

Some History

We didn't have much to move. Table and chairs and dresser and our clothes. Not many of those. Rulon got him (Dad) to help drive truck in the winter. He still kept his run to Nevada in the summer. From basement (Rulon and Grace's) we moved down to Aunt Rosina and Uncle Ernest Reber's. That's when Vicki was born when we were living there. He (Dad) got his call to go to his physical for war. They would give him so much time to disperse of business. He went up for his physical. Howard, Shelby, and Vic were already overseas. He joined the navy. Then they changed the rules. If you had one child, you would be deferred. (Dad told me that signing up for the navy helped because the navy had more men and didn't need as many at that time.)

We decided to build our home. The two little rooms up to Aunt Rosina's were sort of small and three families using the same bath. Amanda and Grandma had barns, corrals, and pig pens where our home is. Grandma sold us this place where the house and fruitstand is for \$250. We purchased piece by piece until we got all of Uncle's and all of Grandma's lots. When we built our home, people thought it was the new church. We had a chance to buy Leo Reber's farm. We mortgaged the home to buy the farm. By Wanda Frei

Letter to Aunt Beulah

Sis, we love you. You are very special. We've had good times and bad times and sad times. Remember the old house we lived in—white walls, no floor coverings—nails on walls to hang clothes up. Course we didn't have many clothes to hang. Do you remember when you had whooping cough? You'd come running in the house, put your head in Mother's lap, and then you'd cough. You'd hold your breath. At night you'd grab the clothes that were hanging along side of the bed. They seemed to help the coughing. No running water, no hot water. We bathed in No. 3 tub every Saturday, no Friday night. Girls first. You inherited the good traits from mother and dad who were very special. Mother taught us the arts of home making—cooking, fancy work, crocheting, and singing as we did the dishes. You sang "After the Ball." You learned all the words. You were smarter.

I think we are going to have to make an annual trip to Salt Lake. We have so much fun. I guess losing Mother has made us a closer family. We all learned how to do a good, honest day's work and to instill in our children that which we learned at home. Our Christmas was a Christmas we will always remember. Not like today. Clothes, maybe a doll. One year dressed up; next year sometimes our Christmas tree was decorated Christmas Eve after we had gone to bed. Apples, strings of popcorn, popcorn balls, cookies were hung on the tree. It was really neat to get a candy ornament for each one of us. We used to go caroling. Christmas morning

Letter to Aunt Beulah cont.

people were going to friends wishing Merry Christmas. At ten sports, basketball games, foot races, north against the south, women against men.

I think how mother sacrificed her help for others. You helped Aunt Cecila, and I helped Aunt Rosina and Aunt Rhoda. You are so thoughtful of others, baking them goodies and visiting the shut-ins. We enjoyed singing in the choir with Mother and Dad, and you are still doing it. Beulah, with all the ups and downs in your life, you were a brick. You survived. You are intelligent and kind to all you were associated with in the many years in the restaurant and the court house. If I had to go out of town like going to Logan to get Loretta from school or to Las Vegas, I depend on my chauffeur. You were always there.

Beulah, you turned out to be a better cook. I'd say you are a perfectionist. You didn't quilt for many years because you didn't have time, but you have passed me up. Like I say you are a perfectionist. I remember when I used to wave your hair. Not a hair out of place the next morning, sleeping with two other bed partners, too. Your hair is still nice and tidy after a night's sleep.

Your favorite color green, you liked it so well that one night when Mom and Dad were to M.I.A., Aunt Rosina and Uncle Ernest left Ellis with us, too. When they came home, we had painted your blonde hair green with water colors. We used to pop corn, eat apples, and make molasses candy for evening treats. We weren't very good candy makers then because we had to cut the sugar short. We played checkers, rook, and crocono (spelled phonetically). You liked to dance. We polished Marv's and Si's shoes so they'd take us to dances in St. George. We had no other way. We had to hitch a ride, only one car.

You are a terrific cook. You make better candy, too, now. You share your candies with loved ones and neighbors. You and Gene live as Jesus taught: love thy neighbor. How good you have been to Rayola and her friend. Rayola's friend's daughter said that they couldn't believe Beulah and Gene. They treat us as family, open their house to us. I don't know but to my kids, "Aunt Beulah's candy, cakes, cookies are the best." Like the time Dennis wanted Aunt Beulah to make a chocolate cake with divinity icing to raffle off at school. With your busy schedule you did it for him.

When Jimmy was gone in the navy, we lived at Aunt Rosina's. Loretta used to be with you almost as much as me. Course Joey was just like mine, too. She has been very special and still is such a sweet girl. Gene you are special, too, never complaining with all the jobs Beulah has. You just help her. You know she isn't happy if she isn't working or doing something either for the church or some in need or family or friends. Beulah, I cherish my dollies, afghans, shawl, and all kind of the goodies you make for me. Thanks a million. Wanda