LIFE HISTORY OF
THALIS JACKSON FARR

(as told by Thalis Farr)



Henry Somes & Mary Jane Flint Jackson
Wedding Day June 3, 1897

My parents, Mary Jane Flint and Henry Somes Jackson were married on June 3rd, 1897. My mother was 19 and my father 25. Shortly after they were married my father left on a mission to Montana and was gone for two years. My mother said she would never recommend that to anybody. There wasn't much of a social life in Parker, Idaho, except for church socials and because she was married, she didn't participate very often in what little social life there was. With no baby to care for, it was a very long two years for her.

I was born on April 3rd, 1911, one of ten children. I had two older brothers, Henry Harold and William Flint; and seven sisters, Erma May, Luetta Nell, Mary, Bessie, Lorinda (died at 6 days old), Bertha Venice (died at age 5) and Willa Bernice (died at age 12). Mother had a miscarriage between Mary (Jerri) and me.

My mother's parents were pioneers on Egin Bench in Idaho, on Henry's Fork of the Snake River, in a town called Parker. My mother's cousin, I think his name was Wesley Parker, came to Farmington, Utah and talked them into moving to this town in Idaho that he had founded. (We attended Parker's Centennial celebration in the summer of 1984.) The first winter they spent there in 1887, they had a sod house with a dirt floor. They lived on jackrabbit and sage hens. My mother was nine years old.

My father's family moved from Paradise, Utah to Parker, Idaho when he was twenty-one.

Our house in Parker, Idaho was originally a two room house. My father later built on another room. There was a kitchen, a living room and a bedroom. As the children came, he built another room on the back, and then added two bedrooms and a storage room upstairs.

We were all born at home in the front bedroom in Parker, Idaho, with the exception of Bernice, as there was no hospital near. There was always a midwife attending and the midwife in Parker, Idaho at that time was "Auntie Parker", Eliza Ann Parker, my great aunt. She delivered most of the babies in the little town of Parker. Bernice was born at the Johnson home. Mrs. Johnson was another midwife in the area. Parker and the surrounding area was first called Egin Bench. The town eventually adopted its name of Parker from Maynard Lyman Parker, the husband of Auntie Parker, and first bishop of the Parker Ward. All of the town's inhabitants were members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This was a farming community of beautiful farms irrigated by sub-irrigation and canals and ditches leading from the Snake River.



Jackson Home, Parker, Idaho - 1912
Nell, Erma, William, Harold and Mary

I was named Thalis, but called 'Ted' or 'Teddy' as a nick-name. My sister Jerri was three years old when I was born and couldn't say my name very well. It came out something like 'Teddy'. Jerri always called me Teddy and so did other family members over the years. Jerri was born Mary Jackson. Everyone in the family called her Mamie, which Mother hated. No one called her Mary. When Jerri was 17 she worked for Geraldine Gourley, my dad's cousin by marriage. Geraldine was beautiful and had beautiful long blonde ringlets. Jerri was in awe of her. Jerri expressed her desire to change her name, as she had never liked Mamie, which Mother agreed with. She convinced Mother and Dad to let her change her name to Mary Geraldine Jackson. They meant to change it legally, but found it would cost $35, and decided that was too much. But from that day on, she went by the name of Jerry, later changed to Jerri because she preferred that spelling.

We lived on the outskirts of town and had an acre or so of land with a corral, barn and granary. There were two canals at the back of the property. One was the Egin Canal, a big swift canal, about 15 feet away from the corral. A gate from the corral to the canal watered the stock. Behind the Egin Canal was another, smaller, canal. In the winter the canals would freeze over and we would sled down the banks onto their icy surfaces. In summer, we would swim in the smaller canal, but never in the deep, swift Egin Canal. The willows were thick at the banks of the canal, providing natural dressing screens where we could change our clothes. With little ones about, Mother never felt comfortable about the canals - they were a constant worry.

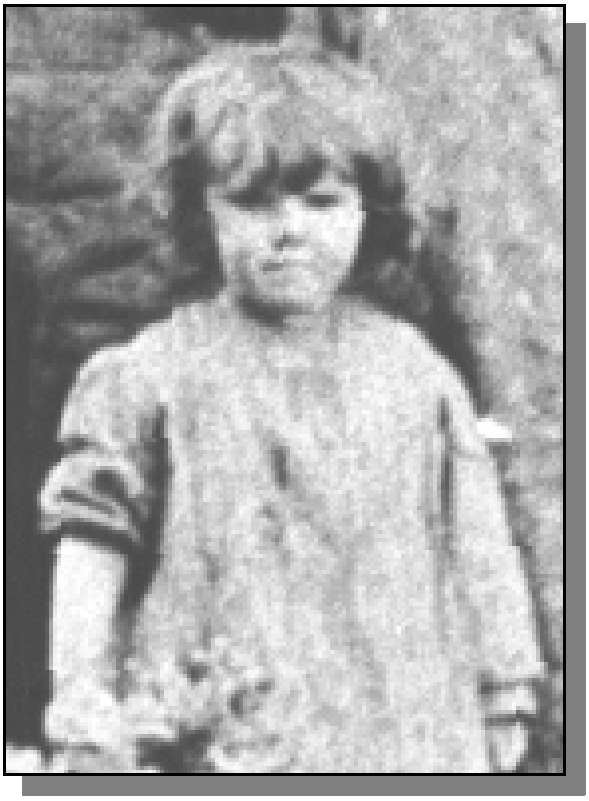
Once in early spring, when I was about six years old, my brothers, sisters and a cousin, Leland Workman, were playing at the Egin Canal. Mother was inside entertaining company. The canal was still frozen over from Winter, but someone had cut out a large square piece of ice near a dam in the canal. My sister Bessie, then just four years old, somehow slipped into the cold, swift, water through that hole. She went completely under the ice, her nose pressed against the underside of the ice and her hair was streaming out behind. Her hands were slipping - so hard to hold onto cold ice. Erma, acting quickly, raced all the way around the children to the other side of the hole, reached in and pulled her out by her curls. Another moment and she would have been lost. Afterwards, they were all so afraid to go in the house with Bessie dripping, that they made me take her in. Bessie was afraid of being scolded by mother and wouldn't go in to her at first, but just stood inside the door. I can still remember her just going inside the door and standing there, scared to death that she'd be scolded for being wet. Mother was so relieved she was alive that she couldn't scold her.



Jackson Children 1914
Henry, William, Erma, Nell, Mary and Thalis

Another incident at the canal had occurred when Erma was younger. Mother and some other mothers and children were there. They were having a conversation, when suddenly Erma said "Mother, I'm going to jump in". And she did, and she didn't surface. Mother screamed that she was drowning and jumped in after her with all her clothes on and pulled her out. The others there thought Erma had just been pretending. She was not.

We had a German Shepherd dog on our dry farm. Mother and my sisters and I spent time homesteading the farm and the dog was our protection. When we gave up the dry farm, the dog went with us to Parker, Idaho. He was such a good watch dog, he wouldn't let anyone in the yard. One day I finished drying the dishes - I was about six years old - and I teased the dog by putting a wet dish towel on his back. The dog turned on me, knocked me down and bit me on the forehead, leaving a big bump. When my father got home that night, he took the dog out back and shot him. I felt so guilty. I thought it was all my fault! It was, however, the last straw for my Dad. He was afraid of what the dog might do to someone else.



Thalis - Age 3

We descended from a large family. Father's family had eleven children who all married and had children. Mother had three brothers and sisters and they had large families. We counted one time and decided we had over 100 cousins. When we went to church, over half of the congregation were our relatives.

Neither Parker nor nearby St. Anthony had a bookstore. Book salesmen would come by the house and Father would always buy books from them. He bought the Harvard Classics this way, and history books and the Book of Knowledge, among others. We had a wonderful library. There was no television or radio, we had to entertain ourselves. As soon as the chores were done, we'd run upstairs and lie on the bed and read a book. I can also remember lying on my stomach on the floor and reading the Book of Knowledge. We practically wore the books out. Every Saturday, Erma would take every book from the bookcase and dust it.

We had a large orchard with many varieties of apples. Raspberries and strawberries also grew on our property. The corral contained three cows and four workhorses. The workhorses were the only horses we ever got to ride on. We would climb on, four at a time, and the horse would just walk. It wasn't very exciting.

At Christmas time, my two older brothers and my father would go out and cut down a big tree and then we would decorate it with popcorn strings and colored paper chains and candles. We didn't get

very many presents and those that we did were homemade. We lived in a town of about 500 people and there were no stores. The nearest town was about 10 miles away and there was no bridge across the canal. We would hang our stockings on the posts of the chairs as we had no fireplace. One year our father made little cradles which we all shared, and maybe we would get an orange. An orange was a real treat because it was so difficult to get oranges. Nell got a handkerchief one time and Jerry remembered she got a kewpie doll. Bessie remembers getting a rag doll once, probably made by my mother. We weren't deprived, because nobody else had anything more. We always got a beautiful dress for the winter and one for the summer. My mother made them all, she was a beautiful seamstress.



Thalis - Age 11-12

Our house had a large kitchen. Water had to be brought in to the house from the hand pump on the back porch and heated in a teakettle or a large copper pot. We had no indoor bathroom - the outhouse was by the corral. Saturday night was bath night. We all took baths, one after another, in the big round tub in front of the warm kitchen range. Mother had a china cupboard - a sideboard consisting of an upper and lower part. All of her best dishes were in the top part (wedding presents). Bill's marbles were on top of the cabinet. He climbed up to get them one day, and pulled the whole top part of the sideboard over on top of him. It crashed to the floor, breaking all of mother's dishes. Mother was relieved he wasn't broken, but mad that he had broken her dishes.

Until I was about six years old, my chore was to feed the chickens. Very often I forgot my chore until after they had gone to roost. I couldn't coax them down once they were roosting and when a lot of the chickens died, I felt so guilty because I hadn't fed them well enough.

I loved going on family picnics to the sand hills and picking choke cherries. Coming back in the wagon I would go to sleep and I hated to be picked up and taken out of the wagon. It was also a treat to go to St. Anthony or Rexburg. Rexburg was the bigger town and had more stores. One Saturday we all went to Rexburg and we got ice cream cones, which was a rare treat. Someone bumped into me and my ice cream was knocked from the cone and landed with a plop on the ground. I was devastated. It was a real tragedy for me.

Grandmother and Grandfather Flint, my mother's parents, lived in a white frame house on the main street of Parker. Grandmother Flint loved flowers and they lined her walkway and decorated the

front of her house. She had petunias, sweet william and lilacs in her garden. Grandfather Flint was a successful farmer for many years. He was blind in one eye, due to an accident of some sort. Once, Grandfather Flint came down with phlebitis, which they called "milk leg". My grandmother gave him iodine instead of his medicine, by mistake and nearly killed him. My mother was one of four children. She was the oldest, next in age were her sisters May and Bertha. The youngest child was Will. Uncle Will had a large family and was given a farm by his father. He was never very successful and so his parents helped him out a lot. This didn't leave much for the other three children.

Grandmother and Grandfather Jackson, my father's parents, lived in a big two-story house in Parker. Each year they had a Jackson family reunion there. The large backyard had a pond in the corner, regularly visited by ducks.

Grandmother Jackson died when she was 63 years old and I was very young. I don't remember her very well. Grandfather Jackson died at the age of 75. He seemed very old to me at that time, but it doesn't seem so old now!



St. Anthony Sixth Grade
Thalis is third girl from left in front row

Harold and Bill liked to go shooting. Bill had become a very good shot. He could pick a sparrow off the roof of the granary. Once they had gone shooting with Bill's .22 and came back to the house and

unloaded the gun, placing it on the dining room table. The family was around, including one of the babies in her walker. Everyone was listening to Bill talk. He usually always stood with his ankles crossed. Erma was setting the table and picked the empty gun up to move it. She picked it up by the trigger and a terrible shot rang out, followed by a scream. The bullet went through the cuff of Bill's pants and into the floor, right next to the baby in her walker. Bill could feel the air as it whizzed past his leg. Erma collapsed. Luckily no one was hurt, but Mother was terrified to come out of the kitchen to see, for fear of what she might find.

Harold and Bill and their friends liked to pull pranks at Halloween. Late one Halloween night they quietly removed buggies and wagons from people's yards and fashioned a sort of corral with them down on the corner by the store. Next, they took all of their horses and cows and put them into the corral, where they remained all night. Next morning everyone had to go find their horses, cows and buggies and take them home.



Bessie, Jerri & Thalis

Harold's curiosity got the better of him one day in St. Anthony when he was 15 or 16 years old. He went to a little stationery store there, bought a cigar and proceeded to light up and puff away at it, although he said he didn't enjoy it much. When it was about half gone, he flipped the rest of it out into the street - just as Uncle George and Aunt May Workman drove by after having just picked up Mother and Dad to take them for a ride in their new car. If he'd been shooting for the car, he couldn't have done a better job. Harold's timing was perfect. He waited a long time to go home that night, but Mother and Dad were still up, waiting for him. He said he never smoked a cigar again after he saw how unhappy it made Mother.

We owned a forty-acre farm that was about three miles from Parker where we raised seed peas, alfalfa, grain, sugar beets and potatoes. In the summertime, my sister Mamie (Jerri) and I would take the three cows to a pasture a few miles away, trudging along that road and back everyday, right through the

center of town. We were glad when we could ride one of the work horses and usually chose 'Old Snip', a reddish brown horse. We rode him bareback, our legs spread wide over his broad back. To mount him we had to lead him to a fence we could climb on, or sit on his head while he was feeding. When he lifted his head, we would slide down his neck to his back.

My father's efforts at farming, however, were not successful. He couldn't seem to make money out of it. He and his brother had a butcher shop for a while, about a block away from our home. They were so big-hearted they were not very good at collecting bills. A lot of people would charge and not pay their bills. Eventually, they went broke. Father was a very good carpenter, but there wasn't enough work for him.



Thalis Jackson - Age 14

In 1918 there was a terrible flu epidemic in the area and many people died, including my Aunt May (Mother's sister). It was called "The Spanish Flu Epidemic". While it was still going on, our family moved to St. Anthony. Mother and Bernice caught the flu and were very sick, but survived. I had a lighter case. Mother made a bed up for me on the library table, away from the others. Jerri and Erma also had very light cases.

The Flints, my mother's parents, were quite successful. They had two houses in St. Anthony; one that they lived in and one that they let our family move to. We moved there when I was seven. Not long afterward, the house I was born in burnt down. (There was much speculation that it had been done for insurance by the new owners.) In St. Anthony, we had an indoor bathroom for the first time, much to our delight. It was quite a luxury. We also had four bedrooms upstairs and the kitchen, bathroom, living room and dining room downstairs. There was also an extra room downstairs and Mrs. Wood, a piano teacher, lived there for a year or so.

In St. Anthony, we played regularly with the children of the Mason family, who lived just east of us. We fought with them, too. We also fought with each other, but when the Masons picked on any of us,

the older brothers and sisters defended us.

We had little spending money. I once found a dime on the street in St. Anthony and was able to go to a matinee the next Saturday. At the matinee I saw Pearl White, a popular actress of that time, who starred in a series of dangerous predicaments and misadventures.

Father was county assessor in St. Anthony. He worked in the court house, right across the street from our house. He was one of eleven children, so we had lots of aunts, uncles and cousins. Two of my aunts - father's two younger sisters - were married to two Rudd brothers. They also lived in the same town.

In St. Anthony the school was just a block away and I attended there until eighth grade. My third grade teacher's name was Miss Prater. She used to punish her students by hitting them across the palms of their hands with a ruler with a metal edge. I was a very good child, very shy, and got punished only once. Miss Prater had left the room after telling everybody to be quiet and unluckily, caught me talking when she came back. My fifth grade teacher's name was Mrs. Stoddard. Miss Minnich in the sixth grade was the teacher I felt to be the most outstanding and gifted. She taught diagraming in grammar.

My younger sister, Venice, died at the age of five years, on Christmas night. I was ten years old at the time. She had a congenital defect between the stomach and the intestine, or the esophagus and the stomach and had always been an invalid. She wasn't able to keep anything in her stomach. Jerri remembers Mother praying for her to be well. But later on looking in to the room and hearing her pray, saying "Whatever is Thy Will". She died not long after. Another of my sisters, Lorinda, only lived six days due to a problem with her lungs.

When Harold returned from his mission, I went with Erma, Nell and Jerri to meet him at the train with mom and dad. It was a Sunday and we were having stake conference. We went to the church from the depot, just a block away. They invited Harold to sit in front on the stand. He was sitting exactly in front of the right hand aisle and Bess, then 8 years old, saw him for the first time in two years and ran down the aisle as hard as she could and jumped up on his lap and hugged him, in front of all of the people there. He hadn't seen her since she was 6 years old. Harold always remembered that moment as one of the thrills of his life.

Bill went on his mission to the Southern States. He had a brand new suit to wear, but he wanted to save it for when he came home - so he didn't wear it at all while he was on his mission. When it was time to return home, he put it on and it completely disintegrated. The moist climate and mildew had destroyed it. He said he didn't cook on his mission - he just lived on corn flakes.

In 1922, my father left St. Anthony to find work in California. Harold and Bill followed in 1923. They felt they could get jobs in Los Angeles as carpenters. In 1924, when school was out, the rest of the family left St. Anthony. Persuaded by Grandmother Flint, who didn't want us to go to California, we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. We lived in a house owned by Grandmother and Grandfather Flint. Eventually, Grandmother Flint talked my father into coming back from Los Angeles, as well. We stayed in Salt Lake until August. My father tried to find work and make a living in Salt Lake but there just wasn't enough work there. Erma and Nell had jobs in Salt Lake and stayed there for a short while. The rest of our family boarded the train to Los Angeles. We traveled in the chair car and each of us carried our pillow from home. Father, who had already left Salt Lake to find work in Los Angeles, met us at the train station. We traveled via streetcar to the apartment he and Harold and Bill stayed in, each carrying our pillow. It was very embarrassing for me.



Thalis at age 17

Mother and my sisters and I went looking for a house to live in and found a house on Maple Street. Mother didn't know much about the Los Angeles area. It turned out to be a very ethnically diverse district and we were unaccustomed to African-American or Hispanic people. In St. Anthony, we had occasionally seen a few Blackfoot Indians who had come into town for supplies. My brothers were shocked about the idea of living in that area. We stayed there only a month, as we had paid in advance.

We were all together again, Mother, Father, and eight children: Bernice was six, I was thirteen and Bessie eleven.

My father and brothers were excellent carpenters and there was plenty of work in Los Angeles. We had left debts in St. Anthony and it was a big event the day we paid them off.

My father and brothers formed a construction partnership. Harold, managed the business and Bill

managed the men. They eventually called it Jackson Brothers, and father was more of an employee than a partner. My father never made a lot of money and only worked for wages in the family business. He was a very fine carpenter. I have a sewing cabinet made by my father. He also built some homes that are still in existence in Parker, Idaho.

I was a little shy and it was difficult for me to go to a new school in a big city. I went to John Adams Jr. High and was in A-8, the upper level of the eighth grade. There were so many things that were new to me that other children took for granted, but by the time I entered the 9th grade I was enjoying it more. I did a lot of writing for the school periodicals and made many good friends. One of my best friends, Edith Reager, was from a Baptist family. Her mother was deceased and she lived with her father, two maiden aunts, and her grandmother. They were very strict, but gave her a lot of money. She wasn't allowed to go to shows or to dances or anything, but she would skip school and go to movies, the beach, and do many of the things that she was forbidden. I later went to Crater Lake with her. She didn't go to high school with me and I learned she had eloped with a sailor.

Most of my social activities evolved around the church, as my family was very active. The Wilshire Ward was formed in 1928. I remember them building the chapel and that we would go over at night to help feed the volunteer workers. In the Wilshire Ward we had wonderful times planning parties and activities, going to mutual dances and learning to dance. My brothers were always active members in the Wilshire Ward. Harold had Stake callings and went to other wards as well. My sister, Nell, was very active and more of a leader. Erma was more shy.

When I was 15, we lived on 37th Street near Vermont. Our next door neighbors were the Hunts. Vernon Hunt was studying law. His two brothers, Al and Wally, were on an Orpheum circuit tour with a group called the Cadet Saxtets. Mother became friendly with Mrs. Hunt and told her all about her daughters and what they were doing. In turn, Mrs. Hunt wrote to her sons and told them about all the girls that had moved in next door. Al and Wally Hunt came home from their tour that year in 1926. When Wally met my sister, Jerri, then 18, he fell immediately in love. Erma said that she would never forget the look on Wally's face as Jerri came down the stairs. They started seeing each other. After she had gone with him a week they eloped. They were married in Anaheim by a preacher who had a one-eyed dog. My father was very strict about his children dating anyone outside the Mormon church. He told Jerri she couldn't go out with Wally. Her reply was "Well, I got married to him today." Bess said she will never forget the expression on my father's face. I was very unhappy about this. Jerri had just started to include me in her social activities. I felt suddenly deprived and very disappointed. Everyone at home was upset. It was more like a funeral than a wedding and Mother and Dad debated whether to let her go or keep her home. Finally, Jerri moved next door. She cooked and cared for the three brothers - feeding them pork chops, corn on the cob and peas or string beans every night. She didn't know how to cook anything else.

I began doing more things with my younger sister Bess. Bessie was very outgoing and we had a lot of fun together. She was always the first to get acquainted with new neighbors. Unfortunately, when she was about 16, she started losing her hearing. That made her more withdrawn and she was never quite the

same outgoing person she had been.

At age fourteen, I traveled with my girlfriend Edith Reager and her family to Crater Lake. It was a long ride and driving the ridge route was very frightening, as it was a narrow two-way mountain road. I can still see the beauty of Crater Lake in my mind's eye. The trip inspired me to write a poem about Crater Lake which was published in the school annual.



Thalis at Age 17

I attended high school at Manual Arts High School. I enjoyed school as a whole, but I did not enjoy my U.S. History teacher. She made us memorize facts and then tested us. We would have to answer word for word. That meant a lot of cramming. After the test I would immediately forget what I had learned. I thought it a very poor way of teaching.

I struggled with Geometry. I never really grasped it and would have to memorize the theorems. Still, I was able to pass the course with a 'B'. I was a good, conscientious, student. Chemistry was another difficult subject for me. It was the only subject I ever had a "C" in.

In Summer school, I had a sociology teacher who made a big impression on me, as he made the class so interesting. Bobby socks were coming into style, but they weren't yet acceptable. He taught us that what was harmful to people was having to harden themselves to do something. The people that started a new fad had to be harder, tougher, or more rebellious. I wore bobby socks but wasn't the first one. I wasn't the type to start a new fad.

Erma was married to Karl Treu at home on February 18, 1928. Grandmother Flint once again talked my parents into going back to Salt Lake. She had another house for us to live in. When I heard we would have to go back to Salt Lake, I was broken-hearted. I had only one semester of high school left. My sister, Nell, who had recently wed Marlon Schade, told me that I could stay with them while I finished high school. I became quite independent during this period. My parents, along with Bess, and Bernice moved to Salt Lake.

In my last semester of high school, I took a course in journalism. I really enjoyed it, and wanted to become a journalist and work for a newspaper. My instructor decided to have an election to select an editor. I had a crush on the boy that was running for the job. My journalism instructor, however, didn't like him. He persuaded me to run against him. I was greatly relieved when I lost.



Thalis - age 19

I became involved in writing stories for the high school weekly. They were 'sob stories' then, but today they'd be called soap operas. I also enjoyed writing stories and articles for the school annual and I was on the staff of the Manual Arts Weekly as contributing editor. For years I carried copies of my stories with me before they were finally lost in one of the many moves our family made.

I graduated in mid-winter 1929. I had skipped half a grade. There were about 400 students in our graduating class. I thoroughly enjoyed my last semester. I felt important as a senior. I was sorry that Bess had to go to Salt Lake and meet all new people. Bess didn't enjoy her high school experience very much. I still have my graduation picture. I had it rolled up for years and it had torn in two places. Recently, I took it to a photographer and had them lay it out and take a picture of it, and then had it framed. It shows all the girls in white dresses and the boys in dark suits. It's too bad that they don't do that anymore, it was a big thrill. We had our graduation ceremony at night. We practiced the songs we would sing for weeks before. It was really a big event.

I joined my family in Salt Lake in March after graduation. I was to travel by train and my brothers, who had remained in California, were supposed to get me to the station. They were late and I almost missed the train. They had to run to make it. My brothers each took one of my arms and literally ran me to the train.

When I arrived in Salt Lake, it was very desolate. The snow, still on the ground, was melting. I wanted to turn around and go right back to California. By that time, Bessie already knew a lot of people. The family was active in the ward in Sugarhouse. I settled in and had a great time. I had become so independent I could now tell mother what I was going to do, instead of asking her. I dated frequently. I liked boys with a good sense of humor who liked to dance.

I attended LDS Business School and rode on the street car, from our home in Sugarhouse, to Salt Lake. My colleagues would say,"You live way out in Sugarhouse!" To me, the distance was nothing at all after having lived in Los Angeles. When I graduated from LDS Business School, I began a job at a paint and wallpaper store as a typist for $65 a month. That was a fair amount of money in those days.



Thalis - Approx. Age 20

Once again, there wasn't enough work in Salt Lake. My father decided we needed to return to Los Angeles. He'd spent 2-1/2 years in Salt Lake and it just wasn't working. He didn't do nearly as well in Salt Lake as in Los Angeles and he couldn't work in the wintertime in Salt Lake. He hadn't really wanted to go to Salt Lake, but Grandmother Flint always managed to talk them into moving.

In May of 1930 we returned to Los Angeles. I got a job at the L.A. Examiner, in the credit and collection department, typing form letters. It was very boring. I had wanted to work on a newspaper, but not on that end of it. After working at the Examiner, I was employed at a bank. I worked in two different banks with several different jobs throughout the next five years.

I had thought of teaching, but wouldn't pursue it because I had a slight stutter. I was careful to avoid situations where it might be aggravated. I worried so much about stuttering and being embarrassed that I wouldn't do things in front of audiences. I admired my sister, Nell, who could do that sort of thing and liked to do it. My mother tried to help by having me read to her. She made too much of my stammering, which reinforced the problem rather than letting me work through it. Eventually, I overcame

the stuttering by being out more with people and participating in activities. The more active I became in my personal relationships, the better I was able to overcome my stammer.

When we returned to Los Angeles and the Wilshire Ward, I returned to many friends. A few of us started a sewing club with the girls our age. My sister, Bess, and I were both members of the club. There were about 10 girls in all and we'd meet once a week. It was more social than sewing. Eventually the club broke up as the girls married and moved on.

My sister, Bernice, died when she was twelve years old. I was nineteen. She had a high temperature and some kind of blockage in her intestines. The doctors told mother not to worry, but Bernice got worse and she was rushed to the hospital. She had a bowel stoppage for 4 or 5 days. Because of the poor diagnosis, peritonitis set in and she died just three days after Christmas. It was a great tragedy for us all. She was little and slim and very sweet. Being the youngest, we had given her a lot of love and attention. I went to work the morning after she died, thinking it would be easier and take my mind off of Bernice. I was so overcome with grief that I couldn't stay. It was hard on mother to have people come and visit with her because she would start crying again.

My mother was a very good cook. I just remember her always being there when I was growing up. Our home always had an open door to others. We usually had 1 or 2 extra people living with us. There always seemed to be someone visiting from Salt Lake or some other place who would stay with us and go to church with us. Often, one of my brothers or sisters would have someone come to live with us. I remember that Bill had a missionary friend who came to live with us for a while. He was quite uncouth, sitting around with his shoes off. We always had at least 10 people sitting down for dinner every night. I didn't learn to cook, but I wiped a lot of dishes. One Easter we went to sunrise services, staying up all night, and looked forward to going home and going to bed. But, Mother had a gall bladder attack and I stayed up and took care of her.

Grandmother and Grandfather Flint lived to be pretty well into their eighties. There were a lot of Jackson relatives around, especially cousins. My father was one of thirteen children and they each had big families. Many of them still live in Idaho. When my first son, David, was eight years old, my sister Erma and I traveled to Idaho to visit family. On the way back Erma and I were counting our first cousins and there were 100.

I remember my father as being a very gentle and sweet person. I believe my son, David, takes after him in this respect. He was a spiritual, serious man and very active in church. The church and his family were his whole life. My father was a counselor to Bishop David P. Howells for many years. A lot of people felt closer to him and felt that they could talk to him more easily than the bishop. I always felt he was more like the Bishop than the Bishop was. He had more time for the members. Bishop Howells was a very busy businessman and traveled quite a bit. He also spent a lot of time at his ranch in Utah. When Bishop Howells died, my father was called to be bishop. By that time I had married and moved away.

Father suffered a couple of strokes about seven years before his death in 1958. They caused a loss of some abilities and memory, but never spoiled his personality. He was a very sweet, gentle man, almost like a child. He had long suffered with asthma and he and mother continued to move around, trying to find an area where he would be more comfortable. He would never have been able to live in Los Angeles today with all the smog we have.


Mary Jane and Henry Jackson

My mother was a quiet woman and I always felt she wasn't as spiritual or religious as my father, due partly to the fact that she didn't seem to enjoy holding offices in the church like he did. On reflection, I think that she was religious, but more like me. I didn't enjoy holding offices, either. My mother did a lot of crocheting in her later years when she didn't have the large family responsibility. She crocheted doilies and placemats for all her children and a lot of her grandchildren. I have cherished and kept mine over the years. My mother enjoyed playing bridge in her later years. She also enjoyed listening to baseball games on the radio, due, in part, to her son Bill's interest in baseball. It was easier for me to talk to my mother than my father. My father was more strict. Although I felt he was strict, I remember receiving only one spanking in Idaho as a child.

My older brothers and sisters had to report in when they came home in the evening from a night out or a date. By the time I came along my parents were a little more lenient and I didn't have to report in. Most of my dates were with boys from church. We attended dances and other church functions and went to movies, which cost about 50 cents per ticket. I enjoyed the movies back then, better than now. They couldn't show a man and woman in bed. Violence and sex were very limited. There were a lot of westerns and they had their own brand of excitement. Will Hays Organization monitored movies and kept them clean.

My father, Henry Somes Jackson, was not a very good automobile driver. He had a lot of little accidents. He had his own little kit to hammer out the dents. In Parker we owned a Briscoe, which my father had purchased with Liberty Bonds. My brother Bill drove it and let girls drive it. One of them drove it into a ditch and wrecked it. My brother Bill tried to teach me to drive but he was so impatient with me that I couldn't learn. He would have me in tears. He would say, "Well, I learned just by watching

other

people. I don't know why you can't." So, finally, I had to have my father teach me. Although he wasn't a very good driver, he was patient. Bill wasn't a very good driver either. He would scare us by turning around and talking to people in the back seat while he was driving.

I had my first airplane experience when I was about 19 or 20. I met Stan Zundel at a church activity and he asked me to go up in an airplane with him. He had been taking lessons. I said yes but didn't tell my mother until afterwards so that she wouldn't worry. It was a short flight in an early model biplane with an open cockpit. I wasn't scared, it was just exciting.

I loved to dance. I learned how at church dances and then went to other dances in the late 20's and early 30's, and on occasion to the Coconut Grove. I learned traditional dances like the Waltz, Fox Trot and other ballroom dances and also the Charleston, which was new and quite prominent in the movies. It was the big bands era and Guy Lombardo was my favorite band leader. I didn't care for Benny Goodman and the Dorsey Brothers and other swing bands as well. They didn't have enough violins and I had to get used to the horns.