

Darlene Allen Baird

I was born September 20, 1940...BEFORE...TELEVISION, POLIO SHOTS, XEROX, PLASTIC, FRISBEES, CONTACT LENSES, CREDIT CARDS, PANTYHOSE, BALLPOINT PENS, SPLIT ATOMS, LASER BEAMS, ELECTRIC BLANKETS, AIR CONDITIONERS, MEN WALKING ON THE MOON, POLYESTER, FM RADIOS, COMPUTERS, TAPE DECKS, YOGURT, DAY-CARE CENTERS, MEN WEARING EARRINGS, WORD PROCESSORS, ARTIFICIAL HEARTS, CONDOMINIUMS, HARDWARE WAS BOUGHT AT THE HARDWARE STORE AND NEVER HEARD OF SOFTWARE. BEFORE FROSTING IN A CAN MICROWAVES, MACDONALDS, PIZZAS, AND FAST FOOD WAS A HEATED CAN OF CAMPBELL CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP. WE HUNG OUR CLOTHES IN CLOSET...NO ONE CAME OUT OF THEM, WHEN I WENT TO TOWN WE WENT TO THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORE AND WE BOUGHT THINGS FOR FIVE AND TEN CENTS. SUCH AS WRITING NOTEBOOKS, ICE CREAM CONES, OR A BOTTLE OF POP. FIVE CENTS WOULD BUY YOU ONE STAMP TO MAIL A LETTER AND TWO POSTCARDS.

GRASS WAS MOWED...PUSH MOWER IF YOU PLEASE... AND POT WAS SOMETHING YOU COOKED IN. ROCK MUSIC MEANT A BLANKET AND A LULLABY SUNG TO PUT ME TO SLEEP.

I was born September 20, 1940 to Erwin Alton Allen, son of Ethan Allen and Margretha Christina Teslie; and to Iona Isolene Tolman, daughter of Joseph Holbrook Tolman and Mary Ellen Cahoon. I made my entry into the world at twelve o'clock noon -- just as the noon whistle blew. I weighed only 4 pounds: my entire arm was only the length of my fathers little finger. I slept on the oven door on a pillow to keep warm. My mother used a man's handkerchief for diapers. I had two older brothers, Erwin Leroy and Louis Dean. My father was so excited of a daughter arriving. The next day he finished the farm chores, grabbed his "go to town hat" and was off to see mother and me -- going downtown on a few errands first before going to the hospital located just north of Kings Variety Store. He noticed everyone was so happy and smiled at him. He wondered how they could all know he now had a baby daughter. That question was soon answered when he walked in the hospital room -- where mom burst out laughing -- in his haste he'd put on his grey felt town hat over his farmer straw hat -- no wonder everyone was so happy. I lived my life until marriage on a farm one mile east, one-half mile north of Wapello railroad crossing. We lived in a two story house built from railroad ties. . Lots of flowers and lawns, and a big ole' weeping willow tree to play in. On of my first memories is sitting on my mothers lap and asking her for pierced ears. Mom and Dad sat me on the cupboard and pierced one ear -- ouch -- that was enough! They promised me a Black Walnut candy bar from the fridge to be able to pierce the other ear. I was three when this all happened. I had white blonde hair and was super shy. I have a memory of my younger sister, June Marie sitting on the bed in the bedroom just of the kitchen and mom playing boo and her laughing. My only other memory is walking into mom and dads bedroom and seeing galvanized wash tubs filled

Darlene Allen Baird

with bloody water. Talking to mom later in life she explained that June Marie had died from a bowel obstruction and they had rinsed her bloody diapers in the wash tubs. We were snowed in at the time of her illness. Dad and mom had rode a horse drawn sleigh to the highway and friends met them there and took them to town to the doctor. Mom said she had such a high fever before she died that the doctor told her she wouldn't have been alright if she had lived. It seems like they took her to Pocatello for surgery but I could be wrong. June Marie died in January. Mom always said she thought June Marie and Kenneth would have looked alike as she had black hair and big dark brown eyes. The birth date on her grave headstone is wrong she was born in July

The railroad tie house that we lived in was built by my grandfather Ethan and he also homesteaded the property. "Grubbing" out the sage brush to have farm land. oh, I remember there was sage brush along the road to the next corner going south. They must have removed it when the county oiled the road. When they oiled the road yes, they called it "oiling the road" they curved the corners. All corners were square. when you came to a corner you stopped and then turn. When they rounded our corner they had to remove the plum trees, gooseberry bushes, currant bushes that was growing there. It was two stories with two rooms upstairs. Erwin and Dean had their bedrooms up there. I can remember sleeping in moms bed up there and I think it could have been when my grandma Allen margretha was sick. Grandma Margaretha was in the bed downstairs and was sick all summer 1947. Aunt Madge, Clyde Allen wife, and my cousin Kay spent the summer with us to help tend grandma Allen. Kay and I would mix sugar and cocoa and go hide and eat it. If aunt Madge caught us we were in big trouble. I can remember going to Uncle Clyde's in Montana and being surprised that they didn't have electricity.

I spent a summer in Montana 1948. My cousin Kay and I played and played. In the evening we would sneak out to the barn to listen to my cousins Don and Buck sing songs while they hand milked the cows. One day Kay and I decided it would be great fun if we slid down the barn roof. We would crawl up and then down we'd go. Our leather shoes slid quite well. Then we had a brilliant idea. We went to the house and got some waxed paper and we would sit on the wax paper and wheee...We were able to slide so much faster. We played there all day. THE NEXT MORNING...ouch...our bottoms were filled with little tiny wooden slivers. By the second morning all the slivers had festered and we lay across Aunt Madge's lap while she dug out all the slivers with a needle. That summer with Kay was also when we decided to see smoking was like. Kay and I stole some of Uncle Clyde's cigarettes and we went to the farm at the bottom of the hill where there was an old house in the middle of the field. No one lived there and we had figured out that was the best place to try smoking. Well, we pushed open the door sneaking ever so carefully and we heard a noise. "Whats that?" we continued on into the house. We were in the living room just a few feet and we heard the noise again...the next step and we saw over in the corner.. the biggest rattlesnake in the world. Out of the door we flew. I just knew the snake was chasing me for being so wicked as to want to smoke a cigarette. We ran back through the field throwing the cigarettes away as we went. When we got close to

Darlene Allen Baird

the road and could see uncle Clyde we stopped running. We decided right then and there God was letting us know we were not to smoke and that ended my smoking career.

Margretha Christina Teslie came from Norway when she was sixteen. She and her mother Anna Larsen joined the church there and was told by the missionaries that some day people would travel to America by riding "like on the back of a big bird and would fly through the sky to America." Each time grandma would tell me that story she would laugh and say they all thought the missionaries were crazy but the first time she saw an airplane she knew it was just a "big bird." Margretha passage was paid for by a gentleman from Utah. She was to marry him upon arrival, but she told me "she didn't like his looks" and married Ethan instead. I was never brave enough to ask if she had to pay the money back.

Grandma Allen lived in a small house through the garden. When I say small it was really small. Two rooms...You opened the door and you were in the kitchen area. She had a very small drop leaf table on the wall with the door all that fit on that wall was the table and it sat right next to the kitchen cupboard. If you wanted to get into that bottom cupboard you had to move the table. The kitchen cabinets were only two doors on each side of the sink and cabinets on the bottom. The sink wasn't really a sink no drain, but just a place to set the dishpan to do dishes. The dish pan hung behind the water bucket that sat on a green chair that the back had been sawed off and of course hanging on the wall behind the bucket was the green water dipper.. A water dipper is a cup with a long handle so you could dip into the bucket and get a drink and of course hang it back up when you were done drinking. She had a hot plate to cook on. There was a small stove for heat and the only other furniture in that room was a wooden kitchen chair always tucked under the end of the table and a rocking chair that sat by the window. I keep thinking that room was only about 10 x7. The bedroom had her bed, dresser and dressing table. The closet was at the end of the bed of course the 30" door would not open all the way because the bed was to close to the wall. The only standing room was the small area by the bed were you turned down the covers to get into bed. Under the bed was her "POT" to use as a bathroom during the winter. This "POT" was taken out every morning and dumped in the outhouse. I can't remember a "POT" for our home but I do remember it was very cold running to the outhouse at night during the winter. Grandma's outhouse was so tiny a grownup had to back in to sit down and she always had a lot more spider webs in hers. My very own secret trick to using the outhouse on a hot summer day was to run into the house and grab three matches and just as soon as you GOT sat down light one match at a time. The match smoke covered up the other fragrances.. Hee..Hee.. I still associate the wood burning match smell with the grey outhouse. Our outhouse was located sort of at the end of the present day shop at Kenneths. Our outhouse had a lot smoother wood than grandma's. One time I found a nest of tiny, tiny baby mice. They were all pink and soft. I hurried to show mom and dad my wonderful discovery. CAN YOU IMAGINE...HORROR OF HORRORS THEY MADE ME THROW THEM DOWN...DOWN...DOWN INTO THE OUTHOUSE. The one thing I learned from that experience..Baby mice are not grey.

Darlene Allen Baird

The door was always open to grandma's bedroom and it made the perfect place for me hide behind. And.. the very best thing about hiding from Erwin and Dean there was the mirror on the dresser. I could watch their every move as they would come to find me. Grandma never told them where I was. She didn't have to...On the wall behind the door hung Uncle Clydes army picture. A long picture with all his army unit standing at attention. Uncle Clyde drove a tank during World War two. Grandma would sit in her rocking chair and crotchet. Oh, I must not forget one of the most important items that sat on her kitchen table. Her radio. At night she would move her rocking chair over by the table to listen at 9 o' clock to "One Man's Family" A continued drama every week day night. She listened to soap operas during the day. One was called "Our Gal Sunday." On saturday morning I would run over to grandmas and she would let me listen to "Sergeant Preston of the Yukon" Sergeant Preston was a Royal Mountie and always arrested the bad guys no matter how hard the wind blew in that frozen north. I knew it was really freezing cold there because the wind really howled at the beginning and at the end of each program. This program was sponsored by Nabisco Puffed wheat and rice that was shot from guns...Boom Boom Boom the cannons would roar at the end of every program and I would have visions of fields and fields with puffed rice lying on the ground with people taking their bags and filling them up and taking them to the store for my mother to buy. I didn't ever picture puffed wheat laying around because I didn't like puffed wheat, and " my most very favorite" cereal is still puffed rice....with cream and sugar of course. Another favorite program was "Sky King" Brought to you by "Buster Brown Shoes" buy Buster Brown shoes "Look for me in your shoes, Woof, woof, that's my dog Tide he in there too." Oh, I guess I should tell you why I listened to the radio at grandma's...BECAUSE at home Dean would always run by and turn the radio dial. As a family we would listen to "Fibber McGee and Molly." Outside in grandma's yard by her rocking chair window was a "Japanese Rose" bush that had pretty white flowers. By her kitchen window and at the corner of the house was a Bridal Wreath bush. Robins always nested there every spring and you could sneak very carefully up to the bush and watch the mother robin feed her babies. Grandma wore a hearing aid and the batteries were clipped to the front of her dress and when she hugged you your face was smashed into the batteries. Grandma had tiny, tiny hands and big ears. (When I started having children the first thing I would check was their ears.) She could lay a silver dollar on her ear lobe [sic] like an earring. At church she would make a mouse out of a " hanky" and somehow she could make it run up her arm. Dad told me grandma was a very strict mother and you only was allowed to eat what she put on the table. If you even suggested getting something from the cupboard to add to the meal that was the end of your meal.

My grandma Tolman lived in Pocatello in the Black apartments. If you take the Pocatello exit and travel down the one way street you drive past her apartment on the left side of the street. Amazing thing they are still painted the same color white with black trim.

Grandma Tolman apartment was two rooms with a connecting bathroom to the next apartment. Grandma Garrish lived in the next apartment. Grandma Garrish

Darlene Allen Baird

was just a lady that lived next door and let me play at her place sometimes. When we went to visit she would let me play with her sewing machine bobbins. She died when I was eleven. We were snowed in when mom received word that grandma Tolman had died and dad drove her up to Kimball hill on the Farmall tractor to be picked up and taken to Inkom. I rode with them standing on the back of the tractor. Grandma Tolman gave me the little yellow cermac shoe planter that has always set in my kitchen windows. Grandma Allen gave me the green and white chicken that always sets next to the yellow shoe.

Over what is now Kenneth's well used to be a wash house. The wringer washer and tubs were there. Laundry was done there. In the wash house you could always find bottles of bluing. You poured bluing into the rinse tubs so your white clothes would be sparkling white. When I made mud pies mom always let me use just a little bit of bluing to color my flour frosting for my mud pies. The very best dirt for mud pies was always found along the bumper of the car. Especially if we'd gone fishing at Wolverine. Presto Bench was just sage brush and fine powdery dirt which accumulated along the bumper of the car when coming home from a fishing trip. No matter how late we got home from fishing I always scraped a little dirt into my pan to make mud pies the next day.

I have one memory associated with World War Two. The spring of 1945 maybe May or June. I was four years old. Dad had some German prisoners of war at the farm thinning beets. (Dean says there were 25 or 30 POW'S) Dad and I were out by the lilac bushes next to the mulberry tree. Which were straight out the kitchen window in the new house. There was a milk can with water I think maybe dad was giving them water to drink. I was standing between dad and a soldier with a gun, who was guarding the Germans. As one soldier came up to dad to get his water he leaned down to me and dad put his arm around me and the German soldier then patted me on the head and spoke. The soldier with the gun then told us that the German said "he had a little girl just my size with white, white hair." The German soldier had tears running down his face when he patted my head.

In old house during the winter when we wanted to have popcorn to eat we would have to go to the shed and get into a gunny sack and get some ears of dried popcorn. Then we would scrape and pick off the kernels into a bowl and when we had enough to pop we would get the wire popper and pop the corn on the wood kitchen stove. You had to shake really fast so the popcorn wouldn't burn. Mom always let me have my buttered popcorn in a clear green bowl. If you held a piece of popcorn under the bowl and up to the light just right it looked like that piece was totally smothered in butter. You only got that perfect shade of green a bowl in Quaker Oats box. Yes, all Quaker oats had a dish inside and you had to buy the right box to complete your set. Now they are called "Depression Dishes." In the winter and close to Christmas mom always made fudge to drizzle over your very own "tin" pie plate of popcorn. To test if the fudge was "done" you would take a tablespoon of fudge out of the pan and stir it with a match stick. If it set you beat the entire batch with a spoon....no mixer.. and then poured it over the popcorn. Since moving to Oregon I have made old fashioned fudge that way and I guess once you know how to do it making fudge that way is easy. Another

Darlene Allen Baird

winter treat was "Bear Signs." To make bear signs you go down to the big spud cellar and get the perfect size spud. You wash it, peel it and then slice it just the right thickness and lay them very carefully on the top of the green kitchen stove. Now the top of the kitchen stove needs to be just right temperature or your slice will burn yuk... turn it over and brown the other side. You can cook about 10 slices at a time.. as soon as you take it off the stove butter and salt it and your ready to eat..YUMMY...Now, if you forget to clean off the top of the stove before you start...yish...

In the old house when I came home from school. the very first thing I did run up stairs and get to cookies. Sugar cookies or macaroons. Mom bought them by the case and they always set at just the top of the stairs. After I ate my cookies I change my clothes and went and done my chores. I remember gathering the eggs and putting all the eggs in my pocket instead of a bucket. Then I crawled out of the window, smash went the eggs. I had to wash my "Jeans" in the milk cooling tubs. What a slick slimy mess. I never climbed out the window again. Sometime over the years another chicken coop was built next to the spud cellar and the old coop became the shop. If you go to Kenneth's, my brother's place and go into the shop there is a blackboard hanging on the wall. My "D" is at the top with some counting lines. Those lines represent the number buckets of spuds I cut for planting. How do you cut spuds? Well, the spud are in a rack behind you with a small opening cut for you to take out the spuds one at a time. A board wide enough for you to sit on is sticking out from rack and you straddle another board that has a sharp knife set in the board with the blade sticking up. You then pick up a spud and slice it in half then quarters then eights. Depending on the size of the spuds and how many eyes it has. the you drop the pieces of spud into the wire basket setting on the floor and get another spud and start over. When the basket is full dad Erwin would rinse the spud in a brown liquid that was in the wooden milk barrels. You cut enough spuds to plant your acres and acres of spuds.

The spud cellar was also the garage for the car in the winter. When we were snowed in the winter of '49 we were plowed ouy by a caterpillar tractor with a blade on it. He made a couple of pushes with the "cat" past the spud cellar and we spent all afternoon shoveling snow so we could go to town. Lots of snow that year. The cows could just walk over this corral fences. When the wind blows allthe snow drifts into the road. Mom(Isolene) would always warned me not to go near the telephone wires as the snow was so deep you could touch the wires. We had 49 dozen eggs in the house because you couldn't get to town to sell them.

Sometime during our years in that house mom Isolene painted our kitchen floor. They didn't have the money for new linoleum so she painted it a light tan and then took a sponge and dipped it in brown paint and put splotches all over the floor. The floor was beautiful and it was super fun to walk and bounce on the narrow boards that were elevated over the floor so we could get around until the paint dried.

During thunder storms you could go upstairs and open a door and watch the lighting. The door did not lead anywhere just open space to the ground. The

Darlene Allen Baird

kitchen stove chimney was on the wall between the two upstairs bedrooms and one time it got so hot it caused a fire.

The scare of the fire and the hard work of clean up caused mom to have a miscarriage. This was sometime after June Marie died and before Kenneth was born. I haven't any memory of this just mom telling me about it. Dean stayed in my room when he had rheumatic fever. It seems like he was in bed forever. At least it was all summer and he got to eat "hard tack" candy all day long for his yellow jaundice. Sometimes I would sneak into his room and he would give me a piece of his candy. He laid in bed long enough that his hips turned a little and his feet turn outward. While he was in bed and to occupy his time he ate hmmm maybe Cherrios or Wheaties anyway on the back of the boxes were cutouts for him to build a village. His bed was covered with these cutouts and you got into BIG, BIG trouble if you disturbed the arrangement of his towns.

Sometime before I started school was in the hospital and had infection between the layers of skin. I received a shot every two hour in the rear end. It was the practice then to put iodine on your skin after the shot. I soon began to look like I had the measles or even worse diseases. I was in the hospital for several days with Dr. Beck taking care of me. My nurse was named Jasmine. It was a scary time for me to be left alone at night and getting shots. The wonder drug Penicillin that had been discovered during the war saved my life. The war was just over and mom said they were just lucky to be able to get the drug. That illness is what caused the back of my throat to be paralyzed and why I have a hard time drinking from a water fountain.

Two things that happened when I was small that I haven't any memory was... Mom was driving the car and someone ran a stop sign and hit her. It was at the intersection where Desert Industries is located in Blackfoot. I was thrown forward and hit my head ion the dashboard. My skull was cracked from ear to ear. The crack running over the top of my head with the front half being shoved underneath the back portion about a half an inch. I was taken to Dr. Beck and mom said he just took both hands and popped my skull back into place. The other incident involved me burning my right leg. As a baby they would sit me on the hmmm... I want to say small electric stove but maybe it was just a shelf by the wood stove. Anyway I slipped and fell on the stove and Dean rescued me. He wasn't strong enough to hold me completely off the stove so my leg just laid there and sizzled. Mom Isolene kept the entire burn cover with a cloth soaked in castor oil. Caster oil worked a miracle as the only scar I have is a four square inch area on my leg that just looks pinpricked. "IN THE OLDEN DAYS" burns were usually treated by letting them dry up causing severe scarring.

Dean and Erwin loved to feed me horseradish on a spoon covered with sugar. Dumb me I ate it several times before I "smartened" up. Another time I wanted to go with Dean And Erwin to get the cows. And ride "ole fudge." They told me I could go if I cried so I picked up a stick of wood out of coal bucket by the stove and hit my leg. The stick of wood had a sharp edge that cut my leg and I bled all over everything and the important result it hurt bad enough that I cried and mom made the boys take me. Just ask me I'll show you the scar...

Darlene Allen Baird

Our family attended the Idaho Falls temple dedication. I don't remember the dedication but on the way home we ran in the barrow pit just above Scotts because all of us including dad, the driver, were trying to find the cows in the field. I attended school at Wapello first grade through sixth. My classmates were Patti Akers, Bonnie Poulson, Gene (Bud) Malm, Parley Butt and John Neff. During fifth grade, Roger Corey and Phillip Branson joined our class. Two grades were taught in each room. My teachers were, first and second: Mrs. Jane Marlow; third and fourth: Mary Williams. For fifth I had Mabel Felt and Mae Walker for sixth. Beginning of fourth grade they decided to send us to Blackfoot. I attended Central School there one week. Boy, was I scared. Never seen so many kids in my life. We were all very glad to get back to Wapello. During the second or third grade they moved the 7th and 8th grades to town and with them went the teacher named Mrs. Miller. A very scary lady...When I was in the second grade I had gone into the school to go to the bathroom and on the way out stopped to watch the big kids play a game just inside the doors of the school on the cement steps. They were really noisy and Mrs. Miller came out and we all had to go to her room and write sentences that she had written on the board. WOW, was I terrified...I hid my paper every time she walked by.. this went on for 3 days of recesses. Finally she called me up to see my sentences..My paper was blank and I just knew she was going to crack my knuckles with her ruler..All she asked was why I hadn't written my sentences.I started to cry and told her I didn't know how to write just print... Wonder of wonders she let me go out to play. Playing at Wapello school was wonderful. Out back of the school was a large stand of cottonwood trees. Twenty five trees.. In the fall we girls would go out there and pile up the leaves and make houses to play in. Living rooms and bedrooms and we would get really mad and chase the boys away when they would run by and mess up our paths to our houses. With the seventh and eighth grades gone we now had an extra room and they built a kitchen. What excitement we were going to have a hot lunch. We planned and dreamed and Mrs. Marlow helped us make up a menu. we divided up the ingredients...I got to bring three potatoes for our red letter day. Right after we said the pledge of allegiance we all marched to the kitchen and started cooking. We made potato soup and it was a mighty tasty.It was also the first meal cooked at Wapello school. Then Helen Saxton came to cook. Followed by Mrs.Seamons (not Dorothy) and then mom started to cook and continued cooking there for twenty-seven years.

For years Friday was the best day of school.That was Primary day. School would let out early and we would run over to the church house go to Primary then run back and catch the bus to ride home.

When I went to primary the girls classes were called Larks Bluebirds and Seagulls. I remember getting a picture of the first presidency and the quorum of the twelve when maybe I was a bluebird or Seagull. Mrs. Ethel Saxton was so excited because it had the picture of the latest apostle. Delbert L. Stapely.

Bonnie Poulson was Methodist, Patty Akers a Baptist and we all went to Primary together. All three of us graduated from primary together.Patty lived where Richard and Cloris Brown now lives and Bonnie lived just up the road from Dean and Karlene Early home.

Darlene Allen Baird

During the summer and before I started school every Friday Dad and I would go to the cattle sale. During the sale I would wander around gathering up wooden matchsticks and pile them up on the posts of around the sale ring. As soon as the sale was over we would go to Nixon's Drug store and have an ice cream soda..Always strawberry because they were the very best. Going to town was fun,because we always stopped at a store for an ice cream cone. Of course you only went to town once a week or maybe every two weeks. When Albertsons came to town on Main Street right by the first stop light as you drive into town. They sold "Big Joe" ice cream cones..four scoops for a dime and they even let you choose four different flavors. If you didn't go to town you could always go to one of the two stores in Wapello. Dee Stones or Sam Seamons (Leon Seamons dad) Seamons store was just about a half a mile up the road from Dee's. Stones Store had two rooms and mom didn't let me go into the other room because you could buy and drink beer in there. There was even four stools you could sit on in there. There was lots of penny candy to choose from and Milk Nichols to buy out of the freezer. When you went to town it was fun to go to the meat market because dad's cousin worked there and he always let you have a free wiener to eat. One time when we went to Blackfoot I had to go to the bathroom and there were restrooms by the Police station. Mom was going up to get grandma from Dr. Eagens..Guess I better tell you about Dr. Eagen grandma went to him all the time. I don't know what kind of a doctor he was but he smoked cigars and would save his wooden cigar boxes just for me..and I suppose all the children that came with parents. But I thought it was just me...Well, I had this cigar box that held all my worldly treasures and when I was in the third grade I found a word. the biggest word I'd ever seen. It was so big and so special I wrote it on the lid of my cigar box. ARE YOU READY FOR THIS ...PHOTOSYNTHESIS...Imagine my surprise when mom died and we were going through her cedar chest and we found wooden cigar box. Someone said I'd like that...we opened it up and there was my Big, Big word. now back to the restroom... they told me to hurry to the restrooms. Now, you had to be careful where you walked because if it was a chilly day and the sun was shinning the Indians would be sitting on the sidewalk wrapped in there blankets enjoying the sun. You had to walk right by them to get to the bathroom and just as I got past them one stood up and started to follow me. PURE TERROR....I was so scared when I ran down the steps I turned the wrong way and found myself in the wrong place. But a wondrous place..a magical place.. a place made of dreams.. The library. The librarian ask me if I wanted to get a book. She helped me fill out a card. That is were mom found me. I don't think from that day on I ever went to town without going into the library. The very first book I checked out was "Lazy Lizzy Lizard" The Indians would drive their buckboards from Fort Hall to come to Blackfoot. They would park and tie their horses up in the empty lot across from Mckay Feed and Seed. When I was in the fourth grade we had went on a field trip. The train stopped at Wapello and we got on and rode to Blackfoot. Then we toured the fire station and the bakery. At the bakery they gave us a small loaf of Wonder Bread. Sure was different then homemade. It stuck to the roof of your mouth. We ate our lunches we had brought with us and then went to the Nuart theater and saw "King

Darlene Allen Baird

Solmen's Mines" with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger. When I got home and told mom and dad about the movie about Africa they went to see it the very next night. Dad taught dancing to some of the grade schools and we at Wapello square danced a lot. The school had a group and we had dresses made out of the same material as our partners shirts and we danced at the night show of the state fair. We would go perform for different groups around Blackfoot. Bud Malm was my partner. We were friends because we lived on the same rode along with Gladwin Bithell. Gladwin lived on the first corner and Bud lived on down past were Hubert Merrill lives. In the summer our dads would hay together. Dad was the stacker, I was the derrick driver. I liked to work at George Bithell place. He would pay me two dollars a day. It was nice to have George drive in with his load of hay for he was a whistler and he perked up the long day with his music. Another exciting part of the day was when his wife Cora would bring out the lemonade...NOW... if a hen had hopped up on the haystack the night before...Well, dad would wait til Cora came out with that lovely cake and he'd holler down to her "Just a minute I'll be down for your dessert just as soon as I get my stomach fixed" and he'd make a big production of cracking a fresh laid egg in front of her and swallowing the raw egg. Now we'd never heard the expression "Oh, gross" but that would be Cora's reaction. It was a long day of work. Starting before eight and quitting at six. We would eat dinner at the house we were working at. The women would help each other with the cooking and just move from neighbor to neighbor as the men traded help with the haying. The women worked as hard cooking as the men haying. Dinner was always a big meal. Fried chicken potatoes and gravy. or roast beef, hot rolls, new potatoes and peas and lots of different pies. If you had chicken the women had to kill them first and scald them and pluck them..dig the potatoes out of the garden pick and shell the peas, bake the pies and have this all ready by noon. then at 4 o'clock they would bring out lemonade and cake. When you dig new potatoes and need a whole bunch cleaned. You take them down to the milk cooling tubs. Dump the buckets of spuds you have dug into the milk barrels. Wash the spuds. Dump the water..get more water and take an old broom and "jouse" it up and down ... dump the water ..get more water.. jouse some more till all the new potato skins rub off.. wash them and then carry them to the house to cook.. What's a milk cooling tub you ask...Well. oak barrels cut in half that sets by the water spout so after you milk the cow, strain the milk into the five gallon milk cans. then you carry the milk cans over to the tubs and set the warm milk cans into the cold water to keep cool until the milk man CHALLENGE MILK if you please..the one with the picture of a deer on the label...never a KRAFT milkman comes to pick it up. Every morning at ten thirty...W-48. Is the number on all our milk cans. Before you could haul and stack hay it had to be mowed and raked. What a crew we had. Dean was the mower. I side raked and dad followed with the dump rake. I raked three rows of Dean's cut hay into one larger windrow. This was a tricky operation because a side rake can only turn in one direction and you had to rake the third row of mown hay into the first and second. The first two trips around the field was driven in the same direction. At the end of the second round you made a figure eight to send you back in the same direction you had just came. Of course it was against

Darlene Allen Baird

the rules to slow down at the ends of the row you to make this figure eight and dad would be unhappy if made a big wide turn and rolled all the hay into a big ball and risk breaking the rake. So you just drove smooth and paid attention to what you were doing. I started raking hay when I was eight. After I raked the hay in nice neat windrows dad came along with the horses and dump rake. This rake scooped the hay into nice little piles. Dad had to judge the size of the piles and stomp his foot down on a lever that lifted the rake up so a pile could be made. Acre after acre he would stomp his foot down to make a field of little piles of hay. If I didn't make nice smooth windrows of hay it goofed up his raking and he would have to get down of the rake and straighten the tines of the rake.

After I finished my day in the field at six p.m. I only had to feed the chickens and gather the eggs. Dad and Dean had to milk the cows and do the rest of the chores. Now that the hay is in little piles you drive a wagon with horses up and down the field one man on each side of the wagon pitching the hay up to Dean or Erwin, who is tromping the hay and arranging it so you can get a big load of hay to take in to be stacked. To get the hay off the wagon onto the stack you used the Jackson Fork. The "fork" was hooked to a cable and pulley that ran the full length of the derrick pole and over to the tractor that would be driven up and down....by me. The driver of the wagon load of hay would hook the large fork into the hay, wave at me. I would back up the tractor pulling the fork of hay skyward, dad was always the stacker and when the fork was just the right height I would stop the tractor and dad would guide the fork to just the right place on the stack and then yell "pull." The wagon driver would then yank on the rope that hung from the fork tripping the fork of hay to dump in the right spot. while I was driving the tractor forward the wagon driver would then guide the fork back down to repeat the process until the wagon was unloaded. Dad would spend that time arranging the hay exactly like he wanted. A good "stacker" like dad was an asset to the community. His hay stacks did not lean, or tip over and was nicely rounded at the top. From my diary written March 5,1977 dad is in the hospital in Idaho Falls for tests. While we were visiting him mom, Barb, Dick and I he told us the following...The summer he was sixteen he cultivated a beet seed patch. All summer long he would get up ride his pony six and one half miles to work . Get his team of horses. Harness then and hitch them up by 6:45 am. Cultivate til noon. Rest the horses for an hour. During that hour he had fed and water the horses etc. also eat his lunch which was two jam sandwiches. Then cultivate from one til six pm. Unhitch and unharness the horses, feed and water them and then get his own pony and ride 6 12 miles back home. Upon arriving home he would do his chores, eat, usually bread and milk because dinner had been served earlier and his mother did not allow any cooking after the meal...another fire in the cookstove made the house too hot. Off to bed and get up do his chores, get on the horse and go again. He worked there all summer. He told us he was sure glad when that summer was over and that for the rest of his life "He had never been so tired as the summer he was 16. 1921. The next summer he worked at a quarry making huge granite blocks used in the Shelley tabernacle. He also laid the hardwood floors in the State Hospital South in Blackfoot and for the old Blackfoot High School which is now a sixth grade complex. Daniel

Darlene Allen Baird

attended 6th grade there. He also spent a lot of time clearing sage brush in American Falls. I taught a Relief Society class at Joan's ward taking mom and aunt Lavaughn with me. As we were driving to Joan's, Mom (Isolene), pointed to this field and that field saying "That is where your dad, Erwin, cleared sage brush." Interesting if Kim and Joan are farming land cleared by Joan's grandfather.

One of my favorite places to play was on the old binder. It was always parked behind grandma's shanty. A binder was horse drawn and cut the grain and bundled it up into "shocks" that Dean and Erwin stacked tepee like to dry so later it could go through the threshing machine. The men would gather up the grain shocks on the hay wagon..yup.. using the ole pitchfork method and when the wagon was full would drive the horses to the yard and pitch the grain shocks into the thresher. Whiz and wheeze and the grain rolled out one chute and the straw was blown out of a long tube at the end of the thresher. Straw is dried grain stocks and is yellow.. After threshing a few days you would end up with a huge strawstack.... And wonder of wonders at the end of the first day of threshing just at dinner time I would run down to the strawstack just behind the old barn and hunt and pick the perfect piece of straw run back to the house put my straw into my glass of milk and slurp away..Just like the song on the old Edison phonograph "Sipping Cider Through a Straw". " Sipping cider through a straw, sipping cider through a straw We 'd sip there for hours or more. She sip first and I'd sip last. She'd sip the most cause she'd sip so fast. Oh, that's how I won my mother-in-law. Sipping cider through a big long straw." Now back to the old playing on the old binder. I could sit on the seat and turn the iron wheels and my dolls could ride on the canvas bed. My trusty horse "Gownster" and my friend "Binky" was always at my side. The "Minerva" doll with the copper head and blue dress her name " JI JI" pronounced with a long "I". wearing a marigold for her eye went with me on all my imaginary trips on the binder. The "minerva" doll belonged to Dad's, Erwin sister, Selma. Selma died when she was six of Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever.. She had heavy thick hair that she wore in braids. When they were getting ready to wash her hair one time they discovered a wood tick had bitten her at the back of her head and was hidden by hair. The tick had been there long enough to be swollen with her blood to the size of a fifty cent piece. Lots of sagebrush in the area and the tick had come from the sage.

Her Hmmm...Horses we had two in my memory. " Toot" and " Donk" were the work horses and "Ole Fudge" the riding horse. I have a picture of me riding "Ole Fudge" a dapple grey sort of horse.

I have vague memories of killing the pig for meat in the winter. Using the derrick to hoist the big, big, pig up and letting him down into the scalding water, lifting him back up ...the smell... then scraping the hair off. We didn't have a freezer at home and would keep the meat in Hopkins meat locker in Blackfoot. Oh, how cold it would be in there. As a little girl had always afraid of not being able to push the round handle in, unlocking the door, to be able to push huge wooden door open to escape to the warm room of the store.

One of my duties each Sunday was to help grandma over to Kalfred's so she could visit. Pete and Anna Kalfred lived just across the street from the church.

Darlene Allen Baird

Jay Mortenson lives there now. Pete and Anna came from the "Ole Country" and was also my Uncle Donnie's in-laws. No, I didn't know Uncle Donnie he died before I was born`

Donnie was drinking and spent the night out in the cold and wet. He caught pneumonia. The treatment for that was a mustard plaster placed on the chest. Mom said, "The doctor's plaster was too strong and left on too long and when they took it off it peeled all the skin off and Donnie's chest was raw and bleeding" He died a short time later. age 25 My grandfather Ethan died of what they now call cancer. When he realized there wasn't any hope he quit eating and starving to death. Ethan age 20 and Alfred age 15 died of rheumatic fever. Maybe Dolph age 26 too, but I'm not sure of that.

Anyway, Grandma would visit and drink a cup of tea with them and when we were ready to drive home I would run over and get her. Their daughter Bessie came to visit grandma on her birthday, June 11 and always sent her a Mother's Day card. Sometime over the years aunt Bessie became aunt Barbara, but grandma always called her Bessie. She married Paul Cobbley and lived in Idaho Falls.

Eating at my parents was always fun. Green beans are soldiers and peas are bullets. Hershey Chocolate syrup is "Goats Food" and kool-aid "Bug Juice." AND all of us remember "Grass Hopper Jelly. also the bull gives the cream. Which reminds me of milking cows.. I was probably in 5th or sixth grade and dad worked at the Grimm Growers in Blackfoot. Since you worked from 8 am til 6 pm dad would arrive home 6:30ish. So one of my jobs was to start the milking. First you had to go get the cows. Cows are creatures of habit and they had a path to the barn they always followed to the barn. As you walked to the field you would holler "COWS, COWS" at the top of your lungs hoping they would be in a good moooooood and start their journey from the field. It was a pleasant surprise when they headed in and you didn't have to walk all the way down to the end of the field to get them. The same old cow was always the leader and would start the trip to the barn and the rest would follow. We had a couple of Jersey cows among the holsteins. One of them was named "Peanut." You put a little mash in each trough at the head of the stanchion to keep the cows contented while they were being milked. The most important rule about getting the cows in the barn was get them up, let them move around a couple of minutes before putting them in the barn....A lot less clean up with the shovel in the barn that way. The cows would go into the barn and go to the same spot eachtime. The cow would put her head in the stanchion to get the feed and you would lock her in...AND while you were locking her in she would shift her hind end over very close to the next cow making it extremely difficult to get back out. Cows are definitely stronger and bigger then little girls. Hobbling the cows was scary for me .Some cows are grouchy and like to kick..EVERY TIME...you try to hobble them. I never milked by hand we had a "Milker" by the time I started with the cows. Remember I told you cows are creatures of habit...The same cow always pooped in the barn and you had to be clever and fast to keep out of her way. She new exactly just were standing behind her...YUCK..In the winter it was cold in the barn, but dad always arrived home and would rescue me and I would scoot to the house.

Excerpt from a page of my diary...MY DIARY TRUE

Darlene Allen Baird

Tap dance tue. June 6, 1950 Darlene Allen Jeanean Kimball Lennie Zuith. At Wapello church house..... Planed to go fishing first time but it rained. Wed June 7 1950..... Put window frames on living room June 8 1950..... Daddy and Dean fixed the toilet

Nov.11 1950 so we could go on it.....Daddy and mama put up drapes Nov 10 1950 in living room. written with a real pen dipping it in the ink with each word.

Went to junior high at Blackfoot and was the last eighth grade class to have graduation exercises. After our class, they tore down the building. I loved school and was always afraid a teacher would call on me and I wouldn't know the answer so I studied hard and always received good grades. I was a cheerleader during the eighth grade and played on the All-star basket-ball team seventh and eighth grade years.

I belonged to 4-H and completed the entire cooking course.

We always as a club won a lot of blue ribbons. I remember -- much to our teacher, Mrs. Bonnie Pratt's dismay -- that one year we named ourselves the "Ten little Hot Pots." Yep, we studied cooking that year. Lots of blue ribbons won at 4-H and state fair.

Mom, Isolene, won lots of baking ribbons at the fair. The year I learned to make bread in 4-H mom, Isolene, grandma, Margretha, and I all entered a loaf of bread to be judged at the fair. Mom won the blue ribbon. I won the red and grandma took third.

High school was soon here. Sophomore year was vice-president of our class. Also done a calendar layout for the annual. Writing a monthly diary of events. It was during my freshman year I was invited by Dick Baird to go to the junior prom. We later (Sept. 28, 1956) married by Bishop Briggs at the Wapello Ward Chapel. Our first home was _____ West Bridge in an apartment owned by Dick's parents, James and Betty Baird. While we were living there, Michael Dee Baird was born Feb. 12. 9:50 pm Weighing 7lb. 11.5ounces. A bald, fat baby. Later we bought a small mobile home. Then a large two story home at _____ Judicial. The First Christmas spent in this home was marked by the absence of a Christmas tree. Finally at 6:30 Christmas eve while driving downtown Blackfoot, we purchased one for fifty cents. Dick was working as a carpenter and a bad winter causing him to be unemployed quite often. That winter was spent eating fried potatoes and fried fish. While I was pregnant with Michael in January we drove out to see my parents at Wapello, driving down the country road we became stuck in the snow drifts. So, we decided to walk on in. The snow was so deep, and I was so huge and kept sinking in the snow, so I decided to crawl. Was doing fine until Dick happened to look back and noticed our tracks -- there was my hand prints, footprints and a neat stomach trail. We giggled 'til we were so weak could hardly walk. While we were living on Judicial, I disliked getting up and building a fire in the wood stove every morning in the winter. In March of 1959 Dick decided to go to airline school and Mike and I stayed with my parents. While there Barbara was born: May 9th, 1959. While waiting for her arrival May eighth, I spent four hours picking asparagus along the roadside and she took her

Darlene Allen Baird

sweet time coming into the world finally arriving May 9th. at 4:22 am weighing 8lbs 34 oz. Her skin was all white and was peeling when she was born.

We moved to Couer d'Alene, Idaho in June 1959. Selling our home to Dick's parents. Being away from our parents for the first time was a worthwhile experience. We spent (on payday) afternoon going for a drive and really enjoying the scenery. In August of 1959 I had my appendix removed and while in the hospital, the Yellowstone earthquake happened. Bouncing us around in bed and the nurses running around making sure we didn't fall out of bed. The water pitcher did jiggle off the stand and soaked my bed. Dick enjoyed bowling that year and I was back to my usual occupation barfing in the bathroom. We moved (transferred by West Coast Airlines) to Twin Falls in March 1960. Jim was born Friday June 17 9:05 am weighing 7lb 8 34 oz. When I started labor we drove to Blackfoot and stayed with my parents until it was time to go to the hospital. Picked asparagus and walked alot. Weeded the garden and helped mom can carrots. the day we brought Jim home we drove back to Twin Falls. Mike was car sick and we had to keep stopping for him to be sick. We lived in the country on Airport Road -- a place with garden space -- big lawn and fruit trees and \$50 a month rent. A box of bite-size Butterfingers and Baby Ruth cost 33 cents. James Dee was born June 17, 1960 -- in Blackfoot. With three Children I really had my hands full. Michael being three, Barbara one, and a new baby. Dick's work schedule was working four days then off two days with various hours of shift work. He learned to enjoy golf with so much free time. My two experiences of golf was with a friend, Gale W. Bell and with Dick. We decided to go learn since our husbands enjoyed it so much. Unfortunately Gail had just been fitted with contacts the day before and couldn't see far enough to tell where her ball landed -- and I was so puny I couldn't hit the ball very far. So, spent the entire day swinging and trying to keep track of Gail's ball. My second time I went golfing with Dick. I knew absolutely nothing about it as my first experience taught me nothing. Dick put a tee in the ground and told me to hit it. Well, of course I couldn't. I tried several times. I heard lots of noise and when I turned around there was Dick and several men laughing their heads off and pointing at me. I finally left carrying my ball in my hand and just walked down the fairway listening to their laughter. Never tried it since. This was before Barbara was born. Played at the golf course in Idaho Falls. While living in Twin Falls our home had doorways connecting each room -- so the kids spent a good share of their time going round and round from room to room. Or Barbara teasing the boys, then being chased round and round. Barbara, the summer she was two, got an infection in her mouth. Spent a very miserable six days laying on the couch. Not being able to suck her finger -- I was in hopes she'd be broken of the habit -- but no luck. James was making a strange noise one night and I hopped out of bed to check on him and discovered he'd sucked a corner of a blanket so far into his mouth -- he was blue from the lack of air. We spanked him to make him cry and breathe air into his lungs. Spent over two hours working to keep him alive. He slept the next twenty-four hours being totally exhausted from his ordeal. The doctor told us we had done the right thing saying he'd never have lived to drive the six miles to the hospital.

Darlene Allen Baird

Joan was born when we lived in Idaho Falls. Dick had quit working for the airlines and was working with his dad in Blackfoot. I had been having labor pains for two days so I rode to Blackfoot with him when he went to work. He dropped me off at mom and dad's Erwin and Isolene so I could absolutely get an appointment. I called and got a 2 o'clock appointment. I didn't have a washer at home so I brought my laundry with me and spent the morning doing laundry with the wringer washer in the barn. I didn't get finished before the appointment so just left everything. Dr. Goates told me we needed to get this baby born so he stripped the membranes and sent me home. Dick had met me at the doctor's office and we drove to mothers, ate lunch....silly me ..I had a few bites of watermelon. Went back out to finish washing clothes. Finally only had two more baskets to hang when I went in and ask mother if she could please finish. Dick and I drove to Jim and Betty's....visited a while then went the hospital and Joan was finally born. Momday June 25th 4:31pm weighing 7lb. 15 oz. So happy to have a little girl and a sister for Barb. The Day I got out of the hospital we just stopped and ate played with Mike, Barb, and Jim and then headed to Idaho Falls where we lived. We just took Joan because the next day we packed and loaded a truck and moved to Wapello to the log cabin house.

Daniel was born in Boise.I went to Doctor Borrup on friday "yep" your in labor go home and it is your fifth and you know the routine. I was in to much misery to go to church Sunday, but Dick took the rest of the kids. Finally late afternoon decided it was time and Daniel was born that evening Dec. 20 7;18 pm..Surprise...Dick just knew we'd have a girl so he refused todiscuss a name so that how the brother and sisters got to pick two names for me to choose from. Daniel was a good choice.

In the hospital room with me was the other Relief Society counselor,Lynn Moyle she had a baby girl, Noelle, just after midnight Dec. 21. Larue Johnson the R.S. president was just down the hall with her baby girl, Laura,? born Dec. 18.

July 22, 1975 -- I had to go to traffic court today for the first time. I was scared. I'd received a ticket going 57 in a 45 mile zone. I was in a hurry to get to Spokane to pick up a part for Dick. The white Oldsmobile was brand new and it was the first time I had driven it. Barb had just gotten her license and she got to drive first after Dick. It was our first car with cruise control and I didn't realize you went faster going downhill with "cruise" on. I went there thinking many things: one -- wanting the judge to ask if this was my first offense. I would say yes. "How long have you been driving?" "Twenty-two years." Mmm -- I didn't say it out loud, but mentally sort of hoping for a pat on the back -- like I said I was scared -- nervous stomach and all. The courtroom was cold. I sat down to wait. Listened to many comments. Then the judge came in. The first heard was a young college girl who had taken a forty-nine cent package of nuts -- felt sorry for her -- but the judge said shoplifting was shoplifting. He didn't care how many volunteer projects she had done. Or what her grade point was in college. After she left the judge explained about your arrest record following you around for the rest of your life.

Darlene Allen Baird

The next few cases were drunk driving. The first of a little ole white haired lady that had been sitting by me. She was so cute. She was wearing a pretty flowered dress and a tiny round "pill box" hat and white gloves. She told me she wore the gloves to cover up the ink from being fingerprinted. Then I was really scared. I hadn't been fingerprinted. WOULD THE JUDGE YELL AT ME??????

Listening to the descriptions of her arrests sickened me. I was grateful I didn't drink. Then like a ton of bricks it hit me. That's how judgment day will be -- everyone listening to a blow by blow description of your sins. As I waited for my turn -- I listened -- watched... and decided all I could do was plead guilty.

1962 JUNIOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND ALWAYS A VISITING WAPELLO
1963 PRIMARY 2ND CO. WAPELLO SET APART DEC. 23 1963 PRES. BARBARA MALM
1964 PRIMARY TEACHER BLAZER OREM 13TH WARD AND DEN MOTHER PRIMARY 2ND CO. OREM 13th PRESIDENT ANNA RAWSON SET APART BY MAX CURTIS
1969 PRIMARY TEACHER GUIDE PATROL MERIDAN 3RD
1970 RELIEF SOCIETY 2ND CO. PRESIDENT LARUE JOHNSON
1971 PRIMARY TEACHER DALTON GARDENS
1971 RELIEF SOCIETY 1ST CO. PRES. JOANNE MACINTYRE SET APART BY BSP JAMES GEDDES ALSO A DEN MOTHER
1971 YOUNG WOMENS PRES. DALTON GARDEN ONE WEEK
1971 RELIEF SOCIETY PRES. POST FALLS SET APART BY JAY CRITCHFIELD
1972 PRIMARY PRESIDENT COLVILE SET APART BY BSP PETER MCCOMBS
1972 PRESIDENT YOUNG WOMEN SET APART BY BSP PETER MCCOMBS
1976 LAUREL ADVISOR WAPELLO SET APART BY BSP DEAN EARLY
1977 GENOLOGY TEACHER
1977 TEACHER PRIMARY BLAZERS CASPER 2ND
1977 STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY 2ND CO. NOV. PRES. MARIE HOPKINS SET APART BY JOESPH WARR CASPER WY STAKE RELEASED JAN 15 1982
ALSO A DEN MOTHER
1981 STAKE CAMP DIRECTOR
1982 STAKE CAMP DIRECTOR
1983 CULTURAL ARTS SPECIALIST FEB 20. SET APART BY GARY LOFTUS
1983 RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERSHIP TRAINING ALSO ABOVE JOB
1983 WARD CAMP DIRECTOR MAY
1983 STAKE YOUNG WOMEN 2ND CO. PRES. CONNIE GOODWIN SET APART GARY HADDOCK CALLED JUNE 12 SET APART JUNE 19. BLACKFOOT ID. EAST STAKE
1984 SINGLE ADULT LEADER DEC. 24, SET APART BY DAWN GATHERUM

Darlene Allen Baird

1983 STAKE YOUNG WOMEN 1ST CO. SET APART GARY HADDOCK
AUG.17
1985 WARD CAMP SPECIALIST FEB ROY 24TH WARD
1985 YOUNG WOMENS PRES.JUNE SET APART BY BSP DAWN
GATHERUM ROY 24TH
1986 RELIEF SOCIETY HOMEMAKING LEADER SET APART BY KIM
ROBINSON.OCT 12 ROY 17TH
1987 WARD LIBRARIAN AUG 23
1987 RELIEF SOCIETY 2ND CO. PRES. LORRAINE RALLISON SET APART
BY BSP HAL MERRITT NOV. 11
1989 RELIEF SOCIETY 1ST CO. PRES. LORRAINE RALLSION. SET APART
BY BSP HAL MERRITT JAN. 9
1989 RELIEF SOCIETY PRES. AUG. SET APART BY BSP HAL MERRITT
1990 LAUREL ACTIVITY CO. PRES. BECKY NORMAN
1991 RELIEF SOCIETY TEACHER HOME MANAGEMENT AND
EMERGENCY AWARENESS FEB
1992 TEMPLE ORDINANCE WORKER PORTLAND OREGON TEMPLE SET
APART BY
PRES. EDWARD PERRY MAR.
1992 STAKE GIRLS CAMP DESTINY LEADER. APRIL SET APART BY PHIL
BURTON