

Will's history tells most of the important things of our life, but maybe there are a few interesting events some of my family might be interested in. When we were first married, the Jacksons owned a little house in Manassa (where Leland Holman lives). It wasn't much of a house (no water or bathroom) but we papered and painted and with some old curtains and a little furniture we set up housekeeping. Our little William Gene was born March 14, 1929. Will's mother had her last baby just 2 weeks before--Melvin Samuel. Will would be gone to the mountains most of the summer. The depression was getting worse. The Jacksons decided it would be best to build a house at Bountiful as they needed someone to look after the property there. The house was built of adobe and an old friend, Brother Turner, and Mr. Price were the carpenters. By the Fall of 1930, the depression was really with us. There just wasn't any money and such a hard winter. Will would take a truck load of sheep and start out in the morning and trade them for whatever he could--chickens, flour, fruit, wood--maybe a lamb or 2 or old ewes, just anything he could get. Will's mother had died August 6, 1930 and it was so hard for Grandpa Jackson to be left with such a big family--6 boys and 2 girls. The baby was 18 months old. Elvera came to help, but her health was bad (a rheumatic heart) so she took the baby and went back to Utah. She had no children of her own. Louvina took Alfred with her. Lynn was at Harvard University and Alfred was just starting to school. Lorraine and Josephine were in high school and did the best they could looking after the family.

December 14, 1930, Ray and Jay were born--6 weeks premature. They were born at home. There were no electric light, no water in the house, no place for poor Dr. Hurley to sleep while he was waiting, no telephone. Just a cook stove and pot bellied stove to burn wood with a little coal. I had prepared for 1 baby, but when 2 came, there was a struggle for clothes. My dear mother got busy and by the next day, I had enough for 3 or 4 babies. Little Gene was just 21 months old. The twins were not strong and it looked for a while we couldn't keep them, but with lots of care and the help of the Lord, they started to gain. That spring there was no money to pay hired help, so there was 6 men who worked for \$1 a day and board. Of course, it was up to me to cook for them. We did have plenty of food--mutton, beans, flour, our own milk, eggs and chickens and with fruit that Will had traded for, but it took lots of hard work to prepare food for so many. Most of the time, there was some of the Jackson boys there too.

The winter of 1931-32 was one of the worst I remember. The sheep were wintering near San Acacio and Mesita. The snow was so deep there was no way to get them home. There were no heavy tractors and road equipment. Will and Glen Jackson would take turns loading corn on a bobsled and with the team of mules (Jim and Mollie) Will would leave Bountiful at 4:00 or 5:00 a.m. (He would go out every hour to start the car, a Chevrolet coupe) then go to Manassa, take his load and it would take all day to get to camp. The wind blew so bad and drifts so high one wonders how they ever survived. Next day Glen would come home and repeat the process. It lasted from November until February, but the cold and hard work left its mark on both Will and Glen.

While Will was gone, I was alone with the 3 babies. I would pile enough wood and coal on the porch, milk the cow and feed the chickens and babies. I would bank the fire in the cook stove and go to bed as soon as it was dark--6:00 p.m. I put the children in bed with me. Sometimes I would read, but most of the time I was ready for sleep. Grandpa Jackson came every morning to feed some sheep and the cows. Otherwise, I didn't see a soul. The road was closed from our house east, so there was no travel except the highway. Snow was drifted as high as the fence posts. There was still no water in the house, no telephone or electric lights. It was at this time I learned the power of prayer and through all these years, I know my prayers have been answered many, many times.

Spring came with its usual hard work--lambing, shearing, farming and, of course, the usual round of cooking, raising chickens and a garden. Through the hardships and troubles, people seemed friendlier and helpful. Maybe it was just the community of Bountiful, but they were so good to us. The depression was breaking some, but money was still scarce. It had been so expensive wintering the sheep. Corn was like spreading gold out for feed. I had a little money in savings and Will borrowed from his life insurance policy. Grandpa Jackson had given Will \$1,000 interest in the business so from this, we were given the house and land as payment. Things were a little better for a year or so. Grandpa Jackson had married Lucille Schofield. Lorraine and Josephine had gone to school. The boys were busy in school and their interests. Elvera's health was getting worse. She was having to be in the hospital more and more. Warren was taking good care of Sam. Josephine was with Elvera some, as she was taking nurses training at LDS Hospital (Warren R. had a veterinarian clinic in Ogden). I was always getting calls to go help with sick people. There was scarcely a week went by that I didn't get a call to work at the hospital, but I was too busy taking care of my own. The little boys had measles and whooping cough. Then Ray had pneumonia as a complication. He was real sick for several days. I was still cooking for hired men. Jay developed a kidney complication.

Little Gene started to school in September. He was so thrilled about it, but soon after school started, he was real sick which was thought to be scarlet fever, but he wasn't well afterward. Always so tired. Thanksgiving day, we had Heber and Golda Rogers for dinner. The kids had so much fun playing. During the night, Will and I had such a strange feeling. Will was feeding some cattle and he went several times to check on them. We were both nervous, but could find no cause. Next morning little Gene was so quiet. He kept saying, "I wish our Grandma would come to see us." She was able to come to spend the day. In the afternoon, Will took mother home. Toward evening someone called and said Ted Parsons cellar was on fire, so we all ran to tell Will about it. Ray and Jay jumped in the car but we didn't see Gene. As I turned to get in, there was little Gene lying in the snow. Will picked him up and ran to the house with him, called the doctor and I worked to get him to breathe. Oh what a blow it was! I just couldn't believe he was dead and to this day I can't understand why.

Things began to get a little better for us. The Jackson boys were helping more. Ivin had had a very sick spell. He had been asked to go on a mission (about 1933 or 34) before Grandpa and Lucille were married. Grandpa had felt they couldn't afford for him to go right then, but soon after that Ivin got Pneumonia. The days before antibiotics, so developed emphysema. It was a miracle he ever survived. Dr. Van Fradenberg called in Dr. Davlin and Dr. Hurley and Myrtle Swafford and I working with him, he finally got well, but for 2 years, he wasn't able to work. Soon afterward he went to Ft. Collins to veterinary school, met Alice Partridge and married then moved to Idaho.

Seems like one of the Jackson boys had a seige of pneumonia every winter. Warren, Elbert and Alfred especially. I will never forget one occasion when Alfred was real sick. Before Grandpa married Lucille, Sister Turner was staying with the family. Myrtle Swafford was caring for him in the day time and I stayed at night. Some day I will tell him about it.

I have always felt very close to the Jackson family. Louvina and I seemed to have lots in common and her letters about her many travels always gave me a lift. She and Will always were very close and seemed so happy together. I wasn't too well acquainted with Elvera. All the family was very good to me and helped me with my family. Lorraine and Josephine were in high school and had their school work and the responsibility of the boys, but they always were willing to help me baby sitting, etc. Lorraine and Lee did their courting baby sitting for us. Conditions were still difficult. A lot of hard work and low prices. Wool sold for 6 cents a pound, lambs at 3 cents. The year Lorraine graduated, there didn't seem to be money for a graduation dress. How sad. One thing I have seen with the Jacksons, they all knew how to work. I never heard any quarreling or fussing in their home and they all accepted the good with the bad.

The boys were always kind and helpful to me. I still remember the pine bough beds Warren made me in the mountains. Once Will told our boys they could go to the sheep camp if I would go with them. I wasn't the best mountaineer, but went anyway. The sheep were high up on the ridge. By the time Will and Warren got me on a horse and up to camp, I was about out. Warren made me such a good bed of pine boughs, cooked supper and watched out for my little boys. By the time I could move and was adjusting to the altitude, they moved the camp to Alberta Park, so poor Warren had to repeat his good deed again. This is just one incident and the others did so many of the "little things" that have meant a lot to me over the years.

Grandpa Jackson was Bishop of Manassa Ward on 2 occasions and served in the San Luis Stake Presidency for several years, so Will took the responsibility of the business--especially after Grandpa and Uncle Sam separated. The family was grown and each one doing their own thing, away to school, getting their own homes, etc. so it was time to make another separation.

I'm sure there were times when Will and I seemed "too bossy" overbearing and maybe because of being older or maybe just our dispositions. I know Will always wanted the best for everyone. I know his dream was to have a big "Jackson Corporation." I know there were mistakes made and misunderstandings, but know that is understandable. During our 28 years together, we tried to work together. We were never able to accumulate very much.

We moved to Mesa, Arizona, for Will's health in 1950. He was very ill most of the time, but kept busy. He did missionary work among the Indians and was in the Mesa 10th Ward Sunday School. February 14, 1955, he made a business trip to the Valley, but was too ill to do much about it, so flew back to Mesa. He didn't seem to realize where he was. It was quite a while before I could get a doctor, but finally got him to the Southside Hospital, where he passed away February 16, 1955. Such a hard blow to Mary. Jay had full responsibility of the business. Ray was in the Army stationed at Ft. Knox, Kentucky, but was out on maneuvers some where in Georgia. Ray received word so was able to get back home for the funeral.

Things looked dark for a while. After Mary and I spent the summer in Colorado, we thought it best for her to finish her high school in Mesa and I would sell the house. I was able to get a nursing job in the Mesa Osteopathic hospital. After an absence from nursing for 28 years, I was almost afraid to try. Everyone was good to me and I stayed there 9 months. After Mary graduated we loaded up the old Buick and came back to Colorado.

I retired from work due to arthritis and a degenerative hip. It has been the hardest work I've ever done. After 2 hip operations, it appears I am doomed to spend my time sitting.