

*Bernard & Louise Knapp*  
*Family History*

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Justin Willis Knapp's  
Memories of his Father  
Justin Abraham Knapp

FROM THE FILES OF BERNARD ELDEN KNAPP

## JUSTIN WILLIS KNAPP

My father, Justin Abraham Knapp, was born at Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 4 Aug. 1857. My Mother, Anna Eliza Lemmon, was born 18 Nov. 1860, was the first white girl born in Smithfield, Utah.

When a young man my father was given the choice of two great privillies, either to go into the world as a missionary, or as he was a stone mason by trade, cut stone for the Logan Temple. He chose the latter and for three years he worked on the temple.

My parents were married in the endowment house and moved to Richmond Utah. They built a nice brick house there and there four children were born to them; Annie, Mable, Jennie and myself. Then my folds decided to move to Rexburg which was a very unsettled country.

I was born 5 Oct. 1886 and was about one and one half years old when we moved to Rexburg. They "took up" a farm 2½ miles north-west of Rexburg. The ward was called Island Ward, but whose name was changed to Hibbard Ward in honor of my Uncle George Hibbard.

When I was still very young I can remember when but little, of the place being cultivated. As I grew older I helped to pull, pile and burn the sage brush along with my father and sisters. There were many wild flowers which we enjoyed gathering. There were also many prickly pears which kept us on our guard as much of the time we worked barefooted. The coyotes were plentiful in those days as were the badger and the porcupine. There were wild deer and antelope, and hundreds of wild chickens and ducks which we were able to obtain for food. As a boy I trapped many rabbits in winter time. The winters were harder in those days it seems to me for the fences were completely covered with snow. My father made me some skis which I enjoyed and sometimes would ride them to school. At an early age I learned to ride and drive horses. There was much work for everyone to do. Very little of the country was fenced and there was plenty of open range which everybody took advantage of by turning their cattle and horses loose, so naturally there was much riding to be done. And since I was the only boy in the family for so long most of that was left to me. Some days we would go four or five miles for our horses and cows but often we had to go much farther for our horses. My father traded for a pony for me and I named him Pungo. He could go as fast and as far as I could ride. I often wondered as I rode how he could do it. He was a great help to us. My father and sisters rode him too.

We spent a great deal of time making ditches and dikes for irrigation. Fish were plentiful and many times we would get a pan of fish behind a headgate. We had few neighbors. The Park family lived near us. They had a boy just older than I and one about my age. Will and Lewis. We played together as often as we could. The Berry family had two boys about the same age as us; the Stathams lived just farther on.

Uncle George Hibbard was our Bishop. I was baptized and later ordained a deacon. I halped chop wood and helped sweep the school house floor which building was also used for church gatherings. The deacons were the janitors and two or three of us were appointed each week to make the place comfortable and pleasant.

I was first councilor in the deacon quorum for a number of years until I was ordained a Priest. We had meetings quite regular and in summer after neeting we would play games such as "run sheep run" and "hide and Seek.

That would help get the boys out. We would chop wood for the widows and visit the ward to get fast offerings. One night when we were playing by a fire; an older boy tried to put me into it, I threw him and put his knee out of place; it was very painful. We helped him on his horse so he could go home. The next we saw him, he was on crutches. I was sorry. He said he would never wrestle again. But it wasn't long before he was about and playing again as usual. I always enjoyed wrestling and boxing and I played baseball all around our section of the country, which to me was a wonderful sport and was the means of making the acquaintance of a great many fellows.

When I was thirteen, father went into the sawmill business with his brother, Morgan Knapp. So we were placed in a different environment.

The young fellow who was wheeling sawdust was laid off and I took his place. And did that for the first year. The next year I soaked logs, offbore, tended ratchets on the carriage and hauled lumber to the valley. I learned many lessons about driving horses which have helped me in my life. For later, when the harvesters came into the country I had the chance for three years of driving 65 horses on one. But while working at the saw-mill I formed some habits which were a big draw back to me, and conflicted with my religion, which later in life I had to break away from so I could get where I wanted to be. For my Bishop had promised that someday I would go on a mission.

After two years, father gave up the saw-mill business and went back to the farm. Being large for my age my older sisters wanted me to take them to dances. And choir practice, this I was glad to do and soon enjoyed singing and dancing. They were fine companions for me and I was taught to respect them for which I am thankful. My parents were blessed with eight more children after coming to Idaho. When I was nine, a baby boy was born to my parents. For a long time I had waited for a brother and he was all I'd hoped for. I ran a half mile to get some scales with which to weigh him.

I had made up my mind to go to Ricks Academy with some of my companions but as harvest was about over I took smallpox and we were quarantined until it was too late to start. I planned to go the next year and again we were in quarantine when I took diptheria, until too late to go. The next year I went to the next year of my life.

The next summer, I in company with five other boys, took a trip out in Wyoming and upon the North fork of the Snake River. We enjoyed the trip very much and saw country and towns which all had not seen before. And caught a fine string of fish. When we returned home I cut grain with a binder until all the grain was cut around us, then we started working in the beets, again I was planning for school, I had plowed beets one week when I took sick, the doctor was called and pronounced my illness as a serious case of typhoid fever. I remained in bed 13 weeks. Four others of the family took the disease. My brother, who was almost ten years old, died. I was so ill I could not turn and I wondered why the Lord did not take me too. When I was out of bed I had to learn to walk again. And was very slow to gain strength. I was then eighteen years old and six feet tall.

During the summer I regained by strength and found that the Lord had been kind to me. I still had a good body of which I have always been proud. When I turned nineteen I weighed 165 pounds. While working on the threshing machine I wrestled a lot and found I could out do my associates. I could even lie down and let them get their holds and throw them. I threw one man who had been my ideal as a boy--along this line. I wrestled a man from West Virginia and afterwards he challenged the crowd at the baseball game to meet me and none would. That fall I did start to school, a neighbor and I stayed in Rexburg and batched--except on weekends when we went home. It seemed so good to be with such a fine group of young people, the spirit there was so different and so friendly. The students from our ward took an interest in the word organizations, I could see that the Theology they were taught through the Spirit of the church school was wonderful. It was indeed a different life for us. We had school programs and dances where we mingled together. We had choir practice and music classes. Ezra C. Dalby was our principal. I thoroughly enjoyed the school year.

The next spring and summer I farmed. Father, by this time, was in the horse raising business and spent most of his time at that. In the fall I hauled beets until late, then hauled logs at a sawmill until it closed because of deep snow. I farmed again the next spring and summer.

That October 5th, I reached my twenty-first birthday. While I was cutting grain I received a letter from Salt Lake City, I read it many times, then took it to my parents. They were pleased and asked me what I thought about it. I hardly knew; I had been careless. I had used tobacco and sometimes tea and coffee. Of course I would have to clean myself up and lay aside these habits, I had done nothing else to bar me from filling this mission to which I had been called. So I said to myself, "I will go to school this winter and on a mission in the spring. The folks said they would do all they could to help me. So I

wrote the church leaders that I would accept the call to the mission course at Ricks; then fill a mission.

I was busy until time for school. The night before I was to start to school, I was alone in my room. I took a sack of tobacco from my pocket and put it into the stove. And then kneeled at my bedside and asked my Heavenly Father to help me to leave off this habit, and to leave tea and coffee alone; that I might be able to leave them alone. So I could go to school and keep the rules. I knew the students were expected to keep the Word of Wisdom. I had attended there two years before. I began going to school and kept my promise to the Lord. I felt better and after a time I no longer craved these things. The desire for them was taken away. I was blessed and enjoyed the Lord's spirit.

In the spring I helped put in the crop. On the second of June 1908 I left my home, Father, Mother, sisters, friends and relatives and the old town of Rexburg. I had only once before been back to Utah since my parents moved to Idaho. At that time Father took me with him to Logan and Richmond where we spent the winter holidays with my relatives who lived there. But this time I was going alone. I had never traveled, so this was a new experience for me. I went to Richmond to the home of my father's sister, Aunt Malinda Funk, she went with me to the Logan Temple where I received my endowments. I visited a short time in Smithfield with my Mother's Parents, Willis and Anna Eliza (Homer) Lemmon, Grandfather went with me to the train when I left for Salt Lake City. I arrived there at noon and went to the President's office where I received instructions before leaving for Independence, Missouri--headquarters for Central States Mission to which I had been called. After leaving the office I decided to take a walk to see the city, before long I was turned around and lost. I walked all afternoon then took a street car to the Williams Hotel where I was met by my Uncle Willis Knapp, whom I had never met before, I was tired and homesick. He took me home for supper and I felt much better. Next morning I went back to the office, there I met three boys that were going out with me. We had left Rexburg together. They were Lorin Taylor, Emit Walker and Ray McIntire. We received further instruction and our tickets.

We were told to meet at the temple that afternoon; where we were set apart for our mission-(9 June 1908). I was set apart by President Seymour B. Young. He told me of a better place to stay. There I was happily surprised to see Cecil Clements from home. He and Irene Anderson were there to be married in the temple, Cecil and I went to find Will Widdison, who was husband to my sister Anna who had died several years before. He invited us to supper. I stayed with Cecil that night and was glad to be with him. He left early next morning to go to the temple. I left on the afternoon train, at 3 so I did not see him again. I stopped to see Will again at a store where he worked for a fruit company, he fixed up a package of fruit for me.

When I awoke next morning, we were going through the Rocky Mountains. It was some of the most wonderful and beautiful scenery I could imagine; Mountains that were 2000 feet high, we rode in an open observation car where we could see the tops of the mountains. On one side we were right next to the mountain side and on the other was a drop of many thousand feet to a large stream of water. It was a grand view. Next day we were going through farm lands again. Large fields of corn and grain that were headed out. We saw the effects of heavy storms, corn washed out by the roots, the tracks were unsafe and we had to travel slow. We went through cities, towns and floods until the night of 13th of June 1908.

Nine of us young Elders, only one married man among us, arrived in Kansas City, seven were going to the Southern States, Elder Wade and myself were going to the Central States. We parted feeling rather blue. Then he and I took a street car to 312 So Pleasant St. Independence, Missouri. About 20 miles from the depot. We arrived at 10:30. Elder Samuel O. Bennion met us at the door in answer to our ring. He asked us if we were Elders Wade and Knapp. He then told us they had just brought in the body of Elder Hale who had died. And some other Elders who would accompany it home so the mission Home was crowded.

We stayed at a Hotel that night and the next morning after we were ready to leave they gave us our mail. My letter was from my mother and a card was from a girl I had met in school. I had become interested in her in school choir and the school dances. I answered the card

which brought an answer each week; and for two years her letters and Mother's were always there, which was a great support to me on my mission.

The next morning we were assigned our areas to work and Elder Nuttle was over me. Next morning we left on a train to go to Seneca, Kansas. On this trip all of the lowlands of the city were covered with water; people had to move out, some places water was up to the windows, it had turned many houses around. Thousands of people were homeless, others had no tents. Some were on the hillsides in tents. The tracks were covered with water but that was the only way out, so we went through about three fourths of a mile of water on the train and it looked kinda rough. So we arrived at Seneca. From there we traveled in companies, I had a lot to learn but a lot of Elders helped. We sang a lot, on the streets and as we were invited to do so. That helped us get a lot of places we could not have entered any other way. My first spring in Kansas the rainfall was very heavy. Floods were reported most everywhere. The Missouri River ran over its banks, driving many people from their homes, taking their livestock on rafts to higher lands. Some fields of corn were washed out five times, then replanted and cut for feed. East Kansas is very rolling and is not irrigated. They raise corn, oats, wheat and hay. In the Northeast part a great many berries are grown. I saw two cars of blackberries shipped from Wathena, Kansas in one day. In the Southern part of the state there are a number of oil and gas wells. At Caney, there was some timber and a great number of gasoline wells and tanks. Natural gas is plentiful and piped from one town to another.

The two years passed quickly, soon it was all over. Before we left we spent a very interesting day At Kansas City. We went to the parks. We rode a scenic railway, saw man ride an ostrich, went to a museum, and saw man other interesting sights.

Next day we started for the West, stopped off at Denver for a while and came on to Salt Lake City, arriving in time for June Conference. I had traveled twice from the north of Kansas to the south and back, had been in most every county in the eastern part, had visited most all the cities and small towns, I had learned more about the state than I know of my Idaho State. I have crossed the Rockies twice, viewing many sights that are surely wonderful, I had been on four Indian Reservations, canvased Indians and preached the Gospel to them. I sold more Bible Commentaries in one week than any other Elder had sold in that time during the two years I was there. After M.I.A. Conference I returned home. My folds were all well and received me with a warm welcome.

Father was still raising horses and was very busy. They had had a hark time keeping me in the mission field and taking care of the family. He asked me to take over the work of the farm which I did. We had some fine horses, mine had done well and now I had nine, three of them were broken and had been used on the farm while I was away, two others were old, enough to break now. I had a buggy which I had before I went away, that I could use now.

I went to Sunday School in Hibbard Ward, met the people and gave a report of my mission.

I went to Marysville to see the girl who had been writing to me all through my mission. Through out correspondence we had learned much of each others character and ideals. We both loved the Gospel and wrote of its blessings to each other. Our friendship had grown into love. I built a house on the north-west corner of the farm and on the seventeen of August, 1910, she, Mabel F. Hale and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple. We came home and went to Yellowstone Park, taking my sister, Jennie and her husband and two little boys, LeRoy and Jesse with us. We had a good trip, driving a team on a whit-top, camping out, fishing and hunting and chasing the bear away from our camp. Once he tipped our grub-box out of the buggy. And one night the horses chased him out of camp. But we could not stay long because I had to get back to the ranch. After harvest E went to Sugar City to haul beets.

I was asked to be a teacher in Sunday School, and Superintendant of Religion Class, and Assistant to Earl Lee in M.I.A.

Mother was ill with Typhoid Fever from the first of September until the last of November. Mabel stayed to help care for her. When she was better, we moved into our own home, about a quarter of a mile from Father's house. I held the church positions I have named for about one year, then I was released and called as first councilor

to Fred Parker in Sunday School, also a councilor to Harry Rowson, President of the Third Elders Quorum, in this last position I worked for about a year, then, was released and ordained a Seventy, becoming a member of the 148th Quorum, after about another year I was made a member of the council. This was a great work; we had many good times. I went out visiting other Seventies many times. I filled a short Stake Mission, visiting the Independence Ward with Orson Johnson of Burton.

I filed on a dry farm out at Hamer and moved up there for the summer, as we were moving 18 miles away, Brother Parker asked me what about Sunday School. I told him we would be there. My wife and I and our baby Claudia came in to to Sunday School in a buggy. It required quite an effort, we would leave at five or six o'clock, come to our home in Hibbard, change clothes and go back one and one-half miles to Sunday School. We had some fine horses which we kept out on the farm, we also took other horses and cattle to range. In the fall we came home and I hauled beets and plowed for the sugar company. We were out there three years, eleven bushels of grain to the acre was not much to stay out there for, so, we left and gave it up.

After while Brother Parker was released from the Sunday School and Hyrum Lucas was sustained as Superintendant, I was first and Lehi Keppner was second councilor. Brother Lucas was Superintendant for only a few months, when he was released, I was chosen Superintendant with Lehi Keppner and Emerson Ricks as assistants. This position and the Seventies work kept me busy. We had a splendid Sunday School and enjoyed our work together. I think of our Sunday School many times, how faithful our officers and teachers were and how loyal to their work. There were five different Stake Superintendants during this time. They were Ezra Dalby, Brother Flowers, C.V. Hansen, Willis Smith and Arthur Porter Jr.

My father was chosen councilor to Joseph E. Rigby in the Hibbard Bishopric. Later, he was called on a short term mission to the California Mission. He left January 1914. My mother was choister in Relief Society and later President.

November 21, 1918 my father died. I went on looking after the farm, when it was probated, I was appointed administrator. The place was turned over to Mother, then she deeded part of the place to me. I remorgaged it; taking the entire debt over, leaving Mother's place clear and free from debt. I had bought some expensive cattle and had a nice little dairy herd. Soon times were not so good. I had borrowed money for the cows. I sold enough to pay the bank; but it took most all I had, because I had to sell for about one third what I paid. Everthing had dropped and it was pretty hard to raise the payments and the taxes and make a living besides. All my life I have been troubled with hay-fever. At times I would have to go to the pines to get my lungs cleared up. So I decided to leave and see if we could do better away from the farm. We had had eight children, six girls and two boys but had lost two of the baby girls.

We bought a Ford, put what we could on it and started for Soda Springs to work on the dam there. We could not make it out there. The roads were muddy and we were loaded too heavy to go on so we stayed at a hotel in Lava and next day went to Smithfield. I worked in the Sugar factory at Amalga that fall. In the spring I went to Alexander and worked for the Pheonix Utility Company. They were building a dam there. They had a large camp and employed about eight hundred men. I worked there three months and returned and worked in the pea canning factory at Smithfield, then the largest in the world. I was getting hay-fever bad again. I went to Rexburg and on to Island Park. As soon as I was in the timber I began to be better. I helped my brother-in-law load a car of dry timber. I arranged to work there for the Targee Tie company. So I went back to Plano with Les Robertson, my brother-in-law, to get my team. I had sold the farm to pay the mortgage on it. I moved my family to Ashton and went to Island Park to haul ties, I worked there several months, built a house and came down to Ashton for Christmas and took my family back with me. My brother-in-law, Charles Larson helped me take a cow and a range stove from Rexburg to Ashton, and another men helped me take them from there on to the camp, four miles east of Pond's Lodge. I drove a sleigh with a sheep camp. We kept a fire in it for it was in January and was cold. The snow was deep, we only slept part of the time. I cut wood to keep the family warm and melt snow to water the four horses and cow. The helpers team was balky, so at every hill, I would take my load up and bring my team back to get his. The second day we reached the Rail-road Ranch. I phoned for another team to come and help me in, we reached camp and our new home in late evening. The neighbors had kept a fire in our house and Mrs. Al Smith had a nice warm supper for us.

We had three children of school age, they went to school there in the camp. Our daughter Claudia, graduated from the eighth grade that spring. The snow was eight feet on the level on Black Mountain road where we hauled timber. The snow did not drift up there though it was very cold it did not seem so cutting as it does where the wind blows.

My family was soon acquainted with the people, we had many socials and dances, many evenings we spent in the school house singing. In the spring some Stake officers from Yellowstone Stake and Bishop Hess from Ashton came up and organized a Sunday School. In Smithfield I was a ward teacher under Bishop Plowman, I did some Temple work while there. I was first councilor to George Muir in the new Island Park Sunday School. After about a year he moved away, I was called to fill his place with Charles Pond and Samuel R. South as assistants. Brother South was also choister. We sang often in a male quartett, a double, mixed quartett and community singing. The second winter our oldest daughter went out to Ashton to school. It was lonely for us and for her, and we did not like to have her away from us though she was doing well in His School. We had another little girl old enough to start school so there were still three in grade school.

I went fishing when I could and went hunting a time or two. I shot and wounded an elk once, I thought sure I would have him, but he hid away. I saw moose, Elk and Deer running wild, and some of the finest scenes I ever saw are up in that mountainous country.

The second winter there were so many there that we almost caught up with the choppers so we went up to Guild ten or twelve miles northeast of the camp, near the head of one of the branches of the north fork of Snake River, we worked for the Montana Idaho Company. I did well there, but when it was time for school I felt that we should get out where we could put the children in better schools and be with them. So we shipped down to Firth and went out to Goshen five miles east. We rented a house from Mrs. Young who lived in Pocatello. The little children had only a block to go to school, and Claudia went to Firth High School on the bus which ran right by our place. We had moved down with Charles Landon and family.

I helped Will Stringham build a potato cellar, I helped him dig a and sort his spuds.

The next spring I helped Wilford Christensen plant his crops. And that summer our oldest boy, Warren, and I went back to Island Park and each drove our team for Targee Tie company again. We returned in the fall to haul beets. The next winter I hauled cedar wood and posts. Then I went to work again for Brother Christensen. We became acquainted with the Goshen people and attended many parties and dances and church gatherings. We were given a glad welcome in the Ward. I was soon asked to be ward teacher and Sunday School teacher. Then one day Bishop Monson and Joseph Christensen who had been my Conference President in the mission in Kansas, came to see me and asked me to be Ward Clerk. At first I laughed, I was so surprised and I couldn't think of myself as a ward clerk. But after they talked to me a while I consented to try. I was released from Sunday School and Ward teacher. But was retained as President of the choir. These two positions I held until our Bishop took sick and was released. J. Raphael Larsen was our new Bishop. He asked me if I would still continue with the clerk work.

Our daughter, Claudia, had finished High School and was married in the Logan Temple to Archie E. Hess. Warren started to High School but started work in the fields and at spud vocation he kept on working. Marjorie started to High School. Soon we were grandparents when Claudia's little girl Elinor was born. Warren was married in the fall to Carol Unsworth in Logan Temple. Marjorie was in High School, Thelma, Anna and Alma were in grade school. Alma was a beginner. In November, six months after Claudia was married we were blessed with a little boy whom we named Bernard.

Warren and Carol have a little girl and Arch and Claudia have a little boy born two days apart.

April 16, 1933 at our Ward Conference I was released as Ward Clerk and sustained second councilor to Bishop J. R. Larsen. I had been Secretary of the 106 quorum of Seventies for about a year. May 21, 1933, I was released from this position at the Stake Conference. I was ordained a High Priest the second Quarterly Conference after I was sustained. My appointments in the Bishoprics were; looking after the Sacrament, the Goshen and Presto primaries. Lenore Christensen was president of Goshen primary, and Lucille Hansen was president of Presto. John Hill was chairman of the Genealogy Society. I also had charge of the Teachers Quorum and chairman of the music department.

May 29th, Claudia's little Sharleen was born. Warren had been in Montana about a year, they returned and in the fall Billy Sharon was born.

January 28th, 1936 I moved my family to Rexburg where Marjorie was in College. We became members of the Rexburg 4th Ward. March 22nd, I was asked to be Ward teacher. I sang in a couple male quartett at Stake Priesthood meeting and a ward social. I went to Goshen March 20th, to attend Primary day of the Ward Reunion. I was sorry I was unable to take the family. I was presented with a gift of pen and pencil set from the ward by Bishop Larsen, which I prize very much.

June 1936, Marjorie graduated from Ricks which was then a two-year school. Thelma and Anna have been attending Madison High, Alma graduated from Washington school eighth grade.

I went to South's sawmill and ran the engine for about six weeks, I worked as handy man for a while then ran the saw until December, when I was called home because of sickness. Marjorie was teaching second grade in Sugar-Salem school, the other three were in Madison High and our baby Bernard had started at Washington School. We now lived in the Second ward at Rexburg and Mabel and I were members of the Genealogy Society. I was also a ward teacher.

I worked for Les Robertson on the farm in the spring till June 2nd, 1937, I went to Island Park, took my family; Alma fired the engine and I ran the saw. December 31, 1937, we moved to Idaho Falls,

Marjorie married Bernard South December 31st, 1936 in Randolph, Utah. She now lives in Idaho Falls in the winter and in Island Park in the summer.

Thelma married Elmer Snowball, September 6, 1937 and lives in Randolph Now. We have only children at home. We rented a basement on Ada Street in Idaho Falls. Two days later I started on our house on Cleveland Avenue. Alma and I worked every day, Barney helped too. We joined the Fourth ward and the choir. Friday, February 11, we had the house so we could move in. We moved into our house February 14, 1938.

Tuesday Wesley Green, chairman of the Genealogy Society of Idaho Falls Stake, called and asked us to report at Priesthood meeting February 20th, 1938. That day we were sustained members of the Stake Board.

The children were now in school. Later I worked on the church house of the Fifth ward helping. I worked some for Tri-state Lumber company. And for Rocked seed company. Then went to Island Park to cut two cars of timber for Jack Jones. While there I had word from Ren South at Green River, Wyoming to help set up a mill and make ties. It was set up about 70 miles from Green River above and east of Manilla, Utah, in the yellow pines. I sawed from the first of August until the middle of November 1938. The snow was so deep the boys could not get the longs so I came home. The elevation is about 9000 feet. I saw many beautiful scenes of timber, rocks and mountains. I was happy to return to my folks.

In July 1940, I was cutting timber in Island Park one evening when I came in for supper, Brother Clarence Hunter, a member of my Bishopric, from Idaho Falls, was there.

He told me they were about ready to start building the Temple there. The church wanted a work director for the work was to be done by church members and so far as possible from the Temple district. He asked me to come down and meet the committee. I came back with him that Saturday evening. The next morning I met with Stake Presidents, David Smith, J. Berkley Larsen, John Homer and Elias Woodruff, Fieldman of Welfare work for the church. Three other men were there for the same position as I was. At noon we were released and I went to the Hendricks Family Reunion. In the evening I was wondering if I should get ready to go back to the mill, when word came that I had been selected to begin the work as work director. I met Brother Woodruff next morning. He went over the plans with me. Then we started work. We visited one or two Stakes a day. When we were about through with the Eastern district, we received word to go to the Central Region, which included six Stakes, Burley being the head. Then to the four stakes of Bannock Region, Pocatello being the meeting place. Brother Woodruff went with me to all these places except Pocatello. President Smith accompanied me there. A meeting was called and we met the Contractor, Bird Finlayson, also John Fetzer, the architect and a number of the other brethren. After meeting we went to the Temple grounds there several photos were taken. I was asked to get two men to start the next morning, August 5, 1940.

A little later Star Valley was added, making twenty stakes in all. From these first two we worked up to a crew of 86 men including foremen and contractors. In the cold weather in December they stopped the work until 12th of March 1941. During this time I worked for the contractor, then for

the church from March 12, till August. Then I began working for the contractors again.

Joe Romish and Woodrow Arrington, who were carrying on for Sister Jessie Finlayson, for her husband had died during the summer. In September, I was asked to serve as nightwatch in addition to the 8 hours a day I worked. This I did for two months. When cold weather came again, I worked part time cleaning, moving lockers and I also helped install the oxen in the font.

While working as regional director I became acquainted with a great number of people, which I consider a privilege and for which I truly am grateful. These were Presidents of Stakes, Bishops and Councilors, Stake and Ward Directors and many who came as laborers and who came to see the building from all over the country.

Finally it was completed in 1945, and the dedication brought a lot of excitement and important church leaders to visit and inspect it. President David Smith was made the first president with temple work starting in the late fall that year. President Delbert Groberg was instrumental in the development of the project.

I was asked to be the first custodian, and keeping everything tidy and neat was a real challenge. I did this work throughout President Smith's and most of President Killpack's administrations.

After leaving this work, my hay-fever became more of a problem in the summer time and so I spent the next several summers in Island Park at South's Sawmill. I skidded logs and drove the Federal Truck along with various other sawmill tasks.

When I was at home I attended the temple and did a goodly number of endowments. It has been a real source of enjoyment to go to the temple, not only to do work, but to renew acquaintances and meet new people.

I had surgery for a prostrate condition by Dr. Reynolds. It was a strange experience for me to be in the hospital. I had had a dread of hospitals and rest homes for a long time.

One blessing I realized with much thankfulness was that I would become a lender instead of a borrower. I guess this was the case for quite a long time.

In addition to baseball, my favorite sports were hunting, fishing, enjoying good horses and visiting our family and grandchildren. We raised seven children besides the two little baby girls that died in Hibbard.

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As I write this conclusion to Dad's own account, I should tell you that I saw sort of a melancholy sadness come to Dad as Mom lay in the hospital. We watched after his needs, but he wanted to be in his own home.

Marj visited with Dad the evening before Father's Day. On Father's Day, Sunday June 1, 1969 Dad passed away in his home in Idaho Falls. The following Wednesday June 18, Mother joined him, relieved of her pain. We made some last minute arrangements and their service was Thursday and they were laid to rest, side by side in the Rexburg Cemetery.

I pray that all of us who read this will make the necessary adjustments and efforts to reunite with Dad and Mother as a climax to these many years they gave to us.

Love, Al