

## SHORT STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF CHARLES FREDERICK RYTTING

Charles Frederick Rytting was born near Upsala, Sweden, November 30, 1866, the son of Erick Conrad and Mary Janssen Rytting. He had three brothers, William, John, and Gustave and two sisters, Mary and Hannah. His father 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.

Missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints contacted the family, and as a result, they were converted and joined the Church, Some of the consequences of this act was having the children refused admission to the public schools and not being allowed to have books or other literature in the home, except for the Holy Bible.

With the help of his grandfather on his mother's side, who was a scribe, Father learned to read and write, the Bible being his only textbook. In learning to read from the Bible, Father's interest gravitated around the account of the life of Christ, as recorded in the four Gospels. The familiarity he acquired of these books proved to be of great worth to him while serving on a mission to Sweden some 20 years later.

Following the pattern of many other families, plans were made to immigrate to America. This was accomplished when Father was about twelve years old. (The older brother, William, had been able to immigrate a year or two earlier.)

Father's grandfather, however, had not been able to make the trip to America at this time, either because of lack of funds or great grandfather's advanced age. While Father's family was stopping temporarily at Salt Lake City for a few months following their arrival in Utah, consideration was given to finding ways and means to bring Great-grandfather to America, also. One-day grandmother happened to look out the door and saw a familiar looking old gentleman walking up the middle of the road, as Europeans customarily do. Somehow her father, at 91 years of age, had been able to make his way from Sweden to Utah unassisted.

Having arrived in Utah, economic necessity required that work be found promptly. At Grantsville, Father found employment herding sheep for either Charley Anderson or James Rathall, and for several years he spent most of his time on the summer and winter feeding ranges herding sheep.

Frozen Feet. During a particularly cold winter, Father's 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 with frozen feet, she began the painful process of cutting and scraping away the deteriorated flesh. During the process of bandaging and unbandaging, scraping and cutting, father said she literally scraped his feet to the bone, but it saved his feet from amputation. The new flesh that grew on his feet was "tender," and Father tried always to protect his feet from the cold.

Father Goes to School. 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. Father turned over the \$600, (a small fortune in those days) and entered the 2nd grade. After two weeks in school, an epidemic of smallpox broke out, and the school was closed. The investment scheme failed, and with it the loss of the \$600; and as the school closed, it was back to the sheep camp for Father.

A Rattlesnake Bite. Father had a sore on the back of his hand that never completely healed. It was caused by a rattlesnake bite. This frightening experience occurred at a time when he was too far away from a town to get medical help. He used what crude remedial 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 terrific sickness which followed.

Chased By a Bear. While riding a horse on one occasion, Father chanced upon a small cub bear. He picked it up and started to ride away with it. He hadn't gone far when he heard an ominous growling back of him. Turning to look back, he saw that he was rapidly being overtaken by the mother bear. Having heard that a bear could catch a horse, he promptly dropped the cub and got away from the area as fast as his horse could carry him.

Involved in a Family Squabble. On another occasion while riding by a ranch house, his attention was drawn to a commotion in the front yard. A man was soundly beating his wife and she was screaming for help. Father promptly got off his horse, ran to the woman's aid, and "took over" the fight with the angry husband. A moment or two later something prompted him to look around, and just in time, The wife had picked up an axe, and was coming to the aid of her husband. Seeing Father turn around, she called him a so and so, and threatened to use the axe on him if he didn't leave her husband alone, Father promptly left the place, and as he was riding away, he glanced back and saw that the fight had resumed, with the wife again on the receiving end.

A Hunt For Buried Gold. One summer while Father was herding sheep near Newfoundland, a desert area west of Grantsville, his attention was attracted to a party of men who were obviously making a search of the area. They stayed around for some two weeks and then left. The following summer they returned, continuing the search, then again leaving after a week or two, This reoccurred at regular intervals for about five years, after which Father didn't see them again. 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. Father never found opportunity to make his own search of the area; and after having moved to Idaho, he occasionally mentioned that he hoped some day to find time and get far enough ahead 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 Father passed away, the secret of the probable location of the buried treasure of Newfoundland went with him.

Father Meets Chief "Tabby". Father often spoke of the Skull Valley ranch, and it was here he became acquainted with Tabionah, Chief of the Coschute 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 no longer could be their husband. After pondering this turn of events for a few moments, Tabionah is said to have replied: "You tell 'em."

Behavior of Turkeys. "Uncle" Benny Barrus had a herd of fine turkeys in which he took a great deal of pride. Some boys of the community had somehow found a quantity of fermented grain, and in considering to what use it could be put, decided to feed it to Bro. Barrus' turkeys. A short time later, Bro. Barrus' attendance at a religious or community function of some kind provided the boys with their opportunity. When "Uncle Benny" returned home, he found his prized turkeys lying about the yard in various prone positions incident to the final stages of intoxication. Bro, Barrus was completely bewildered as to what had happened to his fine turkeys. Finally when they began to sober up, their antics were something indeed strange to behold. Bro, Barrus' bewilderment gave way to consternation as he watched them first give a few convulsive kicks, then stagger to their feet until eventually the yard was fairly alive with staggering, stumbling turkeys, and the air was filled with the din of their raucous gobbling, The perpetrators of this mischief were apparently never apprehended.

The Improvident Neighbor. Besides raising turkeys, Uncle Benny Barrus was an industrious gardener. However, he had a somewhat improvident neighbor who, as winter drew near, would approach Bro. Barrus with a tale of woe as to his own poor luck with gardening, and a word of praise for Bro. Barrus' good luck. He also expressed fear that with his meager larder, winter would catch him with "his pants down," Bro. Barrus inquired as to his needs, and generously supplied him from his bounteous supply.

The following year the same thing happened; the improvident neighbor loafed in the shade, while Bro. Barrus toiled in the heat of the sun, with Bro, Barrus again filling the void in the neighbor's cellar when the neighbor pleaded that winter had caught him "with his pants down," The third year was the same thing again. However, this time Bro. Barrus decided that enough was enough, and when the improvident neighbor expressed fear as to how winter would find him, "Uncle Benny" told him he hoped winter would catch him thus exposed, and in addition would administer a good swift kick to the appropriate part of the anatomy. The neighbor left, complaining bitterly of Uncle Benny's "unfairness."

Father Rescues a Maiden. During his travels to and from the winter and summer feeding ranges, Father would stop off at Grantsville. On one occasion, he and Richard R. Lyman were walking along a road bordered by a rather high picket fence. A tomboyish 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 frame work 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 picket fence. 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.

Talking With the Spirits. 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 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."

Grandfather Eastham's Temper. When one of his children displayed flare-ups of temper, Father often said it was the Eastham temper showing up. Great-grandfather Eastham was said to have had a quick temper, and gave vent to his feelings by throwing his hat on the ground and then jumping on it.

One time he became so angry with a neighbor lady that he gave her a sound spanking. The infuriated lady had him arrested, and he was fined \$5. Asked if he regretted his hasty act, he said it was worth the \$5.00 and under the same circumstances he would do it again.

"Too Much Howdy-do Riley Judd." When Father found a situation approaching the intolerable, he would often say "that's too much a howdy-do Riley Judd." It is said that Riley Judd one day met an intoxicated Indian with whom he was acquainted, riding a horse. As he attempted the customary handshake and howdy-do greeting, the Indian lost his balance and fell off the horse. Riley Judd looked down at the Indian, shook his head sadly and said, "too much whiskey again," to which the Indian replied, "No, not too much whisky--too much a howdy-do Riley Judd."

The Town Band. The town band had in it a horn player, recently from England, named Bob, who 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." 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."

A Ditch-Jumping Contest. As a young man, Father apparently was a fairly good jumper and fast runner and had practiced jumping a certain rather wide ditch in the area, Father took a calculated risk by engaging in an argument with a strongly built bully-type of fellow. The argument finally reached a point where the fellow threatened to give Father a trashing, 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 across. 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.

A Letter Misunderstood. As Father reached his early twenties, he became interested in a young lady named Emily Millward, A romance began to develop and had reached the point where they had serious intentions of getting married, when Emily died. Sometime later Father began going with Mother, (Emily's sister) and on one occasion, while stopping at the store and post office at Grantsville, on his way in from the range, he was told by the store keeper that his courtship with Mother was all off. She was going to marry another man--a former sweetheart, To substantiate his story, the storekeeper-postman, showed Father a letter addressed to this other man, in mother's unmistakable handwriting. Father swallowed the storekeeper's story at face value, and returned to the range without even stopping to see Mother. Mother was somewhat disturbed upon learning that Father had been in Grantsville and had not called to see her. However, being less hasty than Father at jumping to conclusions, she waited until he 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 Father held first place in her interest.

Father and Mother's Wedding. Father and Mother (Emma Lenora Millward) were married in the Logan L.D.S. Temple on February \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_. It was grandfather Millward's desire that Mother's sister, Emily, be sealed to Father. Father and Mother complied with his request and right after their marriage, Mother stood as proxy for Aunt Emily as she was sealed to Father.

A Sheep-wagon Honeymoon. In his traveling to and from the various feeding range, Father came to know several beautiful campsites. A few months after their marriage, when Father had opportunity to camp at the choicest of these beauty spots, he had Mother come and spend two weeks with him on a sort of "sheep-camp honeymoon," where they feasted on freshly caught brook trout, sour-dough bread, tender lamb chops, and other delicacies prepared by a well trained sheep camp chef--Father.

A Mission Call, A Death, and a New Baby. A short time later Father received a call from the First Presidency of the Church to fill a mission to Sweden. During the few weeks prior to his departure, his father died, and his and Mother's first child, a baby girl, whom they named Emily, was born. Father had provided a modest but comfortable home in Grantsville, and also owned several thousand sheep. The sheep were placed in care of a supposedly competent sheepman, who was instructed by Father to turn the proceeds from the sale of the wool and lambs over to Mother.

Financial Arrangements Go Awry. While Father was on his mission he received no money from the sheepman (he didn't expect to) and very little from Mother. Meanwhile Mother also received no money from the sheepman, thinking it was being sent to Father. She provided for herself and baby by doing sewing and giving music lessons. It was not until after Father returned from his mission, that he and Mother learned how the financial arrangements had misfired. When Father called on the sheepman for an accounting, he found that no records had been kept and was told that times had been bad and it looked like the expenses had eaten up the profits. In addition, Father found that considerable "operating expense" money had been borrowed on the sheep, and they were mortgaged "to the hilt."

An Unfortunate Railroad Crossing. Rather had set about the task of re-organizing his financial situation, when another reversal occurred, While moving his sheep along a road, paralleling a railroad for some distance, then crossing it and doubling back, (something like a hairpin), his herders decided to save the time and distance required to go to the crossing and back. They cut the wires of the railroad fence and drove the sheep straight across. While the sheep were making the, crossing and were spread out for several hundred yards along the track, a fast train came along killing hundreds of them, When the herders suggested that Father sue the railroad for damages, he replied that he would be lucky if the railroad didn't sue him for the trespassing the herders did.

This and other setbacks discouraged Father to the point where he salvaged what he could from his sheep and made preparations to move to Idaho for a new start.

A Close Call With Gas. Turning back to Father's missionary assignment, he said that while stopping at Chicago, in route to Europe, the group he was traveling with spent a night at a Chicago hotel. Gas jets were used for illumination instead of electricity, and the last one of the group to retire blew out the light instead of turning it off. Father 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, and they turned in an alarm. All of the missionary group was unconscious for the gassing, but they all recovered and resumed their journey.

While serving on his mission to Sweden, Father kept a journal, which undoubtedly contains a complete account of his missionary experiences, and also contains some good specimens of his excellent penmanship. The following experiences were related verbally.

A Church Trial. 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 was 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 had two weeks schooling at 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, Father said that his recollection of the account of the life of Christ was so clear that he was able to answer all of their questions with a direct quote 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 bishops of his time.

Tibelius and a Dream. Tibelius was Father's ancestor, and served as bishop in the Lutheran church at \_\_\_\_\_ 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 this 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.

Father Hears a Nightingale. Father had heard of the wonderful experience one had in listening to a Swedish nightingale. An opportunity to hear one came to Father when he was told that if he would go to a certain small lake some morning before dawn, and wait in the bushes and trees bordering the lake, he would likely hear a nightingale sing. Following these suggestions, Father made his way to the lake, and waiting in the predawn darkness, he had the memorable experience of hearing the glorious song of the Swedish nightingale.

Experience With An Agnostic. 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, Father expressed his appreciation to the agnostic, his wife, and little daughter for their hospitality and went on his way. A few weeks later, Father returned to this town. On learning that Father was again in town, the agnostic sent for him. When Father arrived at his house, he found a condition of grief and sorrow born of despair. 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 couldn't overcome the feelings of bleak hopelessness and frustration that occupied his mind 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. Father 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; holding before them the hope of again seeing their little girl, and the possibility of being reunited in a happy, eternal association.

Saved From a Mob. Father once labored in a town that was strongly anti-Mormon. He had made arrangements to hold a meeting in a school house, but was warned that if he held the meeting, a group of men would be waiting outside for him after the meeting and would beat him severely. Father went ahead with the meeting and as it drew to a close he was apprised of the fact that a large group of men, armed with clubs, had assembled outside, waiting to carry out the threatened beating. The atmosphere became very tense as Father 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 and made his way to the exit. As he opened the door, there lined up on both sides of the walk were the grim faced, determined looking men waiting for Father to come out. As he passed through the door, he offered a short prayer for protection, and 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 Father, and as he neared his lodgings, Father asked him if he wanted anything. The man replied that he only wanted to see that Father reached his quarters safely. Regarding this experience, Father said he didn't know if the mob didn't see him, whether each was waiting for the other to strike first, or just what happened.

A Feast on Cold potatoes. 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 as good to him, he said, as that small pan of cold boiled potatoes on that chilly winter night in Sweden,

A Round-about Offer of Marriage. In one of the organized branches where Father labored, the meetings were attended regularly by an attractive young woman who had a splendid singing voice. She provided much needed and welcomed support to the musical activity of the branch. One day, while talking to Father's companion, she inquired if he thought there was any likelihood of Father proposing marriage to her. The companion didn't give her much encouragement, reminding her that Father already had a wife and daughter to whom he was very devoted.

Birthplace Visited. As Father's mission drew to a close, he made it a point to visit his birthplace, where he was warmly welcomed by the lord of the estate, now advanced in years, who received him the expressions of pleasure and admiration. He remained as a guest of “His Lord” for a short time while he completed his family records.

Placed in Charge of an Immigrant Company. The authorities of the European mission (Anthon H. Lund of Sweden) often arranged for returning missionaries to return in groups, and accompany companies of immigrants made up from the various European countries. 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 several hundred immigrants from all parts of Europe, as well as thirty or forty 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 didn't 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.

President Woodruff's Coat. The members of the Church in Germany had secured a very fine coat, which they desired to present to president Wilford Woodruff. The immigrants from Germany brought this coat with them, and requested that Father wear it to Salt Lake City. So Father wore president Woodruff's coat and traveled via first class accommodations until he reached Salt Lake City. After having discharged his responsibilities to the immigrants at "immigrant square," he made his way to president Woodruff's office, where he received his release, he requested president Woodruff to stand and turn around. He slipped off the fine coat, placed it over President Woodruff's shoulders, and presented it to him in behalf of the German Saints.

Father Re-united With His Family. Mother and Emily, meanwhile, had come to Salt Lake to meet Father. Father probably never told Mother this, but he said he had 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 Father's absence, Mother had at one time been seriously ill with either typhoid, diphtheria, or scarlet fever, had lost some weight and became very weak, As she began to recover, her appetite seemed to get out of hand, and due to either faulty metabolism, glandular disturbance or both, it seemed she couldn't appease her appetite, and as a consequence, lost the well-proportioned figure she once had. The detrimental effects of this illness remained with her in greater or lesser degree throughout the remainder of her life.

Temple Work Done For Father's Family. Despite the urgency of again establishing an income, Father and Mother went to Logan where they spent three or four weeks doing the temple work for those of Father's ancestors and relatives of whom he had been able to secure the necessary information. It was about this time also that Father and Mother learned that each had thought the other was receiving the proceeds from the sheep, as referred to earlier.

Transition Period. Before Mother and Father had finally decided to move to Idaho, three sons were born to them: Millward, August 5, 1896, Rudolph, June 9, 1898, and Andrew, March 10, 1901. During these years Father 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.

Moving to Idaho. Hearing that carpenter work was available in Idaho, Father set out with a team of horses, his tools, and a wagon; expecting to locate near Blackfoot. Work was not too plentiful at Blackfoot, and so he went on to the Rexburg area, Sometime later Mother and the four children came by train, having disposed of most of their furniture (at a loss) and the home. In looking about for a home, Father tried to purchase a home near Thornton. For some reason the owner doubted Father's financial stability, and refused to sell to him. Some years later she told Father how sorry she was she had distrusted him so,



First Death Among Children--Mary Louisa. Father finally purchased the forty-acre tract of land in Lyman, which most of us knew as our only home for so many years. A two-room log house was erected in the southeast corner of the farm, and became the nucleus of the larger commodious home that followed. It was in this house that the second daughter was born. Mary Louisa lived only a few days. A short time before she died, Father said that as he was walking toward the house, Mother's sister Emily, appeared to him and told him that she had come for Mary Louisa.

Work as Sheep Inspector. One of the job opportunities Father accepted in Idaho was that of district sheep inspector. He covered a great 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. This man (so he tried to lead Father to believe) had apparently been accustomed to pressuring the inspectors into giving his sheep a clean bill of health whether they were disease free or not. He proposed the same idea to Father, who having found the sheep infected with disease, declined to give him the necessary permit required for transporting sheep out of the area. He informed Father that no upstart sheep inspector was going to stop him from shipping his sheep. Father in turn 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 disease free, 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 admitted that Father apparently meant what he said. Father told him that he had evaluated Father's position correctly, and offered to supervise the construction of a dipping vat and the preparation of the prescribed medicinal remedy. The vat was constructed, 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 they parted good friends.

Another Lost Opportunity. Sometime later Father was offered the job of a state sheep inspector. This would have necessitated moving to Boise. Father requested a postponement of the appointment until he could complete building a home he had contracted to build, and take care of some other unfinished items of business. He 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, and before Father got around to where he felt he could move to Boise, another appointee was given the job.

Small pox Epidemic. During a particularly severe epidemic of small pox, Eliza Gilbert Stoddard and her young baby, Zella, were stricken with the disease, Father was superintendent of the Sunday School, and Eliza was one of the teachers. Efforts had been made to have some of the older men of the ward come and administer to Eliza and her baby. It seemed that no one could, or would, come so Eliza had her Brother Enzly ride almost all the way across Lyman in the middle of the night to our home and request Father to come. She said she knew that her Sunday School superintendent would not refuse her request. Father said he would come, and on the way stopped by at Harry Randall's place and had Bro. Randall go with him. When they reached Gilbert's home, Father 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 Father to bless the baby that she would not die also. Father administered first to the baby and then to Eliza, promising her that not only would the baby live, but that she too would live to rear her baby to maturity. By the time they were ready to leave, Eliza was resting calmly and the baby was taking nourishment for the first time in many hours. Meanwhile the family had been able to contact Dr. Rich and he had arrived. As Father and Bro. Randall were preparing to leave, Dr. Rich warned them that this was a very contagious and dangerous species of small pox and suggested that they each take a good sized drink of brandy or whiskey, which he had with him. Father declined the offered drink, but Bro. Randall thought perhaps it would be best to follow the doctor's suggestion, which he did. A few days later Bro. Randall broke out with the small pox. Father had a remarkable immunity to contagious diseases, and in this and many other epidemics he came through with singular resistance.

Christmas Eve. As Christmas season was approaching one year, Father was doing some carpenter work on a building in Salem. Christmas Eve came and although having put in a day's work, he decided to attempt reaching home for Christmas Eve. He made his way to Rexburg where he made some Christmas purchases, loaded them in a gunny sack which 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 gunny sack over his shoulders and back. When he finally reached home, parts of his outer clothing was frozen stiff. Icicles had formed on his eyebrows, mustache and beard, and he was completely covered with frost and snow--a veritable walking snowman.

Mother's Goiter Operation. At one time, Mother had what was diagnosed as a somewhat critical inward goiter condition. She was advised to go to Salt Lake City for specialized treatment. when she and Father reached Salt Lake, an examination of her condition indicated the necessity of a delicate surgical operation. Arrangements were made to have the operation done a day or two later. Father and Mother decided that in the meantime they would go through a session in the temple. While in the temple, Father arranged for Mother to be administered to in anticipation of the forthcoming operation. Mother was administered to in the temple. When they returned to the specialist's office for a final check-up before undergoing surgery, the doctor could find no trace of the goiter, or the condition it had caused, He said that as far as he could ascertain, she was cured; and released her to return home.

Father's Infected Knee. Some years later, 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 anesthetic. When he was finished, he commented that Father must have nerves of steel to be able to go through the lancing in silence and without flinching.

A Narrow Escape on a Hay Stack. One day Father 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 he didn't have a chance to duck out of its way. One of the tines of the fork caught in his 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 underwear or skin was not scratched. Had the Jackson fork's direction of travel been a few inches either to the right or left, it could have been a fatal accident.

Building the Steeple on the Church. During a recent conversation with Bro. George Brindley (1955) mention was made of his and Father's part in putting the steeple on the Lyman Ward church. Apparently it was done during cold weather, and as the steeple got higher, the number of workers became fewer. Finally George Brindley and Father were the only ones who would risk working some 40 or 50 feet above ground. As Brother Brindley was stepping from one section of scaffold to another, he slipped and fell a short distance--a foot or two. For a few moments he was too frightened to move. After recovering from his initial fright, he carefully made his way down the scaffolding--for the last time. Father finished putting up the steeple alone, often 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 artistic steeple off the roof of the church--they were temporarily out of style. (What Father nailed had a tendency to stay nailed.) It must have aroused some strong emotions in Father when he saw weeks of work under most dangerous and difficult conditions demolished in a few hours.

Father Shaves Off His Mustache. Father, Mother, and Lucile went to St. Anthony, then the county seat, and while Father was taking care of some business, Mother and Lucille went to the show. A little while 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. Mother gave an icy glance to the stranger. A few moments later, Mother, motioning to Lucile to follow, left for the exit. As the stranger followed them, Mother became quite incensed at this time, As she emerged from the semi-darkness of the theatre, and took a quick glance at the stranger, something familiar about his clothing caught her attention. A second good look

revealed who he was, Father had stopped in to see Uncle Roger, a barber, and somewhat on the spur of the moment decided to--well anyway Mother was seeing Father clean shaven for the first time in more than 20 years.

A Visit to Brother Butler. Bro. Ed Butler suffered a very painful and ultimately fatal cancerous condition in his throat and chin. He finally went to the Mayo Clinic for treatment, but his condition was too far-gone. The expense of this trip placed him in financial stress. This condition plus the pain he was suffering almost brought about loss of self-control, During one of these depressed moods, he threatened to shoot anyone who attempted to come to his home, particularly his neighbors whom he imagined were responsible for his trouble. His frightened family left the house and his wife called Father to see if he would come and try to quieten him, Father drove up to Butlers, and as he approached the gate at the end of the path leading to the house some 50 or 60 feet away, he saw Bro. Butler sitting on the porch with a 30-30 rifle across his knees. As Father opened the gate to walk toward the house, he noticed the desperate pain-crazed look in Bro. Butler's face and eyes; and that he was nervously fingering his rifle. Father kept his eyes on Bro. Butler's face as he approached him. When he drew quite near Bro. Butler, Father spoke quietly to him, proffered his hand to shake, and then gently placed the rifle out of his immediate reach. He listened sympathetically as Bro. Butler tried to tell of the pain and torment he was enduring. Father left his blessing with him, and a short time later Bro. Butler was found in death, released from the pain he was suffering.

A Dugway Accident. Father did considerable carpenter work for Parkinsons, and on one occasion was building some buildings on the dry farm, 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 first, driving our 1916 Maxwell. Father 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, Father jumped out and tried to find a rock with which to block the wheels, Unable to find a suitable rock, Father tried holding the backward rolling car, but was squeezed against a large rock, resulting in the ribs being cracked. Meanwhile Bro. Sharp had also tried to get out of the car, but somehow didn't get clear and was dragged some distance before the car lodged against the side of the dugway and stopped. Bro. Sharp was put in the car, and with much pushing and using rocks to block the wheels, they finally reached the top. Then they arrived at Rexburg and Bro. Sharp was taken to a doctor who advised his being taken to Salt Lake where he died a few days later.

Lucille's Death. Joe and Lucille participated in club projects under Miss Abigail Niekirk, who drove about on a Model T Ford which she cranked with her foot, They were part of a group which qualified for a trip to Pocatello, The night before they left, their happiness and excitement at the prospect of the trip was very evident. Father also was to accompany the group. A day or two later Mother received a call to come to Pocatello. Lucille had taken seriously ill, and died within a few days.

Father Writes His History. Lucille 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 chimneys in the house, and when he went up in the attic to make the repair, 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 know with which it held the paper in a roll. Father never attempted to rewrite his life's story.

Influenza Epidemic in Lyman. The influenza epidemic was particularly severe in Lyman. This community of some 50 or 60 families suffered ten deaths within two weeks. Father never took his clothes off, nor went to bed for a week. Lucille's death in Pocatello (January, 1920) was the first of these, and when Father and Mother brought her body home for burial conditions were very serious. Emily was so ill she

could not attend Lucille'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, Mother went directly to Emily's to help her, and Father was on the go night and day, being with the dying and arranging for the few able bodied men to help bury the dead, and assist with chores, housework, etc, of the families who were unable to help themselves.

Father Helps Dr. Nelson. About midnight of one of the colder nights, as Father was walking (or riding old Fanny) along the snow-covered road between the church and the schoolhouse, 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 he went to sleep. It was in this condition that Father found him, and after considerable prodding and shaking, Father managed to wake him up. After making sure that Dr. Nelson was fully awake, that the car trouble had been corrected, and that the car was started and running all right, they each went on 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.

Pearson Sharp's Horses. For many years Pearson Sharp hauled out beets to the beet dump at Thornton, The lead horses of his four horse team were a spirited black horse and a white mare named Cap and Doll. He took great care to see that they 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, Father saw Cap and Doll standing at our north gate on the far side of the field. Sometime later he noticed that they were still waiting at the gate. Father walked across the fields to where the horses were, and when he reached them he was disheartened by their sad appearance. From their jagged hoofs to their untrimmed forelocks, they 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.

Father Invents a Beet-Topper. During the years the beet acreage on our farm was kept around 20 or 25 acres, Father took considerable interest in a mechanical beet-topper that had been developed. A few of these were manufactured, and some brought to the Sugar City district to be tried out. They were not very successful and after a few trials were not used again. Father had watched these machines in operation, and in evaluating their performance formed his opinion as to their basic weakness, and how it could be corrected. When the sugar company finally gave up the development of that particular beet-topper, fieldman Ray Smith secured permission for Father to bring two of them to our place to do with as he saw fit. He began working out some designs, and had the blacksmith at Thornton begin making a model. He had barely gotten started when he found out he had a blacksmith bill of over a hundred dollars. Though the blacksmith charges were reasonable, Father could see that unless he had his own machine shop and could do precision type measuring, cutting, and drilling, the trial and error method he was following would be too costly. The procuring of a machine shop never materialized, so Father's beet-topper remained undeveloped. The mechanical beet-toppers of a quarter century later incorporated some of the improvements and corrections Father had visualized as he set about working over the old U and I models.

An Unusual Visit With an Unusual Visitor. Shortly after Mother died (August, 1930) Father was returning home from Sunday School in the model T Ford coupe, and as he went over the bridge at the "head of the lane" he noticed a man walking down the road a short distance ahead of him. He stopped and offered him a ride. They had gone but a short distance when the man asked Father to stop the car as he had ridden as far as necessary. After Father stopped the car, the man did not immediately get out, but conversed with Father for quite a long time, Father said that when the man left the car he noticed particularly his fine features and noble bearing, As Father drove on his way, he glanced back and noted that the lane was quite empty.

A Visit to the Cemetery and Some Comments. One day while visiting the cemetery, Father was walking about looking at the names on the headstones. Most of them he knew personally; many of them had had Father at their bedside 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 accomplishment 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.

Father died May 30, Memorial Day of 1949. He was 82 years of age, leaving six surviving children; Mother and three children having preceded him in death. His posterity now numbers six children, \_\_\_\_\_ grandchildren, \_\_\_\_\_ great grandchildren, and \_\_\_\_\_ great great grandchildren.

At the Archer-Lyman Cemetery on Memorial Day 1955, six years after Father's death, George Brindly, then almost 85, said that he had lived in several wards under many bishops, but to him there would be but one bishop, Bishop Charley Rytting.