

"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
at the request of
a Grandson,
Kent Seely

By
their daughter,
Jennie L. Thompson
(Mrs. Basil Dahnens)
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Dear Kent,

It is good to know that you are interested 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 Knaption 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 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 I was my Aunt Louisa's namesake, Jennie Louisa Thompson, and maybe because my Aunt Louisa told my dad to bring me along.

Aunt Louisa never married, just devoted her life to music like our Janie 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.

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 neice." 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.

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 play-boy 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.

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. But, the Church of England could not accept a divorced woman as 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 abdicated 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 til 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, he 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 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.

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 she 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 my 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.

It took two years for his mother to regain her health, and in that time, dad and mother had established their home in Barrowby, 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.
 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.

IV

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.

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 watch 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 it's 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. 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 and her eyes were dark, 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 Barrowby, 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.

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 all the knitting for all of her mother's family--socks, mittens, caps, mufflers, whatever, from 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 her 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 by 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.

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, 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 Barrowby 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 Barrowby (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 by 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.

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 baptised by immersion into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Now, dad and mother concentrated on selling their home in Barrowby, 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 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 Barrowby. 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.

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, 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.

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.

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 tom-boy 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 awhile, 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 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 good 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.

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. I have blessed Prof. Fenwick many times for the training he gave 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 woolly country into which we were headed.

A few small incidents concerning my mother's neighbor in Barrowby 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

house. 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.

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 had 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. Binks' 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 Barrowby 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.

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 things shall be added unto you." This dad firmly believe 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 Barrowby, 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 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.

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.

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 annoyed 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.

Could this be a "House of the Lord?" American style? 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 the 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 John Ernest Thompson and his family, the least of my grandfather's children, for this unheard of special blessing, and we tried all the

to be more worthy of this testimony of our Heavenly Father's love.

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 a 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 worthy 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 "I'm an 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.

Brother Wheeler suggested 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 doing 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 that drain ditch and they were all drunk. It was one of the funniest spectacles that I ever saw in my whole life.

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 get 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.

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 dump 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.

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.

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 Barrowby, Yorkshire, England, and that the boy with her is your brother Ted and that he was born in Barrowby, Yorkshire, England, too. Is that true, too? "Yes, it is," I answered her. And, how about that cute little red-headed toddler. 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.

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. 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 Barrowby, Yorkshire, England. But, if she did, I never saw her. My mother was truly a beautiful and galant 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, complete 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 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 very 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 were 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 rabbit 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 at 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.

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 some thing unheard of in the wild country we had handed 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 language wasn't needed either.

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 Mt. Harrison, above Almo. He rode a lop-eared roan horse from his ranch to school everyday, except when the snowdrifts were too much for 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 many people called a "God forsaken wilderness," tried of 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 need 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.

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.

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 up stream, 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 on 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 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 sagebrugh 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 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 that 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 to Almo and the Reed Spring Homestead until after I was married.

I called Anson "father dad," and 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.

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 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 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 in 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 for the L. D. S. Church. Harry fulfilled a good 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.

Orson and Cloe Sanders, and their son and daughter, were also no 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 by 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.

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.

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 brothers, 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 would 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.

Sam had been operating a leased garage at Wheeler, Oregon. (Fine mills were operating in Wheeler at that time.) Sam's two big brothers had been living with us and working 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 down 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 Leeland (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.

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.

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, the 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 was 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.

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 my 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 at 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."

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.

Lovely
Aunt Jen.