

Life Story of John Ernest Thompson

John Ernest Thompson

and

Jane Bosomworth Thompson

Written

at the request of

a Grandson

Kent Seely

By

their daughter

Jennie L. Thompson

(Mrs. Basil Dhanens)

7725 Hi-way 99

Vancouver, WA 98665

Notes:

30 June 2019

When inserting this document into Family Search, all of the page numbers, right justification, paragraph indentation, and general spacing was removed. I have tried to reinsert much of it, but have had to do so "by eyeball". Since the page numbers have also been removed, i have inserted "Page X" about where they belong so that the indexing at the end of the document will still be valid. If you would like a "clean" copy, please contact me at [kent.seely@comcast.net](mailto:kent.seely@comcast.net) (30 June 2019)

Page 2

7 September 2014

There are several things you need to be aware of concerning this document. Mary and I were living in Washington DC. On a visit to Utah, I had taken all of the "home movies" my parents had made - that I could find. It took me months to go through and organize them. Eventually, I spliced them together into four or five large reels. These were then copied onto video tape (VHS format) and given to my siblings.

Along with the tapes, I found boxes of letters Aunt Jen had written to my mother. Reading many of them, I soon discovered there had been an estrangement between of my mother's brothers and sisters. At the time, I think my mother was likely the only one of her siblings Aunt Jen had much to do with. Toward the end of my mother's life, Aunt Jen's letters began to wonder why my mother was not responding and insistent that she do so. Finally, I wrote Aunt Jen, telling her of my mother's physical condition. I recall writing her in some detail about my parents' medical problems. I concluded by telling her it was not because my mother did not want to write her, but because she couldn't write her that mom's letters had stopped. I also told Aunt Jen that her letters to my mom were like tonic to Grace, and asked her to continue to write. I remember her response was short and to the point. "Finally, a truthful answer. Thank you for letting me know." These may not be her exact words, but they are close. Aunt Jen continued to write my mother until mother's death.

Mary and I were still living in DC and I had become interested in genealogy. I knew my mother could no longer answer my questions, so I wrote out a list of my concerns, and sent them to Aunt Jen. Months went by and I heard nothing from her, so I assumed I had offended my aunt and let it go at that. About six months after my letter to Aunt Jen; I received, in the mail, about a 50 page typewritten response. It is this document about my Thompson ancestry I am attempting to put into electronic media.

From Aunt Jen's "Letter to Kent", I have made two appendages. The first is a listing of the people she wrote about, things she said about them, and the page in the document it can be found. The second is a listing of stories and where they are located. The page references are to my transcription, not to the original work.

Page 3

It should be noted that I consider this document to be mine. It was written at my request and sent to me as a letter. Therefore, I DO NOT give my permission to edit, extract items from, "correct", or condense it in any way. I want the document to remain intact, just the way my Aunt Jen wrote it. I do give my permission for portions to be used in church Sunday School lessons, as part of a talk given in genealogy classes, and "over the pulpit" speeches given in a church setting. These "portions" need to be verbatim quotes and not summations. I also give my permission for the entire document to be shared with other extended family members. I DO NOT give permission for this document to be published or referenced in part or in whole for any commercial or private venture without my written consent.

Notes:

Aunt Jen usually wrote with a fountain pen in green ink. She also liked to re-read whatever she had written and underline words. I have underlined the same words she did.

Where Aunt Jen made “pen and ink” corrections, I have made them too.

I have prefaced her “Letter to Kent” with copies of some of the letters she sent me. These are verbatim copies.

I have tried not to correct spelling, grammar, or introduce new errors.

The word “[sic]” has been added after a known error rather than correcting it. For readability, most errors have not been marked.

I have added right and left justification. The original was “typed”, so it was only left justified.

The margins and fonts are not the same as in the original document. Therefore, the page numbers have changed.

I have tried to maintain the same placing of material on the page as in the original. In her letters to me, she indented the first sentence of each paragraph about halfway across the page. I have also exaggerated the indentions.

“Don” is Aunt Jen’s son.

Page 4

A blockbuster TV movie series called “Roots” based on a bestselling book by the same name had aired shortly before I wrote my letter asking for family information. I believe that is why there are references to “Roots”.

My comments, for clarification, are added in red type. i.e. [Janie Thompson is the daughter of J. Henry (Harry) Thompson and was the driving force behind BYU’s music and dance programs.]

Page 5

A letter from Aunt Jen to me:

Aug, 4th

1978

Dear Kent –

Finally – after all these long months, I have your letter ready to send to you.

I have the original manuscript back home with me now & can copy off for those who write to me & request a copy.

This first copy will be on its' way to you today, & the second copy will follow to your Mother, then your uncle Harry (J. Henry) & so on, until all requests are taken care of.

I can only say that I am sorry that your letter had to hit a snag & get pigeon-holed for four months instead of getting on its' way to you.

I hope this meets with your approval & gives you the answers that you wanted –

Let me know please –

Lovingly

Aunt Jen

Page 6

A letter from Aunt Jen to me:

Sunday

8 – 20 - 78

Dear Kent –

Will you please correct your copy of "The Letter to Kent"?

I tried to catch all discrepancies as I did the proof-reading on the typed up & Xeroxed copies when they finally got here from Rexburg, but I managed to miss Barrowby, - & that is my fault, not Etta's.

My right wrist has been broken twice & it just doesn't want to type any more, so when John & Etta [Thompson, son of J. Henry] were here early last spring & got so interested in the "Letter to Kent" & they kindly offered to do the typing & copying for me at Ricks College, I gladly accepted their kind offer & on March 27th I bundled up the original long-hand written manuscript & sent it on to them for typing & copying.

When I finally gave up on them, after waiting four months I wrote to them & asked them to please just mail the original manuscript back to me so that Don could do it – then Etta called me, just full of apologies, & asked if I would give them another chance & they would get right on it this time, I said “O.K.” but that Don was back here now & he had done many such jobs for me through the years, using the beautiful machines at “Cram Plaza” – Cram Zellerback’s beautiful & ultra modern office building in Portland, Oregon, but this time, John & Etta did get busy & get the job done.

Some days my wrist works pretty good, & on other days it is hard to tell an “A” from an “O” or an “e” from an “i” & that’s just what happened to Etta, she didn’t know my hand-writing well enough & so, - typed Borrowby with an “A” like in Barrowby.

Please correct pages – 8 – 10 – 12 - 14 – 18 – 20 & 21 to BORROWBY. [These page numbers refer to the original document; and the spelling, as requested by Aunt Jen, has been corrected in this version. Other errors, such as “it’s” for “its”, have not been corrected.]

Page 7

It didn’t take your Uncle Harry long to spot the mistake & to let me know about it – so, - I am now writing to each one of you & asking you to make the necessary corrections to BORROWBY.

John & Etta did a beautiful job of typing & copying, so let’s all be very thankful huh?

Loving

Aunt Jen

Page 8

A letter from Aunt Jen to me:

Sunday

9 - 2 – 78

Dear Kent –

Thank you for your letter. – That’s what I had been waiting for. I wrote the letter for you Kent dear. It was your response & comment that was paramount in my estimation & now that I know that you received it in the spirit in which it was written for you I am content & feel that it was all worthwhile.

The second copy went to your “mom” & I will be glad to get her comment too, but she doesn’t always feel like writing letters, so, I shall wait.

Yes, Kent dear, you may indeed copy the letter for your brothers & sisters & let’s hope that they too have the depth of understanding necessary to appreciate such a sacred document & I repeat -, it was not written for the amusement of the curious, but only as a sacred tribute to two very wonderful people & should be added to all such documents pertaining to the “Roots” of those dear ones who went before us.

Don read your letter & smiled his appreciation, satisfied now that you really did appreciate what his “mom” had tried to do for – as you say – all of my Father & Mother’s progeny.

God bless you,

Lovingly

Aunt Jen

Page 9

“Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God and It’s Righteousness”

A brief resume’

of

the lives

of

John Ernest Thompson

and

Jane Bosomworth Thompson

Written

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Page 10

January 15, 1978

Dear Kent,

It is good to know that you are interest in your "Roots," and I shall be happy to add to your already considerable collection of family history. The following story is sacred to the memory of my parents, John Ernest Thompson and Jane Bosomworth Thompson, by their daughter, Jennie L.

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND IT'S RIGHTEOUSNESS"

Your grandfather, John Ernest Thompson, was the thirteenth and last child of your great-grandfather, John Thompson and his wife, Caroline Knapton Thompson.

Your great-grandfather, John Thompson, was a successful businessman, also, a highly-respected city councilman. He owned and operated “John Thompson & Sons – Fine Furniture Manufacturers” of Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, and his family lived in a stately home on Albert St. in Harrogate. I was there many times.

Your grandfather’s sister, my Aunt Louisa, was a concert singer and sang in the “Kursel,” a beautiful opera house in Harrogate where the Thompson family had it’s [sic] own box – center balcony. I sat there many times and became quite familiar with most of the operas that were rendered there.

Dad took me to Harrogate with him many times, maybe because my Aunt Louisa told my dad to bring me along.

Page 11

Aunt Louisa never married, just devoted her life to music like our Janie [Note: Janie Thompson is the daughter of J. Henry Thompson and was the driving force behind BYU’s music and dance programs.] has done. Aunt Louisa lived in the beautiful “Thompson” house with a maid (Kate) and a housekeeper (Annie), and because I started singing at the early age of five years and because she said that I showed promise of becoming a great singer someday, she wanted my mother and dad to leave me with her in England when, years later, they had joined the Mormon Church and planned to move to Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A.

My aunt Louisa said that she would see to it that I got the proper voice training and that I could follow in her footsteps at the Kursel.

My father was sort of a health-nut. Of course, the beautiful city of Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, was famous the world over as an outstanding health spa, so dad grew up definitely health oriented. Dad had us kids working out on a trapeze bar in the yard, trying to do the same exercises that he himself did. Harry and I tried, but the exercises were too much for our dainty little sister, Grace Emily.

Dad tried his best to get us to learn to eat what he considered healthy foods – lots of fruits and vegetables and no meat at all. We would try to please him, but when mother made roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and that oh-so-good brown gravy, then dad and his vegetables weren’t even in the picture.

One thing I did not like about our frequent trips to Harrogate was that dad always had to drag me to the confounded Pump Room Building – the “Mineral Springs” – that had a big round counter with seats all around it and a pump for each different kind of mineral water, and dad would happily drink the miserable stuff and try to coax me to drink some, too. Dad seemed to enjoy it, but I couldn’t get near enough to it to drink it. The smell, like rotten eggs, was more than I could take. I would excuse myself



and go out on the "Green" to watch the people who were playing cricket, or I would watch the Punch and Judy show.

I was right there though when dad would stop for fish and chips. That was something else, even if the vendor did hand it to you wrapped up in yesterday's newspaper. The charcoal baked potatoes weren't bad either, and I needed no coaxing then.

Page 12

Your grandfather, John Ernest Thompson, was a trained tenor and he also played the organ. In fact, his older brother Henry and his older brother George each played the organ in their respective churches for over thirty years.

Because your grandfather, John Ernest Thompson, was his mother's last baby, his mother tried to keep him close to her. She wasn't anxious for him to start working in his father's furniture factory where he would learn the business from the bottom up, as his brothers had done, so she kept sending him to school for more and more education.

Dad was fluent in three languages and could get by in four more, and she saw to it that he traveled a great deal, for his father's company, of course, but in this way, he saw much of the world when he was a young man. Australia, India, the U.S. and Canada. When he was at home in Harrogate, his mother kept him busy helping her in her greenhouse and in her lovely yard. She had had him study botany at school.

Yes, my father had a terrific education, but not along practical lines. But his mother didn't care about that. Wasn't he the last son of a well-to-do English gentleman?? Wouldn't he always have enough money from his father's business, anyway, so that he could live comfortably wherever he wanted to?? But, then he fell in love, but not with a girl from his own station in life. England was so very class-conscious, in fact, so much so, that when later on, when dad and mother were married and had us four kids and we went to visit Uncle Henry Thompson and his wife, Aunt Fanny, and Aunt Fanny found me playing in the yard with the daughter of one of her housemaids, I was dragged into the house and scolded thoroughly.

I was not to play with children beneath my station in life. I was to remember that I was the granddaughter of John Thompson, City Councilman, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. I was to hear my Aunt Fanny say to my Uncle Henry Thompson, "See what is happening now, since your baby brother Ernest married beneath him, now we have to put up with this disgraceful behavior from your niece." I didn't want to go to Aunt Fanny's house anymore after that. I didn't know what on earth ailed my Aunt Fanny. The maid's daughter was a very nice girl, gentle and well spoken. I saw nothing wrong with her.

When we got home, I told my mother about what had happened to me and she gently explained to me about the miserable class distinction that had always been the way of life in the European countries.

Page 13

None of it made sense to me. The English, the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh, the Germans, the French and the Spanish with whom I had come into contact (while traveling with dad), these people knew all there was to know about careful breeding where their horses and dogs were concerned, so why were they so stupid about the human race where they should have used the greatest care?

No! Royalty had to marry royalty no matter what! And their stupidity has cost them plenty. As witness, the Czar of Russia, the Kaiser of Germany, the Spanish head of the House of Bourbon. His blood wouldn't coagulate and even a small scratch could cause them to bleed to death, but cousins had to marry cousins to keep the royalty intact. No matter if some of them didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain.

Elizabeth, now on the throne of England, was accidentally lucky. Her father, Prince George, Duke of York, had been a frail child who stuttered badly and not even his mother, Queen Mary ever expected him to get anywhere near the throne, so George didn't have to undergo the rigorous training that is given one who will someday sit on the throne of England. So Prince George was even allowed to marry a Scotch commoner – anything to keep poor Prince George happy – but thus new blood was brought into the Royal Family and Elizabeth and Margaret, children of this union, benefitted by this new blood strain.

David, the Prince of Wales, who was next in line for the throne, disregarded the advise and council of his father, King George V, and went on his merry way seemingly determined to become the most world-famous playboy of all time.

David, the Prince of Wales, was a handsome young man and he spoke the most beautiful English that I ever heard in my life. All Britain was very proud of bonny Prince David, but it all came to a crashing halt in January 1936 when his father, King George V, died and the Prince of Wales became Edward VIII – King of England.

Page 14

As the dashing Prince of Wales and during his multi-traveling about the world, the Prince had met and become involved with a twice divorced American woman, known as Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, and now, as King Edward VIII, King of England, he was determined to marry Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson and make her Queen of England. In fact, the Archbishop of Canterbury, powerful head of the Church of England, and who carried the responsibility of protecting the Church and the throne from just such an intrusion, could not possibly comply with King Edward VIII wishes. So, King Edward VIII abdicated in

order to marry Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, but Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson was barred from entering Britain, so after the abdication king, now David Windsor, married her, they went to live in one of the small outlying provinces. They also spent a good deal of time in Paris, France, in a rented house. All this was a tremendous shock to the dashing young man who, up till now, had had the world at his feet, and who had become King Edward VIII of all England. He soon showed the strain of his rash decision, but the die was cast. There was no turning back and though the Royal Family of Windsor loved him, he was an outcast the rest of his days.

All this unheard of confusion put George, the untrained and ailing Prince, on the throne of England, and to his credit, did an amazingly good job of it, too. His wife, who had been given the status of the Duchess of York, now became Queen Elizabeth I, and her firstborn, Elizabeth Alexandria Mary, now was in line for the throne of England. Elizabeth happily submitted to the training that would be necessary if she were to become Queen of England someday. On February 6, 1952, the always frail King George VI died and his daughter Elizabeth did become Queen Elizabeth II, Sovereign of all England.

I had studied history in the English schools and wondered by [sic] on earth this class distinction? The Royalty, the noblemen, the wealthy businessmen, the ordinary working class and the gutter-snipes of Liverpool and Shanghi each had to stay in their own place and stop and curtsy to the crowned heads whenever they would appear.

Thank God, my wonderful mother, who, yes, was born to the working class and who, though not educated to the extent my father was, (when she got out of school, she had to work for her living) and all that was open to her was being a housemaid or a housekeeper or a “nanny” (a woman who was smart enough and talented enough to become a Governess for the children of the wealthy) and that’s what my mother became.

Page 15

Jane Bosomworth, my mother, was a beautiful young woman, gentle, smart, in a quiet way, with the wisdom of the ages. She helped her little sister, my Aunt Violet, to become a trained nurse and in so doing, learned the fundamentals of nursing herself. So it was easy for her (though she didn’t have the degree to prove it) to become the most sought after mid-wife for miles around.

My mother often delivered babies before the doctor even got there. She brought your Aunt Lora Harmon Thompson (Harry’s wife) safely through seven births and when your cousin, Joe Thompson, was born, he needed an incubator. Of course, Malta, Idaho, didn’t have such a thing, so my mother made one and brought young Joe safely through those tricky first few weeks of his life when his little life hung on a very slender thread. My mother was loved and highly respected by all who knew her and certainly earned the title of “Mother Thompson.”

When my father and mother married, they wanted to get away from Harrogate and the criticism that was heaped upon them for marrying out of their class. The rest of the Thompson family called father a

spoiled brat who had always done just as he pleased. And now look what he had done, he had married a servant girl.

My father liked Canada. He had spent time in Quebec, Toronto, Montreal, and such places, so he and mother went to Canada, then into the United States.

They lived first in Independence, Ohio, where your uncle Harry (J. Henry) Thompson was born. In a couple of years, their little daughter, Caroline, was born. Caroline lived only a few weeks. After that, dad went to work for Standard Oil Co. and he bought a home in Cleveland, Ohio, where I was born.

Dad and mother traveled down the east coast and spent some time in Florida where mother had a darky "mammy" to help her. This mammy loved my mother and couldn't do enough for her.

When I was only two, my father's mother, Caroline Knapton Thompson, got very sick and though she had all of her other children around her (except her son Edward who had been banished to Australia because he was an alcoholic.) She could not be pacified. She cried constantly for her baby (my father). So, dad sold his home in Cleveland, Ohio, gave up his job with Standard Oil Co., bundled up his family and went back to Harrogate, Yorkshire, England.

Page 16

It took two years for his mother to regain her health, and in that time, dad and mother had established their home in Borrowby [see "Borrowby" note under Jennie L Thompson], the village in which my mother was born. There, in that quaint little English village, your mother was born and two years later, in the same village, your uncle Edward Alva (Ted) Thompson was born, and dad and mother were settling down to spend the rest of their lives in England.

Harry, your mother, and I were all in school and doing alright being raised like any normal English kids of a good family. "Harry," who was older than the rest of us, was a bookworm. In the evenings, dad would get all of us around the fireplace in the family room where we lived. (No English child was allowed in the parlor until he or she had learned proper manners.) Dad was very strict about that. He insisted that we grow up to be English ladies and gentlemen of the first water.

Our lovely mother would sit in her rocker by the fire, and gently rock "Ted" and softly sing hymns to him to keep him content while Harry read out loud from the Holy Bible. (Harry had read the Bible through twice by the time he was twelve years old.) Your mother and I fought sleep cause we couldn't understand half of what Harry was reading. It seemed full of be-gots and things that we couldn't figure out.

Following are some of the songs that our good mother sang to Ted as she rocked to the rhythm of the songs that we all loved to hear her sing with her lovely contralto voice.

I

All things bright and beautiful

All creatures great or small

All things wise and wonderful

The Lord God made them all. Amen.

II

My kitty's gone out of her basket

My kitty has gone up a tree

Oh, who will climb up in the branches

And bring back my kitty to me

Page 17

Bring back, bring back

Oh, bring back my kitty to me, to me –

Oh, bring back my kitty to me.

The dog that lives down by the river

The dog with the very loud bark

Has frightened my kitty so dreadful

She's crying up yonder now hark –

Bring back, bring back

Oh, bring back my kitty to me, to me –

Bring back, bring back

Oh, bring back my kitty to me.

III

Page 20 – The old English Hymn Book

This same hymn was played by the military band the full length of the funeral march for Pres. Jack Kennedy on November 1963, when they marched from the Rotunda to the Catholic Cathedral where Pres. Jack Kennedy's funeral service was held.

Now the day is over  
Night is drawing nigh  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

Give to little children  
Visions bright of Thee  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose  
With Thy tenderest blessings  
May our eyelids close. Amen.

Page 18

Dad had a time limit on just how long Harry read aloud each evening, and I'm afraid that your mother and I were too busy watching the clock to get much of anything else. We were always glad when it was time for evening prayers and then off to bed.

Harry and Ted shared a double-bed in the middle bedroom upstairs. Your mom and I shared a double-bed in the big bedroom on the right end of the house where our dad and mother had their double-bed, too. The guest room was to the right of the stairs overlooking dad and mother's beautiful garden with its Green Gage plum tree right outside our front door.

Dad had built a big greenhouse on the lower end of the garden and here he grew all kinds of beautiful flowering plants. Here, he also started his vegetable plants which he later set out in the garden. He kept mother supplied with the finest and freshest of vegetables for our table.

Dad was the smallest of his mother's boys. He did manage to escape the boy's clothing department but that's about all. His hands and feet were small, too, and he did a lot of exercises and kept his body always neat and trim.

Dad's eyes were steel blue and sharp (Grace says gray). His hair was dark and he was always looking for the brighter side of life. A good joke always tickled him, but they had to be clean jokes. He had no tolerance for anything that was at all risqué. Dad definitely was an English gentleman, highly respected by all who knew him.

Mother was on the small side, too, a bit shorter than dad. Her waist measure was 22 inches after she had had six children.

Mother's hair was dark (Grace says black) and her eyes were dark (Grace says brown), too. Everyone said she was beautiful inside and out. My mother was a very good woman – gentle, sweet and kind and always ready to help anyone in need.

As we, mother's children, grew up in Borrowby, Harry began to get tall and leggy, and I, though a few years younger, was headed in that direction, too. Dad, not being a big man, looked at both of us in amazement.

Page 19

Dad used to back me up against the door frame into our family room from our front door entry and would put a ruler on top of my head to the door frame and then would cut a niche in the hardwood door frame to mark my height. Those cut marks are still there to mark my progress up the door frame. Then, dad would look over at mother, who was usually in her rocker across the room by the fireplace, rocking gently as she knit some sox or mittens or mufflers or some such thing. (My mother had done the knitting for all of her mother's family – socks, mittens, caps, mufflers, whatever, form the time she was twelve years old.)

Mother used steel needles. They went so fast that you couldn't see the needles, only the flash. She seldom even looked at what she was knitting, unless perhaps a glance, now and then, when she turned a heel in a sock, or something like that.

Dad would look at the niche he had just cut to show my constantly increasing height, then, he would look over at mother and say, "Mrs. Thompson, are you quite sure you have been discreet?" Mother would just smile and go right on with her rocking and knitting.

I can still see the copper tea kettle that hung on the swivel-hook at the fireplace. It was always steaming away. (Dad banked the fire with coke.) When mother wanted to stop for a cup of tea to refresh herself, she would simply swing the tea kettle over the fire (the tea water had to be boiling or the tea was no good) then, enjoy her tea and then go back to household tasks, or her knitting, or whatever. Mother gave that copper tea kettle to me many years ago. She said that she never wanted to see it again.

Giving up her tea after she joined the L.D.S. Church was very difficult for an English lady, but my mother was determined to follow the advise and council of the church authorities and live up to the requirements of the Word of Wisdom. This was very hard for her and she prayed and prayed for help. The good Lord heard her prayers and helped her.

One night, mother went to bed as usual, but this particular night was going to be anything but usual. She had what was much stronger than just a dream – and the experience was to last her her lifetime.

Page 20

It seems that in her dream she had died and was on her way to heaven. As she walked, she came to the Pearly Gates. There standing by the Gates was good St. Peter. He greeted her kindly and they visited like old friends for quite a while. It seems there was a breeze blowing and the folds of her long skirt were rippling gently against her body. Now, with their visit about over, good St. Peter smiled at my mother, and said, “Jane, now that you are ready to enter the Pearly Gates, don’t you think it would be a good idea to leave the Tea Pot out here with me.”

My gentle mother was shocked and amazed. How could St. Peter possibly know her precious tea pot was hidden in the folds of her long skirt on the side away from him?

Mother woke up with a start, got out of bed and stared at that copper tea kettle, the one that had boiled all the water for her tea through the years. Mother was so relieved to know that it was only a dream, that she grabbed that tea kettle, and outdoors she went with it and threw it clear across the yard [sic], breaking the spout off. That’s the way I have her tea kettle today with it’s spout dangling. From that day on, she never drank tea again. It was all over with, and that was a very happy testimony that she bore the next Fast Sunday, believe me. The good Lord had heard her prayer and had answered it.

Now let me go back to Borrowby to tell you about the two missionaries from Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., who started it all. An Elder Fred Davis and his companion called at our home in Borrowby (though heaven only knows how they ever found that quaint little English village in Yorkshire, England). My father, who was a devotedly religious man, listened to their message and invited them back. Each time they came to our home and explained their gospel to my father, he became more and more interested and told our mother, “What they (the missionaries) say makes sense and they seem able to back up everything they say be the Holy Scriptures themselves.” Our mother, who already loved and respected and honored her husband, was happy to listen to the missionaries, too. She could see, too, that there was something more to the Holy Scriptures than the understanding of it that she had been taught. She, too, loved the Lord and was glad that the missionaries had been guided to her home to bring the restored Gospel to her and her family.

Page 21



Dad and mother put in a lot of time and study and prayer into their investigation of the L.D.S. Church of Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. They knew that it would be a tremendous undertaking to sell out their home and their comfortable way of life in England, pack up four children and head for the Woolly West of the U.S.A. where we believed that there were hostile Indians hiding behind every bunch of sagebrush.

Dad was humbly grateful that our all wise and merciful Heavenly Father had sent the missionaries to his home to bring the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ to him and his family. He and mother journeyed to Bradford, England, where they, Harry and I were baptized by immersion into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Now, dad and mother concentrated on selling their home in Borrowby, giving up all those precious things that had made their home comfortable and complete, and getting themselves and their family ready for the stupendous task of making their way to the headquarters of the L.D.S. Church in Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A.

It was bad enough for dad, but it was terrible for our gentle mother, who had to pull up her “roots,” leave the security of her loved home and all those near and dear to her, to ready her four children for such an unheard of pilgrimage as she was asked to undertake, and all the while, hearing the jeers and cat calls of both sides of the family.

The Thompsons figured that this was just another, but a fantastic notion that the spoiled brat had dreamed up, and mother’s people just shrugged it off with “They’re crazy.”

Mother cried when she realized that her beloved Grandfather clock, which had been in the family a long time, would have to be left in England with the rest of her precious things. So, dad took me with him and we went to Harrogate where he asked his brothers to construct a special box in which the Grandfather’s [sic] Clock could safely make the trip to Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A.

The special box was constructed and delivered to my mother at Borrowby. Mother put a featherbed (these were prevalent all over Europe in those days) under the clock and another featherbed on top of it. Then, she stuffed in whatever of her other treasures that she could possibly crowd into that big box – her Blue Willow dishes, her silver service and such. At least, she would have a little something from “home” with her in the strange country into which she was going.

Page 22

I will never forget my mother’s stricken face when she saw the big box being unloaded from the ship – the twin screw steamer, “Zeeland” of the White Star Line. One corner of the big box was broken open and mother’s silver spoons, forks, and knives were sliding out onto the dock. They wouldn’t let her pick

them up because she couldn't prove that they were her's [sic], so she had to walk away and leave them laying there.

It seemed an awfully long way from the ship to Salt Lake City, Utah, but finally we did get there. Elder Fred Davis, at whose home in Murray City (suburb of S.L.C.) where we were to stay until dad could make provision for us, was there with his lovely wife Maude to greet us and to welcome us to this strange and vast country.

Sister Maude Davis was a very kind and gentle person. She and mother had much in common, though Sister Davis had been born into a wealthy American family, but in the U.S.A., there was no class distinction and a man was measured strictly by his own merit. Here my gentle mother rated high in her own right, not just because she was the wife of a highly educated English gentleman, but because she was a real English lady.

It used to amuse me whenever dad, with his beautiful English flourished hand-writing, would be writing an article or maybe a letter and would run into a word that confused him, he would have to ask mother, "Would you mind to spell it correctly for me?" Mother would smile gently and oblige. She was a top speller, but she didn't rub it in. She just quietly spelled the word for dad, happy to be of that small service to the man she not only loved, but held in highest esteem.

Sister Maude McMillan Davis, Elder Fred Davis' wife, was the daughter of Brother and Sister McMillan who owned a beautiful farm home not too far from Elder Fred Davis' home. Sister Maude's parents used to invite all of us, the Fred Davis Family and us, too (The John Ernest Thompson family) up to their beautiful home on the hill for dinner and to enjoy the evening visiting.

Page 23

Sister McMillan loved to listen to our clipped English speech, and she said that she had never seen such well-behaved children as we were and we could feel proud that dad's strict training methods were paying off.

It was always a distinct joy to go to Sister McMillan's home for dinner. Not only was the food superb and her dining room big and roomy, but Sister McMillan was a marvelous hostess. She could make you feel that you had done a favor for her in coming, and then, too, she had a live-in housekeeper to help her run that big house on the hill.

What a difference – Sister Smith, the housekeeper who was a widow and also a Mormon, loved Sister McMillan and couldn't do enough to help her. In other words, they really were like sisters, not like mistress and servant as we had gotten used to in England. The L.D.S. Church taught us that we are all brothers and sisters under God and should treat each other as such.

Sister Smith chose to eat in the kitchen whenever Sister McMillan had a house full at dinner so that she could keep things running smoothly, but Sister Smith joined us after dinner like one of the family, not like this “yes, Mum” bit that we knew in Merry Old England. What a difference, and my lovely mother was accepted and loved on her own merit, not because of my father.

Sister McMillan’s big round dining table that comfortably seated all of us (Elder Davis and his wife had three children) also was built with a big round “lazy Susan” in the middle of it on which the food was placed. The lazy Susan had a smart little metal edge around it like a little two-inch polished copper fence, so that the food couldn’t slip off it onto the table as the lazy Susan slowly turned. It left plenty of room for the plates and things on the table itself. The lazy Susan turned silently and you were expected to serve yourself. So, you can see why we loved to go to Sister Maude Davis’ mother’s home for dinner.

After dinner, dad would play the piano and dad (tenor), mother (contralto), Harry (bass) and I (soprano) would sing whatever our good friends assembled there would like to hear. I got asked for many solos and was always happy to oblige. I had been singing solos since I was five years old, mostly in churches where dad played the organ. At that time, dad would stand me up on something that was high enough so that the people in the church could easily see me and hear me, too. I never knew what stage-fright was.

Page 24

One of my favorite songs (and still is) was “Lead Kindly Light” to the tune in the old English “Sanky,” not the tune by John B. Dykes that is used today.

To answer your question; your mother, my little sister, Grace Emily Thompson, was a small, dainty and beautiful child, not a long-legged tomboy like me. She had a perfect oval face, beautiful dark brown eyes and lots of long golden curls that our mother used to brush around her finger every morning. Mother had to trim those long curls every once in a while, or when Grace sat down, she would be pulling her own hair.

Sometimes, our mother would leave Ted with her neighbor, Mrs. Isaac Binks, and would take Grace and me with her to visit her brother, my uncle Fred Bosomworth and his wife who lived at #10 Mornington Terrace, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. She would take each of us by the hand as we walked down the street together. We would invariably see an artist who was busy painting whatever appealed to him, (artists were to be found on most any sidewalk in most any city in most any country in Europe) and when he would see my lovely little sister approaching him, he would ask my mother, “Please, mum, may I paint your beautiful child?”

Naturally, I assumed that he meant me. Wasn’t I the oldest? Wasn’t I the biggest? Didn’t I come ahead of my little sister? But, no! It was my little sister that he wanted to get onto his canvas. He would

measure her little face and go into ecstasies [sic] over her perfect oval features, her large limpid brown eyes and her long spun-golden curls. Of course, our mother, proud as punch, would allow him to paint a picture of my little sister Grace. One of these pictures we had hanging in our home in a beautiful oval golden frame, and we were all very proud of it.

When we got home from one of these jaunts, I would ask my mother, “How come? Why was it Grace that the artists always want to paint? Why not me? Our gentle mother would take me aside and tell me that the Lord gave each one of His children a special gift and each one of us had to develop that gift to the best of our ability, that though perhaps I didn’t have the beauty that the good Lord had endowed my little sister with (the beauty that stopped artists in their tracks), he had given me other gifts. Even though I had long legs and long arms and a long neck and stringy hair that wasn’t even pretty, He had put something into that long neck of mine that would bring joy to hundreds, yes, even thousands of people throughout my lifetime.

Page 25

Mother suggested that I listen to dad and he would teach me the fundamentals of music and that Prof. Fenwick at school would help me all he could, too.

At school, Prof. Fenwick would pick me up and stand me on his desk in music class and say, “Sound your ‘A,’ please.” I couldn’t figure out what on earth ailed Prof. Fenwick – he had a piano, an organ, and even a pitch pipe. But, no! I was to sound my “A.” Why in blazes didn’t he have someone else sound their “A” once in a while? Why was it always me? And, why did he keep adding weights to my skinny chest and telling me to breathe deep “50 times, please” while I laid flat on my back?

In the “Old Country,” you just didn’t argue with a professor. You just did as you were told. He had the authority to take a stick to you, if you didn’t.

Little did I realize that the good Lord had given me perfect positive pitch, something I was going to be very thankful for for the rest of my life. The breathing exercises that Prof. Fenwick had insisted upon had prepared me to not only be able to hold a note for a very long time, but also had provided me with amazing control over any musical phrase. I found myself at ease singing anything in the soprano range. High “C” was very easy for me. Yes, he, too, wanted my mother and dad to leave me in England so that he could be sure that my God-given voice could be developed properly. Prof. Fenwick was very apprehensive about that wild and wooly country into which we were headed.

A few small incidents concerning my mother’s neighbor in Borrowby might be appropriate here. Mrs. Binks, her husband Isaac, and her one child, a grown son named Jacob, lived just around the corner from our home. It always bugged Mrs. Binks that my mother, in spite of the fact that she was raising four children, always managed to keep her home clean and tidy and good meals on the table on time. Somehow, Mrs. Binks, with only one child and him grown, couldn’t seem to manage this. One morning, she came running over to our house all excited, about out of breath, and almost yelled at me mother.

“Aye! Janie, I got tha’ bids (beds) all made and the pots (dishes) all washed before Isaac and Jacob got up.” This had me licked. I just never could figure it out, but my gentle mother just smiled and said, “Good for you, Annie, that’s just fine.” Annie went on home happy in the knowledge that she had, at last, beat my mother at something.

Page 26

Mrs. Binks was forever asking my mother if I could run on errands for her, and “run” was the right word, too. I never walked unless I had to. Mother had given me one gear and that was fast.

One day, after I had completed some such an errand for Mrs. Binks, she thanked me and gave me a little jam tart, then said, “Wait a minute. I’ll put some sugar on it.” I waited, then ran home to show the tart to my mother. Mother suggested that I eat it right away so that it wouldn’t interfere with my dinner later on. I joyfully bit into the tart, but ran sputtering for the sink. Mrs. Binks had dipped her spoon into the wrong bowl and covered my little tart with salt.

Another time after I had run an errand for Mrs. Binks, Mrs. Binks gave me a cute little round berry pie. This time, my mother suggested that I use a spoon on it so that I wouldn’t be so apt to spill berry juice on my clean white pinafore. The crust was hard and thick, not at all like my mother made, so I thought it must be the basin that she had made the little pie in. So, I scraped it out as clean as I could and then, ran back to Mrs. Bink’s house, knocked on the door, When she opened the door, I handed the empty basin to her and said, “Please, ma’am, I have brought your basin back,” and then I scooted right back home again. I had no thought of offending anyone, but I did wonder what my dad and mother were giggling about the rest of the evening.

A strange and unusual thing happened, years later, when dad and mother were living in Malta, Idaho, concerning Annie Binks. When Don, Sue and I were visiting mother and dad, I had brought some pretty little things along with me for mother. Among these things were some very lovely lacy handkerchiefs. Mother was delighted, and she kept looking at each one of them. She picked out the one that she thought was the loveliest of all and said to me, “Jen, why don’t we write a letter to Annie Binks and send this loveliest hanky to her in the letter?” This we did, and in due time, we got a letter back from Borrowby that had been written by Annie’s daughter-in-law. She told us how very happy Annie was to hear from “Janie” and her daughter, “Jennie L.” from America and that they had sent such a beautiful hanky all the way from American for her birthday.

Page 27

Mother and I were really thrilled that we had sent that letter and the beautiful hanky, but we had no idea that mother’s friend, Annie, was going to receive it on her birthday. That was a real joy for mother and me.

Now – getting back to our time of adjustment in the U.S.A. Dad, of course, was getting his monthly checks from his father’s firm in Harrogate, England, and took his time about re-locating us. Dad’s favorite passage of the Holy Scriptures was “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and it’s righteousness and all other things shall be added unto you.” This dad firmly believed and sort of waited for the Lord to open up the way for him, and the good Lord did just that.

Dad, with all his fantastic education, was offered the job of custodian of the L.D.S. Church ward house in South Cottonwood, Murray City, Utah, in the country on the end of Vine Street amongst the dairy farms. Dad accepted this strange job, and Harry and I pitched in to help him. My job was to dust all those hard wooden, open-ended pews.

In England, each family had their own pew to sit in, but it had a little door or gate, often with the family name on it, so that no one, but no one, ever dared to desecrate that pew by entering it unless they were invited to do so.

No doubt “Old Leek Church” with it’s four foot thick walls and out beyond Borrowby, but still within walking distance (we walked it many times) is still being used for religious services.

I always felt sorry for the poor fellow behind the organ whose job it was to pump, by hand, the air into that big organ so that the organist could get on with the music. Up and down, up and down went that pump handle and it made my back ache just watching him.

“Old Leek Church” had a big stone wall all around the burial field that surrounded the old church. The big iron gates at the front of the church were kept locked except when opened for services, but there was a stile [turnstile?] at each corner of the rock wall so that those who wanted to get in to decorate the grave of a loved one could use the stile to get over the wall.

Page 28

The thing that used to bug me about “Old Leek Church,” that is, besides the parson’s constant sermons about how we had better straighten up and fly right, or we would all go to hell and be consumed by fire and brimstone, was the ominous thud that I always seemed to activate, no matter how carefully I walked across those big double copper doors that were under the heavy carpet runner that was down the center aisle of “Old Leek Church.” I knew that when some important dignitary of the church died, they would roll back that heavy carpet, open those big double doors, and take the V.I.P. down those wide stone steps to place his remains in the sepulcher below.

It was all a bit spooky, but try as I would, there was no way that I could get across those big double doors without hearing that ominous thud. We had to cross them to get to our pew which was close to the front of the church. The big doors were about halfway down the center isle [aisle].

I used to go with dad to “Old Leek Church” when dad would be going there to search the old church records for information concerning loved ones or friends. The big record books always amazed me. They were so big and so old that the pages were yellowed, but since the entries were made in long-hand and with India ink, they were quite legible, and dad had no trouble copying off what he was looking for.

It seems that now those big record books are no longer available for public handling. They now use the microfilm route and justly so. The big yellowed pages were already brittle years ago.

What a difference we encountered at the ward house in South Cottonwood, Murray City, Utah, U.S.A.

Nobody made a sound in the churches in England. Children were not even taken to church until they knew enough to behave themselves and keep very quiet and not annoy the parson or anyone else. Our first experience at attending church at South Cottonwood was a real bell-ringer. We thought we had gotten into the wrong building and had landed in a three-ring circus. The children were yelling and hollering and chasing each other over the pews, down the hall, through the classrooms, up onto the stage and jumping down from the stage onto the floor of the chapel.

Page 29

Could this be a “House of the Lord?” American style? [sic] It was unbelievable and six staid Englishmen stood rooted in their tracks. Was this what we had given up our English home and our English life style for? Didn’t the Mormons have any respect for a “House of the Lord?”

It was all explained when the Bishop came in to greet us and welcome us to America. It seemed that this was the only building that the church had in South Cottonwood, and thus, it had to be used for all purposes – for church services of all kinds – for sacrament meetings, priesthood meetings, Relief Society meetings, choir practice, M.I.A. activities, primary classes, yes, and even for entertainment.

It was all a bit strange to us, but there were going to be many things that would seem strange to us, and some of them would be rather hard to adjust to.

It didn’t take the Bishop long to send the noisy children out to do their running and yelling in the big fenced in grove of tall poplar trees that was directly behind the ward house.

When the Bishop got ready to start the Sunday sacrament meeting, he sent someone out to bring the children in and this time, they came in quietly and with proper reverence.

As the meeting progressed, we, staid Englishmen that we were, began to feel the glow and warmth of the "Spirit of God" that was present there. We heard the Bishop read the Scriptures where it says, "Wherever a few are gathered in my name, there will I be also," and we knew that we had come to the right place after all.

We found out in a hurry that calling each other brother and sister really meant just that, that we were all brothers and sisters under God, and that He was Heavenly Father to all of us, that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints really is the restored Gospel, and that it gives each one of us the love and understanding that no other church had known in our time and not since Jesus Christ had been crucified. We felt very humble and also very grateful to Almighty God that he had singled out Ernest Thompson and his family, the least of my grandfather's children, for this unheard of special blessing, and we tried all the harder to be more worthy of this testimony of our Heavenly Father's love.

Page 30

Along with dad's job as custodian of the South Cottonwood ward house came the Tithing Building, a four roomed, red brick house, with a porch across the front and full basement (which had a dirt floor). Into this building, the family of John Ernest Thompson of Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, moved and began to try to learn to become worth U.S.A. citizens. Our mother could at last get her precious grandfather clock out of it's big box and put it to work striking the hours for us.

Harry and I talked just like the rest of the family, fouling up on h's and such, but proudly aware of the fact that we were native-born Americans, we just had to learn to talk like Americans, and this we really worked at.

At first, I tried manfully to say "it in American," but when I fouled it up, I would go back and correct myself, but I soon learned that no one noticed half so much if I rode rough-shod over the whole thing.

We were settling down to our life in South Cottonwood when mother found out that she was going to bring another little Thompson into the world. Mother thought that she already had her family – two living sons and two living daughters – but, no! there was going to be still another little Thompson to join us here in America.

Across the street from us, on a good sized farm with a large ranch style home and a lovely big front lawn with lots of shade trees, lived Brother and Sister Jesse Wheeler. They had four children, sons, -- young Jesse and Claude, and Ardella (my friend) and also small Joe.

Brother Wheeler had help to run his farm because he was busy selling Studebaker cars at his agency in Murray City. Brother Wheeler sold more Studebaker wagons and harnesses for horses at that time. Not too many people owned automobiles.



Brother and Sister Wheeler were very fine people and it was nice to have such good friends as the Wheeler family living close to us. We appreciated them very much.

Page 31

Brother Wheeler suggest that our dad make a deal with the ward bishop to farm the acres of ground that belonged to the church and was adjacent to the ward house and located on both sides of Vine Street. Dad made such a deal and he and Harry began to cultivate the acres and to grow tomatoes for the canning factory in Murray City.

When the tomatoes got ripe, I helped to pick them, but my little sister Grace wasn't strong enough to carry those heavy buckets of tomatoes to the boxes at the head of the rows, so she stayed home and helped mother.

One unusual incident happened that fall that I shall never forget. There were two big dairy farms close by, that belonged to the Howe Brothers. One of these farms joined the acres that dad and Harry were farming. (It was my dad's first attempt at farming. Dad was used to greenhouses and formal gardens.) There were big silos on the dairies and the "Howe" brothers grew acres of corn that they put through some kind of a chopping process – stalk, cob and all – when the corn was still green. This chopped corn was blown into the silos to be fed to the stock in the winter time.

There was a shallow ditch running from the bottom of each silo so that the excess 'juice" could drain away.

Each of the "Howe" dairies raised about fifty white pigs as a side product. One day, the pigs on the dairy next to us broke through the fence into dad's tomato field. That simply wouldn't do, so we all dropped our tomato picking and some of the men from the dairy joined us in trying to get those pigs out of dad's tomato field, but the pigs were acting so crazy that we had trouble going anything with them.

Mr. Howe, himself, came over to see what all the fuss was about and it didn't take him long to figure it out. The fifty young pigs had been guzzling that corn-liquor out of the drain ditch and they were all drunk. It was one of the funniest spectacles that I ever saw in my whole life.

Page 32

One day, as my friend Ardella Wheeler and I were busy fussing with our hair in Ardella's bedroom, we were trying hard to make ourselves really beautiful. I guess mother and Sister Wheeler didn't even know that we were in there. They were busy visiting in Sister Wheeler's comfortable family room. (Sister

Wheeler's lovely dining room, also, her big and beautiful parlor, or living room, as they called it, were just used for special occasions.) As it seems to be natural for mothers, when they got together, they were discussing their children.

Sister Wheeler was remarking about what a beautiful child my little sister Grace was; a bit delicate, perhaps, but oh, so lovely. Then, Sister Wheeler got around to me, and I couldn't help but hear her if I wanted to or not, as Sister Wheeler said, "Jennie is a nice girl and she is quick to learn and seems to have unbounded energy for such a tall slender girl, and I am thankful that she and Ardella are such good friends, but she will never be the beauty that you are, Jane."

What a jolt that gave me. My mother was my mother and one of the best, and I loved her very much, but I had never even looked to see if she was beautiful. Believe me, from that moment on, there was never any danger of me becoming conceited about my looks, so best I try to develop a happy personality and concentrate on my music.

My voice seemed to be my best feature, at least it was in demand for all kinds of occasions. I found myself being asked to help with the plays that the M.I.A. put on from time to time. I always asked the drama coach to let me do the western parts so that I could learn to talk "United States" and get rid of my "English" tongue. After all, wasn't I a native-born United States of America citizen?

Mother tried very hard to get rid of her English tongue, too, and she did very well at it, except when she got sick or emotionally upset, or overly excited, and then, her English tongue took over completely. But, dad? NO WAY! He couldn't make it; he talked like a bloody Englishman until we lost him at 85 years.

Back at South Cottonwood and in due time, October 18, 1911, mother brought her other little Thompson into the world. The wee one turned out to be a red-headed, freckled faced boy who could yell like crazy.

As the little fellow developed, his hair got redder and his freckles more pronounced and he could even squeal louder. Since our mother was plenty busy looking after the rest of us, the small one became my charge a good deal of the time.

Page 33

Mother and dad had named their young hopeful, William Bosomworth Thompson, and we all called him "Bill."

Mother was very proud of her young American, and the rest of us were, too. But, again my lovely mother had to go through that bit about – “Sister Thompson, are you quite sure you have been discreet? Where did you find that little copper-top with all the freckles?”

Mother would just smile and hug her littlest Thompson. But, later on, when dad decided that in order to look more like the English gentleman he was, he would grow a Van Dyke beard, and also, a mustache, lo and behold, his beard was dark like his hair, but his mustache was red!! Our gentle mother got out of the dog house – dad was to blame for the little red-headed, freckled-faced kid with the contagious grin.

Bill was born with a sunny disposition. It wasn't hard to keep him happy. As he grew bigger, his contagious grin grew bigger, too, so that whenever he would grin, everyone around him would grin, too.

When Bill was a toddler and he would run around and sometimes fall down or bump into things and come up crying and rubbing the bump on his head, all I had to do was to pick him up and take him quickly in front of mother's big grandfather clock, and say, “Listen, Bill, Hear it ticking for you?” And bless him, he would choke back the sobs and look up at that ornate clock-face and grin through his tears, and was soon happy again.

This worked every time. I finally told my mother, “You will never have to worry about which one of your children your precious grandfather clock will go to. It just has to be Bill.” She agreed with me wholeheartedly. So, there was never any hassle about that clock. Our mother knew why she had not been able to leave that clock in England. There was a little red-headed, freckled-faced kid coming into her life who was going to need it, and who would cherish it always.

Page 34

Though dad was stern with the rest of us, he didn't have any defenses against the wiles of that small red-headed young son of his. Dad sat at the head of his dinner table as all good Englishmen do; mother was immediately on his right. The small red-head was in his highchair at the corner of the table between them. If that shameless little monster saw something on dad's plate that intrigued him, he simply came right over the tray of his highchair, right square into dad's lap, sticky fingers and all, and got both hands onto whatever it was that looked good to him and he made short work of it, too.

Dad just sat there stunned, and the rest of us didn't dare make a sound. We were stunned, too, but highly amused at what was taking place. None of us could have ever possibly have gotten away with a stunt like that.

Mother would quickly retrieve her messy offspring, apologize to dad, and get young Bill back into his highchair and watch him a bit closer.

As is often the case when a child is born to a mother during her menopause, that child is the smartest one of her children, and this was definitely true in Bill's case. He was a smart little fellow and learned quickly. His happy disposition didn't hurt him any either.

One day, when mother, Grace, and I, and of course, the small red-headed toddler were shopping in Murray City, our young American, like all small children wanted about everything he saw. He would run and grab this and run and grab that. Mother was beginning to get a bit annoyed with him and said sharply "No! Young man, you don't need it." Bill was quiet for a few minutes. Then, he spotted that big bunch of bananas that was hanging there. Going quietly over to mother, and gently tugging on her shirt, he softly said, "Mrs. Thompson, I need some bananas." That did it. Mother had to get some bananas for her littlest Thompson.

Young William Bosomworth Thompson was still at the toddler stage when our family was included in a social evening to be held at Granite High on State Street north of Murray City. The street cars ran from Salt Lake City straight down State Street through Murray City, Midvale, Provo, to Price, Utah, so transportation was no problem, and we all went to enjoy the evening.

It was a most enjoyable time for us, but it amazed me to learn how many people had never been out of their own state. Some of them had never ridden on a train.

Page 35

During the evening at Granite High, a young woman approached me with many, many questions. I had never been put on the spot like that before, but I did my best to satisfy her curiosity.

Was it true that my father and mother had given up their comfortable home and lifestyle in England to travel all the way to Salt Lake City, Utah, and with four children yet, so that they could spend their lives with the Latter-day Saints in ZION? "Yes, that's quite true," I assured her. "And is that tall young man over there your big brother?" He says he was born in Independence, Ohio, and that you were born in Cleveland, Ohio. Is that true?" "Yes, it is," I answered her. Well, that beautiful young girl over there with the long golden curls says that she is your sister Grace and that she was born in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England, and that the boy with her is your brother Ted and that he was born in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England, too. Is that true, too? "Yes, it is," I answered her. And, how about that cute little red-headed toddler. [sic] They tell me he was born here in Murray City – is that true? "Yes, it is very true," I answered her. She didn't even thank me. She just walked away, shaking her head and thinking, "It just can't be possible. Somebody has a fantastic imagination, or something. It simply defies belief."

There was another notable incident connected with that evening at Granite High. My father met all kinds of people that evening, in and out of the L.D.S. church group. Some of these people were either staff members at Granite High, or they were board members. They were very much interested in my father and the fact that he was a well-educated real English gentleman.

They talked at great length and they asked dad to meet with them the next day at Granite High. Dad took me with him the next day when he went to Granite High for his interview. I was thrilled when the Board Chairman asked dad to join their staff and become their English teacher. They suggested that dad take a summer school training course that would qualify him for eventually teaching at the university level.

Page 36

Dad did not commit himself that day. He wanted to think it over. I couldn't understand why?? Wasn't he already qualified, except, of course, the matter of qualifying himself with the American way of teaching? Wouldn't our good mother welcome not only seeing her outstanding husband taking his rightful place amongst the educators in the area, but wouldn't it also guarantee a worthwhile income and worthwhile way of life for himself and his family? To me, it seemed like a marvelous opportunity for all the family.

Amongst my father and mother's new friends in America was an "Orson Sanders," son of the "Sanders Mercantile Family" of Murray City, Utah. The Sanders family owned a cattle ranch in southern Idaho, called the E. Y. Ranch. It was complete with a large log ranch house, out buildings, corrals, and such. Orson's father sent Orson and his wife, Cloe Winchester Sanders, up to the E. Y. Ranch to try to put it on a paying basis.

Orson Sanders came to see my father and told him that now that dad had three sons, it was dad's duty to get hold of some land of his own and give those three sons a chance to grow up to be real Americans.

Now, dad had some thinking to do. Which way should he go? Orson Sanders had managed to instill into my father's mind the thought of the freedom of the great open spaces and dad's responsibility of giving his three sons a real chance in life. The thought of being free to homestead as many acres as he wanted -- 160, 320, whatever. [sic] Dad did not fancy being chained to a desk. He had had enough of class rooms and the regimented life that went with it. The idea of the great outdoors and the freedom for his three sons appealed to him far stronger than anything else. Our gentle mother, bless her, had implicit faith in her over-educated husband, but it was her faith in God that was to sustain her for the rough road ahead of her. She gallantly faced those bleak years ahead of her in the wild prairies of southern Idaho. Mother must have cried many times with home-sickness for her home and her loved ones in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England. But, if she did, I never saw her. My mother was truly a beautiful and gallant lady.

Dad listened to Orson Sanders and again prepared his family (which now included the red-headed small guy -- "Bill") for yet another pilgrimage, this time, out into the strange sagebrush country.

Please, remember that our father was a city man, born and bred, and knew absolutely nothing about the wild prairie country into which he was headed.

Orson helped dad get ready for the trip, completed with covered wagon (it did have an almost new canvas cover) and two tired old horses that couldn't make much mileage per day. Our gentle mother was asked to pile all her worldly [sic] possessions, her children, and her precious grandfather clock into that covered wagon, and had to figure out how to feed her family which now numbered seven on the fantastic trip that lay ahead of her.

It was quite an assignment for a gentle English lady to have to face, but I never heard a murmur of complaint out of that wonderful mother of mine, but I can well understand why "Come, Come Ye Saints" became her favorite hymn. It really did bolster up her courage during those rough and discouraging days. I have heard people say, "I love him enough to follow him to the very ends of the earth." THEY said it, but my mother did it.

Mother loved God and her husband, and she did not question what was asked of her. She just thanked God for her blessings, but there was times when I wondered what they were.

Eventually, we made it to the E. Y. Ranch where we were to rest for a few days and try and pull ourselves together. Orson and Cloe had gotten there easily in their motor trucks and were living comfortably in that big log ranch house. They had a bunk house where the ranch hands lived and there were "cowboys" like we had seen in motion pictures in England, but no Indians.

We were awed by the vast open spaces with nothing but sagebrush and rabbits brush on them for miles in any direction. The ranches seemed to be located wherever there was a water supply, like a spring, or small creek. Jack rabbits were running everywhere and coyotes were singing to the moon at night and helping themselves to a sheep now and then.

Here we learned about the wonderful dogs that the sheepmen had, the likes of which we had never seen anywhere else. They were some kind of a hound – long and slender and they worked in pairs and their speed was unbelievable. When they spotted a coyote, they took off after it as a dead run. One dog rolled the coyote over and the other dog slit it's throat, and it was all over so fast that you couldn't believe it. The sheepmen got some kind of bonus for each coyote tail that they turned in.

While we rested at the E. Y. Ranch, Orson took dad way out across the prairie to a little ranch supply town called Almo, Idaho. Almo had a dirt main street and nearly all the houses were built out of logs. Almo had only one store. It was a mercantile store that was owned and operated by a man named "Tracy." Mr. Tracy got his supplies for his store via big freight wagons that were pulled by four or six strong horses.

The nearest rail-head was at Burley, Idaho, fifty miles away and dirt roads all the way. The big freight wagons tried to make one trip each month (weather and roads permitting) to deliver what Mr. Tracy had ordered for his store.

There were two mountain passes for the heavy freight wagons to be pulled through and if the snow drifts were too high, there was no way for them to get through. Then, the merchandise at Mr. Tracy's store would be in short supply.

Mr. Tracy also had the post office, and a lighter rig and faster horses were used for the mail run. The horses were changed at certain places along the way, but it took quite a while for mail to get in and out of Almo and everyone had to go to the post office to send or to receive mail.

Every home had a "Montgomery Ward" catalogue so that they could order the things they needed by mail.

I guess you would call most of the people of Almo pioneers. Some of them had carved out very successful cattle ranches or sheep ranches. There were miles and miles of open country where they could graze. These ranchers were quite content with their life out in that wilderness country. They liked it that way and they taught their sons and their daughters to like it that way, too, and to locate themselves wherever they could find water for cattle or sheep or alfalfa.

It was not unusual to see a band of ten thousand sheep grazing its way across those prairies. The herdsmen lived in special covered wagons, one to live in and one for supplies. Their meat? Mutton, of course, supplemented by sage hen or jackrabbit or salt pork. Most of these herdsmen were from the old country and were used to sheep and they didn't mind the lonely life of the sheep-herder.

They brought those vast flocks in to the ranch at shearing time, and it was amazing to watch them clip that heavy wool off those sheep in record time.

Page 39

It was not uncommon to see an extra covered wagon following those big bands of sheep at lambing time. (They usually had a couple of milk cows along with them, too.) Many a successful sheepman got his start that way by picking up the little "leppys" – the extra lambs. (If the ewe had twin lambs, the herder had orders to kill one so that the other lamb would be stronger and could keep up with the flock as it moved across the prairie.) So, these young fellows, anxious to start their own sheep flocks, could get started in this way, using treated cow's milk to get the little lambs going.

It seemed that a lot of the people in Almo who had cattle or sheep ranches in the outlying areas also had to have a log house in Almo itself so that the mother with children could move into the settlement in the winter time to get their children into school.

The little school in Almo was the only one serving the entire area and often, due to severe blizzards, there would be no possible way of getting their children back and forth from the ranches.

There were always some of these houses vacant; houses that were owned by people who no longer moved in in the winter time. Orson and dad arranged for us to move into one of these such houses in Almo. So, dad's poor tired horses dragged our covered wagon all the way across the prairie and we unloaded our belongings with thankfulness that we were in some kind of a house with a roof over our heads.

The good folks in Almo did their best to help mother and dad to adjust to their strange and frightening situation. Jobs? Positions? That was something unheard of in the wild country we had landed in.

Ranch hands, sheep herders and cowboys were all that was ever hired in that country and most ranchers had sons to do that for them until they married and started their own spread.

Dad, with his abundant, but in this wild country, useless education found himself at a total loss to cope. This wild prairie country was no place for greenhouses and formal gardens and his languages weren't needed either.

Page 40

The Almo two-room school house had its own teacher, a "Henry Belnap," who owned a ranch in the mouth of the canyon near the foothills of Mr. Harrison, above Almo. He rode a lop-eared roan horse [Note: a horse with a dark coat speckled with white or gray hairs] from his ranch to the school everyday, except when the snowdrifts were too much for the "old Roan," and then, Henry had a cot in the school house where he could bunk. There was a log building behind the school house to shelter his and other horses that were used to get youngsters to school. So, they didn't need dad's teaching ability either. In fact, dad was completely out of his element. Freedom?? Yes; but at such an unmerciful price.

The good folks of Almo, realizing what dad and mother had sacrificed in leaving their comfortable home and lifestyle in England for this, what may people called a "God forsaken wilderness," tried their best to help them. They brought of their own stores the necessities of life – meat, vegetables, warm clothing, warm home-made quilts, with lots of real wool in them – such things that were needed for those terribly severe winters in that high mountainous, and often cruel, country. Dad once again found himself custodian of the ward house; this time, in the little prairie town of Almo, Idaho.



We didn't know anyone in this strange and hostile sagebrush country, excepting Orson and Cloe Sanders and they were far away across the prairie on the E. Y. Ranch, so we only got to see them occasionally when they came into Almo to go to church, or to buy supplies for the ranch.

It didn't take Orson too long to whip the E. Y. Ranch into shape and to get a man (with a family) who knew how to run a ranch like that, to take over. Then, Orson and Cloe came to live in Almo on a permanent basis, and Orson went to work at Tracy's store. The mercantile business was what Orson knew best. He had no plans to stay way out there on the E. Y. Ranch under any circumstances, and Cloe hated it way out there so far from even a neighbor.

Cloe was used to living in a fine home on Vine Street in Murray City where she could hop on a street car and go up to Salt Lake City any day she wanted to and shop at the big Z.C.M.I. or some other establishment.

Orson and Cloe still didn't have any children and this fact bothered both of them. They had hoped to have a family of their own. During this time, a well-known doctor by the name of "Ross" came up from Denver, Colorado, to Almo, Idaho, to retire away from the hustle and the bustle of his heavy practice in Denver.

Page 41

Orson got acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Ross when they came to Tracy's store and asked Orson how they could go about ordering things sent up from Denver. Orson liked the doctor and invited the doctor and his wife to come and have dinner with him at his home. Orson and Cloe had a nice home in Almo, one of the few nice homes in the little town. They had had their nice furniture sent up from Murray City, too, so they were really comfortable, even to a lovely dining room and beautiful dishes to use in it.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross accepted Orson's invitation to dinner and during the evening they spent together after dinner, Dr. Ross learned about Orson and Cloe's childless home. Although the good doctor was now retired, he offered to see if there was anything that he could do to correct the situation.

Cloe had gone to many doctors in Murray City and to other doctors in Salt Lake City, too, for help, and had gotten nowhere. She happily put her chances in the experienced and capable hands of the good Dr. Ross. Treatments and exercises followed, and the following year, Cloe found that she was pregnant. Cloe and Orson were very happy about this and Cloe followed Dr. Ross's orders to a T.

Dr. Ross wanted Cloe off her feet as much as possible during this pregnancy, so Cloe asked me to come and live at their house and do the things that she couldn't do. Since I had had experience and good training under my mother's guidance, I was sure that I could follow Dr. Ross's orders, too.

Everything went well, but I did get a bit lonesome though, because Orson often went back to Tracy's store in the evenings and I couldn't leave Cloe alone. Someone had to be with her so Cloe sent for her young sister, Myrtle Winchester, to come up from Salt Lake City so that I would have someone my own age to keep me company, and that helped a lot.

Cloe, under Dr. Ross's wonderful care and guidance, went full term. When her baby came, it was a normal and healthy boy. Orson and Cloe were the happiest couple in Almo and they promptly called their little son, "Ross," in honor of the good doctor. In due time, and again, with the help of Dr. Ross, Orson and Cloe had a second baby, a little girl. They called her Norma.

Page 42

Cloe was a good woman, but I didn't like her too well because she was always reminding me that my English gentleman father had married a servant girl. I knew that my wonderful mother was one of the finest who never spoke ill of anyone.

In due time, and with the helpful suggestions of the good folks of Almo, my father applied for a homestead five miles from Almo at a place called "Reed Springs." Dad could use the water for household purposes, but the Reed Springs water rights belonged to someone else already.

The springs came bubbling out of the ground out of this great expanse of sagebrush and rabbit brush to form a lively little stream. The water was beautifully clear and cold. There was water cress growing at its source. In the stream, there were beautiful rainbow trout that Ted learned to catch by stretching himself out flat by the side of the stream and trailing his fingers in the current. The trout would come swimming upstream, and Ted had a way of slipping his fingers into their gills and lifting them out. No Indian could have done it better.

It seems that in order to prove-up these homesteads, one had to do a certain amount of improvement on the place, and also, live a certain amount of time actually on the place.

Again, the good folks of Almo did all that they could to help my father who in no way was equipped to cope with such a primitive existence as this wild uninhabited place, miles in any direction to a neighbor. In time, and with great effort, there arose a one-room log cabin on the rise above the Reed Springs. The log cabin was big enough to hold three double-beds, a stove, and a table and mother's grandfather clock. The food stuff had to remain in boxes.

In order to reach Reed Springs from Almo, one had to follow a dirt wagon road (high in the middle). When nearing the homestead, it was necessary to drive down the bank into the Raft River that skirted dad's homestead property, and then pull up the other side.

At flood time, it was impossible to cross the Raft River, except by going miles around to where there was a bridge. So, that made things a bit more difficult than they already were.

Dad and Harry worked terrible hard, and without proper equipment, to clear the sagebrush and rabbit brush off the land that they were required to clear and cultivate in order to prove-up. They chose a strip down near the Raft River. They tried to fence it, too, and plant it to something that would sustain life. But, there was no way to fence out the jackrabbits that gobbled up anything that had nerve enough to stick its head up above ground. So, their exhausting efforts went for naught.

Mother was trying her best to contribute to her family's welfare by raising some chickens, and also, some big geese, but she had to fight the sly coyotes every step of the way. She was glad when it was nearing school time and she would be moving back into Almo again. It was a different log house each winter – whichever log house was available to her.

I'm sure that dad was glad, too, because it had been a real hardship for Harry and him to take the covered wagon from Reed Springs to Almo every week and park it behind the ward house so that they had a place to sleep and eat while they did whatever needed to be done to maintain the ward house.

Dad's checks from the "Old Country" seemed to have a time reaching him, and his family back home in England couldn't, for the life of them, figure out why. There was no way that they could possibly conceive the kind of situation that my father found himself in the middle of.

All that dad's brothers in England knew was beautiful cities like Harrogate, London, York, or vacations on the Isle of Whyte, or at Redcar by the Sea. The mail got through to Almo whenever and however it could.

Harry finally decided that there was only one thing to do and that was for him to go down to Burley, Idaho, and get a job in the sugar factory down there and send money home to help dad and mother. So, that's just what he did and instead of spending lonely evenings all by himself, he took up a training course to fit himself for a better job.

I saw the light, too, and since my dearest friend, Georgia Bruesch, youngest daughter of the very successful Almo Bruesch family (five sons and four daughters) who worked hard together to build up a tremendous ranch (cattle, sheep, hogs, and even a dairy herd – they shipped out cream in ten gallon

cans) and since Georgia was leaving Almo to go to high school in Albion, I went with her to work my way through school.

Mother didn't want me to become a nurse, not since she had lost her baby sister, my Aunt Violet, in a big London hospital fire. Aunt Violet carried eight patients out of the fire and went back in for number nine, but the roof caved in, and that was the end of the story. Mother said she just couldn't stand to think that that might happen to me, too, so, I figured the next best bet for me would be office work.

I had a chance to go to Declo, Idaho, which was down on the Burley Flats to take on-the-job training working for Freezen and Stole who sold Studebaker cars, parts and tires. I did the office work for them and took training from a Mrs. Emmerson, who was a very good teacher.

I lived at Anson and Julia Parke's home in Declo. Anson was a sheepman and ran big flocks up in the Gooding, Idaho, area where there was lots of free grazing for the sheep. Anson and Julia already had nine children and they had two more while I was there, but they happily took me in. I helped "ma" Parke for my room and board. They became family to me and I never got back Almo and the Reed Spring Homestead until after I was married.

I called Anson "father dad," I called Julia "ma." They loved it and were very good to me. Since they had Gilbert, Vasco, Burley, Ivan, Norvin, and Elmer before they had a girl, "ma" really needed the help I could give her, so it worked out beautifully for all of us. I loved those six brothers and they loved me, and called me "sis."

During this time, my little sister Grace had gone over to Oakley, Idaho, to attend the academy there. She was helping herself all she could by living with a family and helping with their children for her room and board. There were other young students from the Almo area who were also attending the Oakley Academy the same way that Grace was.

Page 45

On one memorable occasion, when one of the Almo men had taken a big sleigh and two big strong horses and had gone over to Oakley to bring the students home for Christmas, they were coming back through what is still known as the City of Rocks when they got caught in an awful blizzard which nearly finished all of them, horses and all.

The driver managed to coax the horses until he got them behind one of those tremendous rocks that looked, for all the world, like a big five-story building, and there, they huddled together in their blankets and their wrapped-up hot bricks until the awful storm passed.

These bad winter blizzards usually lasted for many hours and were not fit for man nor beast to be caught out in. When the storm abated so that they could see where they were going, they had a terrible struggle ahead of them. The drifts were high, and they had to either find a way around them, or shovel their way through them. It was a life or death battle that they all had to work at. It was a completely exhausted and half-frozen group that finally found its way out of the City of Rocks and met the men on horseback who had started looking for them.

All the students had a tough time recovering from that fearsome ordeal, and only our wonderful mother and her marvelous ability as a nurse, brought my little sister Grace safely through it, though Grace couldn't go back to school for quite a while after that, but Grace did eventually go back to school and complete her course.

Later on, our young brother Bill, and also the lovely girl whom he married, both graduated from Oakley Academy. They also both taught school on Oakley for a time, too.

During this period of our lives, the L.D.S. Church moved its headquarters and many of its people from Almo to a place called Malta, Idaho. Someone had sponsored my big brother Harry to go on a mission, and after he came back home, he married a fine woman, who was also a returned missionary, and they, too, found themselves living in Malta, Idaho. Harry became post master there, and all of Harry and Lora's seven outstanding children were born and raised in Malta, Idaho.

Page 46

Orson and Cloe Sanders, and their son and daughter, were also now living in Malta, Idaho. Orson had his own mercantile store there with complete living quarters in the back. Orson's store was right across the street from my big brother Harry's post office. Eventually, Harry built his own nice new building, too, and it also had complete living quarters in the back. [Note: as a boy, I visited there. The Post Office part was about the size of half of the kitchen of our home in Brigham.]

My father was having it a bit rough, though, at this time. Because of the First World War, England would not allow money to be sent out, and dad's checks did not come. Mother, bless her, was forever taking care of the sick and the mothers-to-be. She worked with a Dr. Sater. Dr. Sater was a good man and a good doctor, whenever he was sober. That's how it happened that my mother often delivered the babies before Dr. Sater even got there. But, my mother knew what she was doing and all went well for the mother and child, and all that Dr. Sater would have to do was to put his stamp of approval on the situation. My mother had it all happily and successfully under control.

Very few of the good folks of Malta, Idaho, had hard cash to pay my mother for her services, but they did try to make it up to her in any way that they could. They brought fresh meat and produce from their farms, and some of them even helped dad to drag wood down from the hills for winter. Most houses had to be heated with wood.

While I was doing office work for Freezen and Stole in Declo, Idaho, a young returned veteran came and leased the big repair shop from Freezen and Stole. His name was Sam Malmberg, and he was the youngest of five brothers who had learned their skills well in Sweden, from the wood lathe straight through to the metal lathe, and on to tool and die making. Each of them, as he completed his training in Sweden, had hopped on the first ship he could find that would take him to see the rest of the world.

Andrus (Harry), Axel (Ikey), Oscar, Emil, and Sam each jumped ship at a different port and at a different time, but four of them landed in the U.S.A., and the oldest brother (Harry) landed in British Columbia.

Oscar and Sam joined the U.S. Army. They had found each other in Little Rock, Arkansas, so, they enlisted and were sent to serve in France.

Page 47

When Sam got back to the U.S. after the war, he was very much interested in automobiles, like all other red-blooded young men were at that time. Sam kept moving further and further west, looking the country over as he went, and when he got as far west as Burley, Idaho, he learned about the repair shop that Freezen and Stole wanted to lease to a good mechanic, out in Declo, Idaho. So, out to Declo he went. He leased the repair shop and, somehow, his big brother, Axel and Oscar, found him there, so the three brothers had a great time of it learning all about automobiles.

All three of the brothers lived at Mother Enyeart's Hotel in Declo. The food was good and the rooms were clean and comfortable.

Sam and his brothers soon built up a tremendous business for themselves. Everybody liked the "Three Big Swedes." They did marvelous work and were honest about it, too. Declo had never seen men with the skills that they had, and they marveled at what those "three Swedes" could do.

Axel (Ikey), the big brother (6' 1" – 250 lbs.) was restless, though. He just didn't like those awful cold winters of southern Idaho, and was always urging his younger brothers to go out to the west coast, either to Oregon, or to Washington. Finally, Axel and Oscar took off for the coast, but Sam stayed on in Declo.

Sam and I had started dating, and we finally got married. The following summer, we, too, took off for the west coast to Portland, Oregon. We liked Oregon. It was much like England. No severely cold weather, plenty of rain though, but beautiful summers, and lots and lots of lovely flowers and shrubs. Portland, Oregon, was known as the "Rose City."

Jobs, at this time, were plentiful, especially for skilled men like Sam and his brothers so they could pick and choose where they wanted to work.

Sam was offered a good opportunity by the Watt brothers, Tom, Bill, and uncle George Watt. They owned and operated the Brighton Mills at Brighton, Oregon, right on the coast. The Brighton Mills had come into prominence cutting spruce for the airplanes of World War I. The Watt brothers wanted a skilled man like Sam Malmberg to take care of their rolling stock at their mill. They said that they could help him to get hold of the necessary property on which to build his garage, and they would help him to build his garage, too. It was too good an opportunity to pass up.

Page 48

Sam had been operating a leased garage at Wheeler, Oregon. (Fine (five) [sic] mills were operating in Wheeler at that time.) Sam's two big brothers had been living with us and worked with Sam in the shop.

Our first child, our son, Don B. Malmberg, was born in Wheeler, Oregon, so now, I had three big Swedes and one little Swede to take care of. It was a riot at times.

Sam decided to accept the contract that the Watt brothers offered him. So, when little Don was three months old, we moved to Brighton, Oregon. Five years later, our little daughter, Elsie Mae (Sue) was born in Brighton, Oregon.

In 1924, before my little Sue was born, my lovely little sister Grace, who was now a successful schoolteacher, came out to Brighton, Oregon, to spend the summer with us. What a joy that was.

My beautiful little sister, whose golden hair was now turned to a gorgeous auburn, had a problem. There were two fine young men back home who were in love with her, and each of them had asked her to marry him. Grace didn't know which one to say yes to, so she very wisely decided to come out and spend the summer with me, and, maybe, by school time in the fall, she would know which one of them she wanted to marry. I encouraged Grace to go out with other young men in our area. Maybe, that would help her to reach her decision.

Grace met and enjoyed the company of a fine young man from Wheeler, Oregon, named Herb Lundy, who had majored in journalism in school. He, too, fell in love with my lovely sister Grace. He, too, asked Grace to marry him. In fact, Herb said that if Grace wouldn't marry him, he wouldn't marry anybody. This very fine and serious young man really meant it, too, but Herb was a devout Catholic, and my little sister was not about to give up her own faith in the L.D.S. Church (the church that our parents had sacrificed so painfully much for). So, that wasn't a difficult decision for her to reach. When fall came, Grace was on her way back home with plans to marry Leland (Jim) Seely. Herb Lundy finally did marry a

nice Catholic girl from Tillamook, Oregon, and Herb went on to become the editor of the “Morning Oregonian,” our biggest paper in these parts, and from which job, Herb has just now retired.

Page 49

My lovely little sister, Grace Emily Thompson, who was now trying to get used to being addressed as “Sister Grace Seely,” happily moved with her young husband up into the sagebrush country to a little settlement called Rosette where the Seely’s had some property. There, the little family – Daddy Jim, Mama Grace, and tiny little baby Joyce – endeavored to make their home, but young Daddy Jim was a C.P.A., and what on earth could he do with that kind of a degree out there in that wilderness country?? So, it wasn’t long until the little family moved into Brigham City, Utah. There Daddy Jim became a successful businessman with a “Bulk Plant” and oil trucks. His little schoolteacher wife concentrated on becoming a happy housewife and raising a family.

Grace had gone through a series of miscarriages before her first baby was born, but she wouldn’t give up. She and her husband Jim wanted a family, and Grace was determined to have a family, and with faith and prayer, she did have a family – two boys and two girls. Then, since her husband was chairman of the school board, and because Grace was such an excellent teacher, and because now that little Gwen, the youngest of her four children, was in school, Grace found herself back at teaching school again.

Grace got a woman to help in the home. Grace continued to teach until she started dragging. She went to her doctor to find out what was wrong with her. The doctor examined Grace thoroughly, and then said, “Grace, there is nothing wrong with you. You are just pregnant.” Thus, started my little sister’s second family, which consisted of one girl – the lovely Karen, a beauty winner --, young Jim – still a bachelor – and Grace’s final pride and joy – you, Kent. My lovely little sister Grace, bless her, could now ease off a bit and rest on her laurels and watch her grandchildren grow.

Page 50

Mother and dad were still living in Malta, Idaho, and they could relax a little now. Dad had asked me to write to the Magistrates in England, and men who had handled his father’s considerable estate. I gladly did this and we were able to establish dad’s claim. We were able to provide the magistrates with all the necessary information as to when and why dad’s remittance checks had been cut off. All this took a bit of time, of course, and the necessary letters going back and forth, but finally dad’s brothers in England offered dad a lump sum settlement for his share of his father’s estate. It wasn’t nearly what dad’s share was worth, and I said so. Dad was a very humble man, and he told me that he didn’t want to fight with his brothers, that when it was time for him to meet his own father in the next life, he didn’t want to have a guilty conscience. So, dad settled on their terms.

My son Don eight years old at this time, the time that the L.D.S. Church teaches is the age of accountability – the age when we know the difference between right and wrong, and since my don was



my father's first grandchild, and because we didn't have any L.D.S. Church on the coast of Oregon where we lived, I wanted to honor my father by taking his grandson to him for baptism into our church. I wanted my father to be the one to give my son a blessing that would guide him throughout his life and protect him from the evils of the world, no matter where he would go.

My father was very pleased and felt very highly honored. He was very proud of his fine grandson, and very proud to present Don as a living testimony of the blessings that can be bestowed upon men who do their best to serve God.

Don, small Sue and I stayed with my father and mother there at Malta during this time. Sam was busy moving his Brighton Garage down to Rockaway, Oregon. The Watt brothers had gone out of the mill business, and they had moved away, so there went the entire payroll of that little mill town of Brighton, Oregon.

When Sam got his garage moved to Rockaway, Oregon, and had found a place for us to live, Don, Sue and I went back to the coast. Eventually, Sam built a new home for us next to his "Sunset Garage." There we lived until we sold the beach property and moved into Portland, Oregon.

Mother and dad continued to live in Malta, Idaho, because Harry and Lora and their fine family lived there, and because, through the years, my father and mother had made many dear friends in that area and saw no point in leaving. My mother continued to help the sick and those in need.

Page 51

Everyone loved my wonderful mother, and when we lost her at 73 years, I was practically inconsolable. Every drawer, every cupboard that I opened in my home, there was something that my gentle mother had made for me with loving care, and I would burst into tears all over again.

At one time, when I gave away to my grief, I flung myself across my bed in unrestrained weeping. My young daughter Sue, just barely into her teens, came into my bedroom, and in disgust, said, "I'd like to know what you're bawling about. Cause if it's my grandma, you can just stop it. Nobody has to worry about where grandma went to." And, she went stomping out of the room.

The shock of her scolding brought me up short. I sat up in amazement and dabbed my eyes, and I could hear somewhere, "Out of the mouths of babes," and I knew Sue was right. My gentle mother had built me stronger than that. Now, it was up to me to prove it and try and be a good and worthy mother to my precious children.

Oh, yes, I still shed a tear or two from time to time, but they are tears of thankfulness that God had blessed me with such a wonderful mother. I can never be as great a mother as she was, but I can try. I now keep my mother's picture near me, the one with young Don, her first grandchild, and Janie, her first granddaughter, sitting on her lap. The verse to her memory reads –

My Mother

You scattered beauty as the rose sheds leaves

My mother, as you journeyed down life's ways

You wore love's tapestry, as moonlight weaves

Rare shadow-patterns through a silver haze,

And tenderly relieved another's pain.

You, understanding, always took the part

Of one who fell, and helped him up again.

J. Henry (Harry) – Jennie L (Jen) – Grace – Edw. Alva (Ted) – William Bosomworth (Bill), we, the children of John Ernest Thompson and Jane Bosomworth Thompson, can thank God for our marvelous parents who sacrificed so much and endured so many hardships and disappointments and tribulations to prove their love of God and to give their children a chance at a better life in the New World of the United States of America. Like my Sue says, "No one has to worry about where my grandparents went to."

Page 52

Now, my dear nephew, Kent Seely, youngest son of my lovely sister, Grace Emily Thompson Seely, I have tried to answer your many questions about the Thompson side of your family.

You asked for a long letter – is this long enough? If there are any more questions about our side of your family, please let me know, and I will try to dig out the answers for you.

If you will write to your Uncle Harry (J. Henry), I'm sure that he will be happy to share some of our family pictures with you to make your album that much more interesting for all concerned.

Loving

Aunt Jen

Note:

The signature, "Loving, Aunt Jen," was handwritten, cut-out, and pasted on the paper.

Notes about John Ernest Thompson

The 13th child of his parents – page 9

Health "nut". Worked out on a trapeze bar & drank mineral water. Near vegetarian – page 10

A trained tenor and also played the organ – page 10 & piano – page 22

Fluent in three languages and could get by in four more – page 11

Traveled a great deal, Australia, India, the U.S., & Canada – page 11

Studied botany in school. Very well educated, but not along practical lines. – page 11

Last child, mother kept him "close" [Mama's boy?] – page 11

Siblings said he was a "spoiled brat" for marrying out of his class & joining the LDS Church. – pages 11, 14, & 20

After marriage, left England, moved to Canada, then United States – page 14

Our gentle mother, bless her, had implicit faith in her over-educated husband, but it was her faith in God that was to sustain her – page 35

Lived in Independence, Ohio before buying a home in Cleveland, Ohio and worked for Standard Oil Co. – page 14

Traveled down the East coast and spent time in Florida – page 14

His mother became ill, sold home & quit job in Cleveland, Ohio and moved back to Harrogate, England – page 14

It took two years for his mother to recover – page 15

Moved from Harrogate to Borrowby, where his wife had been born – page 8

Evening routine consisted of Harry reading aloud from the Bible for a set time before evening prayers and bed. – page 17

Harry and Ted shared a double bed in this home, so did Jen and Grace – page 1

[Note: I have visited and photographed every room in this home. I saw the niches in the doorframe, but did not know the significance of them, so I didn't take a picture of it.]

In Borrowby, he built a greenhouse and grew flowers and vegetables – page 17

The smallest of his siblings. Escaped the boy's clothing department. His hands and feet were small too, he did a lot of exercises to keep his body neat and trim. – page 17

Jen says his eyes were steel blue and sharp [Note: Grace says gray]. His hair was dark – page 17

He was always looking for the brighter side of life. Liked clean jokes, and had no tolerance for anything that was at all risqué. – page 17

Embraced the gospel the LDS missionaries taught – pages 18 & 19

A devoutly religious man – page 19

Humbly grateful that God had sent the missionaries to his home – page 20

Both sides of family against LDS church and moving to Utah – page 20

Jeers and cat calls – page 20

Thompsons thought it a fantastic notion – page 20

Bosomworths said, "They're crazy" – page 20

Baptized in Bradford, England – page 20

Asked brothers to make a box to move grandfather clock – page 20

Immigrated to Murray, Utah aboard the twin screw steamer "Zeeland" of the White Star line – page 21

Stayed with Fred Davis who baptized the family – page 21

He had beautiful English flourished hand-writing, but had to ask his wife how to spell. – page 21

Family spoke with a clipped English speech – page 22

His favorite scripture (as quoted by Aunt Jen) was, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and it's righteousness and all other things will be added unto you." – pages 8, 9, & 20 [Note: see Matthew 6:33 for correct wording]

Received monthly checks from his father's firm – page 26

Worked as a ward custodian – page 26

Grew tomatoes on acreage around the ward church house. First attempt at farming other than greenhouses and formal gardens – page 30

Spoke like "a bloody Englishman until we lost him at 85 years" – page 31

Grew a Van Dyke beard, and a mustache, his beard was dark like his hair, but his mustache was red – page 32

Offered a job to teach English at Granite High – page 34

Suggested he take a class, then teach at the university level – page 34

Page 55

Orson Sanders persuaded John Ernest to homestead in southern Idaho (Malta) – page 35

John Ernest wanted the free land for an inheritance for his three sons – page 35

A city man, John Ernest knew nothing about wild prairie country – page 35

When homesteading in Idaho, stayed at the E. Y. Range with the Orson Sanders' family before moving into a vacant home in Almo – page 36

Drove covered wagon – pages 38 & 42

In Almo, John Ernest had no job or work. Completely out of his element – pages 38 & 39

Ward custodian in Almo, Idaho – page 39

Homesteaded five miles from Almo at a place called "Reed Springs." – page 41

Dad could use the water for household purposes, but the Reed Springs water rights belonged to someone else – page 41

Built a one-room log cabin on the rise above the Reed Springs – page 41

Cleared some land near the Raft River, put a fence around it, jackrabbits ate whatever grew. – page 42

The L.D.S. Church moved its headquarters and many of its people from Almo to Malta, Idaho. John Ernest also moved his family there – page 44

Rough time (no checks from England) during World War I – page 45

Had to fight for his inheritance, settled on brother's terms – pages 48 & 49

Baptized Don Malmberg, his first grandson – page 49

[Note: After his wife died, John Ernest eventually moved to Logan to do "temple work". At the time, I was about seven to nine years old, so my memory is clouded. Grandpa lived in a small room/apartment atop what was to me a very tall building near the temple. The only way to get to the room/apartment was to climb up a series of stairs on the outside of the building. I do not recall there being guard railings on either side. During the winter, the stairs had become icy and he had fallen. Gwen tells the story that there was no mattress on the bed, just springs. I believe it was shortly after the fall, that Harry and Lora took him to live with them in Malta. There is a color photograph of the "Seely's" at the cemetery when John Ernest was buried. I would have been about ten.]

Page 56

Notes about Jane Bosomworth Thompson

Born in Borrowby, England to middle (working) class parents – page 13

After leaving school, she became a Governess for children – page 13

Beautiful young woman, gentle, smart, quiet, with the wisdom of the ages – pages 17, 18, & 31

Helped her sister "Violet" become a trained nurse – page 14

Died in London hospital fire – page 43

Did not have a degree, but became a mid-wife – page 14

Delivered seven of Lora Harmon & her son's, (J. Henry Thompson) children – page 14

Earned the title of “Mother Thompson.” – page 14

Lovely contralto voice – pages 15 & 22

Lullabies she sang to “Ted” – pages 15 & 16

Small, a bit shorter than John Earnest. Her waist measure was 22 inches after having six children. – page 17

Dark hair [Note: Grace says black] and her eyes were dark [Note: Grace says brown]. – page 17

A very good woman – gentle, sweet, kind, and always ready to help anyone in need. – page 17

Did all the knitting for her own and extended family since age 12 – page 18

Copper tea kettle and Word of Wisdom story – pages 18 & 19

Embraced the gospel the LDS missionaries taught – page 20

Loved the Lord and was glad the missionaries had been guided to her home – page 19

Baptized in Bradford, England – page 20

Jane cried when Grandfather clock was to be left in England. John Earnest asked his brothers to construct a special box so it could safely make the trip to SLC. She put a “feather bed” under it and another on top. In the box she also put her Blue Willow dishes, her silver service and everything else she could. – pages 20 & 21. [Note: the blue willow dishes were given to my mother, Grace, and I have them now.]

Box broke open while being unloaded. Silverware fell on the dock, not allowed to pick it up – page 21

Clock setup in South Cottonwood – page 29

Clock moved by covered wagon to Idaho – page 36

Clock went where they went. Bill loved the clock – page 32

Aunt Jen suggested the clock be given to Bill – page 33

[Note: Since I was a very small boy, I have always wanted a grandfather clock. I have often wondered what happened to this one.]

Found out she was pregnant with her last child while living in South Cottonwood – page 29

Worked at losing her English accent. – page 31

Our gentle mother, bless her, had implicit faith in her over-educated husband, but it was her faith in God that was to sustain her – page 31

Loved God and her husband, and she did not question what was asked of her. She just thanked God for her blessings, but there was times when I wondered what they were. – page 36

Homesteaded with her husband & young family of five kids – page 36

“Come, Come Ye Saints” became her favorite hymn – page 36

Followed her husband wherever he went without complaint – page 36

Did not want Jen to be a nurse because her sister, Violet, had died in hospital fire – page 43

Worked as a mid-wife under Dr. Sater – page 45

Often delivered the baby before Dr. Sater arrived – page 45

Few could pay with cash, so they gave meat & what they could – page 45

Some helped drag wood from the hills for firewood – page 45

Died in Malta at age 73 – page 49

Notes about Grace Emily Thompson Seely (Daughter of John Ernest Thompson)

Born in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England – pages 15 & 34

A small, dainty and beautiful child, she had a perfect oval face, beautiful dark brown eyes and lots of long golden curls. She would pull her own hair when she sat down – page 23

Artists often asked to paint Grace's portrait. – page 2

Grace's baby portrait hung in home for years – page 23

[Note: The portrait made its way into our home at 7th South, but was put in an outside shed where it banged around for years and was damaged Eventually, I believe, my brother Jim ended up with it. There are color photographs of the portrait floating around the extended family.]

A small, dainty, and beautiful child – page 23

A bit delicate – page 31

Not very strong – page 30

Couldn't do exercises with her father, Harry and Jen – page 10

Attended Oakley Academy; lived with and helped a family for her room and board – page 43

Returning home for Christmas, caught in a blizzard at "City of Rocks" – all of the group nearly died – page 44

Group huddled behind a big five-story building like rock – page 44

Couldn't return to school for quite some time – page 44

Eventually returned to school and completed her course – page 44

In 1924 visited Aunt Jen for the summer to decide who to marry – page 47

Grace was now a successful school teacher – page 47

In Oregon, met Herb Lundy, he also proposed marriage – page 47

Refused Herb because he was a devout Catholic – page 47

Decided marry to Leland (Jim) Seely – page 47

[Note: Mother told me she had five marriage proposals when she went to Oregon. Aunt Jen says two – page 47. Among them were: "Ralph", Jim Seely, and Irv Maddox. She was wearing Irv Maddox's ruby ring. (See other written stories about the ruby ring and Irv Maddox.)

I also have a series of letters between Grace and her parents where she asks her parents advice on which man to marry. John Earnest advised her to make it a matter of pray, her mom said, whatever you do, don't marry Jim Seely.]

Her golden hair was now auburn – page 47

Graduated from college and teaching school – page 47

Married F. Leland Seely (called “Daddy Jim”) – page 48

[Note: Uncle Ken Carter told me Jim and Grace rode to SLC to be married in the back seat of a “Tin-Lizzie” with fruit boxes between them, because they were NOT married yet. He also said their “first home” was a covered wagon. He went on to say they would be living in a certain “yellow house” when he came home from his mission. They were.]

Moved to Rosette, Utah – page 48

Wanted a family – page 48

Had a series of miscarriages – page 48

Four children born while in Rosette [Note: not quite accurate, Joyce was born in Malta, Idaho and Gwen says she was born at 3rd West in Brigham City, Utah] – page 48

Moved to Brigham City, Utah – page 48

Began teaching school again when Gwen was in school – page 48

Got a woman to help in the home – page 48

Found out she was pregnant – page 48

Second family: Karen, Jim, & Kent – page 48

Notes about Francis Leland (Jim) Seely (Husband of Grace Thompson)

After marriage, lived in Rosette, Utah – page 48

Called “Daddy Jim” – page 48

Daughter Joyce born in Rosette [Note: Rosette is “near” Park Valley, Utah. However, I believe Joyce was born in Malta, but her parents did live in Rosette before and after the birth] – page 48

Was a C.P.A. – page 48

Moved to Brigham City, Utah – page 48

Successful businessman with a “Bulk Plant” & oil trucks – page 48

Wanted a family – page 48

Chairman of the school board – page 48

Notes about Herb Lundy

Courted Grace Thompson in Wheeler, Oregon – page 45



Said if Grace didn't marry him, he would never marry – page 47

Devoted Catholic, Grace was LDS – she said, “No.” – page 47

Later, did marry – page 47

Majored in journalism, became editor of “Morning Oregonian” – page 48

Notes about Violet Bosomworth (younger sister of Jane Bosomworth Thompson)

Become a trained nurse – page 14

Died in London hospital fire – page 43

Carried eight patients out of the fire and went back in for number nine, but the roof caved in – page 43

Notes about John Thompson (Father of John Ernest Thompson)

Successful businessman – page 9

Respected city councilman – page 9

Owned & operated “John Thompson & Sons – Fine Furniture Manufacturers” – page 9

Family box – center balcony – at opera house (Kursel) – page 9

John Ernest did not get fair share of his father's estate – page 49

Notes about Caroline Knapton Thompson (Wife of John Thompson)

Favored her youngest child (John Earnest). Sent him to school so he wouldn't have to work in father's factory. – page 11

Wanted John Earnest to be an “English Gentleman” and not work for a living – page 11

Her extended illness was the reason John Earnest returned to England. – page 14

It took two years to regain her health – page 15

Notes about Henry Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)

Played the organ in his church for over 30 years – page 10

Notes about Fanny Thompson (Wife of Henry Thompson)

Very “class” conscious person – page 11

Notes about George Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)

Played the organ in his church for over 30 years – page 10

Notes about Louisa Thompson (Sister of John Thompson)

Concert singer at opera house (Kursel) – page 9

Aunt Jen named after her (Jennie Louisa Thompson) – page 9

Never married – page 9

Lived in “Thompson” house with maid & housekeeper (Kate) – page 9

When John Earnest joined the Mormon Church and moved to Utah, she wanted Aunt Jen to stay in England with her. – page 10

Wanted to have Aunt Jen trained as opera singer – page 10

Notes about Edward Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)

Banished to Australia because he was an alcoholic – page 14

Notes about John Henry (Harry) Thompson (Son of John Ernest Thompson)

Born in Independence, Ohio – page 14

Aunt Jen called J. Henry “Harry” all her life [& throughout the “Letter to Kent”] – page 14

Aunt Jen wrote, in his early years, Harry was a bookworm – page 15

Read the Bible aloud through twice by the time he was twelve years old – page 15

In Borrowby, shared a double bed with Ted – page 17

Harry & Jen tried to do the same exercises as their father, Grace couldn’t – page 10

Tall as a youth – pages 17 & 34

Baptized in Bradford, England – page 20

Sang bass – page 22

In his early years in America, he spoke with an English accent – “h’s” were especially difficult – page 29

In South Cottonwood, he helped his father maintain the church and grow tomatoes – page 30

Took covered wagon with his father (five miles from Reed Springs to Almo – page 41) weekly to clean the ward meeting house – page 42

Worked with his father to clear and plant the land – page 42

Jack rabbits ate crop – page 42

After homesteading with his father at Reed Springs, left for Burley, Idaho and got a job in the sugar factory. He sent money back to his parents – page 42

Evenings spent in training course to get a better job – page 42

Sponsored on a LDS mission – page 44

Returned home to Malta after mission – page 44

met and married Lora Harmon – page 44

Had seven children – page 44

Became Post Master in Malta – page 44

Post Office across the street from Orson Sanders' store – page 45

Built own Post Office/Home – page 45

Notes about Lora Harmon Thompson (Wife of J Henry Thompson)

Returned missionary – page 44

Married J. Henry (Harry) Thompson – page 44

She had seven children delivered by mother-in-law (Jane Thompson – mid-wife) – page 14

Seven children born and raised in Malta, Idaho – page 44

[Note: Lora did not like her patriarchal blessing, when told she would have many children. So she went to another patriarch and got the same blessing. I think, but could easily be wrong; she went to three different patriarchs. All three blessings said she would have many children. She concluded, like it or not, she was going to have a big family. She told me it was also a strong testimony to her that patriarchal blessings come from God, not the individual patriarch.]

All seven children born and raised in Malta, Idaho – pages 43 & 44

John Ernest live with them in Malta – page 49

Notes about Joe Thompson (Son of J Henry Thompson)

Delivered by Jane Bosomworth Thompson (Grandmother – mid-wife) – page 14

Likely would have died if grandmother had not made an incubator for him – page 14

Notes about Jennie Louisa Thompson Malmberg Dhanens (Daughter of John Ernest Thompson)

Born in Cleveland, Ohio – page 7

Aunt Jen likely named after Louisa Thompson (Sister of John Thompson)

When John Earnest joined the Mormon Church and moved to Utah, Louisa wanted Aunt Jen to stay in England with her. – page 10

Wanted to have Aunt Jen trained as opera singer – page 10

Aunt Jen sang soprano – page 22

Never had stage-fright – pages 22 & 23

Sang regularly at church by age five – page 23

One of her favorite songs was "Lead Kindly Light". – page 23

Prof. Fenwick at school & her father at home taught her the fundamentals of music. – page 24

Prof. Fenwick also wanted Aunt Jen to remain in England for her singing abilities – page 24

Had perfect positive pitch; and could sing high "C" with ease – page 24

Note: "Barrowby." Aunt Jen wrote her "Letter to Kent" in longhand and John and Etta Thompson (Son & daughter-in-law of J Henry Thompson) typed her manuscript. Etta did most, if not all, of it. Etta had trouble reading Aunt Jen's handwriting and misspelled "Borrowby" as "Barrowby" throughout the document. As instructed by Aunt Jen, I have corrected all instances.

Aunt Jen wrote me twice about J. Henry's response to her effort, saying his only comment was that she had misspelled "Borrowby". She was incensed. She wrote that if he didn't like her work, he should write his own version. He did. I also have a handwritten copy of his work. [Note: I have not included a copy of Aunt Jen's vigorous letters on this subject.]

Tall, as a young girl – page 17

a long-legged tomboy – page 23

"I had long legs and long arms and a long neck and stringy hair that wasn't even pretty." -- Pages 24, 31

Father cut a niche in the hardwood door frame to mark her growth – pages 17 & 18

Baptized in Bradford, England – page 20

"Don" and "Sue" were her children. – page 20

Childhood friend, Ardella Wheeler, in South Cottonwood – pages 30 & 31

Overheard Ardella's mother saying Aunt Jen would never be a beauty – page 31

In her early years in America, she spoke with an English accent – "h's" were especially difficult. She worked at changing her speech. – page 29

She lived with and took care of Cloe Sanders during her pregnancy – page 40

Got lonesome so Cloe sent for her (Cloe's) younger sister (Myrtle Windchester) to also help – page 40

Aunt Jen did not like Cloe because she too was "class" conscious – page 41

Wanted to leave Reed Springs to study nursing, but her mother opposed it (Aunt Violet killed in hospital fire). Decided to pursue office work – page 43

Moved to Albion to work her way through high school – page 43

Moved to Declo, Idaho, to take on-the-job training working for Freezen and Stole who sold Studebaker cars, parts, and tires – page 43

Did the office work & took training from a Mrs. Emerson – page 43

Lived with Anson & Julia Parke – page 43

Helped "ma" Parke for room and board – page 43

Did not return to Reed Springs until after marriage – page 43

In Declo, met and married Sam Malmberg – page 46

Son, Don B. Malmberg, was born in Wheeler, Oregon – page 47

Daughter, Elsie Mae (Sue) was born in Brighton, Oregon – page 47

She and Sam moved to Wheeler and then Brighton, Oregon – page 47

In 1924, Sister (Grace) came to Brighton for a summer to decide who she should marry – page 47

Took her children to visit parents in Malta and to have Don baptized – page 49

Sam built a new home next to his “Sunset Garage” in Rockaway – page 49

Sold property and moved into Portland, Oregon – page 49

Practically inconsolable when mother died at 73 in Malta – pages 49 & 50

Sue stopped Aunt Jen’s grieving – page 50

Kept her mother’s picture near her, the one with young Don, her first grandchild, and Janie, her first granddaughter, sitting on her lap – page 50

Notes about Sam Malmberg (Husband of Aunt Jen)

Born in Sweden – page 45

Youngest of five brothers – page 45

Andrus (Harry), Axel (Ikey), Oscar, Emil, and Sam – page 44

Axel (Ikey) was 6’ 1” – 250 lbs. – page 46

All 5 brothers did wood & metal lathe work – page 45

All 5 brothers completed their training, then hopped the first ship they could – page 45

All 5 jumped ship at different ports and different times – page 45

Axel, Oscar, Emil, & Sam ended up in the U.S.; Andrus landed in British Columbia – page 45

Oscar and Sam found each other in Little Rock, Arkansas; both joined the U.S. army, served in France – page 45

After the war and back in the U.S., Sam liked automobiles – page 46

Sam constantly moved West, ended up in Burly, Idaho where he went to work for Freezen & Stole as a mechanic in Declo, Idaho – page 46

Three brothers (Axel, Oscar, & Sam) boarded at “Mother Enyeart’s Hotel” in Declo and learned to repair automobiles – page 46

Known as the “Three Big Swedes” – page 46

Axel and Oscar moved to west coast, Sam stayed in Declo – page 46

Met, dated, and married Aunt Jen while living in Declo – page 46

A year after his brothers, Sam & Jen also moved to Portland, Oregon – page 46

Moved to Portland, Wheeler, and then Brighton Oregon – page 47

Moved to and opened a garage in Brighton, Oregon – page 47

Moved garage to Rockaway, Oregon – page 49

Moved back to Portland – page 49

Notes about Don B Malmberg

Son of Aunt Jen and Sam Malmberg – page 47

Born in Wheeler, Oregon – page 47

At three months, moved with parents to Brighton, Oregon – page 47

Baptized by John Ernest in Malta – page 49

Went from Oregon to Malta Idaho to be baptized – page 49

Five years older than sister (Sue) – page 47

Notes about Elsie Mae (Sue) Malmberg (daughter of Aunt Jen & Sam Malmberg)

Born in Brighton, Oregon – page 47

Censured her mother for grieving too much – page 50

Said, “No one has to worry about where my grandmother went to.” – page 51

Notes about Prof. Fenwick

Prof. Fenwick at school & her father at home taught her the fundamentals of music. – page 24

“Sound your ‘A,’ please.” - page 24

He kept adding weights to my skinny chest and telling me to breathe deep “50 times, please” while I laid flat on my back – page 24

Prof. Fenwick also wanted Aunt Jen to remain in England for her singing abilities – page 24

Notes about Freezen and Stole

Aunt Jen did office work for Freezen and Stole in Delco, Idaho – page 45

Sam Malmberg moved to Delco and rented a repair shop from Freezen & Stole – page 45

Where and how Aunt Jen and Sam Malmberg met – page 46

Notes about Watt brothers: Tom, Bill, & Uncle George Watt

They owned and operated the Brighton Mills at Brighton, Oregon, right on the coast – page 46

Gave Sam Malmberg a job – page 46

Helped Sam build his garage in Brighton Oregon – page 46

Watt’s brothers went out of business and moved away; causing the town to collapse – page 49

Notes about Anson & Julia Parke (Aunt Jen boarded with them)

Home in Declo, Idaho – page 43

Sheepman – page 43

Had 9 children, 2 more while Aunt Jen lived with them – page 43

First 6 were boys: Gilbert, Vasco, Burley, Ivan, Norvin, & Elmer – page 43

Boys called Aunt Jen “sis.” – page 43

Aunt Jen called Anson “father dad” & Julia “ma” – page 43

Aunt Jen lived with Parke’s and did not return to Almo until after she married – page 43

Notes about Caroline Thompson (Daughter of John Ernest Thompson)

Born and died in Independence, Ohio – page 14

Notes about Edward Alva (Ted) Thompson (Son of John Ernest Thompson)

Born in Borrowby, England, two years after Grace – page 15

Mother would rock him and sing softly to him while Henry J read the scriptures aloud – page 15

Songs – pages 15 & 16

Baby-set by neighbor, Mrs. Isaac Binks – page 23

Could catch fish with his hands – page 41

[Note: Uncle Ken Carter could do the same thing]

Notes about Annie Binks (Borrowby friend of Jane Thompson)

Husband’s name was Isaac, & grown son’s Jacob – page 24

Lived just around the corner from Jane Thompson in Borrowby – page 24

Mrs. Binks was not a very good cook or housekeeper. See stories on pages 24 & 25

Made beds with husband & son still in them – page 25

Put salt instead of sugar on Aunt Jen’s jam tart – page 25

Aunt Jen thought pie crust was a cooking “basin” – page 25

Used Aunt Jen as an “errand boy” – page 25

Aunt Jen & her mother send Annie Binks a lacy handkerchief. It arrives on her birthday – pages 25 & 26

Notes about Elder Fred Davis

The main missionary that taught John Earnest Thompson the LDS gospel in Borrowby, England – page 19

Home was in Murray, Utah – page 21

Wife Maude McMillan Davis was a very kind and gentle person. Her parents, the McMillan's, were well to do; and often invited both the Davis and Thompson families to dinner – page 21

Sister Smith, the McMillan's housekeeper – page 22

A widow, also a Mormon, loved Sister McMillan and couldn't do enough to help her. They were like sisters, not like mistress and servant – page 22

Ate in the kitchen whenever McMillan's had dinner guests; so that she could keep things running smoothly, but joined us after dinner like one of the family – page 22

Had three children – page 22

Notes about John B. Dykes

Wrote the current melody for "Lead Kindly Light", Aunt Jen's favorite song. – page 23

Notes about Fred Bosomworth & wife (Brother of Jane Bosomworth Thompson)

lived at #10 Mornington Terrace, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England – page 23

Notes about Jesse Wheeler

Lived across the street on a good sized farm in South Cottonwood – page 29

Had four children – page 29

Jesse; Claude; Ardella (Jen's friend); and Joe – pages 29 & 30

Owned & operated a Studebaker dealership – page 29

Suggested John Ernest farm land around South Cottonwood church – page 30

Sister Wheeler thought Jane (mother) a beauty, but said Aunt Jen was not – page 31

Notes about William Bosomworth (Bill) Thompson

Born October 18, 1911 – page 31

Red-headed, freckled faced, contagious grin, sunny disposition, & could yell like crazy – page 31

Aunt Jen did a great deal of the caring for Bill – pages 31 & 32

Loved the grandfather clock – page 32

Stern father, but Bill got away with everything – pages 32 & 33

As a toddler, knew how to "con" his mother into buy bananas – page 33

Smartest/intelligent child, learned quickly – page 33

Bill, and wife, both graduated from Oakley Academy – page 44

Both taught school on Oakley – page 44



## Notes about Orson and Cloe Winchester Sanders

Orson's parents owned – page 35

The Sander's Mercantile – page 35

E. Y. Ranch in southern Idaho – page 35

Told John Ernest he needed to get land to pass down to his sons and that he could homestead free land in Idaho – pages 35 - 37

Let John Ernest & family stay at the E. Y. Ranch for a while – page 37

Cloe became pregnant -- pages 40 & 41

Aunt Jen lived with and helped her – page 40

Didn't like Cloe because Cloe was "class" conscious – page 41

Cloe's younger sister, Myrtle Winchester, came to help – page 40

First child was a boy; named Ross after the doctor – page 40

Second child a girl named Norma – page 41

Moved from Almo to Malta – page 45

Opened own mercantile store in Malta – page 45

## Notes about Mr. Tracy

Ran store and post office in Almo – page 37

Almo had a dirt main street & log houses – page 37

Only one store in Almo, own/run by "Mr. Tracy" – page 37

Freight & mail came only if snow drifts were not too high – page 37

Burley Idaho was 50 miles away – dirt roads – page 37

Orson Sanders worked at store after leaving E Y Ranch – pages 39 & 40

Orson met Doctor Ross at this store – page 40

## Notes about Henry Belnap

Almo two-room school teacher – page 39

Road a lop-eared roan horse from his canyon home/ranch to school each day – page 39

Bunked at school when snowdrifts too high – page 39

## Notes about Dr. & Mrs. Ross

Retired Denver, Colorado doctor that moved to Almo – pages 40 & 41

Treated Orson and Cloe Sanders & she became pregnant – pages 40 & 41

Named their son after the doctor – page 40

Notes about Georgia Bruesch

Youngest daughter (5 sons & 4 daughters) & Aunt Jen's friend in Almo – page 43

Moved to Albion for high school – page 43

Took Aunt Jen with her – page 43

Notes about Dr. Sater

Used Jane Bosomworth Thompson as a mid-wife – page 45

A good man and a good doctor, whenever he was sober – page 45

As a midwife, Jane often delivered the baby before the doctor arrived – page 45

Stories

Class distinction – pages 11 - 13

Incubator for grandson – page 14

The tea pot – pages 18 & 19

Big box held grandfather clock & other possessions – pages 20, 21, 29, 32, 36, & 41

McMillan's lack of class distinction – pages 21 & 22

Aunt Jen learns to sing – page 24

Relationships with neighbor, Mrs. Binks – pages 24 - 26

"Old Leek Church" – pages 26 & 27

First Mormon church meeting and permanent home – page 28

Aunt Jen's testimony – pages 28 - 29, & 49

Drunk pigs – page 31

Uncle Bill's birth and early childhood – pages 32 & 33

Highchair – page 33

Bananas – page 33

Homesteading – pages 36 & 37

Sheepmen, sheepdogs, & coyotes – pages 37 & 38

Grace caught in blizzard at "City of Rocks" and nearly died – page 44

Index of Names

| Page | Name  |
|------|---|
| 1    | John Ernest Thompson  |
| 3    | Jane Bosomworth Thompson (Wife of John Ernest Thompson)           |
| 4    | Grace Emily Thompson Seely (Daughter of John Ernest Thompson)     |
| 5    | Francis Leland (Jim) Seely (Husband of Grace Thompson)            |
| 6    | Herb Lundy (Proposed marriage to Grace Emily Thompson)            |
| 6    | Violet Bosomworth (Younger sister of Jane Bosomworth Thompson)    |
| 6    | John Thompson (Father of John Ernest Thompson)                    |
| 6    | Caroline Knapton Thompson (Wife of John Thompson)                 |
| 7    | Henry Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)                  |
| 7    | Fanny Thompson (Wife of Henry Thompson)                           |
| 7    | George Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)                 |
| 7    | Louisa Thompson (Sister of John Earnest Thompson)                 |
| 7    | Edward Thompson (Brother of John Ernest Thompson)                 |
| 7    | John Henry (Harry) Thompson (Son of John Ernest Thompson)         |
| 8    | Lora Harmon Thompson (Wife of J Henry Thompson)                   |
| 8    | Joe Thompson (Son of J Henry Thompson)                            |
| 8    | Jennie Louisa Thompson Malmberg Dhanens (Daughter of John Ernest) |
| 10   | Sam Malmberg (Husband of Aunt Jen; Jennie L Thompson)             |
| 11   | Don B. Malmberg (Aunt Jen's son)                                  |
| 11   | Elsie Mae (Sue) Malmberg (Aunt Jen's daughter)                    |
| 11   | Watt brothers: Tom, Bill, & Uncle George Watt                     |
| 11   | Anson & Julia Parke (Aunt Jen boarded with them)                  |
| 12   | Caroline Thompson (Daughter of John Ernest Thompson)              |
| 12   | Edward Alva (Ted) Thompson (Son of John Ernest Thompson)          |

- 12 Annie Binks (Borrowby friend of Jane Thompson)
- 12 Elder Fred Davis (LDS missionary)
- 13 John B. Dykes (Song writer)
- 13 Fred Bosomworth & wife (Brother of Jane Bosomworth Thompson)
- 13 Jesse Wheeler (South Cottonwood neighbor)
- 13 William Bosomworth (Bill) Thompson (Son of John Ernest Thompson)
- 13 Orson & Cloe Winchester Sanders (Friends of John Ernest Thompson)
- 14 Mr. Tracy (Almo store owner)
- 14 Henry Belnap (Almo school teacher)
- 14 Dr. & Mrs Ross (Almo doctor)
- 14 Georgia Bruesch (Almo friend of Aunt Jen)
- 14 Doctor Sater (Used Jane Bosomworth Thompson as a mid-wife)