

CHARLES F. RYTTING LIFE STORY
by Lorry E. Rytting

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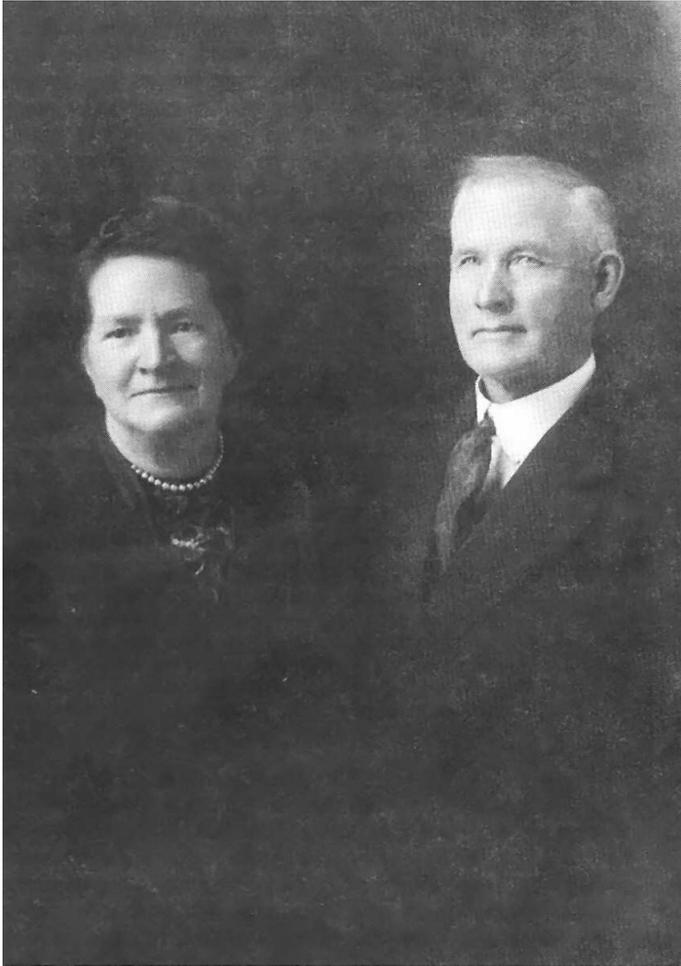
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Charles F. and Lenora Rytting

Preface

A Swedish immigrant, Charles F. Rytting was dismissed from school in his homeland when he joined the Mormon Church in 1878 at age twelve. His belief in the new religion was so intense that two years later he immigrated to the Salt Lake Valley and settled in Grantsville, Utah. There he met and courted the talented Lenora Millward, whose parents had emigrated from England.

Their marriage joined two families of rich ancestry and their life stories convey to a large posterity attributes of faith in God, hard work, devotion and love for family that we all hope to emulate.

In his early life, Charles was a sheepman, but after a move to Lyman, Idaho, he developed his skills as a carpenter, contractor and farmer. He served his church and God in many ways--as a missionary to Sweden soon after his marriage and as a bishop in the Lyman ward. He was a devoted father to nine children, six who grew to adulthood. He was useful in his community and well liked by all who knew him.

At a reunion of his extended family in June 1989, it was decided that a history of Charles F. Rytting would be published. Lorry E. Rytting, a grandson, was designated to be in charge of the project. Lorry immediately began collecting resource material for the book and each branch of the family provided valuable life histories. By the spring of 1991 a rough draft of the book was completed. Unfortunately, after a courageous bout with cancer, Lorry died May 10, 1991, before the project was finished. According to his wishes, his wife, Gloria, finished writing the manuscript using Lorry's computer files and other resource material.

Lorry had spent many hours in original research, not only from family records, but also at the Historical Department of the LDS Church. There he spent days searching the manuscript history of the Lyman ward, taking notes on a portable computer of each mention of the Rytting name.

Lorry also painstakingly transcribed more than fifty personal letters written by Charles and Lenora between 1889 and 1900. These letters were discovered in a handmade wooden box at the home of Alvaretta Rytting. The letters were

soiled and water damaged. The ink and pencil writing was faded and difficult to read; the paper was often brittle and easily damaged by handling.

After transcribing the letters, Lorry compiled and published them in a spiral-bound book in November 1990. Excerpts from these letters are used extensively in this history. The text was copied as literally as possible, including spelling errors and sparse punctuation. Insertions or clarifications added during the typing are marked by brackets and illegible and missing text are indicated by ellipses.

The names or nicknames of many individuals known to both are mentioned; most are their own brothers and sisters. The intimate expressions of Charles and Lenora were intended only for each other, but they are offered to their descendants for the treasured insights they contain into the personal values and character traits of these two honored ancestors. May they serve also as examples to be emulated by their posterity.

Acknowledgements

A heartfelt thank-you goes to the many individuals who have contributed to this book, often sharing their own memories. Special appreciation goes to Sandra Rytting Park and George Rytting for their help in reading the manuscript, offering suggestions and corrections where needed. George also provided a wealth of insight into his father's life from firsthand knowledge and from the countless stories his father had related to him.

It has been a privilege to experience the life of this man and his family at close range. The main purpose of this book is to capture the essence of his life so that his many progenitors--present and future--may emulate his numerous Christ-like attributes.

PART I
CHARLES F. RYTTING
AND LENORA MILLWARD RYTTING

Chapter One
ANCESTRY

Two proud lines of Mormon convert immigrants--one from England, the other from Sweden--were bonded together in Utah in January 1892, when Emma Lenora Millward was married to Charles Fredrick Rytting. She was born in Utah in 1870, just eight years after her newlywed parents had emigrated from England in 1862. He was a native of Sweden who, while yet in his teens, had emigrated with members of his family in 1880 to Grantsville, which would be home for both families. For the Millwards, it was a missionary who led them to the Utah settlement; the Ryttings went there because their eldest son had found work with sheep herds based in Grantsville.

Brief personal histories written by Charles F. Rytting and Emma Lenora Millward contain little more than a skeleton of their full, rich lives of service and duty. Fortunately, their youngest son, George, recorded many additional events as they were related to him by his father. For each of the six Rytting children who married and had families, a personal history has been written, some in great detail. Many events from the Rytting family's early experiences were contained in tape-recorded greetings prepared by five living brothers and a sister on the occasion of the 80th birthday of a son, Andrew Rytting. These have been transcribed and provide additional dimensions that are most welcome, although they do not approach the variety and depth of those from the Millward lines.

Charles wrote his life story but unfortunately it was destroyed, as related in the following story by his son, George:

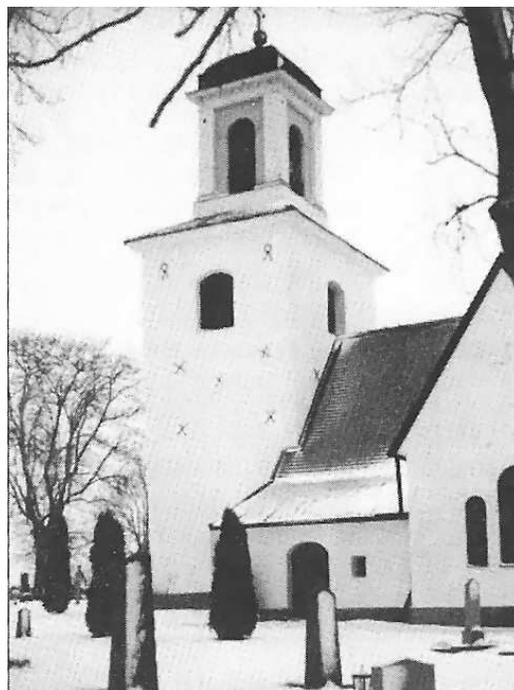
Lucille [daughter of Charles F. Rytting] had previously asked Father to write a history of his life. This Father did, and Lucille rolled the manuscript into a roll and tied it with a piece of ribbon. After her death, Father and Mother looked about for this manuscript but were not able to find it. Some 15 years later (5 years after Mother's death), Father had occasion to repair one of the two chimneys in the house, and when he went up in the attic to make the repair, he found the

remains of the manuscript of his history. Mice had chewed it to bits. However, the little piece of ribbon was still tied in the same knot with which it held the paper in a roll. Father never attempted to rewrite his life's story

However, from another brief personal history that remained, Charles related a childhood experience and the discrimination suffered by Mormon converts in Sweden.

When I was in Sweden, at about 8 or 9, I started school. The teacher told me to go home when he found out who I was. My grandfather [Jansson], who was a scribe (as only about 10% of the people could read or write, now about 90% of the people are educated), taught me -- My text book was the Bible. He started me in the Old Testament, but later changed to the New Testament, and my progress was much faster, and this knowledge came in very handy later on in my life.

My grandfather was one of the first to embrace the Gospel, and he brought it to my parents. Another family by the name of Hoagland had also joined the Church. As I was leaving the school after having been turned away, I met Joey Hoagland, he also had been turned away from school. (This was because they were Mormons) I was crying and he said, "Never mind, some day we will go to America and when we grow up we will be missionaries."



The church in Alsike, Stockholm County, Sweden. This is the locality where Charles F. Rytting was born.

Erick Conrad Rytting

Charles Fredrick Rytting was born November 30, 1866 in Alsike, Stockholm County, Sweden, third in a family of eight children. His father was Erick Conrad Rytting, born November 12, 1838 in Ostra Vingaker, Alsike, Sodermanland, Sweden, where his forefathers are known to have lived and died for at least four generations, dating back at least to the early 1700s.

According to a history written by George Rytting:

He [Erick Conrad] was employed on a large estate, and was assigned to care for the livestock, in exchange for living quarters, certain allocations of food and goods produced on the estate, and a small cash wage.

Erick married Maria Charlotta Fredricksdotter Jansson October 4, 1863, at Gasgifgare Garden, Krusenborg, Estra Vingaker. They had eight children: August Wilhelm, Maria Albertina, Karl (Charles) Fredrick, John Arvid, Augusta Valfrida, Charlotta Alfrida, Hannah Matilda and Erick Gustave. Augusta and Charlotta died in infancy.

The name *Rytting* is frequently spelled *Rutting* in Sweden today. This was explained in a letter to Howard Rytting dated February 24, 1980, from Ake Rutting who lives near the town of Kalmar, Sweden. "The spelling of my name is rather new. My father and his brothers changed it thinking that was the old way of spelling it," he wrote. "Rytting is not a common name in Sweden today."

During his research into the origin of the Rytting family, Ake Rutting found the name of a doctor Rytting who lived in Sweden during the years of 1451 to 1498. Nicolaus Rytting was a juris doctor and was a chancellor to the king, Karl Knutsson. Nicolaus died May 6, 1472. An old Swedish history book contains a picture of the seal of this man.

Three centuries later, in 1700, Swedish historians tell about another Rytting. Ivar Rytting was a very wealthy person in Andrarum. He was director of a factory and gave a gilded silver bridal crown to the church and donated 2800 Daler silver coins. According to an old tradition, King Fredrik I dined in his house. Whether or not these men were ancestors of the Charles F. Rytting family is speculation and needs additional research.

Charles' paternal grandfather was Eric Ericsson (Rytting), born April 3, 1809 at Kjesatterstugon, Vestra Vingaker, Sodermanland, a son of Eric Olof Olsson and Brita Persdotter, also of Kjesatterstugon. He married Stina Kajsa Fredricksdotter Nastrom, who was born April 30, 1815, at Ostra Vingaker, Sodermanland. They were married February 12, 1837. Erick Conrad was both their second son and oldest living child; an earlier son, Carl Eric, lived only six months. Two younger brothers, Carl August and Johan Ferdinand, and four sisters, Charlotta Christina, Helena Maria, Ulrika Matilda and Johanna Sofia, were added to the family.

Charles Rytting's maternal grandfather was farmer Fredrik Jansson of Oxhagen, Alsike, Stockholm County, Sweden. Grandfather Jansson became a widower; his wife, Anna Maria Israelsdotter, died December 22, 1871 without an opportunity to hear the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. The youngest of the five children born to Fredrik and Anna Maria Jansson was Maria Charlotta. She and her father joined the LDS Church and came to America, but the other three children, Johan Fredrik, Carl Jansson, and Augusta, remained in Sweden. A daughter, Johanna Fredrica, died as a child.

Johan Olof Tibelius

One rather prominent ancestor on the Jansson line was Johan Olof Tibelius, born in 1702. He was a prominent churchman in Alsike. Following is an account of an experience concerning this ancestor when Charles Rytting returned to Sweden as a missionary in 1893, just 11 years after having left Sweden with his family. The experience was related to his son George, who recorded it as follows:

[Johan Olof] Tibelius was Father's ancestor, and served as bishop in the Lutheran church at Haga (between Stockholm and Upsala) where a life-sized oil portrait of him hangs on the chapel wall. Father saw this painting, but did not have adequate photographic equipment available to get a picture of it. A short time after he had seen Tibelius' portrait and had obtained what information he could of his life and ministry, he had a dream in which Tibelius was the principle subject. In this dream, Tibelius is reported to have told Father that it was his (Father's) responsibility

to gather all the genealogical data he could and to see that the necessary temple work was done. This dream so impressed Father that he remained in Sweden for some time after his regular "tour of duty" was accomplished, exhausting every source of information he could find.

Charles was successful in gathering much genealogical information on the Rytting line during this time. Many years later in 1964, a grandson, Howard Rytting, after serving a mission in Finland, also visited the church at Haga. According to Howard's research, Olof Tibelius was not a bishop, but a Rural Dean in 1772, responsible for several rural churches.

Andrew Vickers Millward

Emma Lenora Millward brought to her marriage a rich English heritage. Nine generations have been traced, dating as early as 1573. This was a family from the heartland of Great Britain. She was the genetic and personal conduit through which a passion for music was carried from her parents to the following generations. Her personal history, written in 1929, the year before she died, begins with these paragraphs:

I was born at Grantsville, Utah, February 26, 1870. My father was Andrew Vickers Millward, and my mother, Louisa Eastham. I was the 4th child of a family of 12; 6 boys and 6 girls, all fine healthy children. I bless my mother always for her faith and devotion to her Church and family.

As soon as I remember anything, I can see her working to make us clean and comfortable, and how the house would shine when she got through scrubbing. When I was four years old, my brother, John Andrew, died at the age of seven.

Lenora's parents, Andrew Vickers and Louisa Jane Eastham Millward, were young newlyweds and converts of the Mormon Church when they sailed from Liverpool, England, for America on April 20, 1862. In a letter written many years later by Andrew Vickers, he tells of his ancestry:

I was born November 28, 1839 in the village of Greasbrough, 2 miles from the town of Rotherham, Yorkshire, England, of goodly parents. My father's name was George Millward and his wife's name was Grace Vickers. My grandfather's name was Edward Millward and his wife's name was Mary Millward. Thomas Vickers and Elizabeth Hague were my grandparents on my mother's side.

Lenora's mother was Louisa Jane Eastham, born December 6, 1844 in Derby, Derbyshire, England. Her parents were John Eastham and Jane Huntington, whose Yorkshire home became known as a haven for Mormon missionaries. An account contrasting the early lives of Lenora Millward's parents is found in an impressive history written by a granddaughter, Mary Robinson Rydalch.

Across the ocean in England lived a man, Andrew Vickers Millward, whose mother had been left a widow with eight children to care for. Andrew being the oldest child helped his mother to support the family from the time he was eight years old, by working in a factory.

In another part of the city, in a beautiful home, lived Louisa Eastham, who had everything her heart desired. Beautiful clothes, jewels and money. Her father was the first man to be a railroad engineer in India. (That is the family tradition.) He would bring back from these trips lovely china, silverware and precious jewels, much of which he gave to Louisa, later called Lucy. Lucy and Andrew were drawn together by music. Both of them loved to sing. In due time they fell deeply in love and wanted to marry. Lucy's parents objected to poor Andrew and forbade her to marry him. But she did marry him and sold some of her beautiful dresses and jewelry to get enough money for them to come to America.

Lenora's paternal grandfather was George Millward, who was born June 4, 1805, in Brockmoor, Staffordshire, a son of Edward Millward and his wife, Mary or Ann. He married Grace Vickers July 13, 1829. They were the parents of seven children, three sons and four daughters, born in Yorkshire or Warwickshire. All lived to adult life and were married. Grace Vickers was born March 19, 1810 in Hayland, Yorkshire, a daughter of Thomas Vickers and Elizabeth Hague.

Thomas Vickers was born in 1782 in Hayland, Yorkshire, the fourth son and last of five children of Robert Vickers and Grace Armstead, who were married April 3, 1770 at Kilnhurst, Wath upon Dearn, Yorkshire. Elizabeth Hague was born in July 1786. Her parents are unknown to the family. She and Thomas Vickers became parents to nine children, five sons and four daughters; one son died in infancy.

Lenora's maternal grandfather was John Eastham, who was born February 2, 1819 in Ribchester, Longridge, Lancashire, England, a

son of Roger and Margaret Ogden Eastham. He married Jane Huntington, who was born March 22, 1817, a daughter of Robert Huntington and Jeanette Holden.

After his marriage, John Eastham continued to work for the railroad at Preston, was made an engineer, and provided well for his family. The couple eventually moved to Rotherham, Yorkshire. The couple had 11 children; four died in their first year of life, including their only son. Six of the ten remaining girls grew to womanhood: Emma Jane, Louisa Jane, Catherine Curtis, Marentha Althera, Merlin and Lenora.

In 1860 John was offered a job by the English government working on the recently completed railroad line in the West Indies; however, he had to sign for four years. Jane's health was not good and the responsibility of six daughters ranging in age from six to eighteen was quite an undertaking. The pay for the new job was good. John promised Jane that when he returned to England he would move the family to Zion since she had become a convert to the Mormon church in 1839.

He then moved his family to Leeds and left for the West Indies. Jane settled down to housekeeping for the children and associating herself with members of the church. Probably the reason for the move to Leeds was that there was a branch of the church there. John also owned a furniture store which his wife and daughters took care of during his long absences while railroading abroad in India and Africa.

Jane opened her house to missionaries from Utah and among those who came was Joseph F. Smith, who later became president of the church. He lived with her almost three years and she treated him like one of her own children. From that time on, Joseph F. Smith always called her "Mother Eastham."

True to his word, when John returned from the Indies in 1865, the family embarked for America.

Into the Gospel Net

At 36 years of age, Erick Conrad Rytting, his wife and their 10-year-old daughter, Maria Albertina, became converts of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They are

believed to be among the first Swedish converts, having been baptized August 10, 1873, soon after the arrival of the first Mormon missionaries in Sweden. Two other sons were baptized later-- August Wilhelm on February 2, 1876 and Charles Fredrick on April 17, 1878. Fredrik Jansson joined the Church August 20, 1873, also in Sweden.

Missionary work in Great Britain began in Preston, Lancashire in 1837. The earliest conversions in the Millward lines were two daughters of Robert and Jeanette Holden Huntington. Elizabeth was baptized June 19, 1838, and Jane joined the Church March 1, 1839 at the age of 22.

After Jane's marriage to John Eastham, each of their children was baptized upon turning eight, the age of accountability. This began in 1855 with Louisa Jane "Lucy," the third daughter. At the tender age of 17, Lucy and her new husband, Andrew Vickers Millward, in company with her older sister, Emma Jane, and husband, James Ratcliffe, became the first of the family to emigrate to Zion.

Emma Jane was baptized August 13, 1856; Catherine Curtis and Marentha Althera, July 30, 1858; Lenora, August 15, 1863; and Merlin, August 23, 1864. Their father, John Eastham, postponed his baptism until February 1, 1868, almost three decades after his wife's baptism. Five months later they left England.

Andrew V. Millward's Conversion

That Andrew V. Millward's love of music was linked to his spiritual life is apparent. A talented instrumentalist, he could play most of the wind instruments by age 16, according to an account by Alice Millward Fenton. But he loved singing religious songs. Before hearing the restored gospel of Mormonism, he was already part of a group who sang hymns in public streets to bless people's lives with music. Among the group was Rev. William Booth who later founded the Salvation Army. There are two versions of how music brought young Andrew Millward into contact with the missionaries from America, differing mostly on location. A granddaughter, Emily Rytting Heilesen, wrote this account:

When he was a young man he belonged to a temperance society. One night as he was on his way to a meeting of the society, he passed a

house where he heard singing upstairs (The stairway came down to the sidewalk). The song was "The Morning Breaks, The Shadows Flee". He started on his way, but he couldn't leave the singing, so he went upstairs and into a meeting being conducted by Mormon Missionaries, and before the meeting was out he was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ.

Whether heard from the upstairs rooms or, as in a second account, when elders were practicing the hymn in the woods, it was the singing of "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee" by the Mormon missionaries that first captured Andrew's ear, then his heart. He was baptized November 11, 1856, and began attending meetings of the local branch, where he would meet and marry Louisa Jane "Lucy" Eastham.

Lucy's spunky spirit is evident in a letter she wrote her intended husband in the week before they were married:

Leeds, April 6th '62

Dear Andrew

Your letter came very welcome this morning and I feel very happy that I can write to you for you are very kind to me Perhaps you have got my note that I sent to Joseph if you have you will say "Lucy is a good girl." Wont you think I am very good because you know I have such a proud temper but when I am in fault I will try to acknowledge that sometimes it is hard to do.

So I have had a letter this morning from a friend "I hope you will get a good bargain with Andrew" Do you think my friend can have his wish gratified. . . If anyone wishes you the same, tell them you will for I will make it my study to be a good bargain to you. I think this will be my last letter to you while we are single so I am going to write everything I can think of and I wish you to answer it fully everything I say I will write you lots of love letters after we are married or else tell them to you for I hope we will never give up courting. No for I want to love you more every day will you give me cause to love you or shall I have to regret ever having known you the future will tell I cannot say you know what I like every way are you willing to please me if not don't make yourself and me miserable

I want you to send me word how much to spend in A. King be sure and say what you can afford and don't go beyond it if you don't say how much I shall not get one.

Now Andrew, my dear I know you are very fond of home so if you can leave your work on Saturday spend Sunday with your family and come to Leeds on Monday P.M. then we can be married at night Don't let your folks know when or how we are going to be married I will tell you why when I

see you but be sure and do as I say you can just show up the best way you know how for there is lots of talk going on here. Your uncle has told you are going to married and everyone is asking when and were so he must not know for Samuel would get in trouble now you will see my reason for wanting you not to tell.

You must try and get all your things ready dont get any tins for we will see after them Answer this I will give you while next Saturday then you can write a bit every night so that it will be a long one

Oh about your pants I wish you could get quit of them for they won't suit me at all I want you to look nice when you are here dark ones look best dont forget this keep this letter

Please write soon for I shall not write till you answer this letter.

Yours

Lucy Eastham

[Written crossways on the back of the letter]:

Your loving Lucy 200000 kisses

Despite objections of her family Andrew and Lucy were married four days after this letter was written, on April 15. In another five days, they began their honeymoon trip, which was six weeks crossing the Atlantic Ocean, followed by an exciting journey across the continent of America.



Andrew Vickers Millward and Louisa Jane Eastham. The photograph was taken one day after their marriage on April 15, 1862, in Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

Twelve children were born to them at their Grantsville home. The family grieved the loss of their first son, John Andrew, at the age of seven, and daughter Emily Merlin, at age 23. The other children were Jane Louisa, George, Joseph, Emma Lenora, Hyrum, Margaret Alice, Roger, Jeanette, Grace Lucille, and Lionel. From these few fragments of ancestral history, a rich heritage is discovered. This heritage provided roots for the Rytting and Millward families as many of them prepared to emigrate to the land of America and to Zion located in the Rocky Mountains.

Chapter Two PULLING UP ANCESTRAL ROOTS

With the help of other emigrating Swedish Mormons, the first member of the Rytting family to cross the Atlantic was August Wilhelm, then 16 years of age and only recently baptized. He emigrated in 1876. Within two years, he sent money for the next oldest child, Maria Albertina, who was 15 years old when she made the trip. She sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. *Wyoming* and arrived in New York September 25. The company continued their journey by railroad, supervised by Captain Henry W. Naisbitt, arriving in Salt Lake Valley October 3, 1878.

Their parents, Erick Conrad and Maria Charlotta Rytting, and two more sons, Charles F. and John [Johan] Arvid, emigrated to Utah. Two daughters had already died in infancy. Erick and his wife were both 40 years old. They sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. *Wisconsin* and arrived at New York Harbor July 11, 1880. The company of saints continued their journey by rail under the charge of Captain Niels P. Rasmussen and arrived in Salt Lake City July 29.

In 1882, young Charles sent money to his 74-year-old grandfather, Fredrick Jansson, to join them in Zion. The elderly patriarch made the trip sooner than expected and traveled alone instead of waiting for a company of fellow European emigrants, to the joy and surprise of his family. According to Charles' personal history:

After being in Utah a couple of years, my grandfather Jansson who was getting quite old, wanted to come to Utah. I sent him the money, and instead of waiting until a group came, he came by himself and the first thing we knew, he was in Utah. I also sent for my Uncle Lindstrom and my niece, Hilda Akenrain Peterson.

Charles F. Rytting's brief history tells of the emigration journeys of his family, which took place in at least five stages between 1877 and 1885.

Prior to that time in 1876, my older brother, William emigrated with the aid of some saints. In 1879, my brother sent for my sister Mary [Maria], and the following year, my father, mother, myself, and my younger brother, John, came to America.

Although no record has been found

confirming details of the first emigration by August Wilhelm [William] Rytting, the two later groups are fully documented by emigration records found in the LDS Church Historical Department archives. These ledger book records contain information about how the trips were financed, a matter of some later controversy, and also pose some problems of the correct spelling of names and ages. Erik Konrad Rytting is identified as a farmer, bound for Salt Lake City with his wife and three children.

Payment of \$576.00 (293.80 Kr/lre) is recorded for the father, an additional \$336.54 (193.80 Kr/lre) for the mother, and 146.90 Kr for each of their sons. The Kr appears to be Danish money. A cash refund of 31.14 Kr/lre is recorded, and a notation states that passage was paid for Charles Anderson in Gotheburg; the name of their ship, "Wisconsin," is also noted. (History of the Scandinavian Mission, p. 233; Lib. Book 1064, pp. 121, 1154.)

Based on birthdates gathered by Charles F. Rytting, his age in 1880 should have been thirteen and one-half years, not 11, as here recorded; John's age appears to have been correct at 10 years. An explanation might be that children under the age of 12 would be charged less for passage than those over that age. Two daughters born in Sweden in 1874 and 1876 both died in infancy. The last two children were born to the family in Salt Lake City: Hannah Matilda, born in 1881, and Erick Gustave, born 1883.

The two oldest sons both accepted calls and later returned to Sweden as missionaries for the Mormon Church, Charles from 1893-1895 and William from 1906-1908.

The Eastham Family

Accounts of the 1862 voyage of the two Eastham sisters, Louisa Jane and Emma, and their husbands, were written by Andrew Vickers Millward, and from other accounts of the family. Lucy was married to Andrew Millward and Emma was married to Jim Ratcliffe. They sailed on the ship *John J. Boyd* under the command of Captain Williams. They spent about six weeks crossing the ocean and landed in America during the upheaval of the Civil War. They were

told not to attempt coming west, but Andrew and Lucy were anxious to press forward. Andrew's recollections of the journey include the following:

Under the presidency of James S. Brown, we arrived in New York, Sunday, June 1, 1862, (about 6 weeks on the Atlantic Ocean). Left New York Tuesday evening, June 3rd. Arrived the next morning at the Niagara Falls, crossed the suspension bridge over the St. Lawrence River. After visiting the falls, we left on the Canadian side of the river, traveled through some part of Canada to keep away from trouble

Andrew appeared to revel in the adventure they had in leaving their native England and experiencing frontier life. His account continues:

As the Civil War was then going on between the North and South, we had to ride in base cars or anything else we could get as almost all the trains were in charge of the Army. But we went through to St. Joseph, (that was as far as the railroad came West), without accident. We only traveled in the daytime most of the way to St. Joseph for fear of bridges being burned down.

On our arrival at St. Joseph, we learned that there had been a battle there 2 days before. We could see where the battle had been fought, as there were many new rifles and knapsacks on the battlefield where men had been killed.

We stayed at St. Joseph, Missouri, till evening, then went on the steam boat "The Eagle", (whose smoke stack was riddled with bullets during the battle). The captain of the boat and Elder James S. Brown (our President), with other leading elders, held a council and came to the conclusion that it was not safe for us to stay in St. Joseph that night (there were 700 immigrants in the company), as the soldiers and men folks were coming home that night and were ready to fight with anybody (and Mormons were looked upon as bad as secessionists). We left about 7:00 PM, up the Missouri River. Went about 15 miles and stayed there all night. The country was infested with what was known as Guerrillas and Bush Whackers (Robbers) same thing, after the type of the Valley Band in Mexico.

The state of Missouri was part slave and part free in 1862, and there were battles fought in that state during the rebellion. But we got through all right and arrived at Florence (Winter Quarters) June 11, 1862 all in good health and spirits. We stayed around Florence and Council Bluffs 6 weeks getting ready to cross the plains.

During our stay, me and uncle Jim Ratcliffe worked around the saw mills, repairing boilers or anything we found to work at. Lucy and Emma stayed most of the time at Council Bluffs with uncle Jim Huntington's family, (mother Eastham's brother).

With what money we earned, and selling some of our clothes, we bought a wagon, a yoke of cattle, and two cows. We got our outfit of provisions to cross the plains from the church store in Florence from an order from Bishop William G. Young of Grantsville. Mother Eastham let him have some money when he was on a mission to England, so we came in the independent train of James S. Brown. We left Florence Monday, July 28 and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 2, 1862, 2 months and 4 days crossing the plains.

We had only one death on the plains and 3 on the ocean so that I think we were blessed and favored of the Lord on our way to the Land of Zion, and for all mercies past and present I feel to say, blessed be the name of the Lord forever and let all present and those absent, when you read or see this sketch of my life say AMEN.

We stayed 2 days in Salt Lake City, then came out to Grantsville, where I have lived ever since and where I expect to end my mortal life so far as I know.

A history of Jane Huntington Eastham written by a granddaughter, Mary Robinson Rydalch, contains additional details of the adventures of these young ancestors as they journeyed to the valley of the Great Salt Lake:

Grandmother sold her wedding dress, and Grandfather worked and was able to get some of the things they needed for their journey. There were fifty-two wagons that started out July 28th, and it took them two months and four days to cross the plains.

A good friend Uncle Jim Ratcliffe, who married Lucy's sister Emma, and Andrew took a bath in the Mississippi river and Andrew almost drowned, but Uncle Jim saved him and he couldn't swim. They finally arrived in Grantsville sometime in February [1863]. Later all the Easthams came to Grantsville and joined the church.

Three years after the two Eastham sisters crossed the Atlantic with their husbands, they were followed by their parents and four younger sisters: Catherine, 16; Marentha, 15; Merlin, 13; and Lenora, 12. They sailed April 29, 1865 from Liverpool on the ship *Belle Wood* under the direction of William H. Shearman.

The trip was uneventful and to everyone's surprise Jane, who had been very frail, was in unusually good health throughout the journey. The company landed at Castle Gardens, New York, June 1, 1865 after six weeks on the ocean. After a few days in New York and a few days by rail and steamer the family disembarked at a little town called Wyoming on the banks of

the Missouri River.

Here they camped for nine weeks waiting for a train of emigrants to leave for the West. They were also waiting for the three wagons and teams of oxen John had ordered to haul their household goods and the other supplies he had purchased in New York and Omaha to start a small general merchandise store in Grantsville.

The family continued their journey across the plains to Salt Lake in Captain Henseon Walker's company. John Eastham was made Captain of the 1st company, Robert Pixton was chaplain and John Hammer was captain of the guard. The company arrived in Salt Lake City on August 12, 1865.

The Easthams traveled on to Grantsville where their two daughters, Emma Jane Ratcliffe and Louisa (Lucy) Millward, and their husbands had settled. They lived with the Ratcliffes for a short time, and in 1866 built a house of their own. A history written in 1978 by Grace Kearn Lamborn, a granddaughter, describes how the house was "in constant use for 90 years, with little change except for the addition of one room and a few repairs."

Grace Vickers Millward

Three years later, in 1868, Grace Vickers Millward emigrated bringing her two youngest children and three grandchildren. She was the mother of Andrew V. Millward. Her husband, George Millward, had died in 1844, leaving her a widow for 24 years. Not only had Andrew left England for Zion, but also her oldest son, Edward, and family.

In an 1868 letter to these two sons from Rotheram, Yorkshire, Grace wrote that she was bringing Kate (Catherine), age 22, and George, age 24, and the grandchildren. They must have been the children of another daughter, Emily, since Kate and George were both unmarried. Because of illness, Emily could not make the trip at that time and hoped to come later.

Grace wrote in the letter: "Times 'as been bad at Pange Gate and all over England. People 'as been starving to death." She explained that she had problems getting enough money to pay for the voyage for the grandchildren. She hoped to be "assisted" or that funds could be provided for them.

She received notification that they would sail on June 30, 1868 on a steamship. Since it took about eight weeks for the voyage across the ocean and the trek across the United States to the Salt Lake Valley, she wrote that they would be in New York City by the time her family received the letter. Her last words written from England read:

I have no time to say any more. This is the last time I shall write in England, I expect, but I still stand in trouble to leave two of my lambs behind me [Elizabeth and Emily]. May the Lord open their way to leave these lands of trouble. . . Praying we soon shall see each other again. God bless you and all of my children. I remain your loving mother.
G. Millward.

From these few stories we can see the many sacrifices our ancestors made to leave their homelands and travel to a new land. Most of them did this because of their religious beliefs in the Mormon faith. They looked forward to more opportunity, more freedom, and hopes for a better life. In many cases they left behind other family members--never to see them again.

Chapter Three GROWING UP IN GRANTSVILLE

Grantsville, Utah, was first settled in 1851, one year after the neighboring town of Tooele had been located 11 miles to the southeast. The earliest attempt at settlement was discontinued for a time after Indians stole the settlers' livestock except for one cow and one ox. Settlement resumed soon thereafter on Willow Creek. The Great Salt Lake lay only six miles away to the north, and Salt Lake City was 44 miles east.

Most of Grantsville's early settlers were newly-arrived convert immigrants from several parts of Europe, including the Millwards and Easthams, who arrived from England around 1862 to 1868. Approximately 15 years later--between 1877 and 1882--the Rytting and Jansson families came from Sweden.

Hardship paved the way for a prosperous community. Plagues of crickets were followed by a serious drought. Like other Mormon settlements facing the arrival of Johnson's Army, the town was abandoned and plans laid to destroy it in 1857, as the families relocated south into Utah and Juab Counties and the men reported for guerrilla duty in Echo Canyon.

Within 20 years, however, Grantsville had become one of the most desirable communities in Utah, according to a news item in the *Deseret News*.

Grantsville is probably not excelled as a fruitful and thrifty place by any settlement of its size in the mountains . . . The people of Grantsville are highly favored. Their land is blessed, and if peace and plenty bring contentment and happiness they should be a happy community. (*Deseret News*, Sept. 9, 1868)

The Grantsville Ward was organized June 24, 1877. In 1900 Grantsville boasted a fine meetinghouse, a substantial high school building, and a pavilion owned by the Ecclesiastical Society, according to LDS Church Historian Andrew Jenson. All but four families in the community were Mormons. Large herds of sheep and cattle and other livestock were owned by the people of Grantsville.

Youth of Charles Rytting

In 1880, the Rytting family arrived from

their native Sweden and became members of the Grantsville community. Even though three good schools were established by 1880, it is not known how much schooling the children of this Swedish immigrant family, especially the boys, were able to secure, as they were all three at work herding sheep.

How different must have been these same growing-up years for Charles F. Rytting as they were for Lenora Millward, even though they lived in the same town. How unlikely it must have seemed that they might become husband and wife! Charles' record of this period is interesting, and concentrates mostly on his work experiences, which began in Salt Lake City upon the family's arrival in 1880 and within two months took him to Grantsville, where he found work herding sheep. Charles wrote:

The first work I did after coming to Utah was carrying water for the men who were working on the Temple, as we were living just across the street.

In about two months, my brother, William, came in to Salt Lake. He was working for Anderson Brothers with the sheep. I helped him drive a herd of sheep from Salt Lake to Grantsville, and walked 35 miles in one day. I had intended to return to Salt Lake, but stayed on, and from that time on, I worked with the sheep.



Charles F. Rytting as a young man.

Most of what we know about Charles' youth in Grantsville, his work with the sheep, and other early experiences are gleaned not only from his own brief history and the histories of his parents, but also from a collection of personal letters written from 1889-1901 between Charles and Lenora. Other stories were either related on tape recordings or written down by his children, particularly the youngest son, George.

After his mother died in 1930, George spent a good deal of time with his father on the Lyman farm--from about 1935 to 1942. They worked together in the fields and doing farm chores. Charles would reminisce and talk with his son about his early life. George later wrote many of these stories down in great detail. Charles continued to write about his early life in Grantsville:

While in Grantsville, I had many friends. I worked for Anderson Brothers for several years at \$10.00 per month. Anderson Brothers went in partners with Lyman Brothers. Later this partnership was dissolved, and I took the Lyman Brothers sheep on commission for a year.

Among my friends was Lenora Millward, who became my wife.

While William, Charles and John Rytting worked with the sheep out of Grantsville, where were the rest of the Ryttings?

It appears that the Rytting parents, Erick Conrad and Maria, and two youngest children were in Salt Lake City, not Grantsville. Here they had two more children: Hannah Matilda, who was born in 1881 one year after the family arrived from Sweden; and Erick Gustave, who was born in 1883. Both were born in Salt Lake City.

The following anecdote, written by George, explained how Charles' desire to become educated was thwarted:

When Father was about eighteen, he had managed to save some \$600 with which he planned to attend Brigham Young University, having heard something of Dr. Karl G. Maeser's interest in and concern for foreign-born students. Before leaving for Provo, he sought the advice of a prominent "brother" as to what he should do. When it was learned he had \$600, he was told he probably would not be admitted to BYU and was advised to enroll, instead, in the local grade school (2nd grade), and to invest the \$600 in a sure-fire investment scheme the good brother was promoting or had an interest in. Accordingly, Father turned over the \$600 (a small fortune in those days), and entered the second grade. After

two weeks in school, an epidemic of smallpox broke out, and the school was closed. The investment scheme failed, and with it came the loss of the \$600. As the school closed, it was back to the sheep camp for Father.

A Hunt for Buried Gold

One summer while Charles was herding sheep near Newfoundland, a desert area west of Grantsville, he noticed a party of men searching for a hidden stash of gold. Every summer for five years these men came to the same area and searched. Again, according to George's account:

During the last year or two they spoke to Father, asking him some questions about certain geographical features and other landmarks of the area. From the questions they asked, and the fragmentary information they inadvertently supplied, he was able to piece together the following: Many years before, a Wells-Fargo stage carrying a gold shipment of some \$50,000, was held up by outlaws, at which time the gold was stolen, and the stage driver killed. When the stage failed to reach its next scheduled stop, a posse was formed to investigate. When it came to the scene of the holdup, and found what had happened, a hunt for the outlaws was organized.

When the outlaws learned they were being pursued and likely to be cornered and captured, the gold was buried in the desert in the Newfoundland area. Contact with the outlaws was finally made, and in the fight that followed, several of them were killed, and the rest taken into custody. A trial was held, some of the captured outlaws were executed, and the rest sentenced to life imprisonment.

While in prison, one of the outlaws learned cabinet making, and utilized much of his spare time making a small child's dresser for one of his nieces. On the occasion of her birthday, he secured permission from the prison authorities to give the dresser as a birthday gift. The prison officials examined it carefully, and consented to its being taken out. Carefully concealed in the dresser was a map indicating the location of the buried gold. Some years later, the holders of the map organized a private search, and the futile hunt for the treasure was begun.

During the years the search lasted, Father was asked questions about the area, but was never allowed to see the map, probably because the searching party feared he would pretend ignorance of the treasure's location, and then later find it for himself. Father always thought that had he been allowed to see the map, he could have helped the searchers locate the treasure, for he

was familiar with "every foot of the country." The search was apparently abandoned by the possessors of the map. Father, however, kept pondering the fragmentary bits of information--for the most part unintentionally supplied--and the questions asked. Gradually a pattern began forming in Father's mind as he visualized the most likely route the outlaws would take in their try for escape, which narrowed the probable location of the buried gold to a relatively small area.

Charles never found opportunity to make his own search of the area; and after having moved to Idaho, he occasionally mentioned that he hoped someday to find time to return to Newfoundland and pick up the search for the buried gold. This urge to return to the desert was never realized, and when Charles died, the secret of the probable location of the buried treasure of Newfoundland went with him.

Shows Sense of Humor

Charles had a sense of humor as shown in the next three anecdotes, also written by George. The first is an amusing story about Tabionah, Chief of the Goshute Indians.

Father often spoke of the Skull Valley Ranch, and it was here he became acquainted with Tabionah, Chief of the Goshute Indians. In his earlier years, Tabionah had been a dangerous and feared enemy of the Mormon settlers. In an effort to bring peace, Brigham Young arranged to meet Tabionah; and as a result, Tabionah became a staunch friend of Brigham Young and the Mormons.

He had four wives, whose names were "Sugar," "Salt," "Vinegar," and "Molasses." About the time of the Manifesto, arrangements were made for Tabionah to make a trip to Washington, D.C. to visit the "Great White Father." Here he was informed of the restrictions put on plural marriages, and told that he must, upon his return home, choose one of his four wives to keep, and tell the other three that he could no longer be their husband. After pondering this turn of events for a few moments, Tabionah is said to have replied, "You tell 'em."

The next yarn tells about an experience that he and Richard R. Lyman had when they tried to help a young girl in distress. They were walking along a road bordered by a high picket fence when they saw the girl.

A tom-boyish type of girl, whom Father called Rett Booth (Bood), was showing off her balancing ability by perching herself atop the upper framework of the fence. When she attempted to walk along this framework, she lost

her balance; and in falling, the hem of her dress caught on the point of one of the wooden pickets, causing her to land with her head down and her feet in the air. She struggled to free herself, but the sturdy cloth held. Finally she began calling for help; and it was in this up-ended situation that the astonished and somewhat embarrassed young men found her.

It was with more than casual interest they considered her plight and the hazards of attempting a rescue. When they decided it had to be done, they found it was necessary for one of them to grasp her about the hips and lift her up, while the other unfastened her dress from the fence picket. Their reward for this act of rustic chivalry was soon forthcoming. Father said that as tongue-lashings go, the job Rett Booth did on them was a masterpiece. They were accused of maliciously violating her maidenly modesty in a tirade made up of expressions of indignation, anger, humiliation, rage, scorn and a generous measure of profanity.

Charles and his friends had their share of fun and pranks according to the next yarn about a spirit that brought messages in the night to a bachelor friend.

A middle-aged bachelor resident of Grantsville reported hearing strange sounds during the night and expressed the thought that perhaps spirits were trying to bring him a message. A few nights later he was rewarded by hearing a distinct tapping over his roof. He called out to inquire who was overhead, and a well-disguised voice, seeming to come down the chimney, answered that he was to finally receive a message from the "spirits." The message was that he should propose marriage to Miss _____, the most popular and attractive young lady in town, and that she would accept his proposal.

His courage fortified by this assurance of success, he lost no time the next day in seeking out the young lady and proposing marriage. At first she politely declined his offer, but he persisted, telling her of the "spirit's" message; whereupon she lost her temper and told him in no uncertain terms what she thought of him and his spirits. What part Father took in this prank is uncertain, but it is not improbable that his was the "voice" of the "spirit."

Then there was the horn player named Bob in the town band. He was from England and insisted on sounding his "hay" (A). Just as the director was ready to give the down beat to start a piece, Bob would call out, "Wait, wait till I sound me hay." Then came the night of the big concert in the Opera House. Just as the band was ready to play, a voice from the audience called out, "Eh, Bob! You forgot to sound your

hay," to which Bob called back, "You go to 'ell."

Charles was a fairly good jumper and fast runner as a young man. He liked to practice jumping over a wide ditch in the area. One time he got in an argument with the town bully and according to the story as written by George,

The argument finally reached a point where the fellow threatened to give Father a thrashing, and Father dared him to catch him if he could. The chase was on and Father headed for the familiar ditch which he easily jumped. His pursuer missed the farther bank by a few inches and fell in the water and mud. As he was clambering up the bank, Father jumped back across the ditch. His pursuer tried to jump back, again missed the bank and fell into the water. After a few more attempts, the now enraged and mud-covered fellow finally gave up the chase and left in disgust. Father said he hated to think of what would have happened to him had he been caught.

THE MILLWARD FAMILY

Upon their arrival in Grantsville, Andrew Vickers Millward and his young Yorkshire bride lived in a granary belonging to Jim Ratcliffe until they could find a house. They were glad for the offer because their first child, Jane Louisa, was born a few days later on March 1, 1864.

Later the young couple found a home and soon felt completely comfortable in their new surroundings. They began their family of 12 children, six boys and six girls. Lenora was the fourth child.

The first little daughter, Jane, began school at the age of six but had to quit because of the financial situation of her parents. At that tender age she got a job washing for the Rydalch family. She would walk 2 1/2 miles to their home barefoot and be ready to work at five a.m. She would wash all day and then walk home after dark. But it wasn't bad because in those days the Rydalch family had a washboard while her own mother had only a large rock to wash on. Little Jane was paid 50 cents a wash.

The young children of the Millward family would go into the fields with their parents and glean wheat for flour. If they got a small bucketful a day, they felt fully paid for their work. They also helped their father make adobe bricks to build a two-room house. Father Andrew insisted they build a fireplace in the end of one of the rooms. Imagine how their troubles and

sorrows would vanish at night when they gathered around the fireplace to sing, dance and dramatize. Every child that came into this family learned music and drama from the day of his or her birth.

Choir Leader for 50 Years

In June 1863, less than a year after he and his wife's arrival as newlywed immigrants, Andrew was given charge of singing at the Grantsville Branch. He immediately went to work and organized a regular choir with eight original members. The branch purchased--at a cost of \$500--an organ that had been hauled across the plains in 1862. Brother Millward led the choir with great diligence and untiring zeal for the next 50 years. When Grantsville built a new chapel, space for the choir received special attention. An item in the *Deseret News* mentioned the quality of the choir:

Grantsville is one of the most beautiful places in Utah . . . there is . . . a platform at the entrance for the benefit of the choristers. The choir, which is a good one, is led by Brother Andrew V. Millward. *Deseret News*, June 23, 1873

In February 1882, an enjoyable party was given at Grantsville in honor of Brother Andrew V. Millward, who had led the Grantsville choir for 19 years, according to the *Deseret News*. By 1893 the choir had 35 members.

Although lacking any formal musical training, Andrew's natural musical talents were formidable. He composed many hymns, some of which were published in early LDS hymnbooks. In the 1927 edition of *Latter-day Saint Hymns* he wrote the music to "O Lord, Our Father, Let Thy Grace." Andrew is credited by family historians with a hymn tune and other words now known as "For the Strength of the Hills." Evan Stephans is listed as composer and author; however, Millward never contested his rights to the tune even though some family members claim he wrote the hymn.

Andrew belonged to the Tabernacle Choir in Salt Lake City for many years, and had the number 50 reserved seat. He was famous throughout the West for choosing good organs and pianos. People would pay him for his expertise and he would accompany them to purchase a new organ or piano.

Andrew also took part in local

government, being chosen as an alderman in 1883, at the same time John Eastham was a councillor.

A brass band was organized, led by a former British officer and including instruments from London. Andrew played in the band and may have become its conductor. Grantsville had an ambitious cultural life.

In 1900 work on the opera house was finished, the building erected at a cost of \$18,000. A letter from Andrew Vickers Millward dated April 1892, identified members of his family involved in the administration of this building. Prior to that time dancing and parties had usually been given in an old hall. Two pianos were in the opera house, and a local orchestra furnished the music. This was "one of the best orchestras in any country settlement in Utah," according to the *Deseret News*. Grantsville's population in 1900 was 1,080 souls (210 families), according to Andrew Jenson's history.

Other members of the Millward family were talented and took part in cultural events in the town. When age eight, Jane Millward and her younger brother, Jody, appeared in many plays that proved popular both in Grantsville and Salt Lake City. Theatrical groups in Grantsville produced a play every month for many years. According to family historians, Jane was in every one.

LENORA'S YOUTHFUL YEARS

In her personal history, Emma Lenora Millward described her girlhood and growing up in Grantsville. She and her older sister, Emily, also had a taste of "big city" life when they moved for a time to Salt Lake City.

I was born at Grantsville, Utah, February 26, 1870. My father was Andrew Vickers Millward, and my mother, Louisa [Lucy] Eastham. I was the 4th child of a family of 12; 6 boys and 6 girls, all fine healthy children. I bless my mother always for her faith and devotion to her Church and family.

As soon as I remember anything, I can see her working to make us clean and comfortable, and how the house would shine when she got through scrubbing. When I was four years old my brother, John Andrew, died at age 7. As time went on, I started to school, taught by Mrs. Croft in a room of her house. Later in the school house in the Fort, we took turns a month at a time

[going to school].

I was baptized when I was eight years old by Alma Hale. Some of Utah's leading citizens attended that very school. As years passed quickly away, I attended night school, dancing school, and studied elocution, and did washing for my music lessons. I also worked at Bishop Edward Hunters for 7 years. During this time, my grandmother, Jane Eastham died, my sister Emily keeping house for grandfather . . .



Lenora Millward as a young girl.

Three years before this, Emily and Lenora lived in Salt Lake City where they studied music, dressmaking, and business classes. Lenora sang alto and the two girls joined in many concerts, operas, cantatas and dramas. They both sang with the Tabernacle Choir, the Evan Stevens Choral Society, and the Thirteenth Ward Choir. They knew many socially prominent people who later became leaders in the Church and state. This was a happy time in Lenora's life as she wrote:

I loved to dance, and was of a happy disposition, but always religious. I always attended Sunday School, Sacrament Meeting, Young Ladies, and was at the first Primary ever organized by Eliza R. Snow. I remember President Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, and spoke to all

of them. I attended the L.D.S. College one season, took music lessons from Mary Romney, she was assistant tabernacle organist.

I took dressmaking from Mrs. Eliza Thomas for 6 months at Salt Lake City, also voice culture and singing by note from Professor Stephens . . . On April 6, 1891, I attended the laying of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple, and sang in the tabernacle choir on a specially erected balcony, and also sang in the special ladies chorus written for the occasion by Professor Stephens. I also attended the dedication of the Temple April 1893.

Lenora, nicknamed Nora, and some of her friends organized a cultural group that participated in the Tabernacle Choir and theatrical activities. In a photograph of the laying of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple, depicting the temple with wooden scaffolding all around it, Nora perhaps was one of four people atop this scaffolding. Evan Stephens had composed an anthem for this occasion and a quartet sang it.

Lenora had the acquaintance of such musical people as John J. McClellan, George Pyper, and Horace F. Whitney. She was acquainted with many people of prominence in Salt Lake. She also attended LDS College, then located on North Temple and State Street. In a small autograph book containing signatures of her friends is the signature of Joseph Fielding Smith, who was attending school at the same time. He later became president of the Church. He wrote a statement to the effect that words are mightier than a sword.

Lenora's otherwise happy youth must have been jolted by several deaths in her family. First was the untimely death of her dear sister, Emily, who died at the age of 23, on April 24, 1891. She was two years older than Lenora. Then two years later, her mother died at age 48, leaving a large family. Her Grandfather Eastham also passed away during the year of 1893.

The Eastham Grandparents

When the Relief Society and its membership of 93 members was reorganized on February 4, 1875, Jane Huntington Eastham was called as first counselor to President Mary Ann Hunter. Sister Eastham succeeded as president March 6, 1879 serving until her death on June 22, 1889. The Relief Society made

overalls and jumpers and sold them to the co-op store. They also helped in the planting of mulberry trees, under the instructions of Brigham Young, to make silk. Two of the trees were planted on the Eastham property.



Lenora and Emily Millward with their friend, Mollie Stoddard, about 1890

An immaculate housekeeper, it was said that one could eat off Jane Eastham's floors. They had to be scrubbed with sand until shiny. Her pots and pans shone until you could see your face in them. The great copper boiler was scrubbed every week after wash day with vinegar and salt and hung in place on the back porch. Jane's towels and dishtowels were white as snow even though they had to be washed on a board.

Jane was an excellent cook and made all kinds of fancy pastries. Her famous lemon tarts are a hand-me-down recipe in the family. She entertained many of the general authorities of the Church. Joseph F. Smith would always come to her place since he had lived in the Eastham home during his mission in England.

Grandmother Eastham was kind-hearted, gentle and hospitable. The grandchildren loved to go to her place often and sometimes when

they would stay extra long she would say, "Now children you had better `Nip off' for home, your mother will need you."

Grandmother Eastham was a patient woman and when her husband, who was not quite so patient, would come and tell her something he had seen or heard, she would say, "Never mind, John, let thee and me do right and never mind what others say or do."

Several histories written by the Grantsville Daughters of Utah Pioneers laud the personal qualities of this powerful woman. Her death on June 22, 1889 prompted a personal letter of condolence from President Joseph F. Smith.

Grandfather John Eastham had a reputation for a quick temper. He gave vent to his feelings by throwing his hat on the ground and then jumping on it. When one of the grandchildren displayed flare-ups of temper, they said it was the Eastham temper showing up. One time Grandfather Eastham became so angry with a neighbor lady that he gave her a sound spanking. The infuriated lady had him arrested, and he was fined five dollars. Asked if he regretted his hasty act, he said it was worth the five dollars, and under the same circumstances he would do it again.

After his wife's death, Grandfather Eastham was lost without her. He decided to go back to England to live. So he settled his affairs and bade his family goodbye. However, he returned on the next boat back. He said he didn't like the dews and damps of England; he didn't like the houses built almost attached to one another; and he didn't like the gloomy sunless days. The wide open spaces and fresh air of Grantsville suited him better. Grandfather Eastham spent the remainder of his life in that community and died on December 18, 1893.

Chapter Four COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

Charles Rytting was a Swedish immigrant who was dismissed from school in his homeland once he and his family had become Mormons. At the age of 13, he arrived in the strange new land of America and the Territory of Utah, and immediately took whatever manual labor jobs were available. Soon he followed his older brother, William, to sheepherding, and another younger brother, John soon followed him. Whatever opportunities for formal education there were in Grantsville were of little use to them, as the sheep herds required attention throughout the year.

However, Charles had learned the English language and could write it with the elegant scrolls of an accomplished lexicographer. As a boy he had been taught to read the Swedish language from the Holy Bible by his Grandfather Jansson.

That he would be timid about companionship with the young ladies of Grantsville is easily understood. Yet Charles was attracted to the two daughters of Andrew Vickers Millward. But the daughters had been born in America, were able to attend local schools, and had even traveled to Salt Lake City for more schooling, music lessons and membership in the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle choir. The girls were Emily Millward and her younger sister, Emma Lenora.

Correspondence Between Lovers

In 1890, Charles reached 24 years of age. Emily was 22, and Emma Lenora, known as Nora, was 20. An exchange of letters between Charles and Nora, of which 53 are preserved, contributes important details of their lives beginning that year and continuing for 10 years. The letters, preserved in a handmade wooden box, were discovered in 1990 at the home of Andrew Rytting in Tremonton, Utah. They were carefully read and transcribed by a grandson, Lorry Rytting.

The letters were not a complete collection and parts of those that survived were often soiled and water-damaged. The ink and pencil writing was faded and difficult to read; the paper

was often brittle and easily damaged by handling. The text was copied as literally as possible, including spelling errors and sparse punctuation.

The letters can be organized around the following periods:

courtship, 1890-91; newlyweds, 1892-1893; missionary years, 1893-1895; and struggling with sheep, 1881-1889 and 1896-1899. They were probably written primarily because most of those years were spent apart. Lenora kept letters from Charles, and some of his letters from her were preserved.

The earliest letter available was to "Dear Lenora" from "Your True Friend." An "x x x" was added, which suggested that Nora was Charles' girl. The letter said "the Boys has to spend the Lonelyist time in the year without seeing any of there sweethearts . . . well I am in the same box: I am vary lonsome out here." In a typical self-deprecating way, Charles added "perhaps you will be ofended. But I hope not."

Charles had probably received a reply [not in the collection] from Nora in September. He offered two excuses for not writing: first, the herd had been on the move in the forest; and also he had been expecting John, his brother, for a month, "so I have to stay out here till the snow covers me up and then you bet the snow will fly." He reassured her that her letters were kept private. He again seemed self-conscious as he wrote: "Perhaps this will be the last letter you will alow me to write but I hope not. I bid you a Loving Aduie till I see you again." The letter was signed this time by her "Loving Friend"

Coming three months later, the next letter was addressed to Miss Legnora Millward--not Lenora--and with the salutation "Dearest Nora," and signed "Forever Your Loving Chas." There is a description of being a cook which he described as nonsense, but which reveals a clever wit.

Of corse I am the cook most all the time. and trubles that follows a cook I have to be contented with. For then the Beens are to proud to stay in the stewpans and take there plase on the stove to watch me, and findly [finally] when the suposed to be done descover that the bottom and they are friends, and when the water and coffee wont agree get to quarling and over it goes. And The General and company complains that the meat is not fried enough. And findly to top it of the stove and dough can not agree at first the stove

won't have anything to do with it but findly raises its temper and the poor bread gets burnt.

This letter also includes the first mention of Lenora's older sister, Emily: "Remember me to Emley I do hope she is better." Emily subsequently died April 24, 1891.

A letter from Nora, probably written early in July, apparently advised Charles that she had safely reached home after some event away from Grantsville, possibly one of their meetings in Salt Lake City. He wrote by this time to "Darling Nora," and called her "Darling" three times more in a brief note advising her that he expected to "be home about the 16th [of July] if all goes well." Apparently both Charles and Nora were missing each other's company. "Darling I am very sorry to hear that you feel so bad and lonely and I know your feelings dear . . . Now Darling be sheerfull" he urged, ". . . till I get home and then I can have a good talk with you."

Charles was ". . . [once] more in the mountains and sitting down in a grove of pines while writing" a month later. Their planned meeting had taken place. "Well Darling I hope that you got home alright. I was very sorry that you had to go back all alone." He related an experience in a dentist's chair. "I know when first taking the drug and when nearly gone the only one I was wishing to see was my dear Nora. I thought I was parting with you forever."

Misunderstanding

On one occasion, while stopping at the post office in Grantsville on his way in from the range, Charles was told by the storekeeper that his courtship with Lenora was all off since she was going to marry another man, a former sweetheart. To substantiate the story, he showed Charles a letter addressed to this other man, in Lenora's unmistakable handwriting. Charles swallowed the storekeeper's story at face value and returned to the range without even stopping to see Lenora.

She was somewhat disturbed upon learning that Charles had been in Grantsville and had not called to see her. However, being less hasty than he was at jumping to conclusions, Lenora waited until Charles came off the range again and asked him about his strange behavior. When he told her about the letter, she laughed and said it was only a reply

to her former suitor, telling him that she no longer wanted him to call on her and that Charles Rytting held first place in her interest.

In another letter, the possibility of Charles being called on a mission is discussed. Nora must have raised the question about their future plans together if he were to leave her for a mission assignment. Charles response manifests his commitment to his church.

You say Darling that I am in danger of being cald on mission . . . if they call me Ill go Only I would like to know of going a month or two be for I would have to go so I could get ready. Of course It would be hard to part with you for so long a time But I would have to stand it. I am not going to think much about it till I am cald and that will be time enough . . .

Who Will Be Boss?

An interesting dialogue about which of them would be boss started with this letter. Charles said, ". . . you know you are the boss. . . Now when it is anything Nora that you would like me to do. I will always be pleased to take your advise."

When Charles learned of Lenora's plans to move to Salt Lake City, he wrote ". . . dearest you know what is best and then you are the Boss." He added "I think if I was home you would be glad to take the Broom stick and send me away." He blamed his mistakes and poor writing on night herding, saying, ". . . I write a few lines and then I have to skip out in the dark after the sheep." His letter ended "My time of night herding is up and it is getting daylight . . . Good morning dearest."

"I am a little surprized to hear that you are in Salt Lake City going to school," began Charles' next letter. But he looked forward to meeting her there.

I think I will be in Salt Lake on the 2nd of Oct and if I can find you I would like to see you darling and have a good talk with you. Well dearest I hope you are injoing your self at school I [will be] proud to see my darling girl.

There is no mention of a Salt Lake meeting in Charles' next letter. A gallant offer, however, may have come from the visit: the engagement was complete.

Tell Geo. for me to [take] you to all the pleases that you want to go. For you are the Best Girl in this world. and if there is anything that can be done to make you Happair Why we would

gladly do so. as I set by the campfire tonight thinking over the past and the present How a year ago I did not care how the day went as long as I was well. But now how different having the promise of the Kindest Sweetest and the [best] girl that ever walk in . . . Grantsville . . . whom should I think of in my loneliness but of you . . . when the day comes when you will stand by my side to never part I will be happyer still . . . I know that you are true to me you always have been and I know that you will. I try to live better so I will be worthy of you.

The first of Lenora Millward's letters to her sheepherder fiance contains comments on her schoolwork and concludes the discussion concerning their relationship. With one month and ten days left in the term, she reported, "School gets better all the time but I get worse it seems although I learn quite fast." Her letters indicate that she, too, was learning calligraphy. "These blotches are some of my flourishing. Aren't they fine," she wrote.

Lenora emphatically expressed the great trust and confidence she had for her future husband.

Darling, do not, for one moment, think that I think you would not be kind to me. I do not think so nor never did. You misunderstood my meaning. If I could not trust you whom could I? Now I want you to be boss. I will do as you wish me to for once so write and tell me just what you would like me to do and I will do as you wish.

Winter's chill had come, and Lenora wrote, "I felt as though I needed your overcoat, or rather, your protecting arm around me last evening."

Charles wrote from Grantsville to his sweetheart in Salt Lake City the final letter that survives between the couple prior to their marriage. He criticized his own lack of sensitivity saying, "But I dont think that my arm would have been very warm . . . I am afraid I would [not have] had my arm around you and let you be cold. That is just my way."

He still appeared reluctant to assume the role of boss, and may even have been willing to postpone marriage if Lenora had wanted to continue enjoying her schoolwork. Within two months, however, they were married.

Now Darling, I do not want to be Boss. I want you to do just what you like best [for] your self dear. I know that you enjoy school. and we can have a good talk sometime to please ourselves. I want you to enjoy yourself and if you want to go to school al winter why not go dear. . . . But do as

you think best. For you know that whatever you do will please me. I will not be offended.

Among the souvenirs of Lenora's classes at LDS College was an autograph book containing greetings from fellow students, and one from her brother, which hinted at a future wedding and family.

The pen is mightier than the sword.
Your Friend, Joseph F. Smith Jr.
Salt Lake City
L. D. S. College
Dec. 10th 1891

[Joseph F. Smith Jr., son of Church President Joseph F. Smith, was apparently a classmate. His father was a close friend of Lenora's mother since they became acquainted during Pres. Smith's mission in Great Britain fifty years earlier.]

Dear Sister
Your Single life is short I hear,
But married life will seam
Quiet *quear, when its baby
Come to mamma.
Your Brother, Geo Millward

"May the God of heaven bless you,
And keep you from all sin,
And when you knock at the Golden Gate
May the Angels let you in."
Your Friend, Lotta Griffin
Salt Lake City, Dec. 10, 1891

Wintry Wedding

The courtship by correspondence between Charles and Lenora culminated in their marriage in the temple at Logan, Utah, on January 6, 1892. The last letter he wrote before their wedding mentioned, "I have not decided wether I go out to herd or not."

There may have been some pressure on the bride-to-be to end her schooling, possibly because a wedding was anticipated, but Charles seemed reluctant to interfere with something she was enjoying so much. "If you get on the best side of your mother and Alise they will let you go . . . I will not be offended," he wrote.

The newlyweds remained in Logan and returned to the temple the following day to have Lenora's sister, Emily, sealed to Charles. She had died nine months earlier. Lenora was proxy for her deceased sister. It was a decision they would review with approval in an exchange five months later. The new Mrs. Rytting wrote of

Emily as,

... belonging to you as much as I do in one way and I want you to think of her, as you do of me, for if I understand it correctly we will be as one family if we keep the sacred promises we made which I hope we will. I think by what you say that Emily is well pleased with us. I hope so as you well know she was all the world to me.

One family history account stated that Charles Rytting courted and was even engaged to Emily, and that only after her death did he turn his attentions to the younger sister. This is not consistent with the tender courtship letters between Charles and Lenora, which were written at least six months before Emily died.

The happy newlyweds returned to Grantsville to start their life together. They soon owned their own home where they lived for ten years, having four children born there. Their first little girl, Emily, was three days old when Charles received a mission call to Sweden in May 1893. His call was delayed several months because his father was ill.

Erick Conrad Rytting passed away August 13, 1893, leaving his wife dependent upon her family. Charles went ahead with his plans to go on a mission and left for Sweden in September. His mother went to Salt Lake City to live with her married daughter, Hannah. Lenora tried to make up for the absence of Charles by visiting her mother-in-law frequently. In her letters to Charles she mentioned taking care of his mother and giving her food and money.

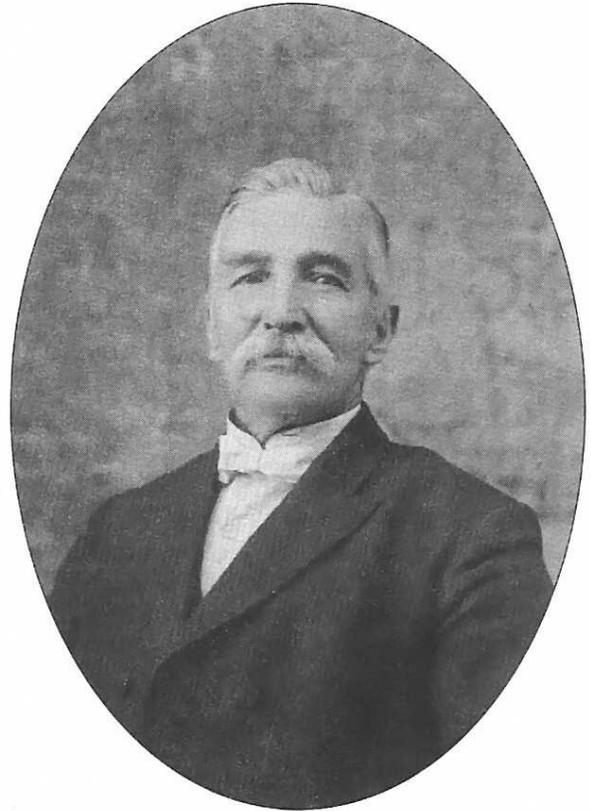
A crushing blow had already come to Lenora earlier that year of 1893, when her own mother died at age 48, leaving ten children. Only the two oldest daughters were married: Jane Louisa who had married Heber Robinson in 1884; and Lenora, who had been married one year. The baby of the Millward family was Lionel, five years old. The next child, Gracie (Grace Lucille), was seven years old and went to live with Lenora for several years.

Four months after the death of her mother, Nora gave birth to her first child on May 18, 1893. The little girl was given the name of Emily, after Nora's sister.

A widower for 33 years, Andrew Millward continued to enjoy his family and many friends. He kept active with his musical contributions to the community. He died February 14, 1925 at 82 years of age. He often bore his testimony to his

family about the decision to accept the Mormon faith and leave his native land of England:

We left our native land for the gospel's sake and we have never had any cause to regret the step we took. It has been a blessing to us and to all our children, and will be to all who do what is right. Help the work of the Lord with your tithes and offerings. Remember the Earth is the Lords.



Andrew V. Millward at age 70 when he was living in Grantsville

Brothers and Sisters Marry

And who did the other brothers and sisters of Charles and Lenora marry? In the Rytting family, William married Susan Rachel Worthington in 1885. She died and he later married Inga Annette Pederson Nelson in 1900. Maria Albertina married William Frederick Kraak in 1885 and spent her married life in Portland, Oregon. John married Maryett Orr about 1892, the same year that Charles and Nora were married, and they raised their family in Pocatello, Idaho. Hannah Matilda married Henry John Goodsell in 1900 and they lived in Salt Lake City, Utah. Erick Gustave was a bachelor until he was 55 years old, then he married Nina Draper Goodsell in 1938. They made their home in Salt Lake City.

In the Millward family, Jane Louisa married Heber John Robison in 1884. He died and she married Eli Clark in 1910.

George Edward married Mary Luella Barrus in 1896; Joseph married Charlotte Amelia Curtis in 1895; Hyrum Robert married Annie Elizabeth Scarborough in 1902; and Margaret Alice married Albert Almon Barrus in 1896.

Roger Eastham Millward married Henrietta Price Neibor in 1904. She died and he married Margarete Clark in 1910; Jeanette married Alfred Philip Young in 1903; Grace Lucille married John William Frome in 1903; and Lionel Huntington married Mary Reed Johns in 1910.

Chapter Five SHEEP HERDING YEARS

About twenty years of his early manhood, Charles was on horseback herding large bands of sheep. When he first arrived from Sweden he was employed as a shepherd and continued with this occupation even after his marriage. Charles returned to the flocks after his mission to Sweden. He advanced from herder to owner and at one time had several thousand sheep.

As the seasons changed, the animals were moved. In the winter they grazed on the desert west of Grantsville. Then in the spring they were moved to cooler ranges on the northern slopes of the High Uinta Mountains south of Evanston, Wyoming. The men rode on horseback as they pushed the flocks along during these migrations. A canvas-covered sheep wagon was pulled alongside the herd for the men to sleep in and keep their provisions. Most of their meals were cooked over open campfires.

The route taken each fall from high mountain pastures to low warmer elevations was generally from Evanston west to Wahsatch and Echo; from Echo Canyon to Henefer and over Little and Big Mountains through East Canyon and Emigration Canyon into the Salt Lake Valley; across the south end of the Great Salt Lake, past Grantsville and finally on to the desert west of the lake. Charles more or less followed the same trail as the Mormon pioneers who first entered the Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Acquires Sheep

Charles started as a young lad of fourteen herding sheep with his older brother, William. Later he acquired sheep of his own, as did his younger brother, John. After Charles married Nora and during his mission to Sweden, she assumed financial management of their sheep. Even after the mission she remained heavily involved, paying bills and making purchases for her husband while he was out on the range.

Information about this time period is found mainly in the letters between Charles and Lenora. Some letters were exchanged during their courtship in 1890 and 1891; a few letters

were written after their marriage; and several references about the sheep are in letters written while Charles was in Sweden. Their correspondence continued as he returned to the sheep after his return from Sweden in 1895.

In a letter sent during their courtship and dated August 15, 1890 from West Fork, near Evanston, Charles wrote to Lenora, "I am very lonesome since the Grantsville boys are too far away to visit every day." He told her how lovely the fall season was in the mountains, but felt he was living too far from his sweetheart, Nora. He apologized about not being a better writer and asked her to write him a few lines in answer to his "crooked furrows."

Leaving the summer range in September, Charles herded the band of sheep from West Fork to Henefer. "We have been rambling like tramps and that is the biggest cause that I have not wrote before," he explained. He was waiting for some men to come and help him drive the sheep on toward the desert, but they did not come, so he had to stay out on the range until the snow came. "If I had a sled I could go up on the peaks and have a good ride," he said.

Charles told Nora about a winter adventure when the herders relaxed and had some fun in the snow. They made a sled out of a wooden box, took it up a steep hill, and proceeded to ride down. "At first we had a good time sledding down the hill," Charles said, "but one time the box-sled stopped and we came tumbling down . . ."

Several Close Calls

In January of 1891 Charles was herding sheep on Sider Mountain. He had moved to a higher location by the following July when he wrote from Hilliard, south of Evanston. He hoped to be home soon for a visit. Charles described a terrible storm that caused the river to flood. "Chris Anderson's wool came very near going down to the river and of course his wool got wet and we had to empty some of the sacks and dry the wool."

Charles went hunting but the biggest game he found was a porcupine and he let the animal go. The bears thought he was lonesome and kept him company for a couple of nights and killed some sheep. "So there is always

some excitement to help pass the time," he wrote. Later he reassured Lenora in another letter:

Darling you need not fear that the [bears] will take me. They would soon find out there misstake and let me go. We are good friends you know. Of course they may think sometimes that we are imposing on them. But then I have to let them have a sheep or two and then things are alright.

Charles had several close calls as related to his son, George. One involved a rattlesnake bite that occurred when Charles was too far away to get medical help. He used what crude treatment he had access to--cutting the wound, sucking out the venom, and having his dog lick the wound. He made his way to camp, where he suffered out the sickness that followed.

Another time, while on horseback Charles found a small cub bear. He picked the little animal up and started to ride away. Charles hadn't gone far when he heard growling. Turning to look back, he saw he was being overtaken by the mother. Having heard that a bear could catch a horse, he dropped the cub and got away from the area as fast as his horse could carry him.

A third experience involved frozen feet. During a particularly cold winter, Charles' feet were frozen from prolonged exposure. When he finally reached home for treatment, the doctors offered little or no hope of saving his feet from amputation. An elderly Swedish nurse asked for a chance to save his feet. Using her past experience she began the painful process of cutting and scraping away the deteriorated flesh. This saved Charles' feet from amputation. The new flesh that grew on his feet was tender and after that experience, Charles always tried to protect his feet from the cold.

In the fall of 1891 Charles worked for Mr. Parson and J. Kirn. It was hard labor herding the band of sheep up into railroad cars bound for Chicago. The men wanted Charles to go with the animals on the train, but he said he would rather stay behind with the remainder of the sheep out on the range. As Charles moved the herd higher and higher up the range he jokingly said, "We keep moving up in the mountains so I will soon be with the Uinta Indians. Then I guess I better turn back . . ." The Ute Indian Reservation was located on the other side of the

Uinta Mountains.

The weather was warm the early part of September and the herders camped out on the open range with the sheep, but Charles wrote that he expected a big snowstorm soon and was glad to get back to the protection of the sheep wagon.

Referring to the possibility that he might be called on a mission, he wrote, ". . . you say Darling that I am in danger of being [called] on a mission . . . if they call me I'll go. Only I would like to know of going a month or two before I would have to go so I could get ready. Of course it would be hard to part with you for so long a time but I would have to stand it."

A few days later, on September 9, 1891, Charles rode to the Lambert ranch to help William Jefferies dip a band of sheep. Since the daylight hours were filled with work, he wrote his letter in the moonlight while night herding and asked Nora to "excuse all misstakes and poor writing." His letter writing is interrupted several times while he checked on the herd. Finally he closed this letter with the comment, "My night herding is up and it is getting daylight . . . Good morning dearest."

On September 29, Charles wrote, "I am going up north with John Riches sheep but before going up I'll come home. I will drive near Wahsatch and then . . . take the train. I will be in Salt Lake on the 2nd of Oct and if I can find you I would like to see you darling and have a good talk with you."

On October 7, Charles wrote from a location north of Evanston, "I left my sheep on Spring Creek and John is going to take care of them till I come back. But I don't know if I will go out East again. [I] may come right home." Perhaps he accompanied a shipment of sheep on the train to Chicago.

Charles and Lenora were married that winter, on January 6, 1892. Soon after Charles was back on the range with the sheep. The first letter after their marriage was written from a location about a mile and half from Wahsatch station near the railroad line. The date was May 10, 1892. Said Charles, "The sheep have started to lamb . . . and we will have a little more to do . . . I don't think that we will stay in one place very long."

Sheep Camp Honeymoon

In his travels to and from various feeding ranges, Charles came to know several beautiful campsites. A few months after their marriage, Lenora spent two weeks with him on a "sheep-camp honeymoon." They feasted on freshly-caught brook trout, sourdough bread, tender lamb chops, and other delicacies prepared by Charles, by then a well-trained sheep camp chef.

About that time Charles mentioned that the herd numbered 798 and he wanted to find the animals that had been lost during the summer. He hoped it would turn warmer for the poor lambs. Because of stormy cold weather, all the boys had been sick and even he was in bed for one day. At the time Charles was working with Hyrum Millward, Lenora's brother, and they got along fine. Hyrum gave Charles the responsibility of finding and caring for the lambs.

The next letter from Charles in October 1892 told about an emergency trip to Evanston, where he received medical attention. Said Charles: "A few days ago I fell and nearly broke my leg. It is better today and I think that I will be alright . . ." He sent Lenora \$20 with Hyrum, who was traveling to Grantsville. Charles wanted her to have a little money to buy a few things she might need. In the same letter he described a recent storm:

Last night we had a fearfull thunderstorm. It rained so hard that the rain came [through] the rivers like if there was no covers on. It fixed us up nice. A good way to bath.

As Charles drove the sheep from the high mountain summer range to lower elevations, he wrote from Echo City, October 24, 1992,

"Tonight we are camping two miles above Echo and tomorrow we will go [through] Echo and Henefer over onto East Canyon. I do not know when we will be home." Wild animals had killed several sheep, as many as 12 in one night. The men dug a large grave for the dead animals and cooked some of the meat for breakfast. Charles was discouraged that so many sheep had been killed, but displayed a sense of humor as he wrote, ". . . all that now was due was for the camp to get on fire and for the train to run over one of our horses."

The men moved the herd from Echo Canyon to East Canyon and remained there until the sheep couldn't find sufficient grass to graze. Then they continued their journey toward

Grantsville and the winter feeding range.

The next letters from Charles were written during his mission to Sweden from 1893 to 1895. Their first child, Emily, was born May 18, 1893 and that fall Charles left for his missionary duties. In her letters to her new but now absent husband, Lenora discussed various problems relating to the sheep as she became more involved in keeping the business afloat. The first reference came in a letter written May 6, 1894:

John has traded the gray horses off to someone. I lent him the light wagon for a day or two. I was going to trade it for grain and the next thing [I] heard was that he had let old Tom McBride have it for a colt and he has never said a word yet to me . . . think I shall let Alta Moline or someone sell my or your share of the wool so I will be sure of it. What do you think? Wool will not be more than 10 cents anyway. Now darling I shall not do anything until I get your answer.

In the same letter, Lenora expressed her concern over money owed them from Olof Erickson. If he paid this debt she could settle with the co-op store. Also, she would like to give some money to Charles' mother after the sheep were sheared and the wool sold. She said it would be nice to buy his mother a little home of her own. After complaining about John's handling of the sheep earlier in her letter, Nora later praised him:

I was not going to say anything about John but I think he is doing real well with the sheep . . . of course people told me he had lost so many and would not make anything but I thought he would do the best he can.

Another reference to their financial situation was mentioned in a June 12th letter:

"Albert came to me about the wool but was very good and said if I could not spare very much it would be all right. It is not much sale and he took an order to get 189 lbs . . . and will give me half. It's more than out east, so he said."

Albert could have been Lenora's brother-in-law, Albert Barrus.

Apparently Albert sold some wool and gave Lenora half the money. She used the money to help pay off a debt at the co-op. Later that year in August she sent \$75 to Charles to help pay for his mission expenses. Charles' mother gave them \$50. Lenora hoped to put that money away and not spend it until later. Charles also began to show concern over John's management of the sheep in a letter dated June

6, 1895, to Lenora:

As you know Dear I have not heard any time since I left home about the sheep from John. And I do not know if there is any weakness or not . . . [While] I am away they can not do as they like to, as the sheep has two owners and one of the owners is not Home . . . you could make it warm for them if they [took] your sheep . . . but time is going fast and it wont be so many months before I'll be home and help.

Charles continued to worry about John and must have felt helpless from such a long distance. He wondered if John had sold or traded any of the sheep. If so, what was he doing with the money? If John was in Grantsville most of the time, who was herding the sheep? These are some of the worries Charles wrote in his letters. He told Nora "to go right ahead and do what you think is best." He apologized about putting all the load on her, but felt he had no other choice. He felt that if John had sold some sheep he shouldn't have done this without Nora's permission.

In August 1895, Nora wrote that John had gone to Sanpete County to buy 5,000 head of sheep for himself. He had taken the train and hired two men to travel on horseback to help him herd the sheep back to Grantsville. When John had met the seller, the man had said that he wouldn't sell him the animals because he didn't trust John. The man had heard about a previous incident when John had promised Albert that he would sell him some wool and instead went against his word and sold it to someone else. Nora wrote, "I felt sorry for him [John] for it was a great expence as he had to hire herders while he was away."

While Charles was on his mission he received no money from the men who took care of his sheep and very little from Lenora. Meanwhile she also received no money from the sheep, thinking it was being sent to Charles. She provided for herself and her baby by doing sewing and giving music lessons. It was not until after Charles returned from his mission that they both learned how the financial arrangements had misfired.

Upon asking for an accounting, they found that no records had been kept on the sheep. They were told that times had been bad and it looked like the expenses had eaten up the profits. In addition, considerable "operating expense" money had been borrowed on the

sheep, and they were mortgaged "to the hilt."

Back With the Sheep

Not to be discouraged, after his mission Charles resumed the work he knew best and went back to the mountain ranges with his herds of sheep. Nora sustained her absent husband with love and support and continued to manage the home and family in Grantsville. The letters between them resumed.

In October 1896, Nora wrote to Charles, who was out on the range, that John had said to keep the bishop's sheep till they came in from the summer range. She also wrote that "N.J. did not know when they would come for his [sheep]. He was pretty hot. John said that you did not settle the bills of last winter but I guess it was a little longer standing than that." By this time, Charles Millward, their second child, was born on August 5, 1896.

The next letter that is available was written a year and a half later in June 1898. Charles was writing from Soda Springs, Idaho. The men were shearing the sheep.

I arrived here all safe this morning. The boys had the team all ready to come and I got the conductor to stop the train right by my sheep. I have come up to get the sacks and twine . . . We will start shearing at once. I am in a hurry, so good by Darling.

Nora's next letter, dated August 1898, expressed concern about some money they had borrowed from the bank. She told Charles to "see about it right away as the intrist [interest] counts up so fast. It seems a shame to pay intrist [interest] to the Bank and then to Jenson and the money laying idle in the bank . . . settle it as you think best." The letter is signed by Nora and three children, Emily, Millward and Rudolph. Their third child was born June 9, 1898, and was named Rudolph Olof.

Charles' letters began to show discontent with the sheep business. He seemed unhappy about the long separations from his wife and children. In an August 1898 letter he exclaimed, "I have been quit lonesome to come home. I dont know what is the matter with me but I almost hate the sight of sheep but I must get out of that notion." His letter was postmarked from Soda Springs and he was unhappy since the sheep had run together and were "mixed." They

had herded the band over Dempsey Mountain and were building a corral to separate the animals again.

The following month, Charles again expressed his concern when he wrote "I don't hardly know [which] way to go with the sheep this fall." He explained that if he went back to the former rangeland there would be large losses because of the distance. If he drove the herds further north there would be equally as many losses. "I think that I shall take a trip . . . north on the winter range and see how it looks and then decide [decide]," he said.

Nora encouraged her husband to come home for Christmas. She didn't know his exact location but sent her letter to him addressed to Snowville, where she thought he would be located. She wrote, ". . . it would be so nice and we would just enjoy Christmas together with the children and it would be a nice rest for you to leave the sheep." She wrote that she appreciated what he was doing out in the cold weather working so hard to provide them with many comforts. She tried to make the children "understand to be very thankful and kind to Papa."

Nora finally admitted she was "just sick of this kind of a life." In a letter dated March 13, 1899, she expressed how worried she was because she had not heard from Charles for some time. He should have been back to Kelton by then. Their baby, Rudolph, was sick; the weather was stormy; she needed more wood; and she was "worried to death for fear something is the matter." The letter was signed not with the usual "Nora" but by a more formal "Mrs. Chas Rytting."

Financial Problems

More financial problems plagued Nora as she corresponded with her husband who was off herding sheep in the distant mountains. Nora wrote, "Bro. W. has got a copy from Gil's lawers of the note he holds against you and in it says that you will stand for all expence if you fail to pay for it . . . so you see dear you need to look into these accounts."

She was further troubled with financial problems when she discovered that John had purchased some coupon books for Charles, yet

had not yet delivered them. Nora wrote:

I think it would be well to have an understanding with John in writing with his cross . . . as W. J. Lawers will not take your word for any business of that kind. And if you want to stand for all just suit your self. I have done what I thought was right and just asked for time until you came in.

According to an account related by George, his father had set about the task of reorganizing his financial situation when another reversal occurred. Charles was moving his sheep along a road that ran parallel to a railroad. The road followed the railroad for some distance, then crossed it and doubled back (something like a hairpin). Charles' herders decided to save time and distance. They cut the railroad fence wires and drove the sheep straight across. While the animals were making the crossing and were spread out for several hundred yards along the track, a fast train came along, killing hundreds of sheep. When the herders suggested that Charles sue the railroad for damages, he replied that he would be lucky if the railroad didn't sue him for trespassing.

This enormous loss and other setbacks discouraged Charles to the point that he decided to salvage what he could and give up the sheep business. He wanted Nora to come with him to look for farmland in Idaho. But Nora reminded him how hard it was to travel with their growing family--Andrew Noble was born March 10, 1901. In a letter dated August 1901, after the birth of this fourth child, Nora wrote:

Now dear you mentioned me coming up but you know I said last summer that I would never come again on a trip . . . it is to much of a risk to start out with 4 children . . . and then the expence is to much. So you can be as free as if you were alone . . . you can get a start for yourself and do just as you would if you were not married and I will try to do the best I can for the children.

Lenora intimated that perhaps Charles was happier alone than with her and the children. In a sweet way she reminded him of what a large burden it was for her to care for the children and keep the home running. She wished Charles were home to bless Millward because he was seriously ill. In the absence of her husband Nora asked the elders to do this administration and also prayed over him herself. She also hoped her husband prayed for their welfare and "remembered us at home."

Charles found the farmland he wanted in

Lyman, Idaho, and moved his family there in 1901. He was 36 years old and had four children ages one to nine years old. The sheep era of his life was ended. He spent the next four decades of his life in the Upper Snake River Valley, where he and Nora raised their family and he was engaged in carpentry work and farming.

Chapter Six MISSION TO SWEDEN

When their first child, Emily, was three days old, Charles was called by President Wilford Woodruff in May 1893 to serve a mission in Scandinavia. Because of the serious illness of his father, the mission was postponed. Lenora's mother had died in January of that year, so Erick Conrad Rytting's death on August 13, 1893 left the young couple feeling the loss of two parents: her mother and his father.

Soon after the funeral, Charles continued his preparations for departure to the faroff mission field. On September 22, he was set apart by Elias Morris. The next day he bade farewell to his new wife and infant daughter, leaving Salt Lake City by Western Pacific train at 7:51 a.m.

Charles had provided a modest but comfortable home in Grantsville for Lenora, and also owned several thousand sheep. His brother John was given the responsibility of running the sheep and was instructed to turn the proceeds from the sale of the wool and lambs over to Lenora. She would keep what she needed to run the household and send the money Charles needed for his missionary expenses.

Letters Give Insight

The letters written between Charles and Nora while he was on his mission give much insight about these years. Twenty-three letters were written during these two years: eight from Charles and 15 from Nora. They not only provide information about Charles' and Lenora's daily lives, but also their feelings of loneliness during this separation.

Charles didn't waste any time and wrote to Lenora two days after his departure from Denver. His letter expressed how much he missed her and little Emily. He went on to explain how amazing it was to be in such a large city, about four times larger than Salt Lake City. Charles tried to cheer Lenora up by writing:

I hope that you will try to be cherrful. We know that if we will do what is right all will be well with us and our Father in Heaven will see to our need . . . for we will prosper and sickness or decease [disease] will not have any power over us.

The group of elders that Charles traveled with had a layover in Chicago, where they saw the World's Fair. They took in a grand sideshow and went to see the Buffalo Bills Wild West show. The men enjoyed the hothouse where flowers and trees from warmer climates were grown. The state house of Utah was represented with a building featuring an eagle spread out over the gate and a statue of Brigham Young with his left hand pointed out. Charles wrote Nora that he didn't like Chicago. Not only was the city too crowded, but it was filled with evil influences. He wrote:

In Utah all is peasfull [peaceful]; In Chicago at the present time is one of the worst plases on Earth for all that is unpure and forbidden of God. You can see on the open streets. And if you want a street car you have to run right along till you catch them . . . the sidewalks are packed nearly as sardines."

The young missionaries spent a night at a Chicago hotel and were nearly asphyxiated. According to the story, written by George, gas jets were use for illumination instead of electricity, and the last one of the group to retire blew out the light instead of turning it off. Charles awoke sometime later, and sensing that something was wrong, decided to get up. He was so nearly overcome by the gas that he had great difficulty reaching the door, which he finally opened just before he collapsed.

The odor of the gas filled the hallway and attracted the attention of other occupants, who turned in an alarm. All of the missionary group was unconscious from the gassing, but they all recovered and resumed their journey on to New York City to board a shipping vessel for Europe.

First Field of Labor

The trip to Sweden took about one month. Charles' first field of labor was in the Kalmar Branch of the Gothenburg [Goteborg] Conference. President Anthon H. Lund set him apart and C.A. Carlquist presided over the Kalmar Branch. According to his own history, Charles spent the first six weeks working on records since "I was a good writer." While in Goteborg, Charles wrote to Nora that:

We were out nearly every night and held meetings and the night before I left I was to a birthday party . . . lots of singing and plaid some old Swedish games wich was fine. It was the

birthday of a little girl only two years old and the only child they have. She come around and cald us all uncles.

Soon Charles was settled in Kalmar and sent Nora a description of the small village, about 1200 people surrounded by water. "In the olden times [it would] be very hard to get at for the enemy," Charles wrote. As further defense, Kalmar was surrounded by a high wall, about 30 feet high and 50 feet wide, which he enjoyed walking along. The town was governed by two dukes with a judge priest "ruling over people's souls," and warning them against the Mormons, Charles wrote.

He received a letter from his Aunt Augusta in Upsala inviting him to come and spend Christmas with her family. (She was his mother's sister, Augusta Jansson, whose married name is not known.) However, Upsala was too far away and Charles didn't accept the kind invitation. His companion had not arrived yet, but Charles wrote that "I will not try to start meetings till he comes but I am going out in the country till that time. For I may just as well get used to it first as last."

Charles worried that he sometimes acted cross to his sweetheart before his departure. He wrote:

But I hope that you did not think so. For Darling you know that I would not do anything or say anything that I thought would make you feel bad . . . I love you to well for anything of that kind. God bless my Darling wife and little girl is the wish of your loving husband.

As Christmas approached, Charles sent a special greeting to his dear wife and child in a poem written on December 24:

To night on exmas eve,
Alone in a foreign land,
My thoughts wander Home to see
How all my Dear ones are by this time.
I see you all on this very night,
And your thoughts fly over the foam,
Oh if he was here just with us now.
I see a sweet smile. Oh welcome home!
But change the time two years or more,
And see what it will bring,
A happy home, with Wife and babe,
To pay for all our labors done,
Charles

Just after Christmas, Charles sought out a man whose name was on the church records. He wrote, "I spoke to him for 5 hours and wanted him to come to a place where we had

made arrangement for a meeting." The member did not dare. He was afraid that the people would call him a Mormon. "The Saints have a great fear to be cald [called] a Mormon. That is something awfull," continued Charles.

Not to be discouraged, the missionaries began to set up meetings in the area and invited people to come and find out about the new religion. They had a very good meeting and hoped that the people would open up their doors to them. They returned home on a steamer; Charles explained to Nora that the reason they took the steamer so often was to get to small islands out in the sea.



Lenora with her daughter Emily in 1893

Nora's Letters to Sweden

Nora wrote back to her missionary husband that she was sorry the people in Sweden were not more anxious to hear the gospel. Instead, they listened to false reports about the Mormons. But she wondered how the people in Grantsville would feel if strangers came there and taught something different, "wanting us to go away off to live in another country."

Her letters always mention the growth and development of the baby and what a

beautiful child she was becoming. "Emily is 9 months old today," Nora wrote in February 1894, "and is so smart." She continued:

She can stand up by a chair but she hasn't got any teeth yet. She is just spoilt but we keep learning her such mean tricks. She turned up her nose--but she is the best natured little thing I ever saw. You would just go up the spout if you could see her.

And when I wake up and she is on my arm I think of the times when you occupied the same place and many times I lay and think of you and it seems such a long time since you went away. But I hope the time will pass and that you will come back home alright. It will be such happiness to have you and baby to love.

The snow fell 18 inches deep in Grantsville that winter. The weather was so cold and stormy the train could "not get out to the switch." Hebe and George, Nora's brother-in-law and brother, came down and cut her a pile of wood. Her father also visited the little family and brought Emily some candy "so she would go to him."



Emily at age four, and Millward, age nine months

Nora evidently had nursing skills and went to help others during times of illness, mostly family members. During a particularly hard winter scarlet fever was widespread in

Grantsville. Nora went to live with her older sister, Jannie [Jane] Robinson, and nurse her during the illness that accompanied this disease. Nora wrote:

We havent been asleep all night or today but we think she [Jane] is better this afternoon. She has such terrible pain and vomiting spells . . . I stay here all the time . . . cleaning and caring for her. There is a great deal of sickness here now mostly Scarlet Fever.

The correspondence between Charles and Lenora frequently mentioned concern about the management of the sheep. This material is included in the previous chapter. Evidently, most of the money they lived on didn't come from proceeds from the sheep, but rather from what Nora could earn through her sewing, housekeeping and nursing skills. Nora also received 50 dollars from her mother's inheritance and wrote that she would put it away and not spend it. In another letter she expressed her worry about some money owed to them:

Oh! dear what about Olof Erickson what he is owing us. It would be nice if we could get it so I could settle with the Co-op store. Just send me word about it.

In a letter dated August 1894, Nora wrote that she spent a week nursing Mrs. Lucy Elison who was sick. "The doctor recommended me as a good nurse," said Nora. In December she was very busy with more dressmaking than she could do. A friend came to the house and provided her with some coal, and another time her father came for a visit and brought Nora a sack of flour. In the summer she raised a garden for vegetables.

During the winter of 1895, there was much sickness and death in Grantsville. During one week, four people died, including a little two-year-old girl who died of whooping cough. Emily also contacted whooping cough, and Nora was extremely worried about her little baby. She nursed her day and night until the little one regained her complete health.

Utah statehood was the big excitement in a letter Nora wrote her husband in April 1895. She told Charles about the enthusiasm as people in the territory prepared for the big day when Utah would become a state--January 4, 1896. "I guess you have read about the Utah Convention. They are making the stars for the State of Utah," she said.

Sentiments of Love

Lenora's letters contained many sentiments of love and affection for Charles. She was comforted in her loneliness with the knowledge that he was doing the Lord's work and that ". . . if it was not for the hope we have for the future I never would consent for our parting, but sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven." In another letter she wrote how she missed him:

I was cutting the lawn today and looked around and everything reminds me of you. I keep your hat hung on the rack by the back door all the time and it seems like I can see your dear face when I look at it.

Not only did Nora miss her young husband, but Charles also wrote sweet sentiments of love and affection in his letters to her. One interesting observation he made was about her forehead. The following comments were written after he had received her photograph:

I am proud to see that my Dear Wife do not cover her noble forehead with her hair and that I can show my Friends a true type of a Mormon Wife. And it is nothing that is more noble than to see the forehead of a person for we can read and see what kind of people they are.

In the last letter he wrote from the mission field, Charles remarked again what a strength Nora was to him and what comfort it was to receive her kind and loving letters. "It gives me more strength to go forth and comply with my work. How lonesome would it not seem if I did not have you," he said.

Missionary Experiences

In November 25, 1894, Elder Rytting left Kalmar and was assigned to labor in the Norrkoping area by A.J. Hoyland. The following spring he labored with Elder Erickson and assisted him in learning the Swedish language. Elder Erickson would probably take over leadership of the branch when Charles was released. Charles wrote that the weather was warm with plenty of daylight. He and his companion could sit by the window at midnight and read.

Several interesting missionary experiences were related many years later by Charles to his son, George. There are no dates

or places attached to these narrations, but the stories add depth and color to the mission period. One of the episodes concerned a trial in the Lutheran Church. According to George:

Since the Lutheran Church was the state church in Sweden, its dictums were enforced by the officers of the law. On one occasion Father was arrested and brought before a Lutheran Church tribunal, consisting of an archbishop and twelve bishops, where he was accused of preaching anti-Christian doctrines. He was ordered to answer immediately to these charges, without opportunity to prepare a defense. He was aware that if he were found guilty, he probably would be prohibited from preaching and would be banished from that area. This could establish a precedent that might be followed in other parts of Sweden, and could well seriously hamper the missionary work in that country.

Father's situation was something like that of the accused Apostle Paul as he was brought before King Agrippa. However, there was one important difference. Paul was equipped with perhaps the best legal training and overall educational background available at that time. Father had two weeks schooling at the second grade level; and now he had to face an archbishop and twelve other learned bishops. It was here that the many hours of reading the Bible stood him in good stead.

As the questioning proceeded, Father was able to remember and quote scriptural references and passages with such promptness and aptness, that his questioners and accusers, sensing a serious threat to their prestige (which they were beginning to lose) withdrew the charges and allowed him to go free. One of the bishops observed that it was useless to try to ensnare Father since it was "obvious that he had the Bible memorized."

In commenting on this experience, Charles said that his recollection of the account of the life of Christ was so clear that he was able to answer all their questions with direct quotes from the words and teachings of the Savior. It was also an interesting commentary that this "trial" was conducted by the same church in which Father's ancestor, Tibelius, had served with eminence as one of the prominent leaders of his time.

Another experience Charles related was about wanting to hear a Swedish nightingale. He was told to go to a certain small lake before dawn and wait in the bushes and trees bordering the lake. He would likely hear a nightingale sing. Following these instructions, he made his way to the lake and waited. Sure

enough, as the sun started to rise, he had the memorable experience of hearing the glorious song of the Swedish nightingale.

Elder Rytting's encounter with an agnostic was another interesting tale related by George:

In a certain town where Father labored occasionally, lived a well-educated man who designated himself as an agnostic or atheist, with whom Father visited. This man was hospitable to Father and provided him with food and lodging. He took considerable pride in his ability to confuse and mortify the ministers of religion with whom he delighted to argue. Father and this man conversed far into the evening, until his wife remonstrated that her husband should not "eat all of Father for supper, but should save some of him for breakfast."

The next morning, after having received a hearty breakfast, Charles expressed his appreciation to the agnostic, his wife, and little daughter for their hospitality and went on his way. A few weeks later, he returned to this town. On learning that the young Mormon missionary was again in the town, the agnostic sent for him.

When Charles arrived, he found a condition of grief and sorrow. The little daughter had taken ill and died. The grief-stricken father had tried over and over to reconcile his agnostic beliefs and thinking with the loss of his little girl. He could not overcome the feelings of bleak hopelessness and frustration when he thought of never seeing her again. The philosophies that had once provided satisfactory explanations for anything and everything now failed to bring either comfort or relief to him.

Charles talked to this man and his wife for a long time, answering their questions and explaining to them the status of those who die as little children. He held before them the hope of again seeing their little girl, and the possibility of being reunited in a happy, eternal association. The couple were comforted by the young Mormon elder and were more hospitable toward the Church in the future.

Saved From a Mob

Charles once labored in a town that was strongly anti-Mormon. He made arrangements to hold a meeting in a schoolhouse, but was warned that if he held the meeting, a group of men would be waiting outside after the meeting

and would beat him severely. Charles went ahead with the meeting, and as it drew to a close, he was told that a large group of men armed with clubs had assembled outside, waiting to carry out the threatened beating.

The atmosphere became tense as Charles brought the meeting to a close. He thanked the congregation for its attendance, and noting the expressions of fear and anxiety on many faces, he assured them he would be all right. Charles then made his way to the exit. As he opened the door, lined up on both sides of the walk were grim-faced, determined-looking men waiting for him to come out.

As Charles passed through the door, he offered a short prayer for protection. With head erect and without hesitation, he started walking between the two lines of men. The blows that might have started falling on his head and shoulders never came. When he reached the end of the line, he bade the men goodnight and continued on his way. One of the men began following him, and as he neared his lodgings, Charles asked the man if he wanted anything. The man replied that he only wanted to see that Father reached his quarters safely.

Another minor miracle happened to young Elder Rytting as related in this experience told to George:

One day Father walked five or six Swedish miles (about 35 or 40 miles) without nourishment of any kind. He was so cold and famished from hunger that he could hardly climb the steps to his lodgings. The only food he had available was a small pan of cold boiled potatoes. He prepared them for eating, paused to say a blessing, and proceeded to eat. Of all the fine meals and banquets Father ever ate, nothing tasted so good to him, he said, as that small pan of cold boiled potatoes on that chilly winter night in Sweden.

After two years serving in Sweden, the young missionary from Grantsville received a letter of release from Peter Sundwall, on September 10, 1895:

The time has come that it will be proper that you should be released from your mission, having served faithfully and performed a labor which has been satisfactory to us and which we hope shall prove a blessing to yourself as well as to many of the honest in heart who have heard your testimony.

You are therefore honorably released from your labors in the Ministry in Goteborg

Conference with permission to return home with the company of saints leaving Scandinavia Oct. 3rd.

Wishing that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may attend you on your journey home, and that you may reach your loved ones there in safety and find all well.

As his mission drew to a close, Charles received permission to visit his birthplace in Krusenberg, Alsike, near Stockholm. He was warmly met there by the lord of the estate, now advanced in years, who received him with expressions of pleasure and admiration. Charles remained as a guest of "his lord" for a short time while he looked into many records for genealogical information on the Rytting family and other connected lines.

During this search of parish records in the area, Charles saw a portrait of his ancestor, Johan Olof Tibelius, hanging in the Haga church. Tibelius, born in 1702, was a prominent churchman in the Lutheran church. After seeing the painting, Tibelius appeared to Charles in a dream saying that it was his responsibility to gather all the genealogical data he could and to see that the necessary temple work was done.

This dream was so impressive that Charles remained in Sweden for a few more weeks after his regular "tour of duty," exhausting every source of information he could find to complete his family records.

In Charge of Immigrants

The authorities of the European mission often arranged for missionaries to accompany companies of emigrants from various European countries to America. Elder Rytting was asked to supervise such a group. Again, according to George:

As the missionaries were about to sail homeward, they were all given their releases except Father. When Father inquired about his release, he was informed that he would get his official release when he arrived in Salt Lake City.

He had been selected to be placed in charge of the entire company of . . . immigrants from all parts of Europe, as well as [the] returning missionaries. This was surprising to him since he was one of the youngest of the group. This difficult assignment presented a multitude of problems. Father was responsible for passports, meals, money, personal belongings, clearing customs, etc.

One of his more difficult problems, and one he did not expect, was keeping some of the older missionaries (who should have known better) from paying improper attention to some of the girls and younger women of the immigrant company.

The number of saints and missionaries in the company according to Charles' own history, was 98 persons--17 elders and 81 members.

Charles wore a brand-new coat on the voyage back. Church members in Germany had obtained a fine coat that they wanted to present to President Wilford Woodruff. The emigrants from Germany brought the coat with them on the voyage and asked Elder Rytting to wear it to Salt Lake City since they couldn't afford to pay the customs on it. He consented and proudly wore the fine, warm coat.

After discharging his responsibilities to the immigrants at "Immigrant Square" after their arrival in Salt Lake City, Charles made his way to President Woodruff's office. There he finally received his official mission release. He then asked President Woodruff to stand up and turn around. Charles slipped off the fine coat, placed it over President Woodruff's shoulders, and presented it to him on behalf of the German saints.

Reunion With Family

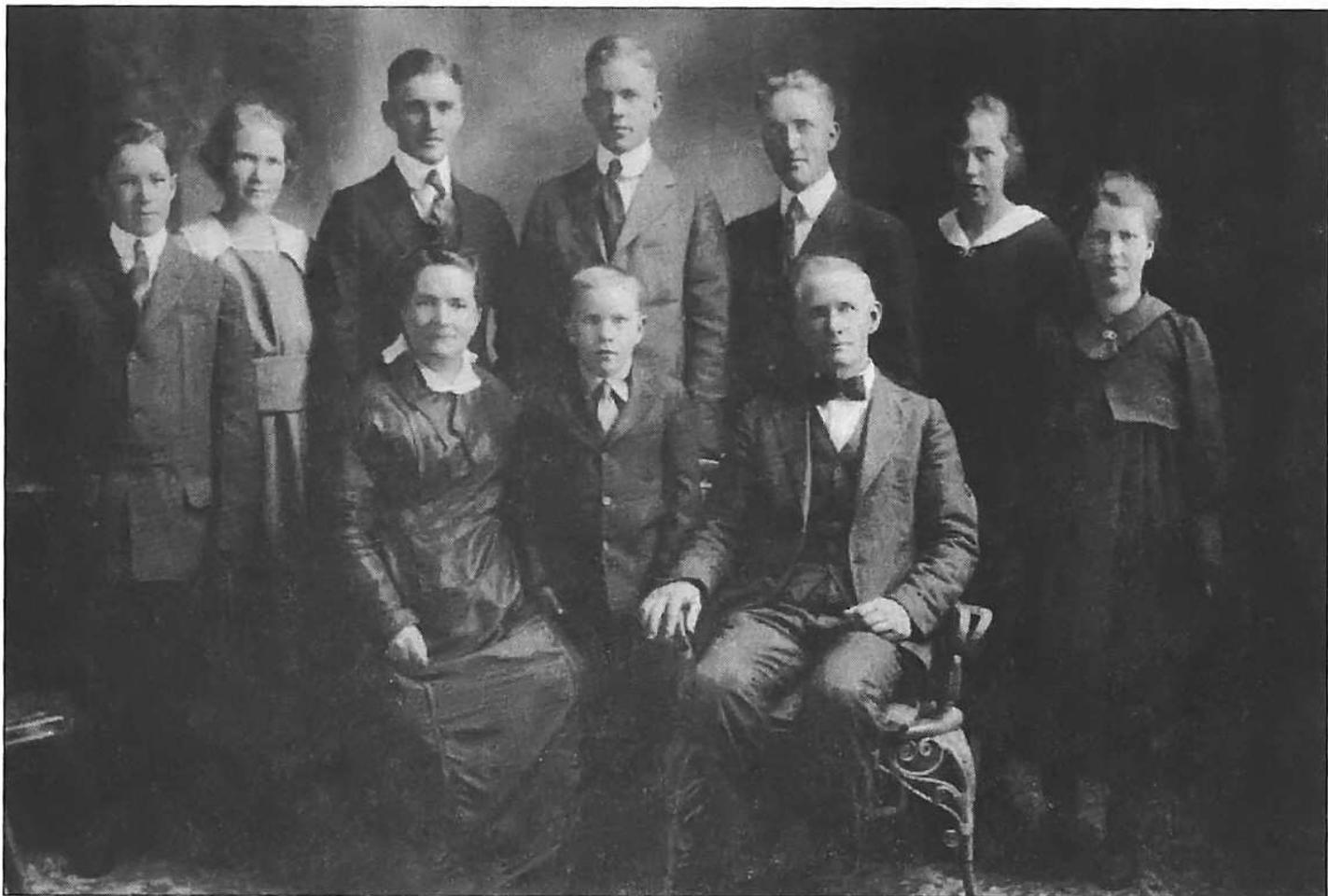
Lenora and two-year-old Emily came to Salt Lake City to meet the returning elders. What a thrilling reunion as Charles saw his young wife and little daughter for the first time in two years. What a relief to Nora to have her husband back home again. They both had changed in that time. Charles had a beard and mustache. Nora had gained weight. Little Emily would have nothing to do with this strange man she didn't know. According to George,

The slender, well-formed young woman he married had acquired more than ample buxom proportions. In turn, Father's full beard and mustache may have caused Mother to "look twice," while Emily's failure to recognize Father was very emphatic and it took considerable time and patience with her before she would have anything to do with him.

During her husband's absence, Nora had at one time been seriously ill with either typhoid, diphtheria, or scarlet fever, had lost some weight and become very weak. As she began to

recover, her appetite increased; and due to either faulty metabolism, glandular disturbance, or both, it seemed Nora couldn't appease her appetite. As a consequence, she lost the well-proportioned figure she once had. The detrimental effects of this illness remained with Nora in greater or lesser degree throughout the remainder of her life. Some of the family believed she had diabetes. In June 1894, a year before Charles came home, Nora wrote that she weighed 152 pounds and little Emily weighed 20 pounds.

The reunited family settled back in their Grantsville home. Charles resumed the sheep business for about seven years, then in 1901 moved his family to Idaho.



Rytting family about 1915, living in Lyman, Idaho. Back row, left to right: Joe, Emily, Rudolph, Andrew, Millward, Anna (Millward's wife), and Lucille (who died in 1920). Front row: Lenora, George and Charles.

Chapter Seven FAMILY LIFE IN LYMAN

It took courage and sacrifice for both Charles and Lenora to leave Grantsville in 1901 and pioneer in Idaho. A comfortable home, well-landscaped, had housed the family since shortly after they were married ten years earlier. Their eldest daughter, Emily, described it in a 1981 birthday greeting to a brother.

I remember that in Grantsville, before we left, we had a beautiful home that father had landscaped. I think he got the idea from being in Sweden where they had flowers planted in different designs. We also had a flowing well that watered the yard and also ran into a little pond.

Charles and Nora had a family of four children: three boys and one girl. Charles had been making the transition from the sheep business to that of carpentry and building. He also worked a few months at a brewery, where he had to handle and lift barrels some 300 pounds in weight.

Settlement of Lyman, Idaho began about 1883, 32 years after the first settlers had arrived in Grantsville, Utah. The Millward and Rytting families had all arrived in Utah by this time, beginning in 1862 with Andrew Vickers Millward and his bride in 1862, and ending with the Karl Erick Rytting family's arrival there in 1880.

Colonization of the Upper Snake River and Rexburg by Mormon pioneers also took place in 1883. The attraction of the area was, according to Church Historian Andrew Jenson, "some of the best farming land in the country. The town of Lyman is situated on the main branch of the South Fork of the Snake River." Church President John Taylor had received favorable reports on the area as a site for future settlements. Some polygamous Mormon families came to avoid arrest, prosecution and imprisonment by Federal authorities in Utah. A new railroad line was being built to reach the northern border of Montana and had already reached Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, making travel to the area by rail possible. At the beginning of the new century, the population of Lyman consisted of 370 people, including 61 families.

Lyman was a tiny farming community located six miles south of Rexburg and became the Madison county seat in 1913. In 1902, less

than a year after the Rytting family arrived in Lyman, two wards were organized, Lyman and Archer. From this date until his death 47 years later in 1949, the lives of Charles F. Rytting and his family were intertwined with the history of the ward.

Carpentry Work

By the time Charles F. Rytting moved his wife and four children to Lyman from Grantsville, construction had begun on Ricks Academy, later Ricks College. This provided the hope of employment as an additional incentive for the Swedish sheepman who had become a skilled carpenter and wanted to establish a new career as a building contractor. The Academy's first permanent building, built of stone, was completed in 1903.

Hearing that carpentry work was available in Idaho, Charles set out with a team of horses, his tools and a wagon, expecting to locate near Blackfoot. Work was not too plentiful at Blackfoot, so Charles went on to the Rexburg area.

In 1901, Lenora and the four children came to Idaho by train, having disposed of most of their furniture at a loss and having sold their home. In looking about for a home, Father tried to purchase a home near Thornton. For some reason, the owner doubted Charles' financial stability and refused to sell to him. Some years later, she told Father how sorry she was she had distrusted him so.



Charles F. Rytting Family Home in Lyman.

Charles purchased a forty-acre tract of land in Lyman, located two and a half miles from the railroad station at Thornton. He and his family lived in a sheep camp wagon until he could bring sufficient logs from the canyon to build a two-room log house with a dirt roof. This was erected in the southeast corner of the farm, and became the nucleus of the spacious home that followed. Lenora described it as "an eight-room bungalow." With only meager resources, Charles worked long and hard to manage the farm plus contract farm buildings on the side. According to his own history:

I was a contractor, and built the Lyman church, the school house and several of the better old homes, the Bybee house, Nels Jensen, Blackburns and helped on Ricks College.

Charles' son, Andrew, recalled that his father built large wheat storage elevators on several farms on the bench lands (dry farms) east of their home.

Living conditions were more difficulty on the farm in Idaho. There was no electricity. Gas lights or kerosene lamps were used for illumination. There was no running water, but a well adjacent to the house and a pump to supply the water. To water the animals, a trough was hollowed out, with a pipe running from the pump to provide water.

Lenora took on the usual farm chores and worked hard to provide suitable living conditions for her four children and others who were to come. Mary Louisa was born February 23, 1903, and died four days later on February 27, 18 months after the family had moved to Idaho. A short time before she died, Charles said that as he was walking toward the house, Lenora's deceased sister, Emily, appeared to him and said that she had come for Mary Louisa.

Joseph Fredrick was born one year later on December 12, 1904. Emma Lucille was born April 16, 1907. She died January 24, 1920 at the age of 12. George was born August 31, 1909. Finally, their last child, John Arvid, was born March 20, 1912 and died the same day. Their family was complete.

Sheep Inspector

One of the job opportunities Charles accepted in Idaho was that of district sheep

inspector. He covered part of southeastern Idaho, mostly on horseback. On one occasion he was in the Spencer-Dubois area on an assignment to inspect the herds of one of the largest sheepmen in the area. The man had apparently been accustomed to pressuring inspectors into giving his sheep a clean bill of health whether they were disease-free or not.

The man proposed the same idea to Charles, who had found the sheep infected with disease and refused to give him the permit required for transporting sheep out of the area. The sheepman informed Charles that "no upstart sheep inspector was going to stop him from shipping his sheep." Charles informed him that no sheepman, regardless of the size of his herds, was going to receive an inspection certificate from him unless the sheep were free of disease or had been treated for control of the disease.

The discussion that followed was something like the contest between the irresistible force and the immovable object. Finally the sheepman realized that Charles meant what he said. The vat was constructed and filled with the prepared medicine, the sheep were dipped, and the sheepman received his certificate of inspection. During this process, the animosity of the sheepman wore off, and he and Charles parted good friends.

At a later time, Charles was offered the job of a state sheep inspector, which would have necessitated moving to Boise. He requested a postponement of the appointment until he could complete building a home he had contracted to build and take care of other unfinished business. Charles suggested another man's name as a substitute to temporarily fill the position during the requested postponement. Apparently the substitution didn't work out well; before Charles got around to where he felt he could move to Boise, another appointee was given the job.

Storytelling and Musical Talent

Lenora was good at storytelling. On several occasions, if she happened to go to Rexburg to see a picture show, when she'd get home the children would ask Nora to tell them the show. She described things so vividly and accurately it was almost like being there.

She had an excellent alto singing voice and had a special friend in the neighborhood, Hannah Blackburn, who sang soprano. The two sang in meetings and whenever their services were desired. Lenora was the ward organist for 26 years, playing for Primary, Relief Society, Sunday School, and sacrament meetings. As she played the organ, she would sing along with the congregation, having memorized all verses of the hymns.

Lenora used her musical talent to help her children. At an early age Emily learned to play the organ and piano. Millward played the violin and Rudolph played the drums. These three formed a little orchestra and played for dances in the neighboring communities.

Summer Entertainment

For entertainment the young children met in groups and played the popular games of that time: run, sheep, run and kick the can. They also spent a great deal of time horseback riding.

In the summertime the "old swimming hole" was about a half mile from the Rytting home and the children would go swimming almost every day.

The family enjoyed the annual huckleberry trip to the mountains east of Lyman, along the old Lyman creek. Most of the families in Lyman participated in this event, making it a community activity. The Rytting family would spend a few days there, gathering huckleberries and also having their vacation. They once borrowed a white-top buggy and took provisions, extra hay for the horses, and containers. The huckleberry is tiny and to pick a gallon a day was a good day's work.

According to Andrew's account of "going huckleberrying" this was a big event every summer:

The huckleberry vacation was in late July or early August. Families grouped together and camped out for several days. One or two members of each family were left at home to care for the livestock and do other chores. Many gallons of this delicious fruit were canned, and many loads of dry pine and quaking asp also were brought home for firewood.

Charles would gather huckleberry vines and bring them to Lenora and the children so they could sit and pick off the berries. The family

ended up with 12 to 15 gallons from a week's outing. The fruit was then processed and bottled.

At other times the family picked currants and gooseberries that were made into jams, preserves and delicious pies and cobblers. They harvested apples from an orchard that had been planted near the farmhouse and picked fruit from a big raspberry patch.

Life on the farm was repetitious. The family had the usual supply of animals, a cow and five horses; four were work horses and one swaybacked horse named Fanny was used for riding. A riding horse, born to Fanny, was named "Ranger." He showed promise of being an excellent riding horse, but unfortunately wasn't kept too long.

Christmas Traditions

In the winter the children went sleigh riding and played games in the snow. They also had house parties with candy pulls and games and singing around the organ. Emily wrote about the Christmas celebration she remembered as a young girl, soon after the family moved to Idaho in 1902.

We didn't have a Christmas tree. I don't remember others having trees either. I think our Christmas was one that was like the English ones as mother's family came from England. We would hang our stockings up, and we would get peanuts, candy (hard tack), sometimes an orange--which was a treat as they were rare, a small gift, and clothing that we needed.

Emily recalled the Christmas program when the families would meet in the evening. "There was always a Santa Claus," she wrote, "who would come running in as we sang 'Jolly Old Saint Nicholas' or some other Christmas song." She explained how he wore a red suit trimmed with white fur and little bells. He would have a treat for the children. During the program the children always heard the story of the birth of the Savior.

The week of Christmas was a busy one, full of visiting with relatives, neighbors and friends, and so much delicious food. Emily recalled what a good cook her mother was and the Christmas delicacies she made.

Mother made fruit cake, mince meat pies, plum pudding with carmel sauce, yorkshire pudding, and other things. I don't remember her

ever using a written recipe, but everything turned out perfect.

Riding in the horse-drawn sleigh was a special memory. Fresh straw was placed in the sleigh box and covered with quilts. The children would dress warmly and take extra quilts and blankets to cover themselves. The horses had sleighbells on their harnesses, and as they trotted along the bells would ring. The children would sing as they glided through the countryside. Afterward they would go to different homes and play games, charades or have candy pulls.

Winter Activities

Skating parties for the children were held on one of several ponds where the ice was good. "In the early spring when the runoff from higher land would fill the old Lyman Creek bed and the streams were also frozen over, we could skate for miles in any direction," according to Andrew. The boys would take some dry kindling and build fires so that the children could stay warm. Emily recollected how they also put potatoes in the fire.

We would take some potatoes and put them in the fire. Before we went home we would eat these burned, half baked potatoes and pretend they were good. But, we had a good time and it was fun.

Another winter activity was getting firewood to heat the home during the winter and use as fuel for cooking. This would mean cutting down cottonwood trees on land that was being cleared for farming. The wood was cut up in short lengths and when frozen the boys would split it in smaller sizes to use in the cookstove.

Andrew described the weekly event of groups of young people going to the silent movies in Rexburg in a sleigh:

When we were in the 6th to 8th grades, we were permitted to go to Rexburg to the movies once a week. Two families would furnish the team and sleigh. The box was filled with straw and blankets to keep us warm. We would gather up our friends along the way until we had a full load. Most of us would have 25 cents to spend, 10 cents for the show and the rest for treats.

First Automobile

The first automobile the Rytting family purchased was a 1916 Maxwell bought from a

salesman named Mr. Phillips. He brought the car from Rexburg. According to Andrew the Maxwell was "4-door with a canvas top, with a top speed of 30 miles per hour." George wrote that "the car was typical of the 1916 models-- they needed plenty of repair work on them and they were not very dependable. The winters were spent overhauling it so it would be driveable for the next summer."

The first summer they had the Maxwell, Millward and Rudolph, their mother and her sister, Lucille, decided to take it up to Star Valley, Wyoming. On the way up was a road called the Cunard Dugway, which was a quarter mile of steep grade. When they came to the top of the road, coming from the Ririe side, Lenora was so concerned about driving the Maxwell down this steep dugway that she and Lucille got out of the car. She told the boys to take it to the bottom of the hill and she and Lucille would walk down.

It was a new experience for the people of Star Valley to see an automobile. The Ryttings' Maxwell was about the first in the valley, so it created a lot of interest among relatives and neighbors.

They kept this car for several years. In 1928, George had a chance to buy a 1926 Model T Ford from Judge Hansen in Rexburg. It was a Ford coupe, a closed-in car and quite reliable, so that ended the use of the Maxwell.

Favorite Foods

One of the favorite foods during these years was bread and milk, standard fare at that time. Lenora's rice pudding was another favorite. It was made with rice, milk, vanilla, sugar, and nutmeg and then baked in the oven for two or three hours. The family went to Sunday School on Sunday mornings and when they came home the aroma greeted them. Another favorite dish was lemon tarts with meringue on top.

Another recipe Lenora made frequently was English pancakes cooked on a hot frying pan. She was also proficient in making Yorkshire pudding, which was placed in a dripper pan and baked in a hot oven to come out nicely browned and fluffy.

Important Events

The end of World War I on November 11, 1918 was celebrated by leaving the beet fields, hitching a team to the wagon, and using a bass drum, a cornet and a shotgun to make as much noise as possible for a "parade" through Lyman.

Another important event was when the family built a new barn on the farm. Charles designed the structure and the older boys helped him build it. They painted the barn red with white trim and it was probably the best-looking barn in the whole community. The youngest boy, George, even got to nail on some of the shingles in an area where the roof was not too steep.

About 1927, Charles and his son, George, had the opportunity to go to Utah on a "cent-a-mile" excursion provided by the Union Pacific railroad company. For \$4.95, they made a round trip to Salt Lake. While there, they went to Tooele to visit Andy and saw his beautiful Nash roadster. Charles had relatives in Grantsville that they visited.

A Miraculous Healing and Promise

Lenora had a serious medical problem that was miraculously healed when she was a young mother in her late thirties. She developed a thyroid condition called goiter, which caused a large growth around her neck and was slowly choking her to death. Lenora would have spells when she would fight for breath, frightening the family and herself. Finally it became necessary to have surgery to cut out the growth. A specialist in Rexburg said it was so deep-seated that he wouldn't attempt the operation, but Dr. Middleton in Salt Lake City specialized in removing goiters, so the family made an appointment with him.

Rain was pouring down as Millward and Rudolph drove the old whitetop to take their mother and father to catch the train at Rexburg. Charles and Lenora stayed overnight at the home of friends in Rexburg, and left on the night train for Salt Lake City.

Lenora went to the doctor, who examined her and set the operation for a few days later. They were going to have her go into the hospital then, but decided to go through a temple

session--people used to go through the temple for their health. According to Rudolph, Lenora received a blessing and when she came out of the temple the goiter was gone. When she went back to the doctor the next day, he examined her and said, "You haven't any goiter; it's completely gone." So Lenora came home two or three days later and never was troubled with the goiter again.

A daughter-in-law, Phoebe Rytting, recalled that some members of the family were critical of their mother when she would respond to a Church responsibility at the expense of visiting with them. She said:

Grandma Rytting told me once, "When I went in the temple and asked for this special blessing, I promised if the Lord would heal me, I would never turn down anything that I was asked to do in the church." And she said, "I have to keep my promise." So we knew why she did this, and why she felt like she did. And boy, talk about a faithful soul.

It was at a time when she had a young family at home, from Emily the oldest, to all the rest down below, including Lucille, so there were seven children. To leave that family was quite a thing, but she always responded to the needs of others.

Tender Greetings

The souvenir autograph book that Lenora began in 1891, a few months before her marriage, included some tender greetings from her own children during the years the family was in Lyman.

Oct. 9, 1917
Dear Mother,
May your days be as happy
as the happiest of the past.
Your Loving Son, Joseph [Age 13 years]

June 1, 1916
Dear Mama,
May you always happy be
with fourteen children on each knee
and as long as you live in this world so big
then do not forget Me.
Your Daughter, Lucille Rytting [Age: 9 yrs]

Nov. 30th, 1908
Dear Mamma, Dear Nora:
I will love you always.
I thank you for the things that you
have done for me.

Your son, Andrew Rytting [Age: 7 years]

Mrs. Lenora Rytting
Dear Mother
May your Life be Long and happy.
Your Son, Rudolph Rytting

Dec. 1, 1908
Dear Nora,
Your Single life is short I hear
But married life will seem quit queer
When its baby come to mamma.
Your Son, Millward Rytting [Age: 12 years]

A Long Walk Home

One year just before Christmas, Charles was doing carpentry work on a building in Salem. Christmas Eve came, and although he had put in a day's work, Charles decided to attempt reaching home for Christmas Eve. He made his way to Rexburg where he made some Christmas purchases, loaded them in a gunnysack that he hoisted on his back, and began the long eight-mile walk home. Mile after mile he waded through snowdrifts, facing a storm of blizzard proportions, carrying his gunnysack over his shoulders and back. When Charles finally reached home, parts of his outer clothing were frozen stiff. Icicles had formed on his eyebrows, mustache and beard, and he was completely covered with frost and snow.

Charles had remarkable resistance to pain according to the following story told by George:

Father had an infection in his knee that caused him great pain. Dr. Walker came to our home to treat him, and said it would be necessary to lance it. Those of the children who were home were called into his bedroom where a family prayer was held. The children were dismissed from the room and Dr. Walker proceeded to lance Father's knee without using anaesthetic. When he finished, he commented that Father must have nerves of steel to be able to go through the lancing in silence and without flinching.

One day Charles was stacking hay for John Blackburn when the trip-rope attached to the Jackson fork broke loose. The "out of control" fork swung him so quickly that he didn't have a chance to duck out of its way. One of the tines of the fork caught in Charles' shirt, carrying him along the stack with it and dumping him off the far end. He said his shirt was torn off his back, but his underwear or skin were not

scratched. Had the Jackson fork's direction of travel been a few inches either to the right or left, the accident could have been fatal.

George Brindley told how Charles helped put the steeple up on the Lyman ward chapel on a cold winter day

. . . as the steeple got higher the number of workers became fewer. Finally Charles and myself were the only ones who would risk working some 40 or 50 feet above ground. I stepped from one section of scaffold to another, slipped and fell a short distance--a foot or two . . . then carefully made my way down the scaffolding--for the last time. Charles finished putting up the steeple alone, his hands being so cold he could hardly hold hammer and nails. Some thirty years later a powerful tractor and strong cables were used to pull the steeple off the roof of the church.

Mistaken Identity

Charles, Lenora and Lucille went to St. Anthony and while Charles was taking care of some business, Lenora took Lucille to the show. Before the show was over, a stranger came in and took the seat next to Lucille. A few moments later he offered her some candy from a paper sack. Her mother reached out a warning hand and would not let Lucille accept it, casting an icy glance at the stranger. A few moments later, Lenora and Lucille left the theater and the stranger followed them. As they emerged from the semi-darkness of the theater, Lenora took a quick glance at the man and something familiar about his clothing caught her attention. A second good look revealed who he was. Her husband had stopped in to see Uncle Roger, a barber, and had decided to shave off his moustache--for the first time in more than 20 years.

Close Call on the Dugway

Charles did considerable carpentry work for Parkinsons and on one occasion was building some buildings on Fred Parkinson's dry farm. He was being helped by George Simmons, John Sharp and probably others, besides Millward, Rudolph and perhaps Andrew. Saturday night after work they prepared for the trip home. The boys wanted to get to Rexburg soon, so they started out first, driving the 1916 Maxwell. Charles remained to check things over

and was to ride with George Simmons in his Model T Ford, along with John Sharp and perhaps others.

Between the dry farm and Rexburg it was necessary to climb a dugway out of Moody Creek Canyon. The Maxwell made the dugway all right, but the Model T didn't quite make it. Just as the Ford came to a belabored stop near the top of the dugway, Charles jumped out and tried to find a rock to block the wheels. He was squeezed against a large rock, cracking two ribs.

Meanwhile Sharp also tried to get out of the car and was dragged some distance before the car lodged against the side of the dugway and stopped. With much pushing and using rocks to block the wheels, the men finally reached the top. When they arrived at Rexburg, Sharp was taken to a doctor who advised his being taken to Salt Lake City where he died a few days later.

Lucille Takes III

Joe and Lucille participated in club projects under a Miss Abigail Niekirk, who drove about in a Model T Ford that she cranked with her foot. They were part of a group that qualified for a trip to Pocatello. The night before they left, their happiness and excitement at the prospect of the trip was evident. Their father also accompanied the group.

A day or two later Lenora received a call to come to Pocatello. Lucille had taken seriously ill with influenza and she died within a few days on January 24, 1920. She was 12 years old. What a sad experience for the family to lose this lovely young girl.

The following poem was written in memory of Lucille Rytting. The author is unknown.

Oh beautiful night Divine,
With moon and star aglow,
Across the silver plain,
The fawn will softly go.

And in a garden fair,
Beneath the shadowy trees,
The flowers nod their blossomed stems,
Caressed by the evening breeze.

And in old Egypt's country,
Where many pyramids stand,

The moon and stars do softly beam,
Across the glimmering sand.

Far across the ocean and the land,
The light does radiantly shine,
It seems a gift from Heaven,
Oh beautiful night Divine.

Raising Sugar Beets

On the forty-acre farm Charles raised 10 acres of sugar beets as the principal crop. The beets required a lot of hand labor beginning in spring with thinning. The first crop of hay was put up, the beets were hoed, the second crop of hay was put up, then the beets were hoed again. Finally came the topping and loading.

One acre each of beets was allocated to George, Emily, and Joe. They kept track of the beets from those three acres, the proceeds to be used as their own financial resources. They brought in approximately \$100 a year which at that time was a substantial amount.

For many years Pearson Sharp hauled beets to the beet dump at Thornton for the Ryttings. The lead horses of his four-horse team were a spirited black horse named Cap and a white mare named Doll. Sharp took great care to see that his horses were well-fed and well-groomed. Their pulling strength was a great sight, especially to lovers of fine horses. After Pearson Sharp's death, the horses were sold and taken away.

The next fall, after the beets were up, Charles saw Cap and Doll standing at the north gate on the far side of the field. Sometime later he noticed that they were still waiting at the gate. He was disheartened by their sad appearance. From their jagged hoofs to their untrimmed forelocks, the horses were the picture of neglect and hunger. Father said that out of respect for Pearson he could do nothing less than let them in the field, where there was abundant forage and water, until their owner came for them.

The beet acreage on the farm was kept around 20 or 25 acres. Charles took considerable interest in the mechanical beet toppers brought to the Sugar City district to be tried out. Many were not successful and after a few trials were not used again. He watched these machines in operation and formed his

opinion as to their basic weakness and how it could be corrected.

When the sugar company finally gave up the development of a particular beet topper, fieldman Ray Smith brought two of them to the Rytting farm. Charles began working out some designs and had the blacksmith at Thornton begin making a model. Before long he had a bill of over a hundred dollars. Though the blacksmith charges were reasonable, Charles could see that unless he had his own machine shop for precise measuring, cutting and drilling, the trial-and-error method he was following would be too costly. His beet topper remained undeveloped. The mechanical beet toppers of a quarter century later incorporated some of the improvements and corrections Charles visualized.

A Final Illness

Except for the goiter, Lenora was apparently in very good health until the last year or two of her life. The last time she went to Shelley when Rudolph's daughter, Donna, was born, her health was failing. They called it dropsy in those days, but it was probably a diabetic condition, in which the patient's body becomes filled with water. Lenora had been overweight since the early days of her marriage but seemed to get along fine. Her final illness caused her to fail quickly.

Lenora was taken first to the doctors in Rexburg, then down to Idaho Falls, but the doctor, a specialist, told her husband and Rudolph, "Sister Rytting's condition is hopeless; there just isn't anything we can do. The best thing is to take her back home and keep her comfortable and under mild sedation." And so Nora was taken back to the Lyman farm, where she spent her last few months. By this time her eyesight had failed. Her daughter Emily stayed with her most of the time. Lenora died August 28, 1930. She was 60 years old.

During the last weeks before her death, Nora planned her funeral and asked Dora C. Robinson to carry out her plans. She requested that Minnie Snedaker and Amanda Bybee make a dress for her out of "voil, neat and plain . . . and one pink rose bud pinned on her dress." She preferred potted flowers since afterwards

they could be given to family members or sent to other sick people so the flowers wouldn't be wasted.

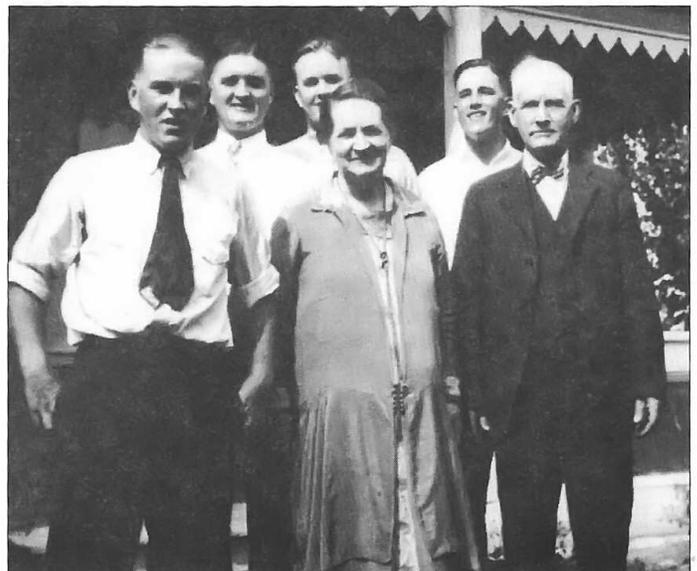
The funeral program was to have sentiments from friends, family and ward members. Musical numbers she requested included "Oh, Dry Those Tears," to be played soft and sweet; also "Unveil Thy Bosom Faithful Tomb" and "Behold, 'Tis Eventide." She also requested that a photograph be taken of the casket placed out on the lawn. The photograph was to be sent to George, who was in Holland on a mission.

One of the speakers at her funeral, Sister Anne Galbraith, with whom Nora had worked for years in the Lyman Ward Relief Society, paid her this tribute:

She has been as a ministering angel in many homes in times of sickness or death, to cheer and comfort those in distress. No record has been kept of the good deeds she did and none can know of the labor she accomplished, but when the good book is opened, a great work will be recorded there, and we who have labored with her know her worth and love her best for her untiring labor and great faith.

Nora left her own sweet testimony to her large posterity:

"My one great desire is to continue faithful all my days on earth and that my children shall do all they can toward the upbuilding of the Church of God and I know it is the true Church, and more real joy is found in its service than all the pleasures of the world combined."



Part of the Rytting family about 1925. Left to Right: George, Rudolph, Andrew, Lenora, Joseph and Charles Rytting.

Chapter Eight BISHOP OF LYMAN WARD

The original Lyman Ward was organized June 5, 1884, a year after the first settlers arrived. Meetings were held in a little log meetinghouse, 16 x 20 feet. By the year 1900 the population reached 370 souls, including 61 families. For the next quarter of a century, the ward knew only two bishops, and Charles Rytting was one of them.

Casey P. Bowen served 12 years as bishop, from 1902 until 1914, with Charles serving as his counselor for eight years. Then Charles F. Rytting was sustained as bishop for the next 12 years, from 1914 until 1926. Accordingly, he was ordained to the office of high priest on July 9, 1906, by Elder Orson F. Whitney of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and was set apart as a bishop on October 5, 1914, by Francis M. Lyman, president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. This was done in Salt Lake City, probably during General Conference.

Thus, for 20 years Charles was in the ward's bishopric. His counselors during this period were Francis Sharp, James R. Smith, Moroni Robison, Jess Robison and Elmer Atkinson. The ward's manuscript history contains many references to his involvement in ward affairs. Bishop Rytting felt a deep commitment to compiling a history of the ward. Occasionally, while serving as a bishop's counselor, the signature of Charles F. Rytting appears on the record as "ward clerk."

Importance of Record-Keeping

During his last four years in the bishopric Charles had the help of his son, Andrew, who was called as Lyman ward clerk from 1922 to 1926. Charles referred to the importance of record-keeping both in the mission field and in the ward in his own brief history.

In 1901, I came to Idaho and bought 40 acres of land from Anderson, and on March 2, 1902, when the Lyman Ward was divided, I was put in as superintendent of Sunday School. In 1906 I was sustained as 2nd counselor to Bishop Bowen. In 1914 I was sustained Bishop of the Lyman Ward.

Up to this time, very little recording had been done, and during the 27 years as bishop and

counselor, I worked on getting the records in as good a shape as I could. After being released as Bishop, I again worked in the Sunday School as superintendent.

The Rytting family had moved to Lyman in 1901, and Bishop Bowen called Charles and Lenora to leadership positions March 9, 1902, even though they were not formally accepted into the ward until two years later on May 28, 1904. Charles was sustained as Sunday School superintendent and Lenora was named president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association.

Charles served for four years in this capacity and was then called as a counselor in the bishopric. Since it was customary for Bishop Bowen to conduct most of the worship services, Charles didn't preside at a meeting until April 14, 1907, several months after he was sustained. Sunday School was held on Sunday morning and sacrament meeting was held in the afternoon. Charles administered the sacrament almost weekly in these early years.

Almost every fast and testimony meeting for 28 years included a testimony by Emma Lenora Rytting, more often than any other ward member, according to the manuscript record. Charles also bore his testimony frequently.

The sermons that Bishop Rytting delivered are also listed in the manuscript history. Some of the subjects he spoke on included: Those prepared for death need not fear; the divine mission of Joseph Smith; the faith of the pioneers; the mission of Elijah and the temples; the Hill Cumorah and Kirtland; the purity of the U.S. Constitution; the appearance of the Savior to President Joseph F. Smith; and many other subjects.

After Bishop Rytting was released in 1926, a social was held for the retiring bishopric. Ward members indulged in games and dancing and a light lunch was served. Bishop Rytting was presented with a ring and his counselors with fountain pens.

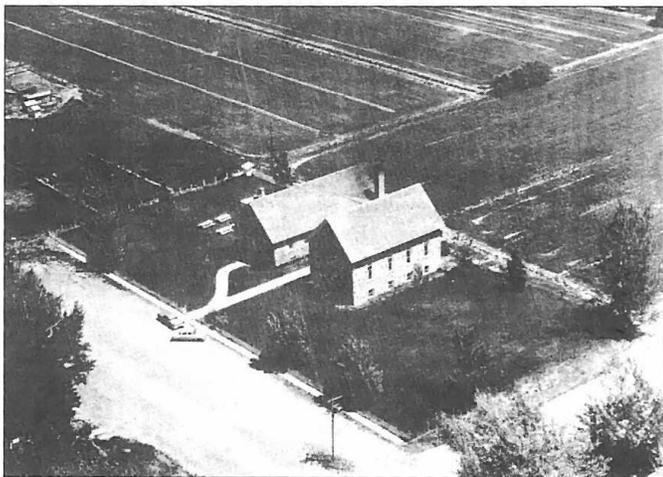
Fund Raising

For most of his 48 years in Lyman, Charles was involved in planning, raising funds, contracting and working on the ward meetinghouse. Until 1902, the original Lyman ward worshipped in the logmeeting house.

Before long, the reorganized Lyman Ward had plans to build a new chapel of white sandstone and featuring a tower on the west end. Estimated cost in 1903, was \$8,000. With his younger brother, John Arvid, Bishop Rytting was listed among 13 ward members who donated funds for a clock for the church; his five dollars was the largest contribution.

In 1905 the cornerstone for the new chapel was laid. After the basement was completed, meetings and entertainments were held there for several years until the chapel was ready for use.

On March 25, 1912, Charles was named to a committee to collect money for work to be done on the meetinghouse. A total of \$58.91 was collected by April 8th. Then he and John Blackburn were appointed to look after the arrangement of the stage and seating of the choir in the new chapel. Finally, on January 4, 1914, it was voted that Charles F. Rytting would oversee the building of a new meetinghouse. His carpentry skills and experience as a contractor by trade must have been a valuable asset to the project. Five months later, on July 5, 1914, Charles reported that the meetinghouse was finished.



The Lyman Ward chapel in 1959. The building was razed and rebuilt in 1966. Charles was bishop of this ward from 1914 to 1926.

But money still needed to be collected. On November 15, 1914, Charles requested that those appointed to collect funds get to work at once and collect money from the districts to which they were appointed. Landscaping and finishing work continued the following year, with \$409 owed in February. In one month the balance was reduced to \$200. In June, work on

the meetinghouse grounds--ditching and planting lawns--was completed at a cost of \$20.17. Later it was decided that screens should be installed in the tower to keep it clear of pigeons. Mentions of "final payments" on the project continued into future months.

In 1920, for insurance purposes, the value of the building was placed at \$11,000 and contents at \$1,105. In 1923, electric lights were installed in the church at a cost of \$172.75. A basement remodeling project cost \$286.86. Donated materials and labor were worth \$132. In 1927 a piano was purchased for \$312.

Other programs that Lyman ward members were urged to support included the Mesa Temple, with \$75.50 contributed; the Near East Relief Fund, with \$63.50 contributed; and the Presiding Bishop's Wheat project, with \$650 contributed from the Relief Society.

Ironically, the culmination of a second stage of chapel-building came years later with the dedication of the second "new" brick chapel on September 10, 1950, 16 months after Charles F. Rytting was buried. It marked completion of a "beautification project" costing \$3,000.

Administrations to the Sick

One of the responsibilities of Bishop Rytting was to take care of the sick. During a particularly severe epidemic of smallpox, Eliza Gilbert Stoddard and her young baby, Zella, were stricken with the disease. Two of Sister Stoddard's children went to the Rytting home in the middle of the night and asked the bishop to come. Charles stopped to get Harry Randall to go with him. When the men arrived they found Eliza very ill, and the baby near death, not having had nourishment for two or three days. Eliza said that, for herself she knew she was going to die, but she begged Brother Rytting to bless the baby that she would not die also. According to the account written by George:

The two men administered to the baby and the mother, promising her that the baby would live, and she would live to rear her baby to maturity. By the time they were ready to leave, Dr. Rich arrived. He warned them that smallpox was a contagious and dangerous disease and suggested that they each take a good-sized drink of brandy or whiskey, which he had with him. Father declined, but Brother Randall followed the doctor's

suggestion. A few days later Randall broke out with the smallpox. Father had a remarkable immunity to contagious diseases, and in this and many other epidemics, he came through with singular resistance.

During the winter of 1919-1920, Lyman was hit with a flu epidemic, which took about ten lives in a single two-week period. Schools and church meetings were canceled. Rudolph was then serving a mission to the Central States.

Charles never took his clothes off, nor went to bed for a week. There was a burial almost every day and the funeral services had to be eliminated. The deceased were buried following brief graveside services at the cemetery. Lenora was often away from home helping families and preparing the dead for burial. As bishop, Charles was gone from home almost constantly helping with the burial arrangements and organizing relief. The able-bodied men of the ward were assigned to take care of those families in need of help with household chores and taking care of the animals. Sometimes, whole families were bedfast and needed help with meals, heat, and other necessities.

Their daughter Lucille's death in Pocatello was the first of the deaths. When Charles and Lenora brought her body home for burial, conditions were serious. Emily was so ill she could not attend her sister's funeral. She was not only ill with the flu, but was on the verge of giving birth to a new baby (Doyle). Owen, her husband, also was so ill he could scarcely get out of bed. After Lucille's funeral, Lenora went directly to her oldest daughter's home to help her.

Dr. Nelson was also up day and night giving medical aid to the people who were ill. The story is told how Dr. Nelson nearly froze to death one night and was rescued by Charles. This is the account written by George:

About midnight on one of the colder nights, as Father was walking (or riding old Fanny) along the snow covered road between the church and the school house, he noticed an empty car stopped at the side of the road. Something prompted him to investigate a little closer. He stopped and looked about the empty car and finally looked under it. There stretched out under the car was Dr. Nelson, in the deep sleep that proceeds freezing to death.

Like Father, Dr. Nelson had been going night and day, and had been out to Lyman on a

call when his car developed trouble. He had crawled under the car to make a minor repair, but was so exhausted that he went to sleep. It was in this condition that Father found him. After considerable prodding and shaking, Father managed to wake him up . . . after the car was started and running all right, they each went their way. A firm bond of mutual respect and friendship existed between Dr. Nelson and Father throughout the rest of their lives, some 30 years.

Family's Church Activity

The Charles Rytting family was often mentioned in the ward's history, which contains many references to the Rytting family's involvement in ward affairs. The manuscript history was as complete as it was because of Bishop Rytting's commitment to compiling the history.

Other callings came to members of the family as they grew to maturity. Rudolph and George both served missions, and George was sustained as president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association on June 5, 1932, two months after his return from the Netherlands Mission on April 20. He later served a second, short-term mission in California and Arizona, returning again on June 30, 1934.

Lenora was called to preside over the Young Ladies organization in 1902 and served six years. She acted as counselor in the Primary for seven years and as counselor in the Relief Society for several years. She was a Relief Society visiting teacher from the time she was 22 until her death at age 60, a total of 38 years of service.

The Rytting family also contributed to the music during worship services, funerals, socials and other events. George, Millward and Emily often accompanied soloists. Lenora, Joseph and Rudolph sang vocal solos and with groups. Some of them conducted singing. Lenora sang with her father Andrew Vickers Millward and there were many other occasions when the Ryttings' musical talent was used.

Other church callings and events in the Rytting family, as recorded in the manuscript history, included a number of interesting entries:

Sept. 3-4, 1904	Chas. Millward Rytting	Baptized
July 2, 1906	Rudolph Rytting	Baptized
July 7, 1907	Mary Rytting	Baptized
August 23, 1907	Lucille Rytting	Blessed
August 1, 1909	Andrew Rytting	Confirmed

March 11, 1911	Millward Rytting	Ordained Teacher
April 7, 1912	Neal O. Heilesen family	Membership approved
May 5, 1912	Fern Heilesen	Blessed
March 16, 1913	Rudolph Rytting	Teachers President
Sept 14, 1914	Charles F. Rytting	Sustained as bishop
Dec, 1914	Owen LaVere Heilesen	Blessed
June 5, 1915	Lucille Rytting	Baptized
May 2, 1920	Doyle R. Heilesen	Blessed
July 14, 1923	Owen LaVere Heilesen	Baptized
Sept 2, 1923	Joseph Rytting	Ordained priest
Sept 2, 1923	Lucy Rytting	Blessed
Sept 23, 1923	Marjorie Rytting	Blessed
March 30, 1924	Lenora Rytting	Counselor in R.S.
Nov 30, 1924	Andrew Rytting	S.S. Superintendent
October 4, 1925	Betty Lois Rytting	Blessed
Dec 13, 1926	Rudolph Rytting	Moved from Lyman
1929	George Rytting	Mission to Holland
1927	Joseph Rytting	Listed as an elder
Sept 17, 1933	Millward Rytting	Ward chorister
1933	Zoe Rytting	Secretary of Primary
Jan 13, 1935	Leone/Marjorie/George	Memberships accepted
1936	Charles/George	Home teachers
1937	George	Seventy
1942	Charles F. Rytting	Home teacher

Stroll Through Cemetery

During his later years, Charles reflected about his past life as he and George strolled through the Archer-Lyman cemetery. According to George:

Father was walking about looking at the names on the headstones. Most of them he knew personally. Many of them had Father at their bedsides as they passed into eternity. Babies, children, young men and women, and old folks were buried there. In a somewhat contemplative mood, Father observed that when we sing the song "Resting now from care and sorrow," we should bear in mind that the degree of rest from care and sorrow that our departed loved ones enjoy will depend in a large measure upon our behavior here.

He was standing by the grave of a lovely young woman who had died when her first baby was born. He went on to observe that this young mother must feel concern for the welfare of her little son and would be exercising what influence she could, short of infringing upon his free agency, in his behalf. Father implied that he had no doubt that our departed loved ones, and others, are well aware of what we are doing; that they are pleased with our accomplishments for good and are saddened and concerned when we make mistakes in deed or judgment. Yet they, like our Heavenly Father, will not force our behavior nor infringe upon our Free Agency.

After Nora's death in 1930, Charles lived as a widower for nearly 20 more years. He continued to take care of the Lyman farm and

most of the time lived alone in the farmhouse. George lived with him off and on from 1932 to 1940. They would occasionally go up above the dry farm area to Moody Dam, at the beginning of Moody Creek. There they caught mountain trout, about six to eight inches long and delicious to eat. They cut pine boughs and covered them with a heavy quilt for a comfortable bed.

Charles was living with his daughter, Emily Heilesen, in Idaho Falls when he died on the night of May 30, 1949. He was 83 years old. Cause of death was listed as myocarditis senility.



The Rytting family taken sometime after the death of Lenora. Front row, left to right: Edna, Alvaretta, Phoebe, Zoe, Emily and Charles. Back row: Joe, Andy, Rudolph, and Millward.

Earlier that day, he had visited with a grandson, Lorry (Andrew's son), who had just returned from a mission to Great Britain. Another grandson, Ralph (Rudolph's son), had earlier reported to his grandpa about his mission to California. Perhaps Charles was waiting until he could see and visit with these two young returned missionary grandsons--then it was all right to leave this earthly existence and join his beloved Lenora.

The farm was purchased by his son, Joe, who later sold it to Roy Robison in 1971. The land was leveled and used to grow wheat, alfalfa and potatoes. The house and red barn both burned to the ground and the 40 or 50 shade trees that Charles had planted were cut down. There is nothing left today but the fertile land the Rytting family farmed and lived on for almost fifty years and the legacy of hard work, love and devotion to God that Charles and Nora Rytting left to a large posterity.

At the Lyman-Archer cemetery on Memorial Day 1955, six years after the death of Charles, 85-year-old George Brindley said that he had lived in several wards under many bishops, but to him there would be but one bishop, Bishop Charley Rytting.

PART II LIFE SKETCHES OF CHILDREN

Chapter 9

EMILY RYTTING HEILESON

Born: May 18, 1893, Grantsville, Tooele Co., Utah

Died: April 16, 1989, Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co., Idaho

The year 1893 was an eventful year in the lives of the Andrew Vickers Millward family. My mother's mother, Louisa Jane Eastham Millward, died in January, leaving ten children. She was the mother of twelve, two having died earlier. The Salt Lake Temple was dedicated in April after being under construction for 40 years.

I was born the 18th of May that year. When I was three days old, my father received a call to go on a mission. Because of the serious illness of his father, my father's mission was postponed for a few weeks. His father died in August at the age of 55 of typhoid or pneumonia, and my father left for a mission to Sweden in September. He served from September 1893 to November 1895.

My father was Charles Fredrick Rytting and my mother was Emma Lenora Millward. They were married in the Logan Temple on January 6, 1892. They made their first home in Grantsville, Utah.

Father's family emigrated from Sweden when he was about 14 years old. He was born November 30, 1866 near Upsala, Sweden. The family moved to Salt Lake City and resided near the Temple. Father's first job was carrying water to the men who were working on the Temple.

Mother was born in Grantsville, Utah on February 26, 1870. She was the 4th child in the family. Her parents had immigrated from England. After her mother's death, her father kept the family together. They were a close-knit family.

When I was eight years old, we moved from Grantsville to Lyman, Idaho, where my father had bought 40 acres of land. Before leaving Grantsville I was baptized by an uncle, Albert Barrus, and confirmed by Gustave Anderson, who was a neighbor and father of my two best playmates, Sarah and Maggie Anderson. My first two years of school were in Grantsville.

Four of the children were born in Grantsville--myself, Millward, Rudolph and

Andrew Noble. We had a beautiful yard with flowers that were planted in different designs.

Move to Lyman

We moved to Lyman, Idaho in the summer of 1901. Father built a two-room log house. It had a dirt roof as many of the homes there did. It was a big change from the home we had left in Utah. It was here that the rest of the children were born: Mary Louisa, Joseph Fredrick, Emma Lucille, John Arvid and George. Mary Louisa and John Arvid died in infancy.

As the oldest in the family, I had a lot of responsibility. My father was bishop of the Lyman Ward for many years and my mother was often called upon to help deliver babies.

The next spring the Lyman Ward was divided and the Archer Ward was organized. I was put in as Primary organist of the Lyman Ward when I was eight years old. Most of my life I have helped in the different organizations as organist. My mother who introduced me to music early in life, was an accomplished and cultured lady. She was a member of the Tabernacle Choir.

When in our early teens, my brothers and I started an orchestra. I played piano, Millward played the violin, and Rudolph the drums and xylophone. Later a friend, Ellis Belnap, joined us with a cornet and we played for dances.



Neal Owen and Emily Rytting Heileson

In 1910 on October 5th, I married Neal Owen Heilesen in the Salt Lake Temple. We lived in Burton and farmed for awhile then moved to Lyman, Idaho, where we built a two-room house on some land Father gave us. We had two children there. Fern was born January 20, 1912, and Owen LaVere (Vern) was born October 26, 1914.

Move to Oregon

In May 1916 we moved to Burns, Oregon to take up a homestead. The first year there we had frequent rains and the crops were good. Then came a drought, with the winds blowing dust through the walls of our two-room cabin. You couldn't see a green sprig of anything. Two more children were born in this cabin; Charles Ronald was born July 21, 1916, and Zelda Emily was born May 5, 1918.

In Oregon we were living in the Northwestern States Mission. Brother Melvin J. Ballard was our mission president. I think he was the most spiritual man I knew. He organized a branch of the Church at Burns and was later called as an Apostle. He had a beautiful voice, and I accompanied him when he sang some of the hymns.

The winds finally won and we moved back to Lyman in 1918. I took the children and came back by train. My husband brought our possessions overland by freight wagon. I arrived the day the World War I Armistice was signed.

The next year was a sad year for the people of Lyman, as the influenza took many of the members. My sister Lucille died in January 1920. She was thirteen years old, very mature for her age, and a very special person. Her death was a shock to all of us. I was also ill at this time for several weeks with the influenza, and our son, Doyle, was born prematurely on February 3, 1920. Verla Lucille was also born in Lyman November 19, 1921.

Back to Idaho Falls

We moved with our six children to Idaho Falls on 6th Street in July 1923. There weren't many homes yet, but we knew most of our neighbors on the street and surrounding area soon after we moved there. Gardens or weeds

filled the many vacant lots. Three more children were born in Idaho Falls: Rula Lenora, December 7, 1923; Gene Millward, August 24, 1926; and Joyce Ruth, October 13, 1934. We lived on 6th Street most of the time since coming to Idaho Falls. Our children ice-skated on a pond on the Safestrom farm. Idaho Falls High School was later built there. I worked to establish LDS seminary classes in the schools.

Owen worked for Hoff Coal & Ice Company for many years. He also worked for Clyde Hess Distributing Company and Fred Parker & Co. The last several years of his life Owen wasn't well, and he died May 19, 1959. We have had many blessings, but also some sorrows and disappointments. I think the war years were perhaps the worst. Our four sons and two sons-in-law were in the war, and it was a time of continual worry. Our son, Ronald, died October 20, 1943, while in the service.

Always Time for Music

I have played the piano since I was old enough to reach a keyboard. After playing organ for the Lyman Ward Primary when I was fifteen, I played piano for the family orchestra for dances at Lyman and later at Burton. When we first moved to Idaho Falls, I played in the Gayety Theater on A Street for silent movies until the talkies came. I loved to play many of those mood-setting tunes like "On the Mississippi."

I was organist of the 2nd Ward Relief Society, Sunday School and Relief Society stake organist, ward organist under four bishops, and one of the Temple organists for 17 1/2 years. I remember hundreds of hymns after these many years serving in those positions. I also have taught music and played at more funerals than I can remember. My youngest daughter, Joyce, was only a baby when she said "Mama, if everybody came to your funeral that you've gone to theirs, wouldn't there be a big crowd?"

The other church positions I remember included working with the Beehive girls and, when the 2nd Ward was divided and the 16th Ward organized, being called as president of the Relief Society. I served nearly four years and was released because of the serious illness of my husband.

For my 90th birthday in May 1983, my family had an open house for me. The family, relatives and others came, and they served over 300 guests. It was a lovely affair and I appreciated all their kindness. My family members are so good and thoughtful and do so much for me. I am still able to live in my home, with the help of my family and others. I keep busy fixing meals, caring for my home, making braided rugs, visiting friends and going to church. When there's time, I play the piano.

I am thankful to my Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, for my many blessings, for the priesthood blessings that I received when I was set apart for my different callings. My love for Them grows more all the time. My desire is that my family and loved ones will do all they can toward building up the Kingdom of God, and receive the blessings that are given to all that keep His commandments.

Additional Childhood Memories

[The following recollections were included in a tape recording Emily did for Andy's 80th birthday in 1981. She was 88 years old at the time.]

We did many things as we were growing up. In the summer we used to go swimming and we have picnics. But, we also had some work to do. Father planted beets and I think thinning beets was the hardest job that ever was, but we had to hoe them and thin them and then in the fall we would top and load them.

We also helped some of the neighbors in the potato field. We would hoe potatoes, Millward and Rudolph and I . . . we planted an apple orchard and also a lot of raspberries. I used to remember trying to figure out something that would pick raspberries, but I never heard of any yet to be invented, although there has been a lot as far as the beets are concerned. I understand they don't have to thin beets like we used to. We also had currants and gooseberries.

In the winter we went sleigh riding and played games in the snow. We also had house parties where we had candy pulls and games and singing around the organ. We also went to dances.

This is the very first time I have ever

talked into a microphone or recorded my voice and I wish I could have done better, but I'm going to play some numbers that Lorry asked me to play . . . I will play "To Spring" by Grieg; (he is one of my very favorite composers), then I will play "The Venetian Love Song" by Nevin, then I would like to finish up with "This is the End of a Perfect Day."

Christmas Memories

[Emily was asked to speak on the Christmas program December 25, 1983 and these are some of the thoughts she expressed.]

The first Christmas I remember was about the birth of Jesus. The stage was made to represent a stable, with Mary and Joseph and baby Jesus in a manger . . . I was one of the angels in a children's chorus. I remember how tired I got as Mother and Aunt Grace fitted on my wings and they didn't stay right. They must not have fastened them on good or else someone pushed against me, as one of the wings fell down. I was upset. My mother said it really didn't matter as angels didn't have wings anyway.

When I was eight years old we moved to Lyman. We didn't have a Christmas tree. We would hang our stockings up, and we would get peanuts, candy (hard tack), sometimes an orange (a treat as they were rare), a small gift and clothing that we needed.

Years later, as our own children were growing up, we always had a tree, and like so many others at the time we strung popcorn. Sometimes we would add some cranberries, which made a pretty decoration. We also made chains out of green and red construction paper, cut out snowflakes, and added other decorations. We had candleholders that clipped on to the branches of the tree and one of the special things we did was the lighting of the candles.

One night one of the girls almost in tears, said that someone had been eating the popcorn off the tree. Everyone said, "Not me," but there was the empty thread with just a popcorn here and there. As I was passing by the tree I saw the cat eating the popcorn. I motioned to the children to come and look. They all laughed. No one ever got mad at the cat, but we kept him

away from the tree.

One year when I was living alone, the children were all married except Gene, and he was away to school and working. There wasn't going to be anyone home for Christmas as I was invited out. A couple of days before Christmas, Gene surprised us by coming home. He looked around and said, "Where's the Christmas tree?" I told him why I hadn't put one up. He left for a little while and picked up some of the grandchildren. They got a Christmas tree and decorated it. Since then we have always had a Christmas tree of some kind.

Although many changes have taken place, some things have changed very little. We never tire of hearing the story of the first Christmas, which tells of the birth of Jesus, the most wonderful event that has ever happened. We never tire of hearing of His life and His message of love, kindness, goodness, and His sacrifice for all, for which we are so grateful.

Emily Honored

For sixty years of service as organist, accompanist and faithful auxiliary organization worker, Emily was honored at a special sacrament meeting on April 29, 1962 by the Sixteenth Ward in Idaho Falls. Special musical numbers were performed by the Sixteenth and Second Ward Singing Mothers. An organ solo was presented by Emily's daughter, Joyce Heilesen Harker. Bishop Orson P. Davis and Bishop Charles E. Rigby both gave tributes to Sister Heilesen.

Twelve years later, Emily was honored again at a sacrament meeting in June 1974. In a tribute given by Myrtis Armstrong, Emily's modesty was brought out:

As I sat and talked with Sister Emily and as she continually said, "Oh, I haven't done anything to mention; I have just tried to do my duty," I was so impressed with her humility of spirit. And then she said, "If I were really a successful woman, I would be a genius after all of these years, and I'm not."

Her exactness in time, in tempo, in interpretation of the message of each hymn--these things make it a pleasure to listen to her play. When Emily is playing you know you have the correct interpretation of the hymn, and you know she'll follow the director and sometimes even cover up the errors that are made.

When asked what her favorite songs were, Emily said, "Oh, I don't know. When I hear and play 'Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee' I just about tremble as I think of the message of that song. And then when I think about and play 'I Need Thee Every Hour' I am filled with such a feeling that I can hardly tell you how I feel. I think the hymns are all my favorites. I wish everyone would read and think about the messages that are given."

Seven of Emily's children are still living. They are LaVere Heilesen of LaFayette, California; Mrs. George C. (Zelda) Jackson of Salt Lake City, Utah; Doyle Heilesen of Puyallup, Washington; Mrs. Ross (Lucille) Hill of Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mrs. Rula Rugg of Sacramento, California; Gene Heilesen of Tustin, California; and Mrs. Ronald (Joyce) Harker of Idaho Falls, Idaho.



Emily Rytting Heilesen

Chapter 10
CHARLES MILLWARD RYTTING
August 5, 1896 - May 13, 1978

On the tombstone of Charles Millward Rytting there is a music symbol, as music was his greatest love. He was blessed with a special talent (probably inherited from his mother who was a musician and a teacher). From his early youth he played in dance bands and groups and could play any tune after hearing it just once. His main interest was his organ and he always had one in his home from the time he moved to Ventura, California in 1958.

Millward was a loner and a very private person, but was in demand to play for the entertainment of others. With all the traveling around and gypsy-like life he and his family led, it was not easy to carry around a Piano, so none of his children started piano lessons. However, he had a saxophone, banjo, mandolin, etc., that were small enough to lug around. His son, George Millward, also developed an ear for music and could sit down at the piano and play by ear.

Millward was born August 5th, 1896 in Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, to Charles Fredrick and Lenore Millward Rytting.

He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on September 4, 1904.



Rudolph and Millward Rytting as young men

Not much is known about his early youth except his parents moved to Lyman, Idaho and took up farming when Millward was ? years old. From 1917 to January 1929 was Telegraph Operator, Station Agent and Car Inspector for Union Pacific Railroad Company. Repaired and inspected railroad cars in Pocatello Idaho yards. Did telegraph operating and station agency work, including station accounting, handling telegrams, selling tickets, shipping clerk and express agent.

September 15, 1918 Ordained to the office of an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood by Oscar B. Nielson at Lyman Ward, Fremont Stake, Idaho. In July 1920.

Marriage to Anna Thompson

July 18, 1918 - Married Anna Thomason in Salt Lake City, Utah. They were sealed in the Logan Temple on October 2, 1918. They became the parents of the following children:

George Millward, Born 9 September 1919 in Pocatello, Idaho. He died in Salt Lake City, Utah on March 22, 1942

Mary Leone, Born 20 June 1921 in Bountiful, Utah. Married Melvin R. Johnson on September 26, 1942. They are parents of three sons, Douglas Ray & Dennis Kay Johnson (Twins) and William Vaughn Johnson

Marjorie, Born 7 September 1923 in Rexburg, Idaho, married to Raymond Robert Stevens on December 23, 1944. They had two daughters, Teri Rae and Susan Kay Stevens. She died in Aurora, Colorado on July 28, 1971. She is buried in the Denver cemetery.

Betty Lois was born on September 11, 1925 in Rexburg, Idaho. She married Robert C. Vickroy on July 29, 1950. Betty and Bob had one daughter, Robin Cyd. Betty died in Denver, Colorado on November 4, 1976 and is buried in the Denver cemetery.

Job Assignments

There was a notation on an employment record that he weighed 165 lbs. was 5'8" tall, hair light color and eyes were blue. Subsequent employment with the Union Pacific Railroad included the following job assignment that kept him moving frequently:

February 3rd, 1921 to April 3, 1921
Telegrapher - Salt Lake Div.
April 3rd, 1921 to March 1, 1924
Telegrapher - Towman, Los Angeles, Cal.
March 1st, 1924 to June 27, 1925
Telegrapher - Ontario, Cal.
June 27, 1925 to March 2, 1926
Telegrapher - Elgin, Nevada.
March 2nd, 1926 to February 16, 1929
Agent & Telegrapher - Jean, Nevada.

During Millward Rytting's employment for the Union Pacific Railroad, he received several letters of commendation, such as these from American Express Company and from Union Pacific.

Los Angeles, Calif.
March 7, 1927
Letter from American Express:
"Mr. C. M. Rytting, Agent, Jean, Nevada
By referring to record of Money Orders sold I find that in about eight months you have sold some 350 Orders, which is a creditable record for a small town, and I realize was accomplished by much effort on your part, making known the convenience of our Money Orders and you have evidently not lost an opportunity to secure a new customer. I commend you for the good showing, and hope you will meet with equal success in the future.

Signed M. Thompson, Superintendent

Los Angeles, California
March 9, 1927
Letter of commendation
To: Mr. J. M. Heaton, Agt., Las Vegas, Nev
cc: Mr. C. M. Rytting, Agt., Jean, Nevada
Mr. John E. Rovensky, First Vice
President of the Bank of America, New York City, who recently made request to have Train No. 28 stop at Jean to permit him to get off at that point, as written Mr. Bierman expressing his appreciation of the courtesies extended him by you.

Signed E. E. Cunningham

October 10th, 1928
Excerpt from advertising file Mentioned by Mr. G. B. Viets, Mgr of American Express Company.

"Agent C. M. Rytting at Jean, Nevada has now called to our attention through his Superintendent that he has gone both of those Agents one better (possibly two better) and I am pleased indeed to find that during the year 1927 the Jean, Nevada office sold 776 Money Orders while the latest reference book of R. C. Dun and Company shows an adult population of but 25.

We believe we can now safely claim the championship for the Pacific Division, through the

accomplishment of Agent Rytting at Jean."
Although he didn't move from Jean, Nevada at this time, his employment at the Railroad was terminated and he spent time at the Service Station and landing strip that he had built.

Millward's first wife, Anna Thomason passed away in Jean, Nevada on December 23, 1930 and was buried in the Bountiful, Utah cemetery. She had had a paralytic stroke and was ill for just a few brief hours.

From January 1930 to January 1936 did carpenter and other work such as remodeling jobs to major construction work for self and various employers. Operated service station and did farm work.

On April 18, 1933 he married Zoe Evelyn Darling Anderson. She brought to the Millward Rytting family a small daughter, just five years old, Evelyn Alberta Anderson. They lived in Lyman, Teton, and Rexburg, Idaho.



Millward and Zoe Rytting

Carpenter and Foreman

From January 1936 to January 1943 was foreman and superintendent of Construction for W.P.A. out of Rexburg, Idaho; Madison and Fremont Counties.

Then from January of 1943 to July 1943

was carpenter at Hill Air Force Base and then moved to Tooele, Utah where he worked for Barnes Construction Company, until December of that year..

The next spring in April 1944 Millward worked as a carpenter and Foreman for U. S. Army Base at San Bernardino, California for one year. Andy Clubb was Foreman.

From June 1945 to September 1946 he was self-employed and worked as Carpenter at San Bernardino and Big Bear Lake, Calif. In September he moved back to Utah as Superintendent of Construction and General Foreman for 15th Air Force at Wendover, Utah. He continued to Work there until September of 1948. At that time he moved his family back to Oxnard, California, where he was a carpenter for Baruch Corporation, Oxnard, California. and Andy Anderson as Foreman. This appeared to be temporary Work.

A year later, March 2nd, 1949 he was employed at another military base in Utah, this time at Wendover Air Force Base. Later Millward transferred to Mountain Home, Idaho Air Force Base as Carpenter, Grade 12.

Moving back to Oxnard in 1950 Millward worked for the Ralph T. Viola Company, General Contractors through 1961. He was carpenter, finish carpenter and foreman on many commercial buildings in the Oxnard/Ventura/Santa Barbara area. Some of the jobs included St. Johns Hospital addition, Bank of America, Ventura Senior High School, Oxnard Shopping Center, the ? Company building, etc.

On February 22nd, 1957 Zoe Rytting passed away of cancer at age 47 and was buried in Oxnard, California. Millward subsequently married Allie Evelyn Anderson on February 14, 1958. Allie's husband was killed in a railroad accident about the same time that Zoe died. The Andersons had lived in a trailer house in the same trailer park in Oxnard. After their marriage, Allie & Millward each sold their small trailers and purchased a mobile home. They eventually moved to a new court in Ventura. The mobile home was expandable and Millward built a closed-in sun porch and patio to make it more permanent and comfortable. Allie had two grown sons with families at the time of their marriage.

Retirement in Ventura

Sometime in 1961 Millward retired from employment with the Ralph T. Viola Company, and continued his life with Allie in Ventura, California until January 1978, when Millward went to a convalescent home in Ojai California to recover from an illness. At this time it was decided that he and Allie would have to break up housekeeping and move to a retirement center or a guest home where they could get some services that they both need because of ill health.

On February 11, 1978 Allie moved to Modesto, California to the Davis Guest Home, after selling the mobile home and most of the furniture. Millward was to follow in a couple of weeks after he got well. This never happened as he was never well enough to be moved to a guest home, but instead would have to be moved to another rest home or stay put in Ojai.

On May 6th 1978 Leone and Melvin Johnson flew from Salt Lake City, Utah to Los Angeles, rented a car and drove ninety miles to Ojai to get Millward and bring him back to Salt Lake City. They made arrangements for him to stay at the Manor Nursing Home in Salt Lake City. He had been suffering from pneumonia for several weeks even though the doctor in California released him to travel. It was soon necessary to admit him to the University of Utah Medical Center for treatment.

On May 13, 1978 Charles Millward Rytting passed away at the medical center. His funeral was held on May 17th at Larkin Mortuary, and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

At the time of this writing Allie Rytting continues to lives in Modesto at the Davis Guest Home near her only son, Donald Anderson.

(History written in 1981 by Mary Leone Rytting Johnson of Salt Lake City, Utah. Because her father had not written his history, the was written with information gathered from personal papers in her possession.)

Chapter 11

RUDOLPH OLOF RYTTING

Born: June 9, 1898, Grantsville, Utah

Died: February 9, 1990, Logan, Utah

I was three years old when the Rytting family moved to Lyman. My first recollections were of the log house with a dirt roof that we lived in for quite a number of years. Father was a carpenter--a builder--and I remember that it was quite comfortable even in the old log house. Every winter or early spring we would throw more dirt on the roof because it would gradually wear away from the rain. A kind of grass would grow in the dirt and help hold it so it wouldn't wash away.

I remember starting school. We lived on a lane, and we walked up this lane to the main road, then to the old schoolhouse, a half a mile south. It was a log building. One of my first teachers was Dolly Bowen.

To get to school in the winter, we'd rig up sails on sleds. The snow would crust over and when the wind was blowing, we'd set those sails and scoot across the farm fields. Of course, we'd have the job of walking back, but that was quite a lot of fun.

We boys were always quite mechanically inclined and we were always rigging up something to operate with power. None of us was any hand with livestock of any kind. We had horses and rode them, but we enjoyed riding bicycles or motorcycles more. We all had bicycles when we were old enough. I remember sending to Sears, Roebuck and getting my bicycle, then sitting up until way after midnight putting it together. Then we took the bicycle out on the road during the night, we were so anxious to ride it.

Oh, I was a real smart-looking boy on a motorcycle. I had an Indian motorcycle first. I worked doing various jobs--carpenter work, working on farms and various things--and saved up the money to buy a brand-new Harley-Davidson, the biggest one they made in those days. It didn't have electric lights but some kind of gas light on it--a carbide light. The motorcycle was called a Harley 74, which meant 74 cubic inches and it was really swell.

The Family Orchestra

We used to play for dances and programs around the country. Millward was a good violinist, Emily played the piano and I played the drums and was also the vocalist. I also played the piano, but not in the orchestra. We also had two others who played with us, I think it was a Bowen or Bybee who played a cornet, and later on someone played a saxophone, pretty unheard of in those days. One of the Robinson boys played with us too. Emily was a wonderful pianist. She could just hear a tune and she'd play it and put in all the variations, the bass accompaniment and everything. The band was discontinued when I went on my mission and was never started again.

As youngsters we were all in dramatics, especially in winter in Mutual. We would take all kinds of dramatic programs to all the little surrounding towns. I think that ours were really outstanding. John Blackburn led the choir for years and years and Mother was the organist. Father worked in the Mutual. We didn't have any scouting as I remember it in those days. We did have a religion class and had Primary; religion class was intended to be a junior seminary.

I don't believe I held any official position in the ward that I can recall. I might have been in the presidency of one of the deacons' quorums.

Although I have rather short legs, I could run real fast and won a lot of foot races. I was quite athletic and loved to play baseball. When we got into those games, my heart would pound just like a trip-hammer because of the excitement. I was still playing baseball after I was married. I was a good batter and helped out quite a bit that way--hitting the ball. I liked to catch and my cousin, Lyman Rytting, was the pitcher on our team. He was a whiz. We won a good percent of our games--better than 50-50. My main loves were pitching and playing first base. Baseball was our main sport. I never did play basketball, football or anything like that, and didn't care for boxing. I liked hunting rabbits, ducks, geese and woodchucks, but never did go big game hunting.

We had a swimming hole down from our place about half a mile, in what they called Texas Slough. There was a place where the water would whirl around and make a deep pool, and all the kids in the neighborhood used to go

down there swimming.

Motion Picture House

At one time, before I went on my mission, I came to think about a motion picture house. We were trying to figure out a place to start one. Well, of course, they already had them in Rexburg, Sugar City and Rigby. There was a real boom in the Ririe area--the dry farms were being opened up out there--and the town was really booming. It didn't have a show-house, and people loved to go to movies. So we went out to Ririe and got a building there. I guess maybe Father might have helped, and this schoolteacher had some money, so we bought a generating plant--gas engine--to generate electricity and run the machines. We bought the old secondhand machine from the showhouse in Rexburg. We started a picture house in the Ririe area and also a real estate and insurance office.

We did real well there for quite awhile; in fact, I bought me a big red Buick car for \$1200--first car I had ever owned. We'd take in several hundred dollars a night in this crazy showhouse. We were getting the cream of it and Mr. Warner wanted to buy me out, so I sold. I can't remember, I think it was \$2,000 that I sold my share to him for.

I was still in the real estate business. I didn't do very much business, but one man had some land out east of Ririe on the antelope area. He wanted to sell, and I made \$500 commission. And I sold some insurance policies--fire insurance and a few things like that.

Mission to the Central States

I went on a mission to the Central States. Independence, Missouri, was the headquarters. The first field of labor I went out to was Wichita, Kansas. I worked in that area for a while and then was sent to Salina, Kansas. The people were very hostile, especially in the Independence area. That is the area where they [Mormons] were driven out. The fact that there was a line between Missouri and Kansas didn't make any difference. I got stoned once but luckily didn't get hit.

We traveled through the country on foot

quite a bit of the time, supposedly without purse or scrip. Now you didn't actually travel without any money because you had to carry, I believe, \$20 or they'd arrest you for vagrancy. They never did arrest us or bother us that way. We would try to get our meals and sometimes we'd go a long time in between. We'd try to get people to take us in for the night.

I didn't stay out the full two years. I stayed about 16 months. I left in June and came back in October of the next year. Times at home were very difficult at that time financially. Father was a contractor, and there absolutely wasn't any building at all. We had real bad sickness, too. My sister, Lucille, died while I was out in the mission field, and Emily wasn't expected to live. She contracted a sort of flu.

Millward and I decided we wanted to learn how to telegraph. We got the instruction book and the equipment, sounders and keys. We strung the wire from one room to another and we learned how to send messages to each other. One fall we worked for the sugar company on what they called the beet dumps, where they'd drive the teams up and dump their loads. I'd take samples of the beets, and Millward would be down in the scale house. We'd telegraph back and forth the weight of the beets. We were always interested in the scientific and mechanical things of those days.

When I got a draft call during World War I they asked if I had any special qualifications. I mentioned that I knew how to telegraph. I was drafted and went to Shelley and worked as a telegraph operator for a few months, but never did get into the army since the Armistice was signed November 18, 1918.

Andy and I had experience in building. A well-to-do man who lived just south of Rexburg wanted a machine shed and some farm buildings built. I went out there, taking Andy with me, and we built everything right from the ground up, foundation and all. Then we helped out on the farm to get the beet harvest in, and I worked at the sugar factory for awhile.

I first met Phoebe Stone when she was visiting with her friend, Alvaretta Davis. Andy had been going with Alvaretta. Someone said, "Phoebe, here comes your boyfriend." Phoebe was embarrassed and covered her face with a newspaper, pretending to read it when I came

in. I remember Sister Davis gave us some fresh bread or something that was so good. Phoebe's mother had died and Sister Davis was like a mother to Phoebe.

A daughter of Lucy Dredge Roberts and James Calvin Stone, Phoebe was born April 12, 1901 in Malad, Idaho. When she was two years old the family moved to Sugar City and lived in a little log cabin next to Grandpa Roberts' home. Later they moved to Salem, where her father had bought 80 acres of unimproved land.

Phoebe sang with a group of 12 girls and went around Rexburg giving special programs. One day they were practicing at the schoolhouse and I came in on the train and was walking up the street. One of the girls hollered, "Well, Phoebe, there's your boyfriend." By then Phoebe and I were going together. We went together nearly two years. I can remember Dad bought a car and we went riding in the car once. Cars were kind of few and far between. We had an old car, an old Maxwell--Jack Benny's car--but it was in pretty bad, dilapidated shape.

I was living in Lyman at the time but Phoebe and I would meet over there [Rexburg] for stake meetings about once a week. We'd go on the train and stay overnight with a cousin, Alva Barrus. We'd go by Bishop Hamilton's home to catch the train the next day, and he'd kid Phoebe and say, "I saw your boyfriend trying to get into his overcoat when he was running past my place to catch the train."

Of course, I always did like Phoebe a great deal. She was such a beautiful girl, with beautiful dark auburn hair. She wore long hair, which was the style in those days. But Phoebe's was naturally curly, and of course I thought she was really beautiful.

Marriage on a Shoestring

We were really brave to decide to get married because I didn't have a job, but we went down to the Salt Lake Temple and were married by Joseph Fielding Smith on October 4, 1922. Phoebe and I didn't have a honeymoon but came back to Lyman right after the wedding. We lived at the folks' home, which had a real nice bedroom in the front that had been Father's and Mother's. It had a big window, I remember, across the south side of it, and the bedroom

opened out into a covered porch that went around. We fixed it so we could have our own little table, and we had our own little monkey stove, one of those little round ones with two lids on the top--a coal stove and a wood stove.



Rudolph and Phoebe Rytting with Sandra as a baby.

In December, we went down to Moapa, Nevada, to work where Millward was. Then I had a chance to get a job at Pomona, California, so I went there but found the job wasn't desirable at all. I quit and went back to Lyman and stayed with Phoebe until after Lucy [Sandra] was born. I just worked around the farm. Lucy was born July 11, 1923. When she was three months old, I got a job at Shelley and we moved there. Then we got us a little house on College Avenue in Rexburg. Phoebe lived there and I wrote to her everyday. Finally I pretended to get sick so I could go home. Alta Lenora was born February 26, 1925. Then we lived in a railroad car out at Menan. After that we went to

Drummond. Finally I got a permanent job at Shelley and Ralph was born there October 22, 1926.

Shelley was a very busy place with the sugar factory running at that time, and also had a terrific potato business and grain business. We started building us a little home in Shelley and finished it by the time Donna was born December 9, 1928. Then came the depression and they laid so many men off the railroad that I lost my job but had enough railroad rights that I wasn't completely unemployed.

Then we heard about Victor. Bill Heins was the agent up there, and he and the general manager of Union Pacific had gone in together and were buying property over in Jackson Hole. He went there to supervise this business and needed someone at Victor, so they called me. I was happy to go. It was long hours, but they paid me overtime, and I got express commissions. We could live in the depot so Phoebe and the children came up and stayed with me.

A Musical Family

Sandra played the clarinet, Alta played the saxophone, Ralph played the trumpet and Donna played the violin, but they all learned to play the piano. When the children were older we had four of them taking music at one time in Shelley.

While we were in Shelley Phoebe was dance director in the stake Mutual. I was pretty well tied up with my job. I'd go to work at 4:00 in the afternoon and it made it so that I didn't have any evenings. I taught in the Sunday School and priesthood classes. I sang solos and Phoebe accompanied me on the piano. We sang "And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" in stake conference once.

"Bells of the Sea" was a real favorite, as was "So Many Brave Hearts are Asleep in the Deep." I'd go down to those real deep low notes at the end of the song. I was quite a pianist as a young man, and I could improvise just terrific.

Douglas Kent was born 13 years after Donna, on May 22, 1941, while we were living in Idaho Falls. It cost \$35.00 for the doctor and Phoebe was in the hospital for 10 days, which cost another \$35.00. Sandra was working in Salt

Lake; Alta and Ralph were in high school. When Alta graduated she also went to Salt Lake City to work in a bank.

After we went to Victor, the girls were out of high school and there was absolutely nothing for them to do up there, so all three of them went to Salt Lake. Ralph was interviewed to go on a mission the Sunday after we bid the job to go to Victor, and was accepted. He left for his mission in California in October.

Move to Idaho Falls

In Idaho Falls we rented a small home on 11th Street and fixed it up real nice. We figured we'd be there permanently, but the owners sold it. The next place we moved into was on about 4th East, next door to the Morleys. The Morley family was really musical, and just full of pep and get-up-and-go. They had a girl just a little older than Ralph, and a boy, John. The kids got together and had a good time.

The next place we moved was next door to Ardean Watts. He and Ralph became bosom friends. And there were several other boys around there that liked to get together with Ralph. His health was real poor at that time; he suffered from hemophilia and couldn't get out and chase around with the fellows, so they'd come over in the evening or Saturday morning. Ardean would be at the piano, playing and playing. Ralph would be at the typewriter, typing and typing. The rest of the boys would be scattered on the floor playing chess.

Donna belonged to a comedy trio that used to go and entertain. They would bring the house down. They were the funniest things you ever saw. Ralph and Donna used to entertain. He played the guitar, and she would sing. Donna has a beautiful singing voice.

I was working real hard, and the heavy job was during the second world war. It was a terrific job there with all the business we were having and there was so much passenger business and telegraph business and train order business, it was just really a man-killer. I had three windows, two telephones, two city phones, a dispatcher style phone and three telegraph wires, and no one could possibly take care of them all. Someone would always be standing at the window waiting to be waited on, so I had a

nervous breakdown in 1946.

I was on my way home one night, and about a block before I got home, why I flashed and crawled the rest of the way home. I was sick for about six weeks, and it was a long time before I recovered. In fact, long after we had gone to Victor I was still having trouble. I was overweight because of my sedentary job. In addition to my work, I was selling part time for Investors Syndicate, too. It was just too much, and because I had worked there before, when this job at Victor came open, I got busy and investigated it to see just what the deal was.

The job was paying quite well but of course we made it pay a lot better after we went up there. The time was just after the second world war and things were just starting to move up there, especially for the Jackson Hole country. The Rockefellers had decided to develop Grand Teton National Park and build a new lodge, and the railroad was going in for tours and so forth, so I decided to take the job. The wages were double what they were in Idaho Falls, and in addition to that I got 10% of all the express business.

Settling in Logan

With the children all married except Douglas, we made our final career move to Logan, Utah, which would be our retirement home. Logan was about equally distant from our children in Idaho and Utah, so I bid for a post at the railroad station there when it became available and had enough seniority to get it. I worked at the Logan station until I retired. I had worked for 46 continuous years on the railroad between Salt Lake and Butte and all the branches in between. Phoebe and I bought a home on 10th North Street and enjoyed the warmth and friendship of a wonderful ward.

We had five children and presently have 21 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren and three great-grandchildren on the way. The total of our family this year [1983] will be 66 people in our immediate family.

Now that we are retired, living in our home in Logan and enjoying it, we still have a fairly good measure of health and strength, although the years, as with anyone else, are kind of catching up with us. The yard and

gardens give us something to occupy our idle hours.

We are indeed thankful that we can be together and that we have a measure of health that permits us to have some activity during the daytime. We don't go out at night much anymore on account of not being able to drive the car at night. That has been a little problem for us. Otherwise, all told, we live in a good neighborhood. Our friends and neighbors are very thoughtful, kind and helpful--so that makes our life enjoyable here in Logan and our family and friends come to visit us on quite a regular basis for which we are, of course, indeed happy.

We are thankful to be members of the restored church and kingdom and are thankful that we were married in the temple. All of our family have been married and sealed in the temple and as a general rule we feel the family has been very successful.

We wish to give you our testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. We will be forever grateful to those missionaries who, probably under extreme circumstances, went up to the land of the midnight sun, to the British Isles, converted our people to the Church and helped them become willing to come out from a fairly lovely country of Sweden and the British Isles and settle out next to the desert west of Salt Lake. They brought a great blessing with them to us, as we were born and raised in the Church and as I repeat, we are thankful for our membership and for faith and unquestioned belief in the restored gospel of Jesus Christ.

[The following information was added by Phoebe after Rudolph's death on February 9, 1990, at the age of 91.]

When Rudolph and I went to Victor in about 1945, our first task was to clean the station and make the upstairs livable for our living quarters. Rudolph was made mayor of Victor and in this position he encouraged the residents of the town to clean up their yards. The main road through Victor was a two-lane highway, and Rudolph was instrumental in improving it to a four-lane highway to the Wyoming border. He worked with others to improve the airport so small planes could come in.

Construction on a schoolhouse had

begun and because of the war, the project had ceased. When the war was over, Rudolph and other members of the school board were instrumental in getting the project resumed and the school building completed.

The town was having difficulty with the water system. It was leaking here and there and the people couldn't get water. Rudolph, with a group of others, cleaned out the springs, covered them and brought water down so it was available to the people. The system is still working.

In 1960 when we came to Logan, Rudolph took over the railroad station with eight men working under him. He joined the Kiwanis Club and was put on the airport project.

He worked as the agent in Logan for eight years. Instead of retiring at age 65, Rudolph worked until he was 70. He enjoyed working in his beautiful garden and in the temple, where he was in charge of sealings for several years.

Our married children are Sandra who married Richard Park, Alta who married Burton Johnson, Donna who married Brian Robinson, Ralph who married Georgia Collins and Douglas who married Sharon Anderson. Ralph died on March 25, 1971 in Salt Lake City, and his wife, Georgia, later married Lawrence Shaw.

Chapter 12

ANDREW NOBLE RYTTING

Born: March 10, 1901, Grantsville, Utah
Died: January 10, 1985, Tremonton, Utah

As a child I was in very poor health and have been told by my parents and older sister, Emily, that Father, Mother and others had to break up all the food before I was allowed to eat it. Also, they had to carry me around on a pillow most of the time because of the condition of my body.

When I was about two years old, Mary Louisa was born and she was also sickly. An unusual event happened about this time. Father had gone to a neighbor's house to call the doctor and upon returning home was met by Mother's sister, Emily, who had passed away some years earlier. She told Father she had come to take me away. Father pleaded with her that I be allowed to stay with them. My life was spared but my baby sister passed away in a very short time.

Shortly after this my health improved and I was very healthy the rest of my childhood. However, Father used to say if there was any contagious disease around, I would bring it home.

Our life on the farm in Lyman was a good one and we were well provided with the necessities of life: clothing, good food and a comfortable home, which was the gathering place for many young people in our area. We all worked at various chores and in the field. When our own work was finished, we helped our neighbors with their crops. I well remember the threshing crews that worked our area. When it came our turn to have the grain cut, we would help the neighbors just ahead of us, then they would help us. Also, the neighbors who were next in line would also help us, and we in turn would help them. This same system was followed in the harvesting of the sugar beets.

In addition to the income from the farm, Father--who was an excellent carpenter--built many homes, church buildings, and large wheat storage elevators on several farms on the bench lands (dry farms) east of our home.

When Father and my two older brothers were working on the Parkinson brothers' farm, the last child [John Arvid] of our family was born, March 20, 1912. I was asked to get word to

Father to return home as the baby was not expected to live. I left early that morning, riding 20 miles bareback, to reach him. We returned home before the baby passed away. I was 11 years old at that time.

I well remember the first time I saw and heard a member of the First Presidency of the Church. I attended a stake conference with Father at the old Ricks Academy Hall in Rexburg. Joseph F. Smith was in attendance for two sessions and made a change in the stake presidency.

Special Punishment

As a growing boy, I was no worse or better than the average kid of the community. I liked to ride horses, and any excuse to go on an errand would get me out of work, so I would get on "Old Fanny," a swayback mare, and take off. I don't recall Father whipping me. I know that I gave him many reasons to do so . . . but, he had another means of punishment, a silent one.

I graduated from the Lyman District School in the spring of 1916. About that time father bought our first car, a 1916 Maxwell 4-door with a canvas top, with a top speed of 30 miles per hour. After driving the car a while I was permitted to take it one afternoon, and it was quickly reported to my father that I had driven across a canal bridge at 30 miles an hour. Needless to say, my driving privileges were curtailed.

In the year following the purchase of the Maxwell, a special church meeting was called for Sunday afternoon. Father had parked the car near the ward chapel. In those days, the engine had to be cranked to start the car, and as there was no way to lock the car, the owner would take a spring wire out of the magneto to keep "someone" from taking the car.

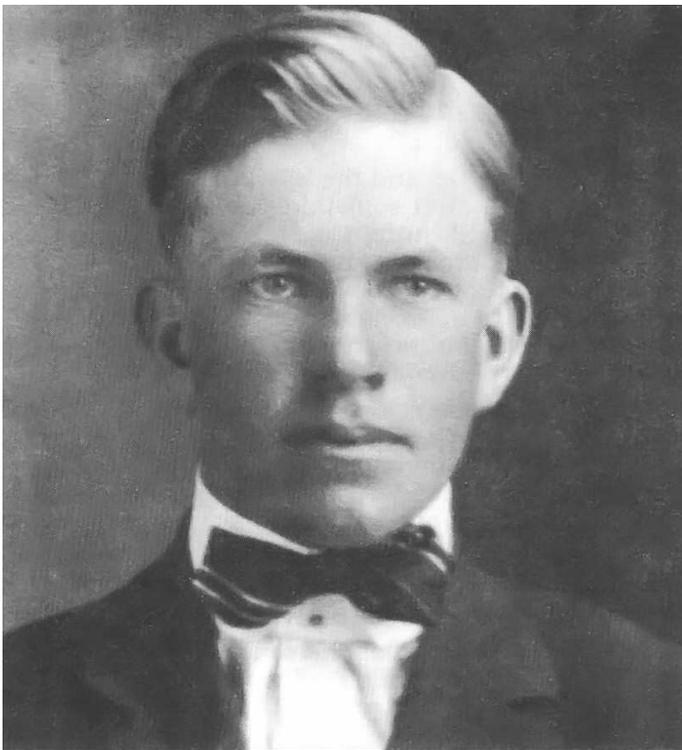
I was able to take a piece of bent wire and convert it to serve the same purpose. After starting the car, I invited some friends to go for a ride, but told them I had to be back by the time the meeting was out. Well, I wasn't. Father had invited the visiting official to go to our home to wait for other officers who were visiting at other wards, so when I returned home, I was asked to explain my actions. I was a little "cocky" in my answer and Father said, "A crook can always

find a way to do something wrong." He then gave me the silent treatment. For a week I tried to do everything to please him, but he never spoke to me or asked me to do anything. That was a hard week of punishment.

My first real job away from home was after graduation. I went to work for a big dry farmer. My job was to round up the horses at 5:00 a.m. and harness them to start work at 8:00. The farm was so large that I made three rounds with the plow in the morning, and two in the afternoon. I was able to give my parents \$75.00 from my earnings.

We were working in the beet fields in the fall of 1918 when the Armistice was signed. All the bells in the schools and churches and all the whistles in the factories and on the trains let go. We stopped the beet harvest, got in the wagon and drove through the area to join in the celebration. My brother, Millward, had been drafted, but returned home in a few days.

At the urging of my mother, I enrolled at Ricks College in Rexburg, taking a missionary course, along with other subjects, attending during the winter months, and working at any work that could be found.



Andrew Rytting as a young man

Following the close of the war, a severe flu epidemic hit our area, closing schools and public meetings. Our youngest sister, Emma Lucille, caught the disease and died in Pocatello. She and my brother George had been attending a 4-H Club convention. Several of our close friends and companions passed away at this time.

During the summer of 1920, we worked at whatever jobs we could find, taking any salary that was offered. Many times we exchanged work with other farmers to get our crops harvested.

It was in the fall of 1920 that I was able to get employment at the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company factory in Sugar City. I believe that Father, being a good beet farmer and strong supporter of the company, had something to do with my securing this employment. My job was in the sugar end; I was helper at the bagging machines. We had a great deal of difficulty in keeping the sewing machine in operation. One day while the machine was down, waiting for replacement, I started adjusting the beast, and when the foreman returned, we were in operation. I had the job of operating the machine the rest of the campaign, and also the next year.

During the two years at Ricks I became close friends with two young men from Sugar City. They invited me to attend a ward M.I.A. program with them. This event I shall never forget because after the program I was introduced to Miss Alvaretta Davis. This was the beginning of a rather lengthy courtship. There were several dates during the remaining winter months. When her school was out, Alvaretta left to attend Albion Normal School. I returned to the everpressing need of finding jobs to help finance my needs.

First Job as Printer

In the spring of 1921 our gang got the idea that gold was still available in California. We agreed to save our earnings and hit the trail for the coast as soon as the fall work was over. My parents were quite concerned about this plan, and urged me to consider it carefully. When the fall harvest was over, we started making further plans. A friend mentioned the

possibility of getting work at the *Rexburg Journal* as an apprentice printer. On hearing this, Father and Mother, who knew the owner very well, urged me to apply. I did and accepted the job at \$1.00 a day.

This was the beginning of a trade which continually offered opportunities for advancement in many fields. I worked there during the winter months until 1924, when the work slowed down. I was now making \$17.00 a week.

During my work at the *Journal* I had become acquainted with John E. Jones, manager of Western Newspaper Union, and with Harry Deardoff, salesman. They suggested that I come to Salt Lake City and they would help me find a suitable job.

I went to Salt Lake and the WNU crew put me to work in the warehouse until something turned up. I went to work for Western Printing Co., a job printing concern. This was a lucky break for me. I was the "devil" for two of the best printers of job work in the city, and here is where I learned to appreciate fine printing and had to do it too. Pete Bernston took me under his wing and surely gave me the start I needed.

James Wallace, secretary-treasurer of WNU, had purchased the *Summit County Bee* in Coalville and needed a man to work on the newspaper and job printing. I was encouraged by my friends at WNU to take the job. It was there that I had the opportunity to learn the typesetting machine, which I did in the evenings, Saturdays and sometimes Sundays, as there was not much else to do.

Marriage to Alvaretta

I was able to save enough money to buy a diamond and pay my way to and from Sugar City. Alvaretta accepted the modest ring and we both received congratulations from all our friends and made plans to meet in Salt Lake City in June, where we made final plans for our wedding. We were married August 18, 1925 in the Salt Lake Temple, with George F. Richards officiating.

I had been employed in Tooele, but wanted to locate closer to home so I found employment at the *Bulletin* in Blackfoot, Idaho, where we spent several months. Alex Dunn at

the *Transcript Bulletin* in Tooele made us a fairly good offer to return to his employment, so we accepted.



Andy and Alvaretta Rytting

Our first home in Tooele was in the basement of the John Isgreen home, where our first child, Lorry Elbon, was born on July 21, 1927. I was appointed as ward clerk at the Tooele First Ward, serving under Bishop Sam Parks.

We lived in Tooele until 1929, when I found work at a job shop in Salt Lake City, then we went on to Logan. There I was employed as the job printer at the *Logan Herald*. When Mr. Foy was released and went to Malad, Idaho, to take over the *Idaho Enterprise*, he induced me to go with him as shop foreman and job printer. In Malad, two daughters were born, Bonnie Joy on June 6, 1930, and Lenora Ruth on February 8, 1934. We made many friends during our time in Malad. I served as superintendent of the Malad First Ward Sunday School, as a member of the stake high council and as stake clerk until we moved to Ephraim in 1939.

This move was made to take over the management of the *Ephraim Enterprise* while the owner, Roscoe Cox, was serving as mission president of the Hawaiian Mission. Our second son, Brent, was born here on May 28, 1940. I was chosen to be second counselor to Bishop Evan Erickson in the Ephraim North Ward.

We left Ephraim in 1942, coming to Tremonton, Box Elder County, where we purchased the *Bear River Valley Leader*. We had looked at several other places but it

seemed that this was the place for us to be.

Starting out on the well-worn "shoestring" with aid from my father, the bank and a lot of courage, we started out with an investment of \$9,000. Through a lot of hard work and many blessings, we were able to build the purchase up to a \$65,000 business in the 25 years we operated the business as publishers and owners. "Service to the Community" was our motto and desire, and we have had a great deal of satisfaction from the acceptance of ourselves and the paper in the area. It was also during the move to Tremonton that I was diagnosed as diabetic, a disease I learned how to live with for many years.

Community Service in Tremonton

I was called to the high council and assigned chairman of the Aaronic priesthood and district chairman of the Bear River stake Boy Scout program. This was later expanded to include the entire Box Elder County for several years. In this capacity, I was honored by receiving the Silver Beaver Award of the Lake Bonneville Council. When the Bear River Stake was divided in 1954, I was retained on the high council, serving in the same assignments.

In the scouting program, finances were the great problem. The finance chairman, Jack Fronk, and I opposed the finance drive as used, and with the cooperation of ward and stake leaders, placed it on a ward quota, which is still being used in this area.

I was named chairman of the Golden Spike Rodeo held in connection with the annual Box Elder County Fair, and worked as publicity chairman of these annual events. I also served on the first city planning board and as co-chairman with Rudy Miller in reorganizing the present board.

In 1959-60, the *Leader* instigated a community service award in connection with the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. The award was presented to some person chosen by civic and service club officials. After the sale of the paper the *Leader* continued this project, calling it the Andy Rytting award.

While in Ephraim, I became associated with the Utah State Press Association and served as director from that area. After

purchasing the *Leader*, I served as secretary, vice president and president of the USPA. Over the years, the *Leader* received many awards for general excellence, reproduction, best photographs, and other categories. The highest award came to us, Alvaretta and I, when we were presented with the coveted Master Editor and Publisher Award in 1967.

At the national convention of publishers in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1964, I was asked to represent the Utah State Press Association on a goodwill tour of Ontario, Canada as a guest of the Department of Tourism and Information.

In 1962, on invitation of President John F. Kennedy, I attended a conference at the White House with six other newspaper publishers from Utah, to discuss problems of the western states, including Utah. The day was spent touring the White House, dining in the Capitol dining room and talking with the president and his associates.

In the fall of 1966, I was confined to the Valley Hospital for treatment of a large carbuncle on my right shoulder, my first overnight stay in a hospital since I was operated on for appendicitis in 1921. While there, my thoughts dwelt on what would happen to the business if I were taken out of the picture, and Alvaretta was no doubt thinking the same way. We decided to sell the paper and on February 11, 1967, the contracts, agreements and securities were signed and we were out of the newspaper business.

Mission Call

We were soon contacted by Bishop Day Garfield, asking that we consider going on a mission. In a letter dated May 9, 1967, we received our official call from President David O. McKay calling us to the Canadian Mission.

Alvaretta and I had about three months to finish preparations, make some business collections, rent our home, store our belongings and make numerous other arrangements. We were assigned to North Bay, Ontario, where we spent nine months as branch president and Relief Society president. Then we were transferred to Belleville, where we served for three months. Following a siege of foot infection, we were released from our mission, then went

on a genealogical research visit to Vermont and New York. On our return home we stopped at Madison, Wisconsin, to visit Lorry and his family. I spent ten days at the medical center there before we could return to our home in Tremonton.

After getting things straightened out, we purchased a 27-foot travel trailer and headed for Mesa, Arizona, to spend four months, returning home the latter part of March. The next two winters we also spent in Mesa, leaving the trailer there during the summer months.

Alvaretta and I were called as officiators in the Logan Temple in June 1971, so we sold the trailer to a Layton couple. After serving two years at the temple, I had another siege of infection in my foot, which required several treatments and 30 days in McKay-Dee Hospital in Ogden. I was able to return to limited activity in the temple in December 1973.

We joined a bus tour to the Rose Parade at Pasadena, California, seeing members of the Davis clan in California and attending the Lawrence Welk show. Arriving home, we settled down to our temple work and genealogical research work on the Rytting line.

During the summer of 1975, Alvaretta and I made plans for our golden wedding anniversary, which brought us happy memories and many friends and relatives to greet us at a reception at the Bowcutt Reception Center.

On Memorial Day weekend, 1976, we took Caddie back to her home in Rexburg, after she had been visiting with her sons in Missouri and Arizona. One week after that, the Teton Dam broke, bringing disaster to so many of our friends and relatives. A month later, we drove to Rexburg to see the ruins for ourselves and found it hard to believe the terrible destruction that the people had to live under and work their way back from.

After our return home, I took violently sick, which kept me out of action for about three weeks and left us concerned about our planned trip to London to visit Lorry and his family. With only a few days grace, Alvaretta and I decided to make the trip, which proved to be the thrill of our lives as far as travel was concerned.

We worked the final three weeks at the temple before it was closed October 3, 1976 for renovation and remodeling.

Parade Grand Marshal

Another highlight came at the Box Elder County Fair parade, when I was chosen as Grand Marshal of the day and rode in a 1917 Ford at the head of the parade, the two oldest things to be seen.

The 1976 holiday season was brightened for us when all four of our children, along with their partners and small children, spent two days and nights with us. During January 1977, we completed the temple ordinance work on the extended Rytting line back to 1625. At this time we spent six weeks in Mesa awaiting the birth of our first great grandchild, a girl born February 26, to Kellie and John Schroeder.

Andrew died in Tremonton on January 10, 1986 after a lingering illness associated with diabetes. He was blind the last few years of his life. Lorry married Gloria Wallis and he died on May 10, 1991. Bonnie Joy married Owen J Jones and she died on August 9, 1991, three months after Lorry--both from cancer. Ruth married Ronald J. Potter. They were divorced. She married Phillip Kunkel and they were divorced. Brent married Dianne Sauer. They were divorced and he married Sheryl Kay Sennett Van Meveren.

Chapter 13

JOSEPH FREDRICK RYTTING

Born: December 12, 1904, Lyman, Madison Co., Idaho

Died: March 4, 1983, Pocatello, Bannock Co., Idaho

The fourth son of Charles Fredrick and Emma Lenora Millward Rytting, Joseph Fredrick was born December 12, 1904, at Lyman, Madison County, Idaho. His elementary school years were at the Lyman school. Joe related some of the experiences about his first day of school:

I remember my first day going to school at Lyman school house and I was supposed to be, of course, in the first grade I guess, and when school took up I proceeded to leave the seat they had me sitting in and I ran over and sat with Andy. I didn't want to let him get ahead of me . . . I remember being taken back to a seat where I was supposed to be and stay in the grade that I was supposed to be, but I wanted to be with you that day.

Father built around the old log house that was there and we got a new house and it was quite nice . . . We had one room we called the parlor and I can remember we used to gather there in the evening after our day's work was done and sing songs. Millward, I think, played the violin and Rudolph played the drums, Emily, of course, played the piano and we had sort of a little orchestra deal. I remember one night the lady teachers from the Lyman school came down and spent the evening with us and we had quite a program--sang songs and so forth.

I remember about the work that we did . . . in the beet field. Father always had a lot of beets planted and we used to thin 'em and hoe 'em, and so forth and topped them and one thing another. This was during the summertime. I remember that we would come in after working in the field all day and before we had supper we would take a run across the Nelson farm next door to us down to where we [came to] the old Switzer Hole and there we would go swimming for a half hour or so and then come back--be all cleaned up and ready for supper, which was usually bread and milk or something like that in the evening.

Joe and his sister, Lucille, were allotted an acre of beets to take care of by their father. They joined a [4-H] club and learned how to keep records about their project such as how many beets they harvested and how much money they received. As part of their club activities, they were invited to attend a convention in Pocatello. Joe remembered staying two or three days attending meetings and then Lucille becoming ill and passing away.

During the cold winter months, the Rytting

children enjoyed outdoor activities as they designed homemade toboggans and skis. Joe explains how this was done:

One time during the wintertime I remember that we had made a toboggan. We called it that anyway--had a couple of poles that kinda had a tent up on the front--and boxes that fit on that and put straw in it and hooked the horse on to it and that's how we used to go up and down the lane . . . over the snow and up over the drifts.

We used to go skiing quite a bit too on homemade skies. We would tie a rope onto the horse's harness and one of the kids would ride the horse and the rope would hang back and they would set on these homemade skiis and go up over the drifts and around and it was a lot of fun. We had pretty good times--we had to make our own amusements, of course.

As did his older brother, Joe also remembered the first car his parents bought, the 1916 Maxwell, and how he was asked to drive it at a very young age:

That was quite an automobile. I remember one time the boys had gone to Rexburg and the folks needed the car and I was just very young then but they wanted me to drive the car out home. I was a little bit afraid but anyway I took it. I remember watching cars come and when a car would come toward me I would pull off the side of the road and stop till they got by and then I would pull back on the road and finally made it home.

Early Life on the Farm

Joe related how his mother would wash clothes. First she would build a fire outdoors and place a big tub on the fire to heat the water. The water was then poured into the washer and everybody had to take a turn in turning the crank on the washer so many turns. "I don't know--fifty times around or something like that or maybe even a hundred until the clothes were turned out suitable for wearing," said Joe. The family home didn't have any refrigeration to take care of foods and no way of freezing meat to preserve it.

I don't know how mother and father raised a family with the conditions like they were. We had no running water, no toilet facilities, no bath tub. I remember we used to take a big tub of water on Saturday night and everybody took their turn in the same water and that's how we would take our baths.

Groceries were purchased from the Mars store nearby and Joe would frequently be sent by his mother down the road to get supplies.

Purchases were often charged from spring until fall until there was money coming from the crops so the bill could be paid.



Joseph Rytting as a young man

Joe also remembered the gray, swaybacked horse called "Old Fanny." When she was a very young colt, Uncle Henry Goodsell, a heavysset man, got on her and broke her back, causing her swayback. Old Fanny was the only horse Joe was allowed to ride.

After building a new house around the cabin the Ryttings had a new barn built and it was quite an elaborate structure, Joe recalls. His father needed some poles to put in the manger so the livestock could eat hay through them. Charles sent Joe and Andy with the wagon and a team of horses to get a bunch of these poles. Joe wrote about this excursion:

I don't know--we may have brought 50 home or a hundred. Anyway, we went up that winter to Lyman Creek and up through Herbert and on up past the ranger station up to the Lime Kill Canyon, and then over to what we call "Hell's Hole." I had been there before with a bunch of scouts and it was kinda late when we got up there, so we made our beds.

I remember waking up in the morning and we were not far from a dry pine tree loaded with pine hens sitting on the limbs. I remember you [Andy] taking a .22 rifle that we had with us and

shooting quite a few of those pine hens before they woke up to what was going on and we had a breakfast with some and we put the rest (cleaned 'em up good) in a box. We were going to take them back down home.

Then we hooked up the horses and we went down toward Herbert and cut out quite a bunch of poles, loaded them up and started on our way. After we left there . . . we ran across the Forest Ranger and we were really afraid because we didn't know whether those chickens we had in this box was legal or not and we didn't tell him that we had any . . . He said, "Did you guys have any permit for those poles?" I think we told him no we didn't have. But he wanted to know what we were going to use them for and we told him and he said, I guess that was all right.

During the summertimes Joe worked on the Webb's farm, helping them harvest. In the winter he went to school. The high school in those days was at Ricks Academy, or Ricks College as it is now called, and Joe graduated from high school through Ricks Academy with a degree in education.

Joe appreciated that as he was growing up he had a very close family. They got along well as a group. He paid tribute to his parents in the following reflection:

I can give credit to Mother and Father for the wonderful parents they were and how they took care of us during all those years. I don't think there was ever any better parents in the whole country than Mother and Dad. And we sure appreciate all the brothers and sisters that we've had . . . We had our troubles. We didn't have the conveniences . . . and doctors and stuff like we have nowadays.

While attending Ricks Academy, Joe met Edna Gertrude Riley, and they were married September 8, 1925, in the Salt Lake Temple. Edna was born November 15, 1904, to Gerbert and Ada Gertrude Goldthorpe Riley. Joe and Edna were blessed with a daughter, Edna Luciele Rytting, who was born October 5, 1926.

First Teaching Job

Joe's first teaching position was at Arbon Valley School, which is a farming community southwest of Pocatello, Idaho. He then moved to St. Anthony, Idaho. He taught the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades. In 1939, Joe moved his family to Inkom, Idaho, where he was principal of the elementary school. In 1941 he became principal at Chester, a small community

a few miles north of St. Anthony. He taught at this school for two years.

During this time Joe also worked in the summer for Webster Dry Farms in Rexburg. The family would move to Rexburg in the summer and live with Edna's parents. One year, however, in 1936, Joe worked for the U.S. Customer's Service on the United States-Canadian border, at Cutbank, Montana.



Joseph and Edna Rytting

From 1943 to 1947, Joe worked for the United States Government as manager of the farm labor camps. Mexican nationals were transported from Mexico to these camps to assist farmers in harvesting crops during and after World War II.

The year 1943 was spent in Tulelake, California. In 1944 the family moved to Athena, Oregon, and from 1945 to 1947 Joe found work in Medford, Oregon.

During the fall of 1947, Joe returned to Rexburg due to the illness of Edna's parents. At that time, he obtained work at the Browning Motor Company in St. Anthony as an accountant. Around 1952 he went to work at the Rexburg Food Center as the accountant for that store. He worked at the Food Center until his retirement around 1969.

Joe enjoyed fishing and hunting and was an amateur radio operator for many years. He was involved with Civil Defense in Madison County and was their coordinator for several years. During the earthquake in Virginia City, Montana and the West Yellowstone, Wyoming area, Joe coordinated the amateur radio operators as well as the civil defense in the Madison County area. His call letters were W7DWE. The DWE letters were for his "Darling Wife Edna."

In 1976, Joe and Edna's home was severely damaged due to the Teton Dam failure. This was an emotional time for the two of them. They were remodeling their home and many of their pictures, family histories, etc., were destroyed. They were, however, able to restore their home and lived there until the time of their deaths.

Duck Hunting with Kay

Their daughter, Edna Luciele, or "Honey" as she was known, married Kay Hansen. Kay recalled the time he and Joe went duck hunting on the Snake River above St. Anthony. They were wading in the river with two ducks and saw the game warden on the bank of the river. Joe checked with Kay to make sure he had a duck stamp. "What duck stamp?" was Kay's reply. Cautiously, Joe got out of the river and casually visited with the game wardens. Then he and Kay got into the car and the game wardens did the same, following them in their vehicle. Of course, Joe was nervous about the fact that Kay didn't have a duck stamp. However, just before driving into St. Anthony, the game wardens pulled off the highway and Joe gave a big sigh of relief. Kay then told him that he did have a duck stamp. Needless to say, Joe took this joke in good stride and years later appreciated the humor in the episode and retold the story many times.

This was just the way Joe was. He was quite a story teller and such a pleasure to be around. He had a heart as big as gold and was a very generous person well loved by his wife, daughter, son-in-law, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

After a deer hunting trip in the fall of 1953, Joe became ill and tests indicated he had sugar diabetes. He did fairly well controlling this

disease, although many years later in 1980 it was the cause of surgery for amputation of his leg.

Joe and Edna enjoyed traveling and visiting relatives and friends. While in Oregon they made many close friends and traveled to visit them every year or so. They visited with Joe's sister, Emily, in Idaho Falls when they were in the vicinity and enjoyed travelling to Utah to visit Joe's brothers, Rudolph, Andrew and George, and their families.

Edna was in ill health for several years and Joe was her constant companion. In October 1980 she became extremely ill and died on October 8, 1980. Joe continued to live in their home until February 4, 1983, when he suffered a stroke and was hospitalized until his death March 4, 1983, at the Bannock Regional Medical Center in Pocatello.

Many fine tributes were given to this fine man at funeral services in the Rexburg LDS 5th Ward. Joe was buried at the Sutton Cemetery in Archer beside his beloved wife.

(Material for this history was provided by Edna Rytting Hansen and from an audiotape recorded by Joe in August 1981, on the occasion of Andrew's 80th birthday.)

Chapter 14 GEORGE RYTTING

Born: August 31, 1909, Lyman, Idaho

The earliest event I can remember was the purchase of a new buggy about 1914 when I was about five years of age. The buggy was a four-wheel horse-drawn vehicle newly painted, bright and shiny, quite an addition to our family belongings. The next year, 1915, we acquired from Aunt Nettie a beautiful Daynes-Beebe piano which is played regularly in our home to this day.

At six years of age I started school at Lyman schoolhouse, half a half mile east of our home. My first teacher was Miss McDonald. During our severe winters, it was a difficult walk to go from our home up to the schoolhouse against a prevailing north wind, which would fill the road with snowdrifts five feet deep.

At the age of eight I was baptized in the First Slough, a meandering stream from the Snake River where we did our swimming. Not until July and August would the water be warm enough for baptismal services, so many children would have to wait until summer. I was baptized soon after my birthday.

I used to ride our horse, Fanny, down to the Thornton post office to get our mail, two or three miles from home. I enjoyed riding the horse and having a chance to go to the store and pick up a few of the groceries, the mail, and other things that we needed.

When I was twelve I was ordained a deacon and began passing the sacrament. Lacking individual cups, a pitcher of water was used to fill a glass to be passed to each person, who would take a sip. As the glass was emptied, it'd be refilled and reused.

Towser the Dog

Our farmyard had a depressed basin area between the barn, the garage, and the house. After a rainstorm, there would be a pond three inches deep. On one of those days, I was out there with our black dog named Towser, he was wading in the pond. I'd taught him to sit on command, so when I called "Sit down, Towser," he did--for about five seconds. Then he got up and walked to the other side of the pond,

wearing a look of disgust.

A more serious experience with this dog was at the First Slough. There was no bridge across it, so we had to cross in the buggy or wagon or on horseback. High water would be three feet deep. I was riding Fanny across the stream and Towser was following, swimming. He got too far downstream and a piece of barbed wire two or three inches above the water got caught in the back of his neck and he was having a difficult time. I tied the horse to a fencepost and crawled across a wooden flume to where Towser was. Somehow I was able to release him so he could swim safely to shore. Towser was a very responsive, obedient dog--one of the finest dogs we've ever had.

"Run Over" by a Train

Two of my friends and I hiked to Lorenzo, where the highway and railroad bridges crossed over the Snake River. Hearing the whistle of a train approaching, we thought it would be quite an experience to be "run over" by a train. The railroad bridge was supported by concrete supports located in the river. Spring runoff was about six feet from the top of the cement pillars. There was just barely room to crawl under the tracks and hang onto a pillar; our heads were less than a foot below the rails. The river was high below us and the train was right above us, so we held on. After the train passed over, we climbed back on the track and noticed that the conductor was on the platform at the end of the train, shaking his fist at us. It is probably the loudest sound I have ever experienced and may have induced some deafness; our ears were unprotected.

Musical Beginnings

Mother started teaching me music when I was about six years old and encouraged me to learn as much as I could under her direction. I could play some of the easier musical pieces but lacked desire to pursue music further. When Mother told me a girl my age had played a piano number in the ward, I decided to equal Arvella Allen's musical ability, then took music more seriously.

When I was twelve, I studied with a

professional teacher, Mr. Apollo Hansen, who came to teach at Ricks College. Mr. Hansen was responsible for my first public performance on piano, in an evening joint recital with three other players at Leadership Week at Ricks College. The piano quartet was made up of Mr. Hansen; Ruth Phillips, a top pianist at the college; a girl about my age, Charlotta Widsteen; and myself, a boy of fourteen. The piece was "The Poet and Peasant Overture" by Franz von Suppe.

My next teacher, Mr. Clifford C. Clive, came to Rexburg one day a week. The next teacher was Mr. William E. Billeter, who came from Switzerland to teach at Ricks. But he became my teacher only after Mother made sure he was qualified, by asking him to play for her.

Installation in the Rexburg Tabernacle of a thirteen-rank Austin pipe organ gave us the finest organ in Idaho. I was about seventeen years of age when I was allowed to play it. Mother had told me about the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ, so when Father and I went to Salt Lake on an excursion with the railroad company for a cent a mile, I got to hear Edward P. Kimball play a recital on the Tabernacle organ. With Brother Billeter's help I learned to play the organ fairly well. For the next fifteen years, until we moved from Idaho in 1942, I played it frequently in the Rexburg area. At seventeen, I won first place in the stake MIA fine arts competition. Later that year, I placed second in a piano contest in Pocatello for southeastern Idaho.

The Elk and Romance Theatres in Rexburg were showing silent motion picture films, using an organ-like instrument to provide appropriate background music from cue sheets. For several months, I was a stand-by musician, playing once or twice a week, receiving one dollar per night, plus a pass to any shows I wanted to see. The coming of the "Talkies" ended this source of income.

Living with Andy

Two years of high school were offered at Madison High School; the third and fourth year students would go to Ricks College and then on to their first and second years of college. I

missed two or three years of schooling during those years and it took me eight or ten years to get through Ricks College.

I lived with Andy at Mrs. Mutz's place on West Main Street and later we shared room and board at the Richard Smith place on College Avenue. Andy was working at the *Rexburg Journal*. I had my first ride on a giant roller coaster at Saltair with Alvaretta's father and sister, Leota.

I helped Andy and Alvaretta move soon after they were married by taking a load of their belongings in a Model T Ford truck from Sugar City to Blackfoot. I had never driven a truck before and this was quite an experience for me. I went to Tooele where Andy and Alvaretta were living, and worked in the smelter. After I returned from my mission, Andy and his wife were living in Malad and I made it a point to stop off to visit at their place. Andy and Alvaretta later moved to Ephraim. Father and I visited Andy there about 1939. Andy made arrangements for us to tour the Manti Temple. We saw the exquisite and fine workmanship that had gone into the building.

Mission to Holland

For three years I was in Holland on a mission, leaving in October 1929. My first assignment was in a small city near Rotterdam called Schiedam. I was there for six months trying to learn the language. We didn't have too much success as far as getting people to investigate the Church or its teachings. Then I was transferred to the city of Haarlem. There I worked with Brother Richardson from Vernal, Utah for about four months. It was spring and the flower fields of Holland were in full bloom; the hyacinth and tulip fields were very beautiful at that time of year. Finally I went to mission headquarters back in Rotterdam, where I spent the remainder of my mission as one of the staff in the mission office.

When I had been in Holland about ten months I was asked to come to the mission president's office. He told me that my mother had passed away some three weeks earlier and that it was her desire that I remain in Holland and complete my mission, which I did. As I think back on the relatively short time I was

associated in the parent-child relationship with my mother, I acknowledge the tremendous influence she had on my life--physically, culturally, and spiritually. I was twenty years old when she died.

The remainder of my time in Holland I was in the mission residence as secretary to President Kooyman, typing letters and being assistant editor of our monthly periodical. I also assisted in translating priesthood lessons prepared by Dr. John A. Widtsoe for use in the European missions.

After my release, I traveled to Belgium and Paris. I sailed on the *President Roosevelt*, arriving in New York City. I made my way home by train, visiting Church historical sites. I finally arrived in Shelley at Rudolph's home in April 1932. I had fifty cents left in my pocket.

I had a couple of career options after my mission, but I felt that it was important to go home since Father was alone. I returned home in the midst of the Great Depression.

Employment was difficult to find at best and wages were extremely low, but I saved a few dollars and enrolled that fall for my sophomore year of college at Ricks. I felt out of place because I was older than the other students. I went to Ricks that year.

During the winter of 1933 I went on a short-term mission to California and Arizona. The summers of 1933 and 1934 were unprofitable, and I went with Father on several trips to Island Park to get wood. It was on these outings that I learned much of Father's history.

Finally, in the summer of 1935, I had a chance to work with what was then the Agricultural Adjustment Act program. We measured sugar beet acreage in the county. It lasted about two months, through July and August. I had accumulated some funds by that time and enrolled at the University of Idaho.

Marriage to Maxine Bitter

Meantime, a very important thing in my life happened: I met Maxine Bitter. I was getting a haircut in Joe DeMott's barbershop and he said, "That's the girl you ought to marry." By this time I was getting close to thirty years of age and had no good prospects in mind. I got a date with Maxine, continued thereon, and about six

months later, we were married in the Logan Temple on May 31, 1940. Maxine was born May 16, 1918, to Ruth Melinda Bunderson and Joseph Ericksen Bitter in Teton City, Idaho.

We had our first son, George Melvin, on March 23, 1941. Unfortunately, he had a heart condition and because of the equipment and facilities at that time, the doctors and nurses were not able to cope with it. He lived only two days and then he passed away. Our second son, Joseph Howard, was born June 12, 1942.

In the fall of that year, we moved to Logan to enter Mechanic Learner Instruction for work at Hill Field. After three months of that, we moved to Verdland Park in Layton. We were there for about three years, and in the meantime, our family grew. Marlow Conrad was born September 9, 1943, and Linda Ruth was born August 24, 1945.



George and Maxine Rytting

Then came another difficult time for us work-wise. The war had ended, and a massive layoff took place at Hill Field. About 5,000 of us were laid off. I didn't find out I was to be laid off until three or four days after others had been notified, so the available jobs in the area were all taken. We had no employment prospects. I scoured the country from Logan to Provo trying to find a job, but there were just none available. We decided there was no point in going back to Idaho in November because there would be nothing to do there in the wintertime. Maxine and I had a comfortable apartment duplex and

rent was very cheap, only about \$25 a month. We decided to stay there for the winter, weather it out, and see if we could find something in the spring.

One of my friends in Layton was associated with a garage in Ogden, and he said that maybe I could work there part-time or maybe full time for 75 cents an hour, which was about half of what I was getting at Hill Field. But we needed money, so I worked at Peterson Motor Company for about eight months and Maxine and I survived on a 75-cents-an-hour income.

Then another stroke of luck came our way. The bishop of our ward, Bishop Dawson, thought there was a part-time opening at the Layton Post Office. I could work half a day at the post office and make as much as I did working all day in Ogden. So I changed jobs and started work with the Post Office. After about six months of part-time work, I was able to work full-time, giving Maxine and me a small but steady income. I worked for 31 1/2 years at the post office, up to the time of retirement.

Plays Organ at Hill Field

In 1947 I was asked to play the organ at the Hill Air Force Base chapel. In 1975 Chaplain Don Smith initiated an evening of recognition honoring me for completing 28 years of service. I was given a briefcase, jumpsuit, and a certificate of meritorious service to the Air Force.

In 1980, I retired as Hill Air Force Base chapel organist after 33 years of service. A farewell testimonial was held in my behalf with a "This is Your Life" program. Chaplain Thomas Bush said, "It has been pleasing for Air Force people who come to Utah to see and feel the spirit which George, a member of the Mormon Church, played in our religious services, protestant and Catholic. We saw that as a sweet Christian spirit passed on from the local community to the people on base."

Only on two occasions during the long tenure was I absent--once when Suzanne was born and 14 years later when Linda was married and I went to California. In addition to playing at Hill Field, I also played in the wards in which I resided in Layton. I played for weddings and

funerals, several hundred of each over those years.

Some of the highlights of these intervening years were that four more children were born to us: Marvin Bitter, May 27, 1947; Sandra Kaye, February 11, 1950; Carolee, May 25, 1954; and Suzanne, December 4, 1955.

We lived in Verdland Park for nine years, from 1943 to 1952, until we were able to buy the home where we presently live, at 377 Park Street. The Union Bank & Trust Co. in Salt Lake had the mortgage on this home so I went down and talked to their financial manager, saying that I'd like to take over the payments. He asked me what my income was and I told him I was a postal clerk and also had five children. He said, "Sorry, but you don't qualify. You're too big a risk to take over the payments on this house."

It looked rather hopeless, and I mentioned to Lawrence Ellison, president of the First National Bank, what the situation was. He said, "If you really want this house, we'll see that you get it. We'll buy it from them for the payoff, they can't refuse to sell it to us, because we'll pay off the amount that's still due on it and then we'll in turn sell it to you." That's what he did for us. Our payments were quite nominal. We paid \$58 a month and remained that way until after 18 years we paid off the mortgage in 1972.

We had a little cocker spaniel called Sparky that we acquired after we'd lived on Park Street for a few years. We fed him cans of Vets dog food; they were seven for a dollar or something like that--very inexpensive. I'd cut the ends off with a can opener, then put the cans up in the cherry tree, out of Sparky's reach. Finally he learned to climb up to this can of Vets dog food, get it down, and eat it.

One of the things our children used to enjoy hearing about was the story of Sparky and the slide. At the schoolyard just across the street they had a slide that was quite tall, probably ten or twelve feet tall. I finally persuaded Sparky to climb the ladder to get on the slide. It didn't have steps, but rungs, these round, iron bars that formed the ladder. I trained Sparky to climb this ladder by offering him food bits. Then he'd get up on top and I'd stand down at the bottom of the slide, calling for him to go down. Sparky finally got so he would climb up the ladder and then slide down the slippery slide, much to the

delight of the children who were there watching.

Another thing he did that was rather amusing to us happened one time when I'd been using a ladder to climb up to the roof of the house. Sparky went up the ladder and got on top of the roof, but he couldn't manage to get back down again. So he was on top of the house and began to bark and let us know that he needed help. Howard was home at that time, so he climbed up the ladder, took Sparky in his arms, and carried him down from the roof.

Church Assignment

Also during these years, I've had a variety of Church assignments. In the early 1960s, I accepted the call to serve for two years as a stake missionary in the Layton area. It was quite different from the missions that I had served in previously. Following that assignment, I also had a ward clerk assignment, which I filled for about three years, in charge of the home teaching program. I also served as a Gospel Doctrine teacher for two years.

One of the most enjoyable assignments I've had started about seven years ago. Maxine and I were asked to work in the name extraction program. That to me was one of the choice assignments. After a challenging period in instruction in ancient German alphabet characters, we finally learned to recognize them. The style of writing was also a challenge, but we studied carefully and were finally able to read the entries. They contained the information to identify people who had lived two or three centuries ago. We recorded the information to provide temples with names for whom the temple work might be done. Because my eyesight would no longer function as it should, I had to phase out that activity a couple of years ago, but it was a choice experience.

I have felt fortunate in my life that I have not, so far as I know, made any enemies. If there be some, I do not know of them. I have never sought to injure or offend anyone, either by word or by deed. I have a feeling of appreciation for the many friends that I have. I have multitudes of friends who have defended me and have been supportive of me.

In the almost forty years that I have been playing for Protestant and Catholic religious

services, I have been exposed perhaps to more of their teachings, practices and worship patterns than many of our church members. I think I have had an unusual experience in this respect. Occasionally I've been asked if, after listening to these thousands of well-prepared and well-delivered sermons, I've had trouble reconciling my LDS beliefs with the things I've heard in the course of these sermons.

I've been able to answer truthfully that it has been no problem for me. In fact, many of the things that I've heard have been supportive. Our positions, our doctrines, our practices, our teachings, are well-founded in the scriptures. The claims that we make, such as the prophetic endowments of the presidents of our church, are well-founded. They are indeed prophets of God. Their instructions, their teachings, and their advice to us, if followed, will be to our benefit and to our everlasting blessing and assurances of life eternal.

We have many blessings to be thankful for. We have the blessing of life and the promise of eternal life. We have the blessings of family life, of the opportunity to have an everlasting companion and children who will be a blessing to us and a comfort as years go by.

We have a very fine family. I am proud of all of my children and pray that they might have the strength and willpower to hold fast to the things which are true and of everlasting value and that their lives will be enriched and edified by adherence to the basic principles of the gospel.

Howard married Barbara Kay Smith; Marlow married Barbara Jean Kent; Linda married Robert Thomas Baer; Marvin married Ann Marie Lemon, divorced and later married Susan Norfeldt; Sandra married Kenneth Wilbur Little, divorced and later married Jerot Joncas; Carolee married Jeffery Lamar Schofield; and Suzanne married Gilbert Tony Montelongo.



George, Joseph, Andrew, Rudolph and Emily at a family reunion in 1981.