Oral History of
Velma Cox Peterson

Interviewed by: Janet Peterson
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Janet: Mrs. Peterson would you like to tell us your story?

Velma: I am Velma Cox Peterson and I am the second child of Fredrick Leslie and Mariah Huntsman (Cox). I was the middle daughter of 3 little girls. Our first home was in Ferron, where I was born. We lived just across the street from the Ferron Elementary School in a building called the Greenhalgh Building. On the ground floor was 2 apartments. My parents lived in one. And up stairs was a roller rink. I don't remember too much about my early history because of course children didn't re what happened back then. But I have often heard my mother speak about the noise of the skaters both night and day over head, and also of my constant crying from lack of sleep. I imagine that is one of the reasons that I am a lady that enjoys late retirement.

This Greenhalgh Building was later changed into a merchandise store with a movie house replacing the skating rink. I'll mention about the movie house later.

My early memories are of my home and family, actually at Rochester. It was a small town about 10 miles south of Ferron, where about 40 families lived, all of them farmers.

J: This establishment of Rochester is now more widely known as Moore isn't it?

V: Yes, it is. I'm going to tell about that. My family consisted of my parents and the 3 little girls when we first moved to Rochester. Eldona was 6 ½ and I was 4 and my sister Pearl, was 2 at the time. My father purchased our home by the Homestead Act, which was how most of the farms of all the early western states was purchased around 1800 to 1900. To be a homesteader, a man had to file on the acreage that he desired, live on the farm, build a home and work the soil. And advance his acreage. The homesite my father decided on was about 3 miles southwest of the town site of Rochester, near the cedar hills.

I remember as a little child how soft that soil was and the beautiful gardens of alfalfa and grains that my parents raised there. The only problem of living in Rochester at this time was the water. This land had been filed on once before but the farmer had not lived up to any of his agreement and had lost his ownership and had moved away. In order to break the farmers homestead agreement, the new owner had to go to Salt Lake City, re-file for it and pay a $250.00 filing fee and sign

a promissory agreement to build and live there. Can you imagine today being able to own a 150 acre farm for a $250.00 filing fee. This is what my father actually did. Before my father had actually finished the house down on the farm, we lived in a very small little house by the store. I don't remember anything about that except that I do know that I was 4 years old when we moved into our first home. We felt that we had had the loveliest most beautifulest home in the world. My father sawed logs to make this house and had taken the logs to a plaining or a finishing place where they did this kind of work. And he had hired a man whose name was Jens Hansen from Ferron and he was considered a very good carpenter. When my father could pay him wages, he worked on the house. It was a little 2-story house of sawed logs. I thought it was the most beautiful home in the world because it was ours and it was brand new. The house was all finished when we moved into it and life seemed to good to be true. When I think of those years in Rochester, I always get just a little bit homesick for that early time when I was a little girl under the protected wing of my parents.

My father did a few things besides farming. He had gone in with Will Black and DeLoss Olson on a partnership on a threshing machine. And they did custom threshing or everyone in Rochester and came as far as Ferron to do custom work for the Ferron farmers.

Rochester at this time was beginning to be a thriving little community. The canal that had been built to supply the water for Emery and Rochester was responsible for the thriving years. The school house made of brick served a dual purpose; was used as a school and the Mormon Church. My parents as well as everyone who lived there were actively engaged in supporting the church and school.

The name Rochester was given to this little town by the request of M. B. Whitney. He came from Rochester, New York. He was the president of the line company that built the canals.

He was also the financier of the company. At one time he was a very wealthy man. He lost most of his money in that company when the Emery County Land and Water Company had numerous setbacks. That was really due to shady deals that involved the finance of it. Mr. Whitney was replace by a new manager, L. C. Moore. This information that I am giving you was actually given to me by Homer Edwards who lived in Rochester all of his life.

Those of you whose families lived in Rochester will remember Mr. Moore and his wife, Elsie. He owned and operated the company store, the post office and a large farm. Mr. Moore surveyed and laid out the town site and at this time the town was changed from Rochester to Moore in honor of the new owner.

It was also at this time that the LDS Church became interested in purchasing and colonizing this area. I remember a few times seeing Apostle John Taylor who came there as a surveyor and he made several trips to Moore for this purpose. He hired additional men and teams and did much to improve the townsite of this little valley. But because of church duties he was required to give up this project and return to Salt Lake City. Moore was one long ways from Church headquarters.

Along about this time, after Mr. Moore had done all the work that he had done in Rochester, I remember very much about this because at this time I was going to the first grade there. The second grade and third grade which I did by riding a horse with my sister, Eldonna and a cousin, Velda Huntsman. We rode horses up to the little school every morning and came home at night. I remember one fun time. It turned out to be fun at the time it was quite tragic. My cousin had a big old horse that she really couldn't handle. Because I was a wiry kid, I could ride horses much better than she or my sister. She'd always cry for me to change horse with her, which I usually did about half way home. She'd get on my horse and I would bring in old Blue. But one day I decided to get even with them and I got my horse saddled and ready to go. Just a child of 6 years old, I got the saddle on alright, but I didn't get the cinch tightened and I had only ridden about ½ mile when I hit the dirt with the saddle turning on me. My grandfather Huntsman had a farm close to the road and he saw me going down the road at a lope and he also saw me hit the dirt. He came over and picked me up. I was crying because I guess I was hurt a little bit. I told him what I had done, and that I wanted to get away from Velda so she wouldn't make me ride her old horse. And when I said this, he laughed and I remember his whiskers going up and down when he laughed. I thought this was so strange. He said that I better be sure that I got my horse saddle right next time.

There were about 7 or 8 family members that lived in Rochester during this time and later as we called it Moore. All of my grandmother and grandfather's family had moved out there to settle in Rochester because of the good farms. There were more people settled in Ferron. They decided they would like to live out there as a family group. So there were quite a few of us. We all did what I have just told you about going to school and we also supported the church. I remember that my mother was either a Relief Society person who was in the presidency or she was a Primary President. I remember she was very active in the church. And so, I grew up going with her to as many things with her as I could because she was such a special mother. I remember her giving so many lessons in the church. What a beautiful time it was with the families that lived there. All these people were Mormons. The 40 or 50 some families that live in Rochester were very special people who enjoyed each other so much. Sometimes when I think about that little community out there I feel that it was probably one of the most close-knit little places of any where in our State because of the fact that there were so few of them.

After my grandmother began to be older, she decided she would move permanently to Ferron because she had spent so many years to Ferron and living in the winter time. Some of the kids stayed with her to go to school and then in the spring time she would always move back to Moore. When she got older it was harder for her to do this so my grandfather had purchased one of the first houses that was made in Ferron. It was called the King's house. Edward King and his wife Mary had built this home it was right across the street from the school section. We'd always go in there when there was any fun thing going on in Ferron. We were always there.

At one time my grandmother was sending one her sons, Arthur on a mission to Samoa. She had a hard time making money to send him because people went on missions at that time without purse or script. The church helped at that time very little. In fact, I don't think they helped at all. But the people in Moore helped her a lot with keeping him there. But she had a hard time getting enough money to keep Arthur in the Samoan Islands, which she did for 3 years.

Living in Ferron at this time was a group of Presbyterian Missionaries. They had built a large church and school and tried with every device they could think of to encourage all the LDS young people to attend their church and school. Many of them did. My grandmother simply had to get money to Arthur and no one at all was buying her apples which surrounded her home. She'd heard that the Presbyterian were having and open house at the mission for special visitors that were visiting the mission. So all day Saturday, my grandmother and all of our family picked and polished apples. And early Sunday morning the apples were arranged along the fence to entice those visitors going to the Presbyterian Mission. Before the day was over, every bushel was sold. Grandmother said that one of her special things at this time was that the Lord works in mysterious ways; His wonders to perform.

My parents were getting tired of living in Moore also because it seemed as our family got older and more children were born into our family, there were 6 of us, it would be much easier for us to go to school, and not have to stay in Ferron with relatives, and people that we could get to take care of us, so we could stay in there for school. It was almost impossible for us to go to school in Rochester or Moore and transfer to Ferron.

So along about this time I guess about 1917 or 1918, I remember about this time we heard there was going to be an airplane land in Ferron. The first airplane landed in Ferron about this time and I remember all our family came in from Moore to see the marvel of the ages. The plane landed out by the old dugway just south of town. The dugway is no longer there. It was a dugway that went around a rather treacherous turn. Everyone was there to see the airplane. Oh we thought it was so exciting. Anyone that had $25.00 could get in the plane and they could circle Emery County for $25.00.

My mother's younger sister, Ruby was going to be married to her boyfriend, George Christensen. Apparently, he had $25.00 because they got on the plane and circled the town and the county for this money. We all thought she was so brave to get in that plane. And apparently they had a tremendous time. George had given Aunt Ruby a beautiful red petticoat before they were married. When I was talking to members of the family, trying to remember when this first plane came, one of my cousins told me that Ruby had lost this red petticoat over the city of Ferron. So I went to see Ruby and she said, "Oh my heavens that wasn't true." George did give me a beautiful red petticoat, but I didn't loose it on the plane." "I don't even remember if I had it on". "Wouldn't that have been a hoot." "I think it would have been a story for the National Archives or the National Geographic at least."

A long about this time the of the ownership and the people who were really taking care of the little town of Moore, Mr. Moore was ready to leave and he had been replaced as manager of the Line Company by a Mr. Narver from Los Angeles. He was replaced by a Mr. Keneston who foreclosed the mortgage on the farmer owner. So at this time a group of men calling themselves the Rochester Ranch Company, bought out Mr. Keneston. They were Chris Crawford from Salt Lake City, Jack Edwards, G. T. Olson, G. M. Burr, D. A. Skeen, M. P. Madsen, (some of these people from Price) Glen Jensen and Elsie Moore. They wanted the property down in the sands as they always called it, where we lived. There were three families of us living down there next to the cedar hills. They wanted this property for their headquarters for a big ranch for sheep. Because my mother and father as I mentioned before, were getting tired of living in Moore, they decided that this would be a good time for them to sell out and move to Ferron.

They offered my father a very good price for his property. He had built it up so much that the house is even there today and being used. We wanted to move to Ferron to be closer to schools and a better living and so some dickering was started in Ferron for them to trade for our property. Living in one of the first abode home to be built in Ferron, was the Peter Hansen family. He was a very good masonry and builder. The family that was living there was the Clifford Jensen family. This house looked like a mansion with its fields to us. There was a big old barn and good corrals across the street. And to my mother and father, as they told Chris Crawford, that if he could get this property, they would really be interested in selling our property down in Moore. So some dickering with Cliff Jensen with the possible trade of our property down in Moore began. The house where I lived the rest of my life, the house and farm were just south of town. They included lawns, fruit and shade trees; a place for vegetables to grow and even some beautiful fruit vines already started. Cliff Jensen's father had died some months before and the Jensen Homestead was just straight south of this house. Cliff Jensen didn't really own this property that my parents were interested in getting and he wanted the Jensen property where his parents and he himself had been raised. So a deal was made with Cliff Jensen. They bought the property that belonged to the Jensen estate. Cliff Jensen and his family moved there. My parents were willing to accept this home and just across the street from this home was the pastures and corrals owned by the Richardsons.

If the trade could be made the Les Cox family would never need anything better. Both pieces of property were purchased by the Rochester Ranch Company and my parents traded their 150 acres in Moore and moved in to Ferron.

Rose, their 5th child was the first to be born there in early spring of that same year, on April 4th 1918, the same year that the first airplane came to Ferron. This home where we lived was said to be the first real home to be built in Ferron in 1880. It is still in the family and is still being used by my brother Ted at this time. It is warm in winter and cool in summer with walls that are 18" thick throughout. It was a beautiful home when we moved in to it.

My mother's last child was born there on Dec. 11th 1923. His name was Philip Ray. I never will forget this little brother of mine who lived only 7 short years. He died April 21st 1931. To loose this little boy was my mother's greatest heartache, and the greatest heartache for all of us because he was so young to die.

I remember my first years in elementary school in Ferron; the jr. high school and the year that I was a senior. We had a new building that had just been built and later became the elementary school. The high school was there for several years before they traded the high school for elementary school when the high school became South Emery. At first when they built this new building it was called Ferron High School. Ferron, and Emery and Moore and Clawson and Molen all these little towns sent their little children there. And I remember when I was a young lady in high school, how wonderful this high school seemed to me, and the wonderful teachers that were there. My favorite of any of them was Ross Pugmire who was the principal. And for the last two years of my high school, I did the secretary work for him, during my typing periods and after school and sometimes during the summer. He was just a wonderful friend and a tremendous person in my life. He did so much for our school because he was such a strict disciplinarian. I remember the wonderful time we had when he was principal of our school.

A long about this time when I was just in high school, we had one of the most marvelous things came into our lives and it was called the radio. I remember as a young lady the wonderful things that were on the radio. I remember the whole family sitting around the living room all of us listening to such stories as the Gracie Allen and George Burns and Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Benny and other special things that were on the radio. In fact, some of the radio soaps were just as exciting as the TV soaps today. There was a story about Stella Dallas and Mary Noble. They were called the backstage wives. They were so strange, but so fun. Then there were lots of stories for young people too, the children really. There was The Long Range and Tom Mix, Jack Armstrong, Buck Rogers. All these old favorites I remember so well. And of course at this time we all had cars.

When I think of the first automobiles in Ferron, I think of how fortunate I was to live in a family that we had a new car. When I was just very young, my father first bought a Tin Lizzy, which was made by Ford. And I remember that gasoline was 25 cents a gallon. And that everyone in the family, my mother and father and my sister Eldona and I all became very efficient driver, so we thought. We all used to drive the cars. My father's best car at that time was Hut Mobile. It was made by the Oldsmobile Company. We thought that was so special. In fact I have many pictures of our family with those cars and it was an exciting time in my life when we no longer had to just ride horses and the automobile became just an everyday occurrence in our lives.

We had to have an automobile and then we could go to Salt Lake City once in a while to shop and spend time in there seeing the wonders of that beautiful city. Salt Lake City to me was just like a fairyland. I was so excited for my first trip to ZCMI to pick out clothes for myself when I was a senior in high school. These things were just special.

I also enjoyed the beautiful songs they used to sing. One of my favorites was "Let Me Call You Sweetheart". I don't know whether any of you remember that song or not, but I loved that. My boyfriend used to sing it to me. Some of these beautiful old songs we used to sing. "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover" was one that my friend used to sing and he was singing it in a false-etto voice that was really hilarious. He was on all programs. This was so strange. His name was French Beach. He married Loye. He used to sing "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover" and of course the big bands. This was the time of the big bands. Some were the classics really. I think of Benny Goodwin, Tommy Dorcey, Harry James, Orin Tucker, Lawrence Welk. As I became a little older, Lawrence Welk became very popular. He is still popular in my life today on channel 11. I would still rather hear that today than most anything else. There were so many special things like the Andrew Sisters that used to sing on the radio and people really liked the Andrew Sisters. They were very famous in their day and they were just beautiful in their day. I don't remember the year we first had television. But I remember that was one of the most special things that ever came in to my life. I felt nothing could ever be more beautiful and special than the television. These things were so precious and priceless to me.

In 1929, I graduated from high school. The great depression began. It started because the stock market crashed and it had its effects on every place in American. The depression hit its lowest dip in 1933, the year before I was married. About the only thing that was important to my family at this time was that there was food on the table and clothes on our back and the depression also affected our families in other ways too.

The President of the United States at this time was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And in trying to break the depression, he tried a new plan, called "The New Deal". It was in there for what I guess you would call relief or reform. There were various programs he tried. One of these programs was called the Civilian Conservation Corps, or the CCC. And hundreds of young men from our area and out of our area were brought to Ferron where a large camp was installed. And there were such installation and such young men all over the United States. The CCC's brought husbands for many of the young beauties of our county and My sister, Pearl, just younger than me married Frank Worthen who was the superintendant of construction of this camp. And my sister, Rose Mary, married Hurst Thygerson, who was such a strong wonderful young man. She had had typhoid fever when she was a child, he took care of her the rest of her life. My mother's youngest brother, Donald, was among the CCC camps at St. George. It was while he was there that he became very ill and was taken to the hospital where he died, with a ruptured appendix because they didn't have such a thing as penicillin or sulfa or any kind of an antibiotic at that time which would combat this kind of a terrible disease if the appendix happened to rupture.

At the time that the depression finally ended, which was really the beginning of WWII, that brought the depression to an end, even before Pearl Harbor, the

United States started to supply our allies with war materials. On a fateful Sunday on Dec. 7th, 1941, the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, and the United States became a full participant in the Second World War. This family of mine was to share in the war efforts as were all other Americans. My brother Ted, who had just lost his wife and his little young baby, was drafted into the Army, almost immediately, as were other members of our family. Ted enlisted in the army in the medical corp. Hurst, my brother-in-law was enlisted in the navy. Many of my cousins, about 10 or 12 were also drafted.

On the home front, many people turned out to do their part. There were several things that happened at this time. There were many things were in such shortage that you had to have food stamps to get them. You could only buy as much as you had the stamps to purchase. Sugar was one of these commodities and gasoline was also that way. During this period of time, this seemed to be a very small concern to the people of American. The big concern was that so many of our sons, our brother; our family was gone. Many of them did not return. This was a terrible time for America. My mother was alone at this time. It seemed to me that she had to do everything she possible could to do her part because my brother was in the service. We all felt that we should do something. America became so involved in this conflict that the production was so great that everyone of us did what we could. We thought of nothing else but the war effort. I remember thinking lots of times, if the war could just end. But the food stamps and the food shortages, was one way that the civilians had of having to go without a few things. As I look back at it now, I think "what a small price for us to pay." One of the worst things that we could ever go through in the world was to have war on our own shores as we did in the Civil War and when our country was new.

They started a county project that was called the Red Cross here. It was something that the County could do. George Magnuson of Castle Dale was the chairman. Mother was in charge of part of this program for the Ferron unit. She would canvas the stores daily, pass out food stamps and she became very excellent with her job. She also joined the Emery County Red Cross. She spent her evenings wrapping and making bandages for the centers as did many of the wives and mothers of soldiers here in our county. In fact this county was very active in doing their share as far as the war effort was concerned.

My mother at this time was also Primary president of the Ferron ward. She continued to do this. Sometimes when I used to look at her I would wonder how she could do all of these things.

At this time I was teaching school again and there were not enough teachers without having every available teacher in our state to do the teaching of the children in the elementary schools and high schools and so during this period of time I would say here that I taught school for 30 years. It was a very special thing that I loved to do. I graduated from Brigham Young University from their elementary education department in 1931. Then later, I went to the college at Logan, Utah State College and there I got my second degree in advanced elementary education, so I had my degrees and I worked hard as a teacher. I guess I would have to say that next to

being a mother, this was one of the most special times of my life. I loved teaching school. I feel like it is one of the most important things that a young woman can do.

My husband was a dairy farmer. Kermit Peterson was my husband's name. He was the most special person I have ever known. He used to help me so much. Our sons, we have Kent, and Don and Mike and they all three helped us with our dairy, and our farming. My mother, who lived across the street, helped us as much as she could too.

Every morning I would go to school. I look back on my life and I always felt one of the greatest challenges of being a good elementary teacher was teaching the skill of elementary education. If you can't teach children to read and to do their math and have social skills, children are handicapped for the rest of their lives. Most of the time I had a grade and a half in my class. Lots of times, we had 4 teachers in the 6 grade-elementary school. Fern Christenson and I were always the two teachers that shared one grade with each other. I'd take half of the 4th grade and I would have the 5th and sometimes I would have the 6th and half of the 5th etc. As I look back on my teaching years, I wouldn't give up the opportunity of learning to love the people of this community for almost anything. They were so good to me. The parents would come to school to help me out and do things for me and do things for their children. They were terrific. I don't think there was anything that I ever did in my life that I enjoyed more than this – only my family. My boys used to go to school with me in the morning and they used to save places for me in the school lunch line so I could eat lunch with them and at night we would all come home together. As soon as they got home they would change their clothes and help their father in the dairy.

Sometimes when I think of these war years, the things that was going on in our United States at that time, I think the people were probably closer together than they had ever been. I think there was a feeling of self-worth of every person that was an American. We were so proud of our armed forces. We were so proud of our nation. We were so proud of all the things that we had and we loved each other so much. I think lots of times we went through during this period of the war years, made us stronger than anything we could have had in our lives.

One interesting thing at the closing of the war was at the time that my last child was born, Michael Peterson. We were leaving the Price hospital coming over to Ferron in an ambulance because I had had a few problems and my mother wanted me to come and stay with her for a few weeks until I was strong enough to take care of my little baby and she could do this for me. We were on our way home and as we were coming to Ferron, the driver drove off the side of the road and stopped the ambulance and said, "Mrs. Peterson, can you hear the radio." And I said, "yes, I can now that you stopped the ambulance". He said, "I want you to hear this. The Yanks are just entering Normandy. This will be the end of the war Mrs. Peterson." When I heard him say that I remember we both cried. He said if it hadn't been for the Yanks we would never have won the WWII. We were the force that ended WWII. Of course the war was to go on for about another year and a half, because we were at war with Japan and the United States was involved in two fronts, the Japanese and finishing up the war with the Germans in Germany.

As I said at the beginning of this war story, there were so many members of our family that were there. Some of them in the Pacific and some of them in Germany. As we look back on this period of time in our lives we are so grateful that we haven't had another world war. Let's hope we never do.

Actually after the war was finally over, and the allies that were with America in this great conflict, all came home, this is something that I should tell about, but because it is so hard for me to do so. I think I will just say that when the war was over and everyone was coming home, this was the happiest time of my life.

After WWII it wasn't too long after this that we had another war called the Korean War. It was after WWII, the United Nations was formed, that it might help to prevent other world wars. The United States, under the United Nations flag brought the brunt of fighting to keep this world free from communists. Here again, there were many of our sons that went into the armed forces, my son Kent, who is now the commissioner of Emery County was one of the people to be first drafted into the Korean War. He was at the University when he was drafted and it was at this time that he was in the Korean War. And it was during this period of time, when he first came home that he and Janet Jenkins were married.

There is one thing that I would like to mention about WWII that I didn't quite finish. After the Yanks landed at Normandy, it was really to take about another year and a half and the dropping of two atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki before the Japanese would surrender. This was on August the 14th, 1945, when WWII was finally over.

I remember lots of things that happened during the Korean War. After the war was over, my father had decided that he would go in partnership with another man whose name was Sewell, who lived in Nevada. He went in with him. He had a big ranch out there. It was called the Monitor Ranch. My brother, Ted, went with him after the war and my sister and her husband, Hurst Thygerson. They moved to Nevada for a while. It was during this time that we started our dairy and I was once again teaching school.

I remember one of the fun things we did during the summer of 1956. We went to Yellowstone Park with my mother and one of my nieces and Mike and we had such a wonderful time in the Park. We enjoyed everything, but we got such a kick out of my mother writing her diary during this trip. When we came home she said we had seen 44 bears. We so enjoyed this trip. We couldn't do things like this during the war.

I also enjoyed Old Faithful. This is such a beautiful old geyser. It spouts about 170 feet into the air; about every 60 minutes night and day, it would spurt it great white plums of water and steam. It was just a beautiful place. It was like being in another world. We talked about it for a long time. The kids were always feeding the bears cookies, dropping them out of the windows. Signs were all over, "Do not feed the bears". But every one else was doing it. This big old black feller was right up next to our windows. The kids were yelling roll down the windows, but we ended up loosing some paint on that side.

I also wanted to speak a little about the any wonders I have lived to see. Of course, the radio and the television and the car, I have mentioned. But I also remember the electric washing machine I didn't have when I was first married. A drier, dish washing machine, all these wonderful marvelous appliances. Our homes, with the air conditioning. I think the greatest thing though was indoor plumbing. I guess I must have been in jr. high school when Ferron first got their first sewer. These things are some of the very special things that I have enjoyed as I have grown old. I have gone many places in an airplane. I don't think I will ever say that I enjoyed this. I always felt afraid. I am afraid of heights. There are so many marvelous things in the world today. But the most marvelous thing in the world is nothing like our families and being happy and being kind and generous and kind. The county is just full of so many wonderful people. I want to pay tribute to these wonderful people and for the many things they do for each other. There is just a different kind of people here. This is one of the finest communities in the whole state.

As I think of my life now, I would like to say I am 83 years old and I didn't ever think I would ever live to be this old. My husband has been dead for 17 years. And being a widow has been the hardest thing I ever did. I have 3 wonderful sons that live quite close to me and I have 3 daughter-in-laws that are just as dear as my sons are. Although, I have never had a daughter of my own, I have three wonderful daughter-in-laws. I have 10 grandchildren, 5 boys and 5 girls. I feel that grandchildren, next to your own children, are the dearest thing you will ever have in your life. My grandchildren are just special as my own children are to me today. I know that my mother was very special to my sons as they grew up. Families are the most wonderful thing in the world. I am so glad that my sons love me and do things for me. I am so grateful for them.

The most precious thing on this earth, with my family is the Church of Jesus Christ. I think if we can each of us have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we will be able to leave this earth when the time is right, with a much happier, better attitude. I am so grateful to be a Mormon. I love the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

I would like to tell all the people in this county how much I cherish their friendship and their kindness and goodness to me and my family.