HISTORY OF ZELPHA IRENE PETERSON

1904-1987

By Dora Deane Jewkes and James B Branson

Zelpha Irene Peterson was born in Sunnyside, Utah, on May 20, 1904, to James Edward Christian Peterson and Agnes Maria Livingston. She had two older brothers, Austin, (who died at about two years of age, after pulling a tub of boiling hot water off the stove onto himself), and Merlin. Mother had three younger sisters, Udella, Temprance and Dora Deane.

Mother was raised in Castle Dale, Utah, along with her brother and sisters. Grandma and Grandpa Peterson's home was located at 3rd East and 2nd South, across the street west from the fair grounds.

Mother told me of a trip she went on when she was about ten years old. She said she and her family traveled to Roosevelt, Utah, by team and wagon to visit relatives. I don't know how long it took them to get to Roosevelt from Castle Dale, but it probably took four or five days. They went from Castle Dale over through Price, and up to Castle Gate. From Castle Gate they went up Willow Creek Canyon, across the Park and over the divide, and then down Indian Canyon to Duchesne. From Duchesne they went on east to Roosevelt. After they left Castle Gate there were no roads, so they had to build there own until they got to Duchesne. This meant cutting down trees to get by and digging cuts in the banks of the washes to get across. After all of the effort to get there, they spent almost a month before starting home.

Mother's best girl friend during her teen-age years was Zelda Oman. Zelda lived up at the west end of Castle Dale and Mother lived in the south-eastern part, so they kept the trail hot between their places. They had fun going on dates together with the town boys. Then one day, a well drilling crew moved into Castle Dale and camped at the fair grounds, which were across the street from Mother's home. The driller was a tall good looking guy by the name of Bill Branson. This young man was to change

snakes crawling all over the bed.

When that well came-in we returned to Castle Dale, where my brother Bill was born on January 20, 1927. When my brother Bill was born, Mother didn't have enough milk to breast feed him, so she would walk up to Lafonta Livingston's, where Lafonta would feed him. Bill was really frightened at first, but he was so hungry that he forgot his fright as soon as he tasted the warm milk. Lafonta had a baby five days earlier than Mother and she had plenty of milk for both babies. This meant Mother would have to get up at all hours of the night, and during the day, and walk up to Lafonta's during the coldest months of the year. The trip one way was about a half mile.

Next, Mother, my brother Bill and I went with Dad to Turner Valley, Alberta, Canada where Dad was a driller on another oil well. Mother gave birth to her third child, Imo Wray, on June 3, 1930, at Turner Valley.

About this time, the depression hit the whole country and the well drilling shut down. Mother and Dad decided to go back to Castle Dale where we would at least have something to eat. They loaded what little they had into the car and started for Castle Dale. On the way we ran out of money, so Dad found a job working on a farm in Weiser, Idaho. There wasn't any place for the family to stay, so Dad sent us home on the train. When the harvest was over in the fall Dad followed us home.

A short time after Dad came home we moved to Kenilworth, Utah where Dad worked in the mine. This job lasted until spring when the mines slowed down. After the mine slowed down we moved back to Castle Dale.

By this time the depression was in full swing. I felt so sorry for Mother, where she had the responsibility of providing for the family while Dad was out scouring the country looking for a job. I would look at Mother's hands, so rough and chapped from washing our clothes on a scrubbing board and using the home made lye soap. I felt like crying for her. Even though times were rough and we didn't know where our next meal would come from, I

coming from the living room where Zelpha and her friends were sitting around the fireplace enjoying someone playing the guitar and everyone singing. You could hear Avona Blackburn above all the rest. She had a beautiful voice. Zelpha always loved music and maybe that is where I grew to love it so much. Zelpha also liked people and her home was always open to them.

Zelpha was always doing something for me like helping me with a dress to wear, or something like that. She always had good tastes and knew the styles. (I don't mean to give the impression that my own dear mom didn't help me, because she did, but I had two special ladies to help me grow up.) To get back to Zelpha helping me, she decided I needed something done with my hair. I had long hair that just hung there and didn't do anything, so she cut it. I don't remember whether I was in agreement with her on cutting my hair or not, but I do remember running up the street to home crying and hiding at the back of the house, declaring I would never go out in public again. Mom came out of the house, and when she saw me she said, "What have you done to your hair?" I replied, "Zelpha cut it." I haven't a clue what came out of that. Maybe Mom spoke to Zelpha about it, I don't know. Anyway, my hair finally grew out and I survived that traumatic experience.

Zelpha was a good neighbor. They say you can tell a good neighbor by the worn path between the two homes. There certainly was a worn path between her home and the neighbors to the south. Also, there was a opening in the fence between Grandma Livingston's (Aunt Hannah) and Zelpha's homes. Aunt Hannah was old and Zelpha really kept close track of how she was feeling.

I have been thinking of when Zelpha would come up to our home in the evenings, and sit on the bed in the corner of the living room with Dad and listen to him play the banjo. I think they spent time in private conversations, because my memories are of me being told to go outside and play. I would go up in the old garage where Dad kept his Model "T" Ford and play in it, which was a no-no. Or maybe I would go in the granary and lay in the

answer your question Dora I was probably making trouble of my own or you were making enough for both of us. I do remember Uncle Monta and Aunt Tempie's wedding, because they got married on my fifth birthday, July 25, 1929. I remember all of the yellow lights hanging from the trees around the lawn and the swing that hung from a pole that was placed between two trees. If I remember right, all of the trees on the lawn were apple trees, except maybe one of two.

There were times though, probably in our later elementary school years, when I would get even with Jim for not being my accomplice. I would wait until Zelpha was within hearing and then I would ask him if he had his arithmetic, (we called it arithmetic in those days, not math), or his book report, or his English assignment, or what ever? His Mom would, of course, sit him down at the table to do his home work and then I would gloat. Wasn't I a nasty person? Isn't that awful? I thought I was a nicer person than that, but I sure love him now.

Your Mother really did want the best for her children, and what she didn't have in material things, she made up for in other ways. She loved you always, and was so proud of your accomplishments.

I'm not sure when she and I started becoming best friends. Probably after Kay and I got married and had started our family. She was always there when I needed her. I remember going to her home in Hiawatha and her home in Price when she had all of those boys living there. I don't know how she did it. She worked so hard.

Some of my best memories are the times she and I would take trips together. We had such good times. We would laugh and talk, and enjoy every moment. When we would spend time with Tempie and then leave for home, those were the times when we would get sentimental and cry together.

One trip we took was when Zelpha, Della and I were on our way to Salt Lake to pick up Tempie to go to a Livingston family reunion. On the way we started talking about how much fun it

dropped Zelpha off in Price we declared we would have to do it again, and we did several times. When I got home I didn't tell Kay where I had been, and he didn't find out until he received the post-card I had mailed to him from Reno.

Zelpha was good to so many people. She was so good to Tempie, and Tempie loved her for it. When she was a house mother up at the college in Price, those girls depended on her for everything, and she came through for them.

When she and Loran were living here in Green River managing the Book Cliff Motel, I remember Mae Dell Ekker and I working for them. She would fix lunch for us every day. There aren't many employers who would do that. I was the recipient of so many of her kind and considerate deeds.

During the last years of her life she showed so much love for me and my family. She loved our children and grandchildren, and it showed when she was around them. Once, when she lived in the apartment in Price, our granddaughter Kimberly, she is Karen's youngest, ran so fast up the walkway to get her hug from Aunt Zo that she almost knocked her down.

Then, when she started being sick, I became really worried and afraid we might lose her. So, the time I spent with her at the hospital, those last few weeks, are really precious to me. A time to say good-bye, I guess. One of the last times she was awake enough for me to talk to her, I told her I loved her, and she just mouthed the words I love you too. When I left her that night I think I knew I had lost my sister and my best friend.

I want to thank Dora Deane for sharing her thoughts and memories with us of my Mother. It's such a wonderful feeling to realize that someone you love so much was held in such high esteem by others.

While Mom and Dad were homesteading Fuller's Bottom, Mom made a number of trips to Castle Dale all by herself on horse back. She would ride one horse, and lead another horse to pack the groceries on the return trip.

Mom had many friends. She made friends very easily. While we

It was very sad time for all of our family.

Approximately four years after Mom and Dad were divorced, Mom married Loran Leroy Anderson, on September 9, 1939. Loran worked for Malcolm McKinnon in his coal mine up Deer Creek, a canyon off from Huntington Canyon. Mom and Loran lived in Castle Dale until about 1947 and then they moved to Hiawatha, Utah. At Hiawatha, Loran worked in the coal mine for U.S. Fuel Co. After Mom and Loran got acquainted in Hiawatha, Mom went to work in the Hiawatha Price Trading store. She worked in the ladies clothing department and occasionally went to Salt Lake City to buy clothing for the store.

In about 1951, Loran left U.S. Fuel Co. and went to work in the coal mine, at Sunnyside, Utah. When this happened, Mom and Loran moved to Price, Utah. They lived in a big white framed house up in the northwest part of town. My brother Bill had started working for Utah Power and Light Co. and worked out of the Price office. When Mom and Loran moved to Price he moved in with them. Some of his lineman buddies were single and needed a place to stay, so Mom took them in. This became a big job for her. Not only did she provide a bed for them to sleep in, but she cooked for them and fixed lunches for them to take to work. Along with that she did their washing. So, cooking for about five grown men, Mary and Lane and herself, kept her hopping all of the time. Mom and Loran lived in this home until about 1953 when they purchased a white stucco home on 4th E. and 1st So. in Price.

When Mom and Loran moved to Price, Mom got acquainted with a group of ladies who were members of another ladies club. They ask her to join, so now she belonged to two ladies clubs, because she still belonged to the one in Castle Dale. Mom remained active in both ladies clubs the rest of her life.

At this time I would like to place in Mother's history a copy of her Patriarchal Blessing:

THE CHURCH of JESUS CHRIST of LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Stake: Carbon No. 160

This is indeed a rich heritage which you should be proud of and live and conduct yourself that you will share in the blessings that are available for these people.

As your brother, I pronounce upon you every blessing that will aid you in living the life abundant and assist you in making the most of your opportunities. I blessing you with health and strength to carry of your noble work as a mother, and continue in this capacity to guide and minister to the wants of your family, and always give due credit to the Lord for this noble calling. I bless you with a desire to serve the Lord and do His work and always convey His message through your good living example and your teaching ability. May you always have in your heart an abundance of charity for the unfortunate and be willing to give of your earthly means to the needy. I bless you with the spirit of discernment which enables you to distinguish between truth and error, right and wrong and with the ability to make proper choices, which will add to your blessing and glory. I bless you with those things essential for your daily wellbeing; with food and shelter, that you may live in comfort and not be plagued with want. I bless you with the spirit of love that in your calling as mother, you may shower it upon all; upon your family and loved ones, your associates and generously in the service of your God. May you always value truth and be willing to do your part in making it effective in the lives of others. I bless you with the desire to gain knowledge and with wisdom to make proper application of the things you learn. The Lord has endowed you with many rich talents. Use them to promote the Lords work and to bring happiness to other. I seal upon you every blessing that will aid you in living a purposeful life and say unto you that so long as you faithfully serve the Lord and do your best He will not forget you when He meets His blessings to the honest in heart. I bless you with courage to so live that you may be numbered with those who devote much time in the Temple of the Lord to do the work for those who have passed beyond, that you may be in reality a missionary in the service of the Lord, that

marriage was doomed for failure almost from the start. Albert was the type of person that couldn't see good in anything or anyone. Mother put up with his antagonistic ways for quite a while, but finally ended up divorcing him. When this happened she took back her last name of Anderson. She didn't want anything to remind her of Albert.

Mother continued living in her home for the next fifteen or so years. During this time she make periodic trips to Pocatello to stay with my family and me. We always enjoyed her visits so much. Many times she would time her visits to coincide with special events when our children were involved. I think she flew to Wisconsin once and stayed with Lane and Judy, but I'm not sure.

In about 1985, Mother got so it was hard for her to keep up her house and the yard, so Bill and Faye and their family moved Mother into a small apartment where she didn't have to worry about the yard. This was a complex of apartments that surrounded a large green lawn area. It was strictly for older citizens, with an attendant on duty 24 hours a day. If any of the residents had problems, all they had to do was turn on an emergency switch and the attendant would come and check on them. Also, a nurse would come to the home and check their vital signs once or twice a week. Mother lived there until 1987 when she started having health problems. Finally, it became necessary to put her in the Price Rest Home after her health deteriorated to the point she needed 24 hour care. Shortly after going into the rest home, she was taken to the Price Castle Valley Hospital, where she passed away on June 7, 1987.

The following is the obituary notice of her death:

PRICE- Zelpha Irene Anderson, 83, beloved mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and sister passed away July 7, 1987 at the Castle Valley Hospital, Price, Utah.

Born May 20, 1904 in Sunnyside, Utah, a daughter of James E. Peterson and Agnes Maria Livingston. Married William W. Branson

Joshua Haws
Christopher Blanc

Brett Branson
Glen Branson

Michael Branson
Burial
Castle Dale City Cemetery

Services
11th Ward L.D.S. Chapel
July 10, 1987 1: P.M.

Conducting----------Bishop Lloyd Noyes
Family Prayer----------Scott Branson
Prelude & Postlude Music----------Yvonne Olsen
Invocation----------Jason Branson
Life Sketch----------Lane Branson
Music----------Lisa & Jeremy Branson
"I Am A Child of God"
"Families Can Be Together Forever"
Speaker----------James Branson
Music--"When You Come To The End Of A Perfect Day"-----Joanne Cox
Benediction----------Richard Stevenson
Grave Dedication----------Kay Jewkes

Two years after Mother passed away, on August 31, 1989, my family and I took her name to the Idaho Falls Temple and did her endowment work vicariously. Then, on the same day, we had her sealed to my Father, William W. Branson. We had done Dad's endowment work earlier, on November 11, 1983.

Some time during the summer of 1994, my family and I again went to the Idaho Falls Temple and had Mother and Loran sealed to each other. Now she is sealed to both my Father and Loran. This way, Mother will have the opportunity to make the choice who she wants to be with during the eternities, instead of leaving it up to me. In such cases, this procedure is approved by the Church.

Mother made friends easily with her warm smile and sweet