to my wife later. We had the best piece set in a ring for her. She had sent me a box, which came before Christmas, but I waited until Christmas to open it. It was my first Christmas so far from home. When I opened the package, I was amazed. My wife had spend a lot of time planning and buying things for me, many small things I couldn't get in Manila, such as a package of Band Aids, needles and thread, pins, aspirin, a pocket knife, a wrist watch and many more small items. Of course, she had sent a box of cookies. They were old, crumbled into pieces, but oh they tasted so good. I sat there crying. I knew how she had worked so hard to give me a good Christmas. I could feel her love reaching out to me for over the 8,000 miles we were apart. Never have I felt her love more than then.

After staying at the depot for about a week, we were taken back to Manila and placed on a troopship. I finally was going home. This was a regular troopship. Below the top deck, hammocks were strung on poles about five high, with only about two feet or maybe two and a half feet between the hammocks. We tied our barracks bags to the pole at the head of the bunk. That was our home for the trip. We ate in a mess hall and the food was good. I had to take my turns at K.P., serving and washing trays, etc. Some of the trays weren't washed very well and had food remains on them. One of us would have to stand and hand out trays. Of course, some men would refuse a tray that wasn't clean. As a result, I always try to wash a dish or silverware clean before I put it in the dishwasher. We tried to wash the trays clean, but some were carelessly washed.

Coming home we ran into some big swells. I was on deck most of the time during the day. This day the prow of the ship would lift up with a big wave and then drop about thirty feet and hit the water with a bang. One time a big wave came up over the front of the ship and water ran everywhere. We were chased off of the deck and not allowed up there for a while.

For water for showers, we had cold seawater, sometimes salty. At least we could take a shower. Mostly the days were warm and we would lie around in shorts, until we were about 400 miles from San Francisco, then we ran into a cold fog. We weren't prepared for a cold, damp fog and were miserable, until we reached San Francisco. We sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge, out of the fog, into warm sunlight. We looked around the bay, beautiful houses, all standing and all in one piece. God be praised. I was never

so thankful for my country as at that time.

We were taken off of the boat to a place called Camp Knight. Here we had warm showers. Those in the Philippines were always cold water. We were given steaks and lots of ice cream. We were given cots with mattresses, sheet and pillows. What a change. The next morning we were put on a train for Ft. Lewis, Washington. It would have been closer if I could have just gone home. At the base, we were given a lot of talks, shots, etc. for about four days. We were pressured to enlist in the reserves. All I wanted was a piece of paper saying I had an Honorable Discharge. Then I was placed on a Union Pacific train for home.

Margaret met me in Pocatello in the pick up and we drove to Blackfoot to tell the folks hello and then went on to Rexburg. How glad I was to be home! Our two boys just looked at me as if at a stranger. The next morning I came out in overalls and Jay, the oldest said, "Now that is my daddy."

I found that most of my clothes wouldn't fit me. I weighed 176 when I went into the service and now weighed 205. I pretty well held about that weight from then on. Even today, 55 years later I'm about that weight. I wasn't fat, it was that I had filled out a lot in my chest and upper arms.

We stayed in Rexburg for a few days and then went to Blackfoot to see about the farm. We rented it to Esam Wakamatsu for two years and there was one more year to go. He was very reluctant to give up the lease, but, finally agreed to do so. That made us very happy for now we could move back to the farm, to the "doll house." That meant no bathroom, no running water and a very small house for two adults and two boys, but it was so good to be home.

Orson agreed to sell me 10 springing heifers for \$100 apiece, so we bought them and brought them home. I had three heifers that Orson had taken care for me, so that gave me 13 head of livestock to start with. I had to start all over because I had sold my machinery and livestock when I went in to the army.

We made arrangements to sell the house in Rexburg. Arba and Roy wanted to buy it, but for the same price we had paid for it. We found that we could get \$5,000 for it and asked that price. They refused to pay that much and were angry with us. Nonetheless, we held out for the five thousand. We had no trouble selling it for that price. We needed it for everything had gone up in price in the meantime.

My brothers, Marion and Lovell, had rented ground, bought machinery and were soon harvesting crops. I helped them through the harvest and never asked nor received one cent for all my work. When they finished, I bought a John Deere tractor and other equipment they had purchased. This was the fall of 1946. I received some money from the government for one year. Other than that, we had no income until the heifers started to freshen so we could milk them.

When spring came, I planted the crops and started farming again. This time I had better equipment, but not everything I needed. I had to borrow a grain drill for example. While I was gone, Victor Jensen had installed a pump on a fill that was on my land. I went to him and offered to buy half of the pump, motor, etc. and then we would both use it. He agreed so then I had about another 20 acres of ground that I could farm.

We had fairly good crops that year; I planted about 30 acres of potatoes. I had to hire them planted because I had no such equipment. Homer Johnson planted the potatoes. On June 29th we had a hard frost that blackened all the potatoes. Also, it hurt my grain crop. When we threshed the grain, we found that there were about 20% of the heads were empty, meaning that I had lost one-fifth of my grain crop. The potatoes recovered and grew again, but because of the frost, the potatoes were smaller than usual. But I did sell them for a fair price.

One time I was down on the farm nearly a mile from the house, and Lee came walking down to see me. He was only four years old and I still wonder how he got across one of the ditches alone. Also, I saw a small potato combine that Joe Peters, a neighbor, was using, so I decided I would make one too. I took the sketch into a welder and an old potato digger and I worked with him until we had one made. It worked too, but would only take one row at a time. We had a platform that fastened under and behind the back part of the digger with hooks on which to hang sacks. Workers would stand on the platform on the side of the digger and pull vines and weeds off of the combine, also any cull spuds they saw. I would work the back end, sacking potatoes and setting them off of the platform. I had places for two sacks, so that I could fill one while I was taking care of the other. Then we had to pick up the sacks and haul them to a cellar. I stored them in an old cellar belonging to Lawrence Lambert, about four miles away.

We used the combine for sometime. We pulled the combine with a Fergeson tractor, which Margaret drove while I did the sacking. It was effective, but slow. It did save us money, though.

I knew I had to do something about a milking barn, so, when I sold my potatoes, I paid off my

operating loan with PCA, Production Credit Association, and arranged for a loan to build a cinder block barn. I hired a neighbor, Jerry Humphereys, to help me. We started in the fall and worked on the barn all winter. We finished in Feb. or March. It was rough trying to build a barn in the winter, but we did.

While I was in the army, I was in California one weekend and went to see my brother, Eldon, at Merced. He was using a walk-through stanchion to milk his cows, a type I had never seen before. I measured them carefully and learned how he had made them. Now I bought materials and had a welder build a set of such stanchions for me. It was just after the war, and some things were hard to find, such as metals, pipe, etc.

Also, the Co-op creamery in Idaho Falls, who was buying my milk was starting up a Grade A dairy business. A friend, Leonard Manwaring, was the plant manager. I called him several times and made arrangements to get on the program. He helped me with instructions of how I should build me barn, such as drainage, milk rooms, water, etc. I had trouble pouring cement in the wintertime I poured the floor in the milk parlor and put a heater in there at night to keep the cement from freezing. Problem was, I took the heater out too soon. The cement hardened, but some of the top peeled off. It worked anyway.

I had to build new corrals, including a holding corral, to hold the cows in up by the barn until I could drive them in the barn. Time came to begin using the barn. What a circus, trying to get the cows to enter a new barn. They would bolt in any direction before going into the barn. I only had 13 cows, but it took about three hours to get them into the barn, and I had people trying to help me. We made it. They were better the next morning, and, in time, would come right it.

Since we had no bathroom in the house, I installed a shower in the barn. I also had to have heat in the barn to keep the pipes from freezing. I milked the cows into a bucket held on a strap under the cows, and would then carry the milk into the milk room, and dump it into a strainer on top of a can. There were no milk tanks in those days. I had a can-type cooler that would hold six cans that cooled the milk. This was the summer of 1948.

We had good crops that year, but a lot of our hay was rained on, meaning it wasn't good cow hay. When we threshed our grain, using a tractor and a separator, where we threw the grain bundles into the separator for threshing, we had trucks to take care of the grain. We also had a big straw pile just outside the corral. I mention this because we had a really hard winter and I ended up turning the cows out on the straw pile for the night.

The winter of 1948-49 was a terrible winter, worse than I had ever seen nor have seen since then. After the first of the year, we had one blizzard after another. All of the roads were closed to cars and trucks. The snowplows couldn't plow out the roads. They tried, but the next storm would fill them in again. Finally, the snow was over two feet deep on the level, if one could find a level. Now we really had problems. The milk truck couldn't get through, no mail delivery, no fuel delivery, and no school bus. Fortunately, we still had a team and a sleigh.

A sleigh was used to pick up the school kids, and another one to pick up my milk cans. The lane was so full that the sleigh would come through the field and I would hand the milk cans over the fence to the hauler. We had to use the sleigh to go to church and to go to town for supplies, fuel, mail, etc. I had to sack up my grain and take it to a mill to have it processed for the cows. Then, too, the alley where the cows went from the barn to the corral was blown full and I had to shovel it out time and again. I had eight-foot slabs as a windbreak on the south side of the corral, but the snow came over the top and filled about a third of the corral. One nice thing, as we drove the sleigh down the road, neighbors would come out and talk to us as we drove by. Whoever was going to town would pick up mail for the neighbors. Too, we could stay home nights.

On Feb. 21 we heard on the radio that another big storm was coming in so we went to town in the sleigh, took a 50 gallon drum to get oil for the stove and bought groceries, etc. to see us through. On Feb, 22nd a wind started to blow from the southwest, but , instead of more storm, we had a "Chinook" wind which started to melt the snow. From that time on, the snow melted. After three weeks the country commissioners hired tractors with bulldozers to start opening the roads. That took about two weeks. Finally, we drove to church in our car and made it, but we had a few bad spots. But, winter was over.

In some areas, the cattlemen couldn't haul hay to their cattle. Some even hired big planes to drop bales of hay to the cattle to keep them from starving, but many did.

The next summer things were better. We were doing well with our dairy and were able to make ends meet. Our equipment was better so that was good. We had good crops and things were looking up. I was even acting as the Bingham Country Farm Bureau president I had been on the first board of the Central Bingham County Conservation District Board when it was organized.

Then in September we went to a Sacramento meeting that changed our lives forever. Golden Hale had been our bishop, but he was called to be the president of the Samoan Mission, so we needed a new bishop. Our stake president, Elmer Williams conducted the business part of the meeting; Boyd Denney was called and sustained as the new bishop. Then he called my name and asked me to come to the stand. Nothing had been said to me. He took me into a room on one side of the stage and told me Bishop Denney had asked for me as the first counselor in the bishopric and asked me how I felt about it. What could I say, but Yes. Then I was sustained. Then Whitney Johnson was called to the stand and taken into the same, small room. He accepted and was sustained as second counselor. I felt as if a great load had been placed on my shoulders.

I resigned my position in the Farm Bureau and felt that I had to give more of my time to the church.

I had been trying to find a way to build a new house for Margaret. I went in to talk to Dad and he agree to sell me the home forty acres and said he would by a small place on the town site. I made another mistake. I rented part of the farm to Neil Lewis. That was not a good deal, and, after two years, I sold part of the farm to Nathan Hale, and broke the lease with Neil.

Now I had to have another milk barn in which to milk my cows so I could stay on the Grade A program. I made arrangements for a loan, bought the materials and started on another barn. Dad helped me. I laid the blocks, etc., He helped with the cement mixer. If I had known then, what I later learned, I would have done a better job on the barn. I should have got some forms for the foundation. Instead, I tried to build the forms out of lumber. In places there are bulges in the foundation. I built the same type of barn that I had had in MacDonaldville, using the same stalls. I also built a loafing shed for the cows on the north end of the barn, something I had never had before. Jerry Humphereys helped me with the shed. So I moved into Groveland, had a new barn and set up and the folks moved into their new home.

This was in the fall of 1949. I ran the part of the farm I had in MacDonaldville, which was about three and a half miles north of the home in Groveland. I hired someone to help irrigate the north farm, but that didn't work out very well. Nathan sold his part of the farm to John Owens, and that was a disaster. John didn't make his payments, so the Loan Company demanded payment or else a new loan. They wanted out. So, I had to arrange for a new loan. I never got the rest of my money from Owens until 1982 when we were getting ready to go on our mission. John had died and his widow came and paid me, minus the interest for the many years.

I had never paid Eldon for his loan to me yet. He asked me if I would let Lovell buy the MacDonaldville property I still had and use the money I owed him as a down payment. It worked out. Now I had only a 40-acre farm. I arranged to buy 40 acres from Guy Mangum, a place just a short distance from my home. This gave me 80 acres to run. I was making monthly payments to the folks, but got a loan from Federal Land Bank to pay them nearly off and to pay for the Mangum place.

Soon I had some problems with the creamery. The company had let so many people into the Grade A program that only about 40 per cent of my milk was paid for at Grade A prices. That made a big difference in the milk checks.

While visiting Eldon, he showed me his pasture rotation program, where he divided his pastures and put the cows on new pasture every day. I adopted the system and it really worked. A canal ran through the center of the place so I put the lower 20 acres into pasture. Still there was water available for every pasture, since there were gates on the canal bank. Three times I was named the Bingham County Grass Man of the year and was given a plaque to show for it;

In 1950 I was called to serve on the stake High Council, which meant another change in our lives. Now I had High Council meetings twice monthly and was also assigned to visit other wards. Sundays became a day of meetings all day. I also had to speak at a ward Sacramento meeting every month. But, I did enjoy serving on the High Council and did so until Sept., 1956 when I was called as Bishop of the Groveland Ward. I had visited many wards and sat in on their bishops' meetings so I had learned a lot about how to act as a bishop.

I had become discouraged with my dairy. It seems that we weren't getting ahead. Every year I would have to borrow money to buy feed for my cows and just when I had paid for it, I had to get another loan for the same thing. Milk prices hadn't gone up. but everything else had.

In the fall of 1956, I had applied for and was given a teaching position at Blackfoot High School. When I learned what the salaries were, I wondered why I even considered teaching. I was paid \$3200 the first year. I still had my cows and was milking them, but it was too much. I was given journalism classes as well as World and American History classes. That was a real challenge. I had only had the one

journalism class in college, a two-hour class, so I had to learn a lot in a hurry. Fortunately, I had in the class some very talented students who were trained in journalism.

We had another problem, a serious one. When school was out for harvest vacation, we still had to harvest our third crop hay. One morning, while I was finishing chores, I sent Jay, a 14-year old freshman, down to bale hay with our round baler. Just as I was walking to the house, someone came running and said Jay had caught his leg in the baler. I had told him time and time again, to always turn off the power take off before doing anything with the baler. I took some tools and hurried to the field. Sure enough, Jay's leg was caught between two rollers. He had got off and tried to kick some hay into the baler and slipped and caught his leg in the rollers. Some neighbors nearby heard his calls and came and turned off the tractor, but the damage was done. The rollers had been running on the muscles on his leg. I managed to loosen the rollers and get his leg out just as Dr. Merrill Packer arrived. Of course, the muscles on his leg were chewed up, even down to the bone. The worst part of it was that dust had fallen on the open wound.

We loaded Jay up and took him to the hospital and he was immediately taken to the operating room. Merrill and his brother, Dean, a surgeon, operated on Jays. They were fearful of infection because of the open wound. The next day his leg started to swell and turned a bright red. It began to smell too. Margaret's brother, Richard, came walking in. He had been trained as a male nurse. Doctor Merrill unwrapped the leg and started to remove some of the infected flesh on his leg. Richard said it wouldn't bother him to watch, but, suddenly we heard a thump. Richard had fainted. Margaret and I hadn't.

Jay was operated on again and all the infected flesh removed. We were told that he would probably lose his leg. I administered to him and felt impressed to tell him he would save his leg. Dr. Merrill assisted me. Jay was given penicillin in a tube, 50,000 units every day. Stake Conference was being held and he was remembered in the prayers. Slowly Jay's leg started to turn from an angry red to a healthy pink. We had turned a corner. He was in the hospital for 43 days. His mother was there every night. I couldn't do that because I had to teach school and milk the cows.

After the infection was gone, skin grafts had to be made to cover the openings in his leg. A large part of his leg muscles had been removed, and the bone in his ankle fused so he couldn't bend his ankle. The doctors said they would have to take skin from his arm to graft onto his leg. To do this, his arm was fastened to his leg and he had to stay in this position for over two weeks. The skin from his arm was fastened to the leg until it started to grow there. Then more was gradually taken from his arm until there was enough to cover the large wound on his leg. At last, the skin was removed from his arm and then he could sit up or lie down. There was still a problem. There wasn't enough skin to completely cover the wounds on his leg, so, in places, small pieces were placed as close together as possible. Now, would the grafts grow as they should. After a few days, it happened. The new skin began to grow and started to cover the open wounds. Also, the skin on his arm started to cover the wound there.

We were able to bring him home after the 43 days. Of course, he had to have a hospital bed and stay down for a while, but at least he was home. We thought he would have to miss a year of school, but he insisted on going to school for the second semester. At first, it was too much for him. He had to use crutches all the time and had to go up and down some stairs. He had a real problem with headaches because of stress and strain. Sometimes we thought he should give it up, but he wouldn't do that. He said he wanted to graduate with his class. We gave in. He did finish the year with enough credits that he finished with his classmates.

I had so much to do that I finally sold my cows, keeping some heifers. This gave me some relief, but left us strapped financially. We had a real struggle for the next few years. I finally decided that I had been prompted to teach school so that, when I was called as bishop, I could understand the kids better. I did, but we surely had a struggle. Those were our worst years financially.

We did all we could to help Jay. We took him to Lava and Indian Springs so he could swim and play in the warm water. We did everything we could think of to help him. I let him and Lee have livestock, but that created another problem. I had to furnish feed for the cattle. At one time they had 24 head of cattle. That was fine for them, but not for me.

I enjoyed the church work and was blessed in many ways, but it was hard on the family. I was gone every night and on the run all the time. While school was on, and I had cows to milk, I would come home from school, find supper ready, and then milk the cows. While I cleaned up, Margaret would lay out my clothes on the bed. I could never had done it all without the help and co-operation of my wife. She was my mainstay, always there to help and encourage me. She never complained. She was always smiling and helping me. One time I had to conduct a funeral for a man I scarcely knew. When I came home to get ready for the funeral, she had my talk all written out for me. She was a jewel.

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

I taught for 12 years. Finally I gave it up, I was having trouble with my hearing and I was going broke. I had to do something else to make ends meet. I had started milking a few heifers that had calved. Then I got a loan and bought some Guernsey cows. That was not too good, for the cows were not the best. Now I had 30 cows to milk as well as to teach school. I decided that I should go back to full time farming.

I would like to digress and go back and tell about some thing I left out. First, while I was at Ricks College, in the fall of 1937 playing football. In some of the games I played a deciding role. For example, when Ricks beat the U O U Freshmen, 12-7, I made a key play, that helped to win the game. We were behind, 6-7, when we got the ball on about our 35 yard line. Earl Warren made a smart call. He called for a double reverse, starting going left, then reversing to go right, and then another reverse to go left. We started about 30 yards from the left side of the field. I didn't handle the ball, but ran interference on the second reverse. The ball carrier was Lamont Wilcox, a sprinter. He started up the left side. I was behind him but passed him up to run interference. Surprisingly, in a football uniform I could outrun most of the sprinters. As I said I passed him and there were no more players in front of us, but one Utah man was coming up on him from the rear, so I dropped back and threw a block on him and took him out of the play. Wilcox went on to score and we won the game, 12-7.

In our game with the Utah State freshmen, I carried the ball a few times on offense, and played safety on defense. I intercepted three or four passes, and then made an interception about 40 yards from the goal line and ran it in for the only touchdown, so we won the game 7-0.

When we played the Weber Junior College team at Ogden, we were behind 13-0. Wilcox carried the ball to the right. I blocked the defensive end, knocking him off of his feet. We both got up and I saw Wilcox come back headed for us, so I blocked the man again, knocking him off of his feet and Wilcox went through that hole and scored, so we tied them 13-13. One of the last plays, was an attempt on their part to throw a long pass to their end. I came up and knocked the pass down. I wish I could have intercepted it, but I had to jump as high as I could just to knock it down. I made a lot of interceptions that year.

Back in high school, we played St. Anthony there. We won 19-0. I intercepted a pass and made one of the touchdowns. I mention this because in Margaret's yearbook, there is a picture of that game and I am in the picture.

Also, when we were living in the doll house, Anne was born. We had a small lawn around the house. When she was about three years old, I would pick her up and swing her around me in a circle, something like an airplane circling something.. She really like it and wouldn't want to quit. She would yell, "Awn-egg." Then I would do it some more.

I liked teaching school and hated to give it up, but felt that I had to. The last day of school, after the kids had all gone, I sat there thinking. I was overwhelmed with memories and I knew that this was the end of my teaching in schools. I had a big lump in my throat. I thought of so many wonderful relations I had had with the students and hated the thought that it was all over.

Actually, the year before I had planned to quit and had handed in my resignation, but, when I went to see about loans to buy cows, I had a problem. So I went to the superintendent, and asked if he had filled the position. He hadn't and was glad to welcome me back. I borrowed money from PCA and bought more cows. I already had about 30. In the fall, the superintendent, called and tried to get me to come back and teach. The real problem was, he had filled my position and wanted me to teach Physics. I had never taken a Physics course and had to much respect for the young, intelligent students I had met, to try to go in and keep ahead of them, not knowing the material.

We adjusted and soon found that we were much better off financially than when I was teaching. Soon I was renting extra ground. One year I rented 40 acres from Wilford Elison, a cousin, who ran a dairy in Blackfoot. That was a hassle, because it was too far away. I had to get up at daylight, drive to town and change the water, hurry home and change water and then milk the cows. I could do that before Daylight Saving Time began. After that, I couldn't. One year running that place was enough. In the summer we had to drive past a park where the town kids would be hanging out, and our kids hated to be seen in their grubbies.

Soon I rented 80 acres from Lawrence Lambert, much closer than Wilford's place. I ran that for several years. I should have bought it. Also Clem Peters, my neighbor to the East, had financial trouble and the finance company foreclosed on him, taking his farm ground but leaving him his house and five acres. He begged me to buy it. Looking back, I realize that I should have done just that. I feared the extra debt, but I could have handled it.

I was released as bishop, in Sept.1966,just ten years after I was put in. During the last three or four years I had had a lot of stomach problems, and had to take medicine to keep from having so much pain in

my stomach and digestive system. During my term as bishop, I had served as bishop over all of Groveland and, at one time, had over 750 members in our ward. In about 1961, the ward was divided and two wards were formed. One of my counselors, Kenneth Whyte, became bishop over Groveland Second Ward. I remained the bishop of the Groveland Ward. We still had about 400 people in our ward, so we were still busy, going out nearly every night. One year I conducted and spoke at eleven funerals. One period was especially trying. A young girl died and her family had an awful time accepting the situation. The funeral was a very difficult one. One of my counselors, Fred Manwaring, drove me home afterwards. We were sitting in his car in my yard, just relaxing for a moment, when a car came whizzing into the yard, and Gwen Hansen got out and ran over to our car exclaiming, Larry Shoemaker just dropped dead out in the field where he was irrigating. So we got back in the car and drove up to Shoemakers. Larry was not a member of the Church and the only member was his mother who was inactive.

Nonetheless, we walked to the house and were invited in. His sister had been coming to church. We offered our condolences and offered to conduct the services. The mother gladly accepted and so we made plans and conducted another funeral. I was asked to speak and this presented some problems. The Shoemaker family had lived in the ward for years and were somewhat "Anti Mormon." This meant that I had to be very careful as to what I said.

I prayed about it several times and felt inspired as to what I should say. I think my talk was accepted very well. A relative son-in-law came up afterwards and said that I had been inspired. I was grateful. One thing that came up afterwards, Sister Shoemaker told me she wanted to pay me for conduction the funeral. I told her that we, in the Church, were never paid for such things. She wanted to make a contribution, so I told her she could do that to the Church. She gave us a check for \$400 and we used that to buy land east of the Church from the Barrus Estate. That land was used to build a shelter and later, a ball field next to the Church .

To build the fireplace and chimney in the shelter, we took the Aaronic Priesthood boys on or near May 15 when we commemorated the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, to Thomas where the ward members were tearing down an old Lava Rock sided church building. We had been given permission to take all the lava rock we wanted, so we did. We got enough for the fireplace and chimney and they are still in use.

Of course we had a few problems. One year we lost eleven head of cows for various reasons, when we had only about 70 head in our herd. It just seemed to be one thing after another. I don't know how any of it could have been prevented.

One year, I made individual stalls in the loafing shed, using poles and other material to build with. Of course, I had to pour a lot of cement. I also had to scrape the runways in the shed every day, but it did take a lot of less straw for bedding and the cows were cleaner. Later, as I increased the size of my herd, I built about 12 extra stalls outside, and, even then, had to bed the cows in a straw pile. Soon I had another problem. We had several wet winters, where it would snow, then warm up and then rain. The only place I had to scrape the manure was down off of a hill. Soon I had deep ruts in the side of the hill from going up and down.

I tried raising corn for silage, but never had a year where the corn matured enough to be good feed. I built a silage bunker next to the hill where the barn was. I had to pour a cement floor and built frame sides for the bunker. When time came to harvest the corn, I worked with a friend, Lawrence Mickelson, who had a corn chopper. We worked together to harvest the corn, doing his first and then mine. We would haul the corn in a truck or wagon and have to drive it over the pile of chopped corn. Then the corn had to be packed, so one of us would drive back and forth with a tractor to pack it. One time, my truck tipped on its side when I raised the hoist to unload it. We managed to pull it out with a tractor and a chain. Since there were walls on the bunker, the truck only tipped partly on it side. But, it did bend the truck frame a little so that the bed came up unevenly after that. We had an early frost the last year we raised corn, starting the first week in September and freezing a little harder every night. We had to add water while putting the corn in the bunker because most of the leaves had been frozen. It worked, but mine was never as good as it should have been.

I fixed a hot wire on the edge of the pile of corn and let the cows eat from the pile. Occasionally, I would have to use a fork and slide down so the cows could reach it. The cows liked the silage, but, without the mature corn in the feed, the cows didn't give as much milk as I had hoped to get. I should have fed the cows some protein supplement and the cows would have given more milk, but, it was a learning experience for me.

Before I quit teaching school, Jay was working with me. We had purchased Wilford Elison's

cows and were selling milk to him. We moved our cows in with his and milked them there because I was having my barn remodeled. Randall Herbst was doing the work. I wanted the cows to be above the pit where they would stand to milk them. My knees were sore and giving me problems from bending over all the time to put the milkers on the cows and take them off. This way, standing in a pit, I would have to bend over a little, but not too much.

I had a granary in one end of the barn and a tube installed under the floor to a grain bin in one end of the pit. I still had to take a scoop and put the grain in the grain boxes, but it saved a lot of walking. I had a grain auger running through the tube so it would bring the chopped grain into the bin in the pit. As soon as Randall finished the barn, we moved all of the cows out home. Wilford fixed up a small room in the barn to use to bottle milk and would come out every day to do that.

Jay lived on the Lambert place in an old house there and drove back and forth to help on the farm. We worked together for three or four years and then split up, with me buying the cows, etc.

After we split up, the girls helped me with the chores and with the work on the farm. Earlier, when Jay went on his mission, I had Lee to help me. Then he left on a mission and I had only the girls to help me. But, they were such good help. They helped haul hay, straw, and then, in the winter, helped with the chores. I couldn't have done it without them. They could handle the hay bales as well as the boys.

For a few years, I tried raising potatoes. Sometimes it worked out all right. The last year I raised them it was a disaster. We had no frost to ripen the potatoes. We had to dig them during harvest vacation, for we had no other time. The skins were still too green, but we harvested them anyway. We put them in a cellar on the Lambert place, planning to sell them as soon as we could. Another grower, filled in the front of the cellar, so we were blocked and couldn't sell them when we wanted to. He promised to sell them as soon as he could. He didn't, not until January. By then, no one wanted them. Later, I had a buyer, but, when we went to look at the potatoes, roof had caved in and the potatoes were frozen. I sold them for 15cents a hundred for cow feed.

I was mistaken, this was not the last year. I tried one more year while I was teaching school. That year we had an early frost, a really hard one. I hired Durward Mangum to harvest them and put them in a cellar. It was another mistake. The potatoes were frozen so I couldn't sell them. During Thanksgiving vacation, I took the kids to sort the potatoes to see if I could save part of them. All it did was ruin the kids' vacation. The potatoes looked all right, but were still frozen. In the spring we hauled them out and fed them to the cows. I would load them in a manure spreader at night after school, and then Margaret would come to the cellar in the daytime and take tractor and spreader and spread the potatoes on the ground in a pasture. The cows would come running when they heard the tractor coming.

One more thing, I bought a piece of ground from Alvin Bergeson which lay between the canal and the Mangum forty acres. I found it was hard to irrigate. Finally, I divided it up and sold it in lots for housing.

Soon I was milking about 80 cows. My corrals were too full and my milk tank wouldn't hold all the milk, even with the hauler coming every day. Even before that, I had been looking for a larger place. Once I thought I was going to buy the Tsugi Nakamura place north of Lovell's. We had agreed on a price, but he wanted me to also buy 320 acres out in a place called Morgan's pasture, about 15 miles north and out in a tillable spot in the lavas. I didn't want that place. Now I realize that I should have bought it, for I could have rented it out and later sold it. Then Lovell and I could form a partnership and bought the heavy equipment like grain combines and big balers together and saved a lot of money.

Margaret and I drove all over southern Idaho looking at farms, in Carey, Richfield, Shoshone, Twin Falls and even the Boise area. I could have bought a place I liked in Carey, but Margaret didn't like the area.

One day Lovell invited me to go with him to look at some land in Howe. I had always said there was no way I would move to Howe, but I went anyway. One of Lovell's friends who worked with Lovell out at the Atomic Energy Site, Duane Nef, met us in Howe and took us around. He showed us one big farm that took my eye. Lovell said he was not interested in buying it nor in going partnership with me. Still I liked the place. It belonged to Clark Harshbarger, who was only farming part of it and just letting the rest of it go.

I took Margaret and made several trips out there. She hated the house, etc. If we bought it, we would have to remodel the house and build barns and corrals. Still I could see it was a good place, although I didn't have the machinery I would need to farm it. Clark was asking \$185,000 for it. I drove out many times to look at it for the next year or two. Finally I made Clark an offer and he said he would take it.

## Rulon Jones Callister Life History

Then we didn't get the job done, put it in writing. So a year went by. I still wanted the place and even talked to Federal Land Bank about a loan. They were hesitant. The next winter was a bad one, lot s of rain and mud. I would drive to Howe, little snow and no mud. One March day I drove to Howe. It was storming in Blackfoot, but not in Howe. There was only a little snow in the borrow pits. I drove to Moore in the Big Lost River Valley. In Arco there was about a foot of snow on the ground. At Moore, about two feet or more and the roads were partly blocked because of drifts. Howe never looked better, especially for a dairy site.

I went back to talk to Clark. He wanted more money this time. Finally, we reached an agreement, where he would take 40 acres of my place in Groveland as a down payment and then I would finance the rest.

Then one night I got a phone call from Duane Nef. He was the problem, for he wanted in on the deal and had been talking to Clark. Duane wanted to buy part of the place. Clark and I had shaken hands but never put anything in writing so the deal fell through, thanks to Duane. He never got the place either. Later, after I had moved to Howe, Clark sold it to a friend from Rexburg, J Wendell Stucki, who taught Ag at Ricks College. Wendell didn't buy all of it, but the choice 480 acres that I wanted badly. Clark let him have it for \$5,000 down and that was a big mistake for Clark.

I had met Don Isham, who lived in Howe when Blair Archibald who managed Federal Land Bank in Blackfoot, took me out to Howe. Don told me his uncle had a 400-acre place in Howe that he wanted to sell. We went to Howe to look at it. I wasn't very impressed. The price was \$85,000. That night, after I was home, I kept thinking about the place. While it was not in one big piece, it was connected pretty well. If I had known then, what I know now, about water rights in Howe, I would have backed away from it. I had told Margaret that I wasn't interested. Then, that night, Roy called me, one of the owners, and asked if I were interested. I started to say "No" when something told me to say "Yes." I did and Margaret almost fell out of her chair.

We talked at length and then I said I would want to look it over again. We went to Howe again. There was just a small, frame house on the property, two old log buildings and one 2,000-bushel grainary. There was one irrigation well with a lift pump on the northern end of the property. The farm consisted of one 160 acres up north, then an 80 acres to one side and just below that but connected together and then another 160 acres south of the 80 acres that had the house on it.

We agreed that he would take the Mangum 40 acres as a down payment and I agreed to finance the rest of the purchase price. I gave him \$1,000 as Earnest money, after we had drawn up and signed an agreement. Before this I had had Roy give me a list of what he had produced on the farm the previous year, 750 tons of hay and 3500 bushels of barley.

I had talked with Federal Land Bank and arranged for financing, but they would only loan me part of what I needed. So I went to the Farmers Home Administration, I think that is the right name. We just called it the FHA. The manager knew the area and agreed to loan the balance of what was needed. I needed money to pay off Roy, money for a new home, a new milk barn and a new irrigation well. He agreed to all this and told me to go ahead with the deal. Later, I learned that getting money from FHA is not that easy, even after the papers are signed. It took a long time for the money to come through.

I agreed to sell the Home forty acres to Jay and Marjean and to let them buy the milk tank and a tractor that I had. I made arrangements to buy a 45 horse, 630 John Deere tractor from the John Deere dealer. I tried to buy one of Clem Peter's tractors, but he was hesitant. After I had bought the one from the dealer, Clem said he would sell me one of his. He had two of them, but it was too late.

After a lot of hassle, we made all the arrangements and then had to wait for the money to come through. It did, enough to pay off Roy Hoffman. We would have to do the rest of it later. We made arrangements with Jay Stewart who lived in Lost River, to build us a new, brick home, starting in August. I decided that, having built two dairy barns before, we would build the barn ourselves. I also arranged with Jay to care for the cows until we could get the new barn built. I also made arrangements to have a new well drilled for irrigation, for the money had been promised for that.

On April 2, we moved to Howe, using our car, our pick up, our truck and a U-Haul trailer from Blackfoot. Orson and Lovell and their wives helped us. We had more "stuff" than we could put in the house so we put some in a building called the "Bunkhouse." This was the spring of 1972. I am not sure it was April 2, but I think it was.

We didn't have a phone and learned we would have to pay \$200 to have one put in. We ordered one and had to wait for a few weeks to have it installed. Meantime, I was busy trying to get the grain planted. I don't know what I would have done without the help of Owen Romrell, a next-door neighbor.

He hired his grain drill and some other equipment. I did pay him for the use of it. I had two tractors, the John Deere 630 and a small, 35 horse, tractor that I used to load manure. I bought a ditcher because I had miles of ditches to clean. I had a plow, a land leveler, a harrow, a hay windrower, and a few other pieces of equipment. I would need a lot more. When I unloaded my equipment, Roy Hoffman laughed at me. I also had a hay loader that would pick up bales of hay and load them on a truck. I had a 1956 GMC truck with a grain bed and a hay-hauling bed that would set a load of bales on the ground.

I was surprised to learn that the farmers out here used little commercial fertilizer for they said it poisoned the ground. I soon learned that the hay was deficient in phosphate. Actually, it was during the first winter when I had so much trouble with the cows. The calcium phosphate rating on my hay was 8 parts of calcium to one part of phosphate, which meant that I only had about one-fourth the phosphate that I needed in my hay. That first winter I had all kinds of sickness that I had never had before in my cows. I would dry up my cow in the usual manner, but many of them would become thin and freshen in that condition or even slip the calf. I tried about everything I could think of in the way of fried molasses, protein supplements, etc. Nothing worked as it should until after one year. It may have been partly for the cows to get used to the climate and the feed here. Yet, if the hay is taken from here to Blackfoot, the cows do well on it.

The first summer here, Anne and Wayne and Grace and Gary, daughters and their husbands, came to help build the barn, etc. Wayne and Gary took over the construction. We ordered the blocks and the other materials, bought a cement mixer, welders, and brought in sand and gravel and began. We were doing well when Gary broke his wrist while riding a horse. He was riding along and went to turn a horse one direction and it went the other.

I thought Grace and Gary would go back to California, but he put his cast in sling and went to work. He would put one handle of the wheelbarrow in the sling and roll it along full of the mixture used to put between the cinder blocks. We had ordered the spans for the roof and had them on hand. They did well and did a good job laying the blocks.

Meantime I was busy most of the time irrigating, cutting and putting up the hay. I had ordered some ready stalls through the Bingham Co-op in Blackfoot and Clohecy Reynolds, their dairyman. When we were about ready for them, I called and was told that I couldn't get them for a while. We were pushed for time, because I had to have the barn ready before school started in the fall. Jay was milking them over in Blackfoot and was going to teach in the fall. Finally, I ordered pipe and materials and started to make our own stalls. This became a problem. After we were started, Clohecy called and said we could still get the stalls, but it was too late.

Finally we had the building and holding corral all finished and needed to install the stalls. We put the pipe frames in place and poured the cement. Then we ran into another problem. Anne was expecting a baby any day now, and Wayne said he had to take her to their home in Orem, Utah. The stalls had been built but had to be welded in place. With Wayne and Gary gone, I was in a bad way. Finally, some of Jays friends from Blackfoot, came out and did some welding, Kenneth Johnson and Don Cottrell. Still I needed a good welder.

One Sunday in Priesthood meeting, I told the brethren of my problem. The next morning Russell Mays and his son, Brian, showed up as did Gene Smith and his sons. Russell welded the stalls in place while Gene and his boys built some corrals with barbed wire and poles. That night we were almost ready. Clohecy still had to come out and install the milking machine and a grain system for the barn, which would put the grain in the grain boxes in the stalls. He managed to get it all done but the grain system which wasn't all here. But, I had purchased a Gehl grain chopper so I could have the grain ready. I would have to use some barrels and carry in the grain and then scoop into the grain boxes.

It was time for school to start so we had to move the cows. We lined up a big semi and a cattle truck to haul out the cows. I didn't have a loading chute, so I asked my neighbor, Ned Gneiting, if I could drive my cows across the road and load them in his chute. So we did. It took nearly all day, but did get the cows moved in time to start milking.

We had a three-ring circus around there. The cows were new to the corral and barn. We would run some of them into the holding pen by the barn, but they didn't want to come into the barn. I had a little dog that helped me. She would get behind them and bite their heels until they would go in. My neighbor, Owen Romrell came to help, but he hadn't been around dairy cows very much. It took us about three hours to milk about 67 cows. It was better in the morning and from then on.

After about a week, Clohecy installed the grain system and everything worked better. I had another problem. I ordered all my equipment from the Co-op, milkers, milk tank, grain system, etc. A

Surge salesman from Idaho Falls kept coming around try to sell me Surge equipment. He became quite angry with me when I refused. His equipment was two or three thousand dollars higher than that from Co-op. One Morning I couldn't get the grain system to work and called Clohecy. He came out and opened the bottom of the grain bin by the barn. There he found some piece of chain, etc., which someone had to have put in the top of the bin by hand. He cleaned it out and the system worked fine. It happened once more. Someone had to have placed the metals in the bin for it was completely empty when we started using it and the only way the chains, etc., could have got into the bin was from the top. I've always felt that the Surge man had something to do with it, but have no proof.

I wanted to mention that through that summer, I had time to do things I had never had before. No cows to milk, just irrigate and care for the farm, along with working on the barn. We even started a softball team in the branch and had a good team. People asked us where we found that many kids when we beat the sagebrush. Actually, we did have two or three non-member boys playing on our team. We had one of the best teams in the league that year.

I made an agreement with a neighbor, Don Owen, to come and combine my grain and he did. We filled the 2,000-bushel grain bin. Before the winter was over, I had to buy grain and fill it again.

Seth left for school at Ricks College, so I had no one to help me with the cows. Don, now 14, fed the calves. Margaret came out to help me milk and did until Seth came home at Christmas.

We had another problem, we didn't have a ceiling in the milk parlor, and, with winter coming on, it was cold in there. One Saturday, Margaret's brother, Charles came out to help with the ceiling, and then another brother, Merrell showed up. In two Saturdays, they put plywood in the ceiling and then, later, we had insulation blown in up there. It made a big difference.

I had to laugh at Charles. When he first came, he said, "Sis I think you and Rulon must have lost your marbles or something, coming clear out there." After looking around for a while, at noon, he asked if there were any more farms for sale out there. After finishing with the ceiling, he never came out again for a long time. We think, Gen, Charles's wife, put her foot down.

I still had a major problem, only barb wire for fences around the corrals--no sheds or windbreaks. I worked all winter nailing up slabs and boards for windbreaks, even when it was below zero. We would milk the cows, and I would feed them while Margaret fixed breakfast. I would rest until 10 a.m. and then go out and work on the windbreaks until noon. Then I would feed the cows and eat dinner and then rest until 2 p.m. when I would go out to nail up fence material again. Slowly, I did make some progress.

I had already built another corral for the dry stuff and one for the young stock and I had to build windbreaks around them too. As soon as I could, I built another corral for milk cows. We were milking about 80 head and our holding corral would only hold 55. We had space so I kept building.

We had had nice weather until the first week in December. Margaret and I went to Groveland for a farewell for Orson and Edna who were leaving on a mission to Canada. While there, it started to snow. By the time we reached home we had about six inches of new snow. The sky cleared in the morning and we went to Moore in the truck to get boards and slabs for the corral fences. It seemed awfully cold. That night the temperature dropped to 40 degrees below zero.

When we got up in the morning, we had no water. Our controls for our water system were under the bunkhouse, in the cellar. I had to get a space heater to thaw the ice in the lines. The water pipes in the milk room were frozen, so I had to do the same thing. Finally, we milked the cows. We had no heat in the milk parlor so the water lines in there were frozen. They stayed frozen until spring.

The temperature never came up for two weeks, way, way below zero at night, and around zero in the daytime. We had metal pipes for handles to open and close the stalls in the parlor. Margaret cut off the toes in some socks and placed the rest of the socks on the handles, so we wouldn't freeze our hands. We carried bucket of hot water from the milk room to wash the cows so our hands were wet most of the time.

I did buy an electric heater to put in the milk room and one for the parlor, but we had to open and close the barn doors all the time to bring in and send out cows, so that the heater never helped very much. It finally warmed up for a while, but we had about three severe cold spells that winter.

I had another new experience. When we moved out to Howe, we had 13 springing heifers to calve. When in the stalls we had, I had little protection while trying to milk the cows, if they tried to kick I purchased a yoke to go over the cows back which was supposed to keep them from kicking hard enough to reach me. One new heifer kicked the yoke off some way and then kicked me in stomach. I just dropped to the floor, knocked out. Margaret got in the car and drove to a neighbor, Norman Allen, to ask for help. Meanwhile, I came to and found myself lying on the floor. That is the only time in my life I have ever been knocked out. I arose and went on milking the cows. When Margaret and Norman came, I was all right.

After a few months, I was called as the branch president. Both Margaret and I felt that the Lord had called us here to help in the branch. One time, although I was just a branch member, I organized the Home Teaching program and got it going. Both of us had taken teaching beats in the Clyde area because no one else wanted to do it. The leadership had never been trained to serve in their positions. When we moved out here, the members would say, "We are just a small branch and we don't have to do things as they do in the wards." They only went to a few stake meetings. When Margaret asked why she did not have Relief Society teachers, she was told that the sisters only visited the in-active members.

I organized the branch as it should be organized. The former branch president told me that I was just a meeting man and that all the meetings weren't necessary. In time, people began to come around. I still had a problem holding meetings with the priesthood leaders to have them report on Home Teaching. We did attend all of our stake meetings. I think sometimes our attendance was the best in the stake.

We started a program to raise cattle for a money-raising project and it worked well for a while. The church adopted a program, a building program, where such projects were lined up in the to be done. Each unit in the stake was to pay a building budget to the stake program. We paid the first two. Later, the stake president said that the second year, we were the only unit to pay the budget.

I made some mistakes. One of them was when I arranged for the priests to go to Sawmill Canyon to get wood for an older couple who were having problems. We were to meet at the Ranger station, so I took my truck and two advisers and went up. No one showed up, so, instead of waiting longer, we started to get some wood. We had seen the other truck head out ahead of us, so we didn't know where it was. We cut wood for about three hours and then headed home. We never saw the boys in the other truck.

The next Sunday many of the parents were angry with me. The boys had stopped to try to get the Robison boys to go and were late. They never found us. So it didn't turn out very well.

About this time, nearly every month I would get a letter from the Presiding Bishops Office listing the couples in the ward who should serve missions. Our name was always on the top of the list. So we decided we had better do something about it. I went to the stake president and told him we would like to go on a mission. He said, "Oh, no!" Then I asked him if he thought we should go. He thought a minute and then said that if we could afford to go, we should. I told him we could.

Margaret always said I called us on our mission. I guess, in a sense, I did. I filled out the papers with her help, and we sent them in. About two months later, two letters came, one for each of us. We were called to serve a mission in Munich, Germany. I had had some German in college, but this was 1982 and I took the classes in 1938-9, fifty years ago. We were excited anyway and made plans to go.

I used to go Home Teaching at Bill Robison's. He was not active, but once in a while he would come. His wife and kids came most of the time. We became good friends. Later, he became my companion. We had a beat in the Clyde area, up the river about 30 miles. At first, he would often have his wife call and say he couldn't make it so I would take my wife. As time passed, he became more dependable. Often we would sit and talk after making our visits. When I was released, he was called as the new branch president. I forgot to mention that Owen Romrell and Bill had been my counselors in the presidency. So he had been trained.

We were to report at the Mission Home in February. So I turned things over to the kids and prepared to leave. I made another mistake. Since Don had taken Ag courses at Ricks, I left him in charge of the books, etc. I was wrong. Gary and Seth resented it. I had placed Gary in charge of the machinery and Seth in charge of the cows and livestock. I had made arrangements with PCA for financing, operational financing. I ran into one problem, I received a letter from FHA saying I needed to refinance and pay off my loan with them. I called the manager and told him I was leaving in a week. He said it needed to be done. So I called the Federal Land Bank manager and asked him about it; No problem. Now I know I should have just told FHA that I would when I came home.

The boys and Federal Land Bank worked it out, but it really cost me. Instead of just loaning me the money to pay off FHA, the manager re-amortized loan, making a new loan and loaning \$40,000 more than was necessary. The boys used that to buy machinery etc. So when I got home, instead of owing 240,000 dollars on the place, I owed \$280,000. Wow! We are still paying on the loan. We now have it below \$100,000 but think if all the thousands of dollars we have paid in interest.

I sold our car to Seth for \$700. We had \$10,000 in savings, so didn't anticipate any problems. I should have known better. While we were gone, the boys hired someone to help with the cows. Then, Seth had always thought that I was a "Workaholic" and worked harder than I needed to. Anyway, he started selling cows. When we left, we were milking about 130 cows daily. We had between 30 and 40 less when I came home. In the meantime, the government had started a program to pay dairymen if they would cut

production and produce less milk. The boys had signed up on the program. When we returned, the boys were feeding milk to pigs because they were producing too much milk to qualify on the program. Also, they had been in financial trouble and used part of our savings. It had cost us \$1,000 a month while we were in Germany, but that was the same amount I had drawn before we left. It took us a few months to get things straightened out and our cow numbers up again.

In the mission home, we were assigned to a group of senior missionaries. We lived and ate with them, but we used English all the time. The junior missionaries were grouped according to the language they used. So while the younger missionaries were to speak only the foreign language they were studying, we were still speaking English. As a result, the younger missionaries were learning the language faster than we were. It wasn't a good system.

We were there studying, two months and then left for Germany. Our plane was all loaded, but there was a strong wind blowing so we had to wait for two hours before we could take off. So that made us two hours late in reaching Chicago so we just had time to run like mad for nearly a mile to catch our next plane to Amsterdam. When we reached there, we had to lay over for eight hours before we could leave for Munich. We had some very uncomfortable wooden benches to sit on.

Margaret was a better missionary than I was. She started talking to a black man from Ghana about the Gospel and talked to him for about three hours. He was returning home. She got his home address and gave him some literature. Later she turned in his name to the mission department.

There were armed guards, carrying rifles near us. When we walked around a bit, we had to go through the metal testing chute when we returned. One of the missionaries had suspenders with metal clips on them. When he went through, you know what happened. The buzzer sounded and one of the guards seized him and through him against the wall. They did get it straightened out.

When we landed in Munich, we changed part of our money to German Marks. Then we were taken to the mission home for the night and for briefing. When we went to our bedroom, we wondered where the bedding was. All there was was a roll of something on top of some sheets and some pillows. Come to find out that roll of something was a down quilt. That was our covering. It was warm and in the morning, one just rolled it up to make the bed.

In the morning the young elders took us down to the city office where we had to register. This was a requirement in Germany. Whenever you move, you register. The next day when we left, we had to register that we were "checking out," and say where we were going. This means that one can go to the city office building and inquire about someone, and you can be told the address immediately. The Germans keep careful check on people. We went to Augsburg and had to register there the next day/

We moved into a "missionary" apartment. That evening some sister missionaries came to call and also a German sister missionary who spoke English and who helped us all the time we were in Augsburg. Our German was not good, so we needed help. Most days, either the American sisters were with us or the German sister. Sometimes we had two German sisters.

We attended the German ward we were assigned to and made welcome. The only problem was, everything was in German. I understood part of it, but, because of my hearing problem, I missed most of it.

We were told we were to work with the inactive members. We talked to the bishop about it, and he spoke English. He seemed in no hurry to put us to work. I talked to the mission president and he said to tell the bishop that either he gave us the names of people to work with or we would be transferred. The bishop did, 96 names of inactive people and their addresses, as far as known. What we were not told, was that these people had had no contact with the church for sometime, even a long time. We found that many of the addresses were wrong and no one knew the new address.

We spent the next four months trying to find them. Usually one German sister, or two American sisters would go with us. A Volkswagen coach was delivered to us. The mission president had taken some of the cars away from the elders because they were having so many accidents. Now we had transportation, but didn't know where to go. We bought a map of the city and Margaret mounted it on a piece of cardboard and covered it with plastic. At night I would take a list of names, choose some in a certain area, make a list of them and then plot the next day's route. We learned to find our way around the city. It was not a small city, probably between 150,000 and 200,000. Besides trying to find people, we held "Austellings" or exhibits in town centers. Trouble was, I still had trouble communicating. I think that, had we been turned loose at first, we would have done better.

Anyway we found all but five or ten of the 96 people in the next four months. We did get a few of them out to church. We found at least 20 that were still interested in the Church and then we were transferred. Later we learned that there was no follow up on our work, so I don't know what happened. It

is sad. One elderly sister was in a hospital. She was surprised to learn who we were and why we were there. She said she thought the members had just forgot about her.

The car was taken away from us because a church representative came to visit and told the mission president that those cars were for the elders and that the senior missionaries should buy their own. So we did. We bought a four-door Renault, a small one with a sunroof that leaked whenever it rained and it rained a lot in Germany. It had 100,000 kilometers on the speedometer so I complained. The salesman was in the bishopric of the German ward. He replied that that would only be 60,000 miles and that it should last until we returned to America. It did.

It was a good, little car and gave us little trouble. On the highway, I could get from 35 to 37 miles per gallon. Small cars were quite popular. In our money, gas in Germany was \$2 a gallon, mostly because of government taxes, which amounted to 52% of the price of gasoline. When we were in Augsburg, it was impossible to buy gasoline or anything else from Sat. at noon until Monday morning. Shops shut down for Sunday, not many went to church. I watched the people come out of Catholic churches and only the older people were there and only a very few younger people. One of them said, "I don't know what is going to become of the church when we die, for the younger people aren't interested."

I took the car to have it greased and the oil changed. I looked up the German words so I could tell the workers what I wanted done. When I said I wanted it greased, I was told, "Nicht notwendig" meaning not necessary. I was surprised to learn that German cars do not need to be greased, at least not very often.

The highways and roads in Germany are very good, except for one problem. Even on the Autobahn, which is our freeway, there is no room on the outside of the road to park, if one's car breaks down. That means that if one does break down, that lane is blocked off and traffics soon backs up for 10 to 15 miles. To counter this, there is a telephone every four or five miles where one can call for help and a mechanic soon shows up to help. We joined a car club just to be able to get such help.

We drove to a little town called Hof to see some missionaries there and stayed there for a couple of days. I had never been in that area, but, when I reached the edge of town, I stopped at a service station and bought a map of the city and was able to drive right to their apartment. The elder had left his wife home and driven to the edge of town to meet me and show me the way. He showed up later. We had a good visit and they took us to see the fence on the border of Czechoslovakia. When we reached there we saw a fence about 10 or 12 feet high. On the Communist side, all vegetation had been cleared off for about 200 yards and there were blockhouses and guards about every two miles. I wanted to drive to the next town, which was split by the border. My friend said he would not go there, even if I did. He had been in the Russian prisoner of war camp for five years and didn't even want to get close to the Communists.

I want to digress back to Groveland for a short time.

When we were raising money to build a new chapel there, we had bazaars and other things to raise money. The farmers would donate animals to be sold at the livestock auction in Blackfoot. The sister would make all kinds of quilts, pillowcases, cakes pies and everything to be sold at the bazaars. We would have a big dinner, at a price of course, before the auction. The hall would be full. Then we would start the auction. I became the chief auctioneer and did so for years. I had had no experience but soon learned how to do it. It was fun.

At that time the local unit had to raise 50% of the cost of a chapel. Over a period of years, we raised our half, about 65,000 dollars. Then when we started building the chapel on land donated by the first bishop, Adam Yancey, we found that the furnishings would cost another \$30,000 and we would have to raise half of that. We were holding a building committee meeting when we were told this. We just sat there dumbfounded. We felt we had done about all we could do. Then a former bishop, Michael Johnson, Jr., stood up and began to talk about what a blessing the new building would be for the people. Then he said that he and his son, Homer, would give another \$1,000. He said they didn't have the money but would have to borrow it. That did it. All of us felt that we could dig deeper and come up with what was needed, and we did. Looking back, I realize that those were happy days because the people worked so closely together and were so united. And we never missed the money we donated!

Margaret served as a greeter at the door for Sunday School. The bishopric were in meeting, so she would greet everyone and then let me know if there were new people there. She said it was the best job she ever had in the church. She did so many things for people. We had a widow, Mrs. Burton who lived across the street from us, whom she always remembered. When she baked bread, she always sent a loaf over for Mrs. Burtons. If she made pies, one for Mrs. Burton, and so on. She was always invited over for Thanksgiving if she were home. At Christmas she was always remembered. The kids never opened their gifts until Mrs. Burton was there. She was always invited to ride with Margaret to Relief Society meeting

and Margaret would always pick up some other older women on the way.

She always took milk over to my folks and invited them up on Christmas morning. She sent bread, cookies, and cakes to them. After my mother dies at age 83, Dad was always invited up for Sunday dinner or any other special occasion as well as at other times. She was loved by all. She gave so many readings, some original and was always in demand, both in the ward and stake, especially at the Old Folks Parties as they used to call them.

When we were raising money for the new chapel in Howe, we had the same results. The people would come out to support the project. Again a feeling of love and unity prevailed. We had seen it before so we knew what to do. I was not the auctioneer, we had Bob Waddoups do that. He always donated his services, even though he did that professionally.

Back to Germany. While there the mission president said we could go with the ward members to the temple in Bern, Switzerland. Actually is out of Bern at a small place called Zollikofen, just a few miles from Bern. We took a German couple with us who didn't speak English but we managed to communicate all right. When we arrived at the temple, we found we could stay in a building made just for visitors. It only cost us about \$25 for five days and four nights. We had room about six feet wide and twelve feet long, containing four bunks and a water basin. No closets, we hung our clothes on a clothes rack, on hangers. We had to cross the Boden Sea to get there and did on a ferry. We just drove our car from the dock onto the ferry and drove off the same way. The sea lies between Germany, Switzerland and Austria and is the head of the Rhine River.

At the hostel, we had to prepare our own meals, but there was a kitchen downstairs with stove, a fridge, dishes and pans of every sort so we could store our food and cook it there. We ate the noon meal at the temple in the dining room. There was just one ordinance room, we would go in for the first session, then break for a second session, which meant that from eight to noon we could do two sessions, then a break while we ate and then two more sessions from 1 p.m. until 5 p.m., no night sessions.

Many of the workers were Americans serving missions there some of them didn't speak German. They lived in living quarters on the temple grounds. The church owned about a square mile of land there, most of it in forest, so we could walk there in the evenings. Stores were nearby where we could buy supplies.

The first day I walked in, a young man came running over saying, "President Callister." He soon realized he had made a mistake, but he had been a missionary in England when my brother, Eldon, had been the mission president. I hadn't realized that I looked so much like Eldon until then. Later, the missionaries met Bro. Ezra Taft Benson at an airport and sang songs to welcome and greet him. He shook hands with all of us. When he came to me, he asked, "What are you doing here?" I told him. Later I learned that he had met Eldon in California and had talked to him more than once. No wonder he wondered what Eldon was doing there in Germany. I never let him know just who I was.

One day when Mother was standing outside the hostel, a young man walked up and said something to somebody. Margaret heard him and said, "You are an American," He said he was so she asked him where he was from. He said, "Idaho," "Where in Idaho?" He answered that he was from a little town that no one had ever heard of. She answered that Idaho was full of little towns, and again asked him the name of the town. He replied he was from Montevieu, a little community near Mud Lake, Idaho. Margaret held out her hand and said, "Meet someone from Howe, Idaho." Howe is about 25 miles from Montevieu.

After four months, we were sent to the Stuttgart area to teach Genealogy to the servicemen there. We had never taught Genealogy, but the president said if could fill out a family group sheet and a pedigree sheet, we could teach Genealogy. Actually, while I was on the first High Council in Blackfoot I was in charge of the Genealogy work in the stake so I had had some experience.

We were sent to a little town to stay there until we could find an apartment in the Ludswigburg area, which is about 40 miles from Stuttgart. We stayed there for a couple of weeks and then moved to a little town called Tam, pronounced Tum. We had a nice apartment with a small, 6 by 12 kitchen, a bathroom, a small living room, about 12 by 15, and a small bedroom, about 10 by 12, but it was a nice apartment building. We had room downstairs for a shared laundry room.

I found my experience driving taxicab helped to find my way around for I was in an area I knew nothing about. Again we got a map and mounted it. Margaret would hold the map on her lap and refer to it as I drove. Of course, I studied the map before we went any place. But, the cab driving helped, especially as we had to drive all over the area to hold Genealogy classes. We had to go to the different army bases and make arrangements with the Education officer there to hold classes. We had to show what

material we would use and then we would get permission. It wasn't always easy. Often we would run into confusion when we would find the building and find a mix-up over who was to use it, but we worked it out.

The Church had just opened a new genealogical library in Stuttgart. The people there heard we were coming and, somehow, thought we were experts. They soon learned otherwise. We drove to Frankfurt to talk to some people who had been in charge such classes there and procured copies of their material, which we then made copies of.

We learned a lot and we did work at the library every Saturday afternoon, so we were able to help there too. We also did missionary work in area and had three baptisms while serving there.

We were only lost once, back in Augsburg, just after we had our first car the sisters wanted us to take them home. I protested, but foolishly consented. They lived on the other side of the city and I had only been there once. Of course, after we took them home, I started back and became lost. There were two subways under the railroad track and I took the wrong one. I ended up on a road out of town in the wrong direction. It was night and that made it worse. After stopping and looking at the map, I still didn't know where we were, because I had a hard time finding a street sign with a name on it. A man came walking along so I asked him for help. He couldn't understand English, so we tried German. He finally showed me on the map where he thought we were and told us to take a street and stay on it. We drove about a mile and came to an army base. I went to the main building that was lighted up and went in to ask for help.

I had to wait until an officer was available and then told him my problem. He showed me on the map where we were and how to get back home. It turned out that the German was right and I was on the right road, so we just drove on home, and were glad to be there.

Since we were now working with American servicemen, we attended the English-speaking services. Meetings were held at a stake center about 15 miles from where we lived. We were made welcome and I got some help from some of the officers in getting materials printed, etc. The ward was a large one with from four to five hundred attending the meetings. Some people would come and think the people weren't very friendly. Problem was, there was a constant turnover in personnel so that a lot of the people were new there too.

I want to tell you about the problem we had getting car insurance. We took an English speaking German member with us to the insurance office. She explained what we wanted. I understood that the agent said he didn't like to insure foreigners. She persisted, so we signed some papers and asked how much it was. We were told that we would be sent a bill. We got a letter three or four months afterwards demanding proof that we hadn't had an accident for ten years. So I wrote to Jay Anderson and asked him for help. He sent an affidavit saying that I hadn't had a car accident for ten years and I sent it to the company. I got another letter. I had to specify the actual months, days and years. Back to Jay Anderson, and he sent another letter giving the specific dates. Then I finally received a bill. I paid it. I'll never know if I was covered by insurance all those months I was driving around in Germany or not.

While we were there we received word that Eldon had passed away. To this day I'm not sure that the doctors ever found just what caused his trouble.

Finally, the day came for our departure, and we sold our car, even if we never got all of our money out of it. We paid \$1600 for it and sold it for \$800. Then we paid for a member to take five missionaries to Munich to the mission home. The next day we boarded a plane for home. We flew to London and changed planes there, after a two-hour layover. Then we flew to Chicago using the big circle route over Greenland. All we ever saw was ice and snow. After we landed in Chicago, we had to go through customs. I had prepared a form, listing all the clothes, etc. that we had bought in Germany. We had already mailed several packages home. Margaret was wearing a new watch I had bought for her in Germany and we had listed it on the sheet, as required. The agent looked at the watch and the sheet and said, "If you had not listed that watch, I would have dumped everything out of your suitcases and gone through all of it." Honesty is still the best policy.

We flew from Chicago to St. Louis and then headed home after a layover. Why from Chicago to St. Louis I will ever know. We landed Salt Lake in the evening. It was August so the days were long. Arba and Roy and Francella and some of her family met us there. Then we were loaded on a small plane for the flight to Idaho Falls. But, we never took off. After a short wait we were told that there were too many passengers for that plane so would have to be transferred to a larger plane. Our luggage had to be unloaded and placed on the other plane, before we could board the plane. Finally, we loaded and took off and landed in Idaho Falls about two hours late. We had a lot of family to greet us. I won't try to name them all for fear of missing somebody, but they were all there. It was great.

At last we loaded into cars for the final lap to Howe. We had been traveling for 26 hours without

sleep and we slept poorly the night before we left. We couldn't sleep on the plane, even though we were tired. We reached home about midnight. The kids had welcome home signs all over. We went to bed and I went to sleep. I woke up about 1:30, no Margaret. I found her in her bare feet out walking around on the front lawn.

"Look," she said. You can see the stars." The sky was full of beautiful stars. We hadn't been able to see the stars, other than dimly, in Germany because of pollution. Now we were really home.

While we were gone the kids had bought a new fridge for us. Now that was nice. We found "Welcome Home" signs all over the house. It was great.

Now it was time to go to work. Because of the government program to cut milk production, we had to do something with our surplus milk so the kids had bought wiener pigs and were feeding the extra milk to them. It was a losing battle because we didn't make much on the pigs. It was nice to be back working on the farm again. It was harvest time so we were harvesting the grain and, soon, the third crop hay.

In December we were asked to meet with the temple president and were called as ordinance workers and assigned to the Wednesday evening shift. Our prayer meeting was a 4:30 p.m. and then we worked until the last session was over, sometimes at 9:30 and sometimes much later. Sometimes it was 11:30 before we finished, which means it was from midnight to 1 a.m. when we got home. Too, the temple was using live casts, which means we had to memorize the different parts. It had been a long time since I had memorized parts, so I had to work hard to learn what I was assigned. Of course, having been on a mission helped, because we had to learn new things all the time there. We made lots of new friends and really enjoyed our work. After working the evening shift for a while, we were assigned the day shift, which mean prayer meeting at 10 a.m. and working until 6 p.m. Usually we would get home about 7:30 p.m. The new time gave me time to do a little farm shopping before 10 a.m.

I was assigned a position as instructor on our shift, which means I had to help the workers learn their parts and then pass them off when they were ready to take the different parts. It also meant that I had to learn all the parts and I did, after a period of time. Soon I was helping Steve Clark, the period supervisor, make out a chart to assign workers to their different roles. I had really enjoyed taking the different cast parts, but now I was unable to take them, because of my new assignment.

Next I was called as the period supervisor, meaning I had charge of the all the activities during our shift. I had to check the first thing in the morning to see if everyone was there and, if not, to make substitute assignments for the day. I had to make all of the assignments and was responsible for all but the sealings during our shift. I enjoyed the work and learned to make charts showing what everyone was doing during our shift. This was necessary for sometimes people would come and want to do initiatory work, etc., and I would have to find workers to help them.

After I was released as supervisor, I went back to taking parts. Then we had another change. The temple presidency asked if some of us could change to the morning shift of Wednesdays. We talked about it and decided to try it. We also decided to work Tuesday evenings, which meant we had to stay overnight in Idaho Falls. We found a place where we could rent a room for the night. We would work Tuesday evenings and then report at 4:30 Wed. morning for that shift. It was hectic but there were a few other couples doing the same thing.

One summer, the Cardston Temple in Canada was closed for repairs, so the temple presidency assigned us to work some Saturdays and then every Saturday for a while. That kept us busy and meant that I couldn't do very much work on the farm, but the boys took over and we survived and I think our crops were as good as usual.

I served in the branch in different positions, such as High Priest Group leader, etc. Margaret served as Relief Society president, activity chairman, and as a teacher in all the organizations. I did teach the Gospel Doctrine class too. We worked at the temple for nine years before we had to be released because of ill health. One time we were coming back from a temple workers' party in Pocatello in the evening. When I must have dozed for a minute because we went off the road and our car rolled several times and ended up, upside down with both of the front doors open. The only thing that kept us from being killed was our seat belts. In Germany we learned to always fasten our seat belts so we had continued to do this since coming home. We managed to get out of the car and, since our car lights were on, some people stopped and took us to the hospital in Arco for treatment.

We were both examined and X-rayed. Margaret had injured her right shoulder, her chest, and her neck. She had enough trouble with her neck before. It was so stiff that she could hardly turn her head from one side to the other. She continued to have these problems as long as she lived. I had banged my head

against the roof of the car so much that I had brain concussions. I never completely recovered from my head injuries. But we were both blessed. The doctors said we would recover. Margaret called Grace and the kids came in after us and took us home.

Our car was totaled. After looking at the way the roof was smashed in, I marveled that we had lived. So we had to get another car. After two weeks, we went back to work at the temple. We were assigned to work Friday evenings and continued that for a few months and then went back to Wednesday's day shift where we worked until we were released.

Working at the temple was the most enjoyable work we had ever done in the Church. I really enjoyed serving as a Bishop and as branch president and, of course, our missionary work. But, there is something special about serving in the House of the Lord that cannot be matched. It was during the last two years there that the live casts were done away with and were replaced by film. We missed taking the parts, for that was a real challenge. Too, I had been able to work with my wife while taking different parts. With the film, it was all changed.

In 1993, one day while we were working, my wife came to me and said I needed to take her home, because of the pain in her right leg and hip. She had had trouble with these for some time. I had taken her to Idaho Falls to a chiropractor for the last three or four years. He had told her she needed a hip replacement. I had had my right hip replaced with a plastic joint in 1987 and was getting along pretty well with it, most of the time. Sometimes I had a lot of pain, but other times it was all right. Anyway, I took her home and that was the last day we were able to work at the temple. The temple president called and asked if we would be able to return to work there, but Margaret had so much pain that I told him it would be better if we were released. So we were. No more spiritual experiences while serving in the temple. I have been back to do initiatory work several times, but not lately.

We were beginning to feel our age. I continued to work on the farm, doing what I could, such as driving the tractors, plowing, disking, windrowing hay, etc. I found that I had to be with Margaret as much as possible. She was having more trouble getting around and her memory was failing her, a little at a time. Both of us had to have cataracts removed from our eyes. But the worst of it all was Margaret started to lose her sight. We had taken her to an eye doctor in Rexburg one day, but just about two months later she had to go back. She couldn't even see the charts when using her right eye. The doctor said it was Macular Degeneration. I had never heard of the term before. We were told to see a specialist as fast as we could so we went to one in Murray, Utah, only to learn there was nothing that could be done. She had lost all but the side view in her right eye and it continued to get worse.

Such a helpless feeling, she could read some with her left eye, but the sight in that eye became worse. She was worried and kept asking, "What will I do, if I go blind?" Then I learned that her Grandma Cordon had had the same problem and could only see enough to move around. No TV, no reading books, etc. Also, then I learned that Margaret's mother had had the same problem. In other words, it was inherited, but Margaret seemed to be the only child in her family afflicted with the disease. Both her grandmother and her mother lived alone, after their husbands had died. Somehow, I had never been told. I knew that Grandma Cordon was nearly blind, but didn't know why.

Strangely enough we had visited Grandma the day before she died. She was in a nursing home, just placed there in the last two days and she was cussing her son, Glen, for placing her there. Her mind was all there, but she died the next day. And we had gone to the hospital in Rexburg to see Margaret's father one day, but had been told that he wouldn't know us. He had had Parkinson's Disease for years and it had been getting worse. When we walked into the room, he raised up and said, "Well, look who is here." He talked to us just as rationally as could be. He died the next day. Then, when Margaret's mother was in the hospital, Margaret went there to spend the night with her. Mother was as rational as could be when Margaret left that morning, but Mother died that day, strange.

One evening Margaret decided to take a walk. I was reading and just went on reading. It started to sprinkle so I got in the pick up and went after her. She was down by Romrell's and had just turned around to start pack. I pulled up by her and opened the door so she could get in. She started to climb in and then, why, I'll never know, she backed out, slammed the door, and started walking home. I turned the pick up around as fast as I could. Just as I reached her, she started to try to run because it was raining. She was tottering and suddenly slipped and fell face down on the oiled road. I picked her up, but she was bleeding from several places, such as, her chin, her nose, her cheeks and her forehead. I rushed home and took her in the bathroom to treat her. I couldn't stop the bleeding. I called Hope Pancheri, a close friend, and also the Relief Society president. She helped me stop the bleeding and then we took her in my car and rushed her to the hospital in Arco to the emergency room. The doctor was on duty and came to treat her at

once. He looked at her and then looked at me as is to ask, "What have you been doing to your wife?"

I told him what had happened and my wife told him the same thing. He had to take stitches in her forehead, her eyebrows, her nose, her lips and her chin. Then we took her home. David had showed up to see what was going on.

I didn't know it at the time, but she had suffered serious brain damage, which eventually caused her death. As time went on, her memory became worse, as did her balance. Her hip became more painful so we consulted the chiropractor again and he advised a hip replacement, so we called our daughter, Lois, in St. George, who had told us of a doctor there that she thought was very good at such operations. We had been unable to find one in our area that could perform such an operation within the next few months. Lois called back and said this doctor would see us the next week and could perform the operation at once. We left for St. George.

We stayed with Lois and her husband, Nick, who made us feel very welcome. They fixed up a room upstairs where we could stay. After examining Margaret, the doctor said he would operate that week and made an appointment at the hospital there in St. George.

Margaret was operated on and the operation was a success, but the doctor warned us that some of the hipbones were very thin where he had had to use them to hold the new joint in place. Margaret was in the hospital for at least 10 days and then we took her to the Lang residence. We had a hospital bed for her, a walker, etc.

A nurse came to care for her every day and then a therapist started coming. One day the therapist was assisting Margaret into the tub for a shower, when, somehow, something went wrong. When Margaret got out of the tub, she had a lot of pain in her hip. This was on a Saturday, and her doctor was out of town. Lois made an appointment with another doctor, who was a partner of the first doctor (I can't remember names). The doctor had an X-ray taken which showed that a small bone in her hip had been broken. I always blamed the therapist, but maybe I was wrong to do so. Anyway, Margaret never got over having a lot of pain in hip. The X-ray showed the hip operation was successful, however.

We had to stay in St. George until Margaret recovered so she could go home. We learned how to use the walker to help her up and down the front steps to take her to see the doctor. Both of us were anxious to start for home. The doctor kept putting us off. One Friday, while visiting the doctor, he said that it would be a few more days. Margaret insisted she could handle it all right. He made her walk around. She did, the first time she had been able to do so. He very, very reluctantly, gave us permission to leave. It was 4 p.m. but we left anyway and reached Orem about 7:30. Grace had lined up a motel room for us so we stayed there that night and left early the next morning for home.

I should mention that, while in St. George, Margaret started showing signs of brain problems. She would wake up and ask me who was taking care of the little kids. I told her there were no little kids in the house, but she insisted she had heard them. This got worse. One night I got her up and walked her through the house and showed her there were no little kids there. One night she was still upset so I had to get her up and take her out in the front room and either turn on the TV or play videotapes for her until she settled down.

I had hoped that when we reached home, she would be better, but she wasn't. She kept on about the little kids and I would have to show her there were no little kids in the house. The next night it would be the same thing. Her mind continued to deteriorate. Then she would ask me where her mother was or her father. I would tell her they had died years before and she would moan for them.

She started to fall quite often. Once she hurt her hip so I took her to Arco to see the doctor who said the broken bone had never healed. From then on her hip hurt her all the time. And she started to fall more often. Once she went to take some garbage to burn in the burn barrel. When she didn't return, I found her on the ground, unable to get up. She had fallen there. I told her not to try to take out the garbage. She also fell once when she went after the mail, so I told her I would get the mail from then on. She tried once more to take out the garbage and fell again. From then on, she started to fall while moving around in the house.

For the last year or so, I had had to quit working on the farm; and just take care of her. I had to do the cleaning, cooking and washing, because she just couldn't do it. Once in a while she would want to try to cook something, but she couldn't because she just couldn't remember how to do it.

I had rented the farm, livestock and equipment to Don and David so I could spend all of my time with my wife and I did just that. She couldn't see the TV screen very well, couldn't read so I would read to her. I would try to get her to help me with crossword puzzles. If I just tried to read to myself, she would become angry and, sometimes, head for bed at six o'clock. I had to help her go to the bathroom most of the

time because of her problem with her balance.

I feared that she would fall and really hurt herself. She did. One morning after I had fed her breakfast, I took a sack of powdered sugar that was sitting in the kitchen downstairs to put the sugar in a barrel in the storage room. I just put the lid on the barrel when I heard an exclamation behind me. I turned around just in time to see Margaret topple over backwards in the family room and fall backwards and hit her head on the floor, a cement floor.

She was unconscious. Just then Don's son Clint came downstairs so I had him go get Don. Don came and we knew we would have to rush her to a doctor. He called Kris to come with their van and we had some of our hired men help us carry Margaret upstairs and place her on a mattress in the back of the van. Then we headed for Arco.

Someone had called in and Doctor Haskell and some nurses were waiting at the door of the emergency room. After the doctor examined her, he said she was bleeding at the ears, a sign of brain damage and that she would have to be taken a hospital where she could have a Brain Scan. An ambulance was called and four people lined up to take her to Idaho Falls. That was a bumpy ride in a small ambulance being driven at full speed.

As soon as a doctor was found, she was examined and rushed to have a Brain Scan. After the doctor ad read the scan, he said she had suffered serious damage to her brain. During this time, Margaret had been conscious most of the time. She was placed in a special room that had a camera covering her constantly. At first a doctor said that he thought that after a week or two she could have therapy and, possibly go home in time. After two or three days she was placed in another room without the camera.

Seth had come over and invited me to stay at his place while Mot her was in the hospital. I did, just for a few hours every night. I spent the rest of the time in the hospital. I had to feed Margaret or have one of the nurses do it, so I did it. At first she was conscious most of the time. She had Brain Scans at least once a day. At first the doctors were quite optimistic, but later, said she would have to be placed in a nursing home for a month or two. Anne and Wayne and Grace and Gary came up to give us some encouragement. Anne stayed for a few days so we went to look at the nursing homes and decided which one we would use.

Margaret had liquid on her brain and, as time passed, it increased. Finally, one of the doctors told us how serious it was. If she ever recovered, her memory would get worse, she would fall more often and she would gradually get worse. Arba and Roy, Noal and Verna, Merrell and Jean, and Lou Jean came to see Margaret. She recognized them, which was the first time she had been conscious for a while.

One day, after a brain scan, a doctor came in and said the fluid in her brain was increasing. He said he could drain it with an operation. I asked him if she could ever get well enough so that I could take care of her. He shook his head. If he fluid were drained from her brain, it would just fill up again.

She developed pneumonia and her breathing became worse. She was being kept alive with only by the help of the equipment attached to her. She and I had made and filed "Living Wills," which gave the doctors the authority to cut off treatment when they were told to do so.

Lee had come and all of the boys were there. We talked and agreed to cut off the equipment and let her go. We prayed and asked the Lord to take her so she wouldn't have to suffer any more. Her breathing was becoming more and more labored. She became conscious again and talked briefly to us. Lee asked her if she wanted to go and she said she did. I kissed her and she kissed me one last time and she slipped into unconsciousness again for the last time. This was about 8 p.m. After while Don, Seth, and Lee went to Jay's for the night. I had been sleeping in her room for several days on a hospital cot. Jay stayed there also that night. I lay down for a while. Jay was watching TV. I dozed off for a while and Jay and came and woke me up and said, "We are losing her." I went to her and she was gasping for breath. Jay and I watched as the Spirit left her body. Then all was still. She wasn't there, only her body.

A call was made and the boys came over. We had already called Dean Packham to make arrangements for a funeral. He was called and said he would come and get the body. This was about 2 a.m. There was nothing more we could do so all of us went over to Seth's. He arranged beds for all of us. I had a very hard time going to sleep, but slept for a short time and then woke up as Jay made some phone calls.

I wanted to go home. Lee wanted to make some calls, so he did. About 11 a.m., Lee and I drove home. He thought it was silly, since we had to meet with Dean Packham at the mortuary at 2 p.m., I just wanted to go home. I fixed a lunch and then we drove to Blackfoot to meet with Dean. The boys and Marjean were there. We picked out a casket, made all the other arrangements and paid Dean. He wanted the money right now. I was disgusted with all the extra charges me listed, which before were included in

the funeral costs. Total cost, \$6,460. We left there and went to a floral shop to order flowers.

Margaret died Feb.3, 1999. We had a viewing Friday, Feb. 5 at the mortuary in Blackfoot. I wanted to have Bud Marvel in Arco take charge of everything. The kids thought we should have a viewing in Blackfoot and let Dean Packham take charge. They were right. We had been gone from Blackfoot for 27 years but over 300 people came to pay their respects. I was overcome.

We had the funeral the next day in Howe. Lots of friends and relatives came. I hesitate to name them for fear I would leave some out. Kinde, Janet Van Houten's daughter, flew out from Virginia for the funeral. She and Margaret had a special relationship. Margaret's brother, Richard, came from California. It was a special funeral. All of the kids talked about their mother. The chapel was overflowing.

The Lions Club in Howe had just had completed a new Community Center for Howe. I had asked people that, instead of sending flowers that they make a donation to the community center. They did and sent in about \$350 to help pay for the building.

The Relief Society under the direction of Hope Pancheri furnished a very good meal and then we drove to Groveland for the burial. Her casket was placed in our plot in Groveland on a hill overlooking the farm where we spent so many happy years.

Sunday the kids went home and I was alone, really alone. I had heard it said that when a woman loses her husband, she learns to adjust, but, when a man loses his wife, he is only half a man after that. How true!

I find that I cry much easier and much more often than I used to. I am getting used to eating alone, especially breakfast. It is better that I learned to cook, to clean; and to wash clothes for now I have to do that. I am grateful to have Don and his family and David and his family so close. I would be so terribly lonesome without them. They are very good to me.

Lora Pancheri showed up one day bringing me a dinner. She does that every week. I appreciate that. Also Kris, Makayla and others bring me loaves of bread and other things from time to time. I don't really need this, for I have more money to spend on me than I have ever had, but it makes me feel so good to know someone ca res.

I try to go to the temple at least once a month. I go to Idaho Falls to see a doctor from time to time because of my diabetes. I have Type 2, which means that I can control it by diet. I have to watch very carefully what I eat, especially sweets. I have to watch my weight very carefully.

I still help the boys on the farm when needed. I like to have something to do, so I drive trucks and tractors, windrowers, and etc. A also go for parts when needed. I bought a Honda four-wheeler just for me and I go riding around the farm and up in the canyons, some that I have never seen.

Now I would like to tell of some of my experiences where the Lord has spared my life and protected me. First, when I was about five years old, when two older boys were shooting rocks at me with their flippers, because I was following them. A rock came down and hit my right eye, but only left a scar on my eyelid. No serious injury to my eye.

Another time I was working for a man who installs furnaces and etc. I was driving a truck across the tracks in Blackfoot just at dusk. I pulled up at the tracks, looked both ways and started across the tracks. Just as crossed them, something hit the truck and made it spin around. It was a train engine. The lights had been so high that I couldn't see them. I got out to see what happened and found that the engine had hit the last four inches of the truck bed. Had it hit the cab, I would have been killed.

Another time I was digging potatoes with a two-row digger. The vines clogged up on the digger chain. I got out to see what was wrong and left the power take off running. I reached in and started to pull out the vines. As I leaned over, shaft started to wrap my jumper around the shaft, pulling me forward. I prayed to the Lord that I could get out and started trying to pull backward with all my strength. Suddenly, the jumper came loose and I fell backwards.

Another time, after we moved to Howe, we were loading and hauling manure. Jay was running the tractor. I think it was a small Massey-Ferguson, which had no brakes. A waterer in the corral was leaking. I was bent over, putting a new float in the waterer when Jay came up behind me to get a bucket of manure. The tractor rolled forwards catching me between the bucket and a large post. I felt an awful pain go though my body. When he backed up the tractor, I crawled out of the corral, barely able to moved. I couldn't stand up because it hurt to much. Someone sent for some consecrated oil and the boys administered to me. The pain gradually receded. Though still sore, I soon was able to stand. By morning I could move around freely and soon I was all right. No broken bones. I feared by back would be broken for my back was against the loader. Surely, the Lord saved me from serious injury.

There has been many times in my life when I have been inspired as what I should do and say. One

time when I was a counselor in the Groveland Ward bishopric, I was called by the Bailey family to try to solve a serious argument. The father had died and his wife, a stepmother to all but one of his children, had re-married. The group was up in arms over some division of property. I was the youngest one there. After listening for a while, I realized that I did not know how to settle the argument. I prayed to the Lord and he told me what to do. I told them that there was nothing they could do to settle what had happened, but that they could stop their bitter quarrelling and settle the matter amicably. That they were all wrong to make so many accusations and that they should not be so selfish and consider the rights of each other. It worked. They calmed down and started to talk quietly one to another. I doubt that they ever became really friendly, but the Lord answered my prayers and told me what to say.

There have been many times in my life when the Lord has heard and answered my prayers and I have been blessed with wisdom far beyond my natural abilities. For this I am grateful.

I have appreciated my children so much. I haven't told in this story of the birth of all of my children. I would like to mention one. When Mother was in the hospital about to give birth to Don, she asked me for a blessing. I blessed her that her pains would ease and that she would bring forth a son. I was surprised to hear myself saying that I know where it came from. Mother's pains ceased. When the nurse said it was time to go to the delivery room, she and I were both surprised. She was ready and a son was born.

That happened one other time. Barbara Gneiting was having some problems with her pregnancy and sent for me. I blessed her and told her she would bring forth a son. I could hardly believe I had said that. I prayed very hard that night that the Lord would carry out the blessing. Yes, a son was born. I was only saying what the Spirit was telling me to say.

When Lee and I were alone in the hospital, after Mother died, I turned to him and said, "I know I will see her again." He replied that he wished he could be that sure of that. I said, "Look at her body. She is not there. All we see is her body. Her spirit is gone."

Yes, I know that I will see her again. We were sealed in the temple for time and all eternity, come forth on the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory and eternal lives." With all my heart, I know this is true. My problem is to endure to the end.

I know that God lives, that he loves us and is watching over us. I know that Jesus is the Christ and that he came and gave his life for us, that, if we repent and keep the commandments and the covenants we had made, we will live with Him in the Celestial Kingdom.

The Gospel is true. Joseph Smith did see the Father and the Son, as he said he did. That he was and is a prophet of God and all those who have followed him have been prophets. And that Gordon B. Hinckley is a prophet.

I realize now that if Dad had listened to the Lord speaking through one of His servants, he would have had a different life. He and Mother struggled so hard to provide for us, even as did their parents before them. Dad never fully recovered from going to Fillmore. Not only that, all my life I have been hesitant about going into debt and trying some things because of what Dad went through. Our blessed Mother tried to reason with Dad. She always supported him. She didn't criticize him, nor quarreled with him.

Likewise, my beloved wife always supported me. She was the first and only girl that I met that I wanted to take home to meet my mother. I was truly blessed in marrying her.