

ancestors and
descendants
of
James
and
Annie Winter
Aagard
1855-1979

© James Aagard Family Organization
Burlington, Wyoming

December 1979

*Printed by
Downs Printing
Hyrum, Utah 84319*

IN APPRECIATION

We wish to give special thanks to all those who have made this book possible. To those who wrote their life stories and contributed pictures, who gave their time freely in organizing and typing. Thank You! Though room will not permit a list of everyone, we wish to acknowledge the following:

Annie A. Winters
Beatrice A. Davidson
Ilene Winters
Karen J. Praetor
Debra D. Christensen
Patty Davidson
Arthur R. Keeley

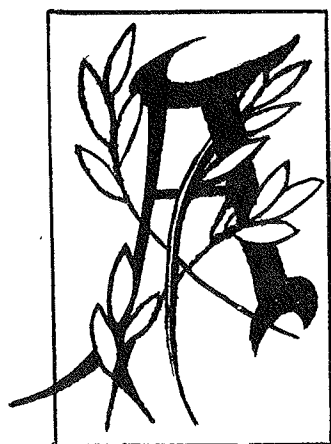
May this book bring back fond memories of the great legacy that belongs to the family of James and Annie R. Aagard. We are indeed fortunate in having claim to such parentage. May we, the children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren who knew James and Annie R. share the truths they taught us so that we may be able and worthy to stand as they stood, noble and true.

I N D E X

Ancestors and Descendants of James and Annie Winter Aagard	1
Wedding picture	3
Dedication	5
Married 1 June 1904 and 50th Wedding picture	7
Wedding Certificate	8
Family Group Sheet	9
Pedigree Chart	10
Portrait Pedigree Chart	11
Niels Jensen Aagard and Bolette Maria Rasmussen	13
Niels Jensen Aagard	15
Bolette Maria Rasmussen	18
From Bolette's Diary	21
Pictures of Niels, Bolette and family	25
Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther (Winter) and Rasmine Christensen	27
Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther (Winter)	29
Rasmine Christensen Winter	30
Notes from our mother and her mother	33
Children's birthdates written by their father	36
Winter Family Pictures	37
James and Annie R. Winter Aagard	39
Family Pictures	51
The Little Mother - A tribute	63
Letter to Grandpa by Kathy Stanger	64
Grandpa's hands by Gayla Jones Zeitner	65
Poem - Tribute to James by Robert Aagard	66
The Aagard Clan by Gayla Jones Zeitner	68
Annie R. Aagard's Patriarchal Blessing	70
Mother's Danish and other favorite recipes	71
No. 1 - James Edgar Aagard and Mary Anona Jones	75
Ed's pictures	77
Edgar Aagard	79
Shirley Edgar Aagard	81
Leah Geneva Aagard Crowder	88
Phyllis Marie Aagard Christensen	90
Harold Jones Aagard	93
Marie Annette Crowder Sweezy	95
William Edgar Crowder	98

No. 2 - Niels Orlando Aagard and Thrine Beatrice Dalley	99
Lan's Pictures	101
Orlando and Beatrice Aagard	103
Richard and Faith Aagard Gormley	105
Dale and Marie Aagard	106
Robert and GaeLee Aagard	107
No. 3 - Reuben Peter Aagard and Agnes Aurilla Leslie	111
Rube's pictures	113
Reuben and Agnes Aagard	115
No. 4 - Rudolph "C" Aagard	119
No. 5 - Geneva Marie Aagard and Donald Sylvester Cook	121
Geneva's pictures	123
Donald and Geneva Cook	125
Neil and Donna Stanger	129
James and Donna Cook	133
Kenneth and Connie Cook	134
No. 6 - Clifford Christian Aagard and Alice Arlillian Graham and Elbie Juanita Fleming	135
Cliff's pictures	137
Clifford and Alice and Elbie Aagard	141
No. 7 - Robert Lynn Aagard and Bernice LaRae Moon	143
Bob's pictures	145
Robert and bernice Aagard	147
Robert (Robin) and Alice Aagard	147
Jay and Marilyn Wilkinson	148
Bob and Faye Regner	148
Jim and Susan Bullinger	149
Rick and Julie Aagard	149
No. 8 - Annie Minnie Aagard and John Paul Jones and Harold Dalley Winters	151
Ann's pictures	153
Harold and Annie Aagard Winters	157
Larry and Gayla Rae Zeitner	159
Mike and Karen Lee Preator	162
Brent and Judy Winters	165
Stephen and Mary Winters	167
Norman and Marla Winters	169
Eileen Aagard Winters	169

No. 9 - Vera Mary Aagard and Pleasant "Happy" Anderson Steelman	171
Mary's pictures	173
Pleasant and Vera Mary Steelman	175
Gerald and Deanna Mobley	182
Eddie and Linda Steelman	184
No. 10 - Morris Aagard and Mona Jean Mann	185
Morris' pictures	187
Morris Aagard	189
Marvin and Kathleen Dunsworth	193
David and Linda Aagard	194
No. 11 - Beatrice Aagard and Dennis William Davidson	197
Beatrice's pictures	199
Beatrice Aagard Davidson	201
Dennis Winters Davidson	204
Rebecca Ann Davidson Kline	205
Debra Mable Davidson Christenson	208
Jared Michael Davidson	212
Thomas Aagard Davidson	216
Kenneth Mark Davidson	216
Carrol Aagard Davidson	217
John Aagard Davidson	217
Peter Aagard Davidson	218
Matthew Aagard Davidson	218
Christian Aagard Davidson	219
No. 12 - Nadine Aagard and Arthur Ray Keeley	221
Nadine's pictures	223
Arthur Ray Keeley	225
Nadine Aagard Keeley	227
Claudia Rae Keeley Webb	229



ancestors and
descendants
of
James
and
Annie Winter
Agard
1835-1979



ANNIE R. AND JAMES AAGARD

DEDICATION



Annie R. and James Aagard

This book is affectionately dedicated to the memory of our father and mother, James and Annie R. Aagard, who devoted their lives to their children's happiness. No sacrifice was too great for their children. Nothing pleased them more than to have their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren around them. Our joys were their joys and our sorrows, their sorrows. They were proud and happy over our successes and accomplishments. To us, their children, there were no better parents. They have given us a good example to follow. May we, as their posterity, strive to follow in their footsteps. We are indeed a blessed group to be heirs to such a precious heritage.

*JAMES AAGARD
CHRISTIANE RASMINE WINTER
Married 1 JUNE 1904*



Wedding Day

50th Wedding Anniversary



Marriage Certificate

STATE OF UTAH, COUNTY OF ~~DEBE~~ ^{SS.} ~~Sanpete.~~

This Certifier that James Argarall of the County of Sevier in the State of Utah and Christine Reamie Winter of the County of Sevier in the State of Utah, were by me joined together in

HOLY MATRIMONY

according to the Laws of the State of Utah at Mantle City, in said County, on the First day of June in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four.

Signed _____ GROOM

Signed _____ BRIDE

IN THE PRESENCE OF

Ulrich Schenck

Agnes Smith

WITNESSES

John D. Byrd Minister

Minister of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

THE STATE OF UTAH, 1904

HUSBAND
James AAGARD (Farmer-Rancher)
23 May 1885 Place Levan, Juab, Utah
Chr. 1 June 1904 Place L.D.S. Temple, Manti, Sanpete, Utah
Marr. 25 Nov 1973 Place Powell, Park, Wyoming
Died 28 Nov 1973 Place Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
Bur. Niels Jensen AAGARD
HUSBAND'S FATHER
HUSBAND'S MOTHER Boletta Maria RASMUSSEN
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

WIFE
Christiane Rasmine or Annie R. WINTER
3 Dec 1885 Place Wales, Sanpete, Utah
Chr. 1 Sep 1971 Place Powell, Park, Wyoming
Died 4 Sep 1971 Place Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
Bur. Jorgen Peter Jorgensen WINTER
WIFE'S FATHER
WIFE'S MOTHER
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

Sex	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	State or Country	DIED	MARRIED	RELATION OF F.R. TO HUSBAND	RELATION OF F.R. TO WIFE
MA	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth	Day Mo. Yr.	Town	County	Day Mo. Yr.	(First Husband or Wife) List Additional Marriages with Dates on Reverse Side of Sheet	Daughter	Daughter
M	1 James Edgar AAGARD	30 Apr 1905	Levan	Juab	Utah	Date 25 July 1924 To Mary Anona JONES	2 Aug 1913	29 Oct 1937
M	2 Niels Orlando AAGARD	27 Mar 1907	Levan	Juab	Utah	Date 26 April 1930 To Thrine Beatrice DALLEY	11 Sep 1915	Oct 1927
M	3 Reuben Peter AAGARD	9 May 1909	Levan	Juab	Utah	Date 25 Oct 1928 To Agnes Aurillia LESLIE	19 Aug 1917	
M	4 Rudolph "C" AAGARD	10 Sep 1910	Levan	Juab	Utah	Date 18 March 1915	Child	Child
F	5 Geneva Marie AAGARD	4 July 1914	Levan	Juab	Utah	Date 13 Jan 1931 To Donald Sylvester COOK	15 July 1922	20 Apr 1966
M	6 Clifford Christian AAGARD	21 Oct 1916	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 1 Jan 1938 (P) Alice Arlillian GRAHAM	1 Aug 1925	
M	7 Robert Lynn AAGARD	15 Oct 1918	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 10 June 1939 To Bernice LaRae MOON	21 Aug 1927	
F	8 Annie Minnie AAGARD	20 Nov 1920	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 27 July 1937 (P) John Paul JONES	19 July 1930	14 Oct 1941
F	9 Vera Mary AAGARD	9 Jan 1923	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 2 Nov 1939 To Pleasant Anderson STEELMAN	3 Aug 1931	
M	10 Morris AAGARD	3 Sept 1925	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 9 Sept 1946 To Mona Jean MANN	24 Aug 1934	14 Jan 1947
F	11 Beatrice AAGARD	9 Oct 1927	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 22 Aug 1948 To Dennis William DAVIDSON	8 Aug 1936	14 Oct 1952
F	12 Nadine AAGARD	27 Oct 1930	Burlington	Big Horn	Wyom	Date 3 Aug 1954 To Arthur Ray KEELEY	23 July 1939	10 Jan 1952

SOURCES OF INFORMATION
Family records of James Aagard and Annie R. Winter.
Original records were destroyed by fire when family home burned to ground. Duplicate records of those destroyed in possession of child #12, Nadine A Keeley.

OTHER MARRIAGES
#8 Annie Minnie married (2) 27 Sep 1950, Harold Dalley WINTERS
#6 Clifford Christian married (2) 27 April 1979 Elbie Juanita Fleming WENTZ

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS
#4 Rudolph "C" buried at Levan, Juab Utah.
#9 Vera Mary's husband also known as "Happy" Paul Jones
#8 Annie Minnie divorced from John /

16 Sept 1979

DATE Nadine Aagard Keeley

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART

685 Park Drive

STREET ADDRESS Hyrum, Utah 84319

CITY STATE

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS

THE SAME PERSON AS NO.

ON CHART NO.

James Edgar AAGARD

Niels Orlando AAGARD

Reuben Peter AAGARD

Rudolph "C" AAGARD

Geneva Marie AAGARD

Clifford Christian AAGARD

Robert Lynn AAGARD

Annie Minnie AAGARD

Vera Mary AAGARD

Morris AAGARD

Beatrice AAGARD

Nadine AAGARD

PEDIGREE CHART

<p>16 Sept 1979</p> <p>Nadine Aagard Keeley</p> <p>685 Park Drive</p> <p>Hyrum, Utah 84319</p> <p>STATE</p>		<p>16 Sept 1979</p> <p>Nadine Aagard Keeley</p> <p>685 Park Drive</p> <p>Hyrum, Utah 84319</p> <p>STATE</p>	
<p>James Edgar AAGARD</p> <p>Niels Orlando AAGARD</p> <p>Reuben Peter AAGARD</p> <p>Rudolph "C" AAGARD</p> <p>Geneva Marie AAGARD</p> <p>Clifford Christian AAGARD</p> <p>Robert Lynn AAGARD</p> <p>Annie Minnie AAGARD</p> <p>Vera Mary AAGARD</p> <p>Morris AAGARD</p> <p>Beatrice AAGARD</p> <p>Nadine AAGARD</p>		<p>16 Sept 1979</p> <p>Nadine Aagard Keeley</p> <p>685 Park Drive</p> <p>Hyrum, Utah 84319</p> <p>STATE</p>	
<p>James AAGARD</p> <p>BORN 23 May 1885</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 1 June 1904</p> <p>DIED 25 Nov 1974</p> <p>WHERE Powell, Park, Wyoming</p>		<p>Niels Jensen AAGARD</p> <p>BORN 15 Jan 1835</p> <p>WHERE Farre, Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 29 Dec 1877</p> <p>DIED 4 Feb 1892</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>	
<p>Bolette Maria RASMUSSEN</p> <p>BORN 27 Nov 1855</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 Feb 1910</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>		<p>Rasmus CHRISTENSEN</p> <p>BORN 1813</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 27 Jan 1876</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DORHEA Marie JENSEN</p> <p>BORN 22 Jan 1819</p> <p>WHERE Guldbæk, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 8 Sept 1904</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p> <p>Jorgen Vinter or Jorgen Vinther NIELSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>or WINNIE</p> <p>Jorgen Peter Jorgensen WINTER</p> <p>BORN 27 Mar 1857</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 20 June 1881</p> <p>DIED 20 Dec 1924</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>		<p>Rasmusine CHRISTENSEN</p> <p>BORN 1 July 1859</p> <p>WHERE Bjerre, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 Mar 1938</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>	
<p>Annie R. or</p> <p>Christiane Rasmie WINTER</p> <p>BORN 3 Dec 1885</p> <p>WHERE Wales, Sanpete, Utah</p> <p>DIED 1 Sept 1971</p> <p>WHERE Powell, Park, Wyoming</p>		<p>Peder or Peter KRISTENSEN</p> <p>BORN 26 Dec 1816</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Christen RASMUSSEN</p> <p>BORN 1813</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 27 Jan 1876</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DORHEA Marie JENSEN</p> <p>BORN 22 Jan 1819</p> <p>WHERE Guldbæk, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 8 Sept 1904</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p> <p>Jorgen Vinter or Jorgen Vinther NIELSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Matte Marie THOMSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Jens Petersen or</p> <p>Jens Pedersen AAGARD</p> <p>BORN 25 Sept 1791</p> <p>WHERE Farre, Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 25 Oct 1828</p> <p>DIED 16 Dec 1879</p> <p>WHERE Maren ANDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 3 Sept 1808</p> <p>WHERE Of Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 12 Aug 1879</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Maren PEDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 25 Sept 1791</p> <p>WHERE Farre, Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 25 Oct 1828</p> <p>DIED 16 Dec 1879</p> <p>WHERE Maren ANDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 3 Sept 1808</p> <p>WHERE Of Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 12 Aug 1879</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Ellen HANSEN</p> <p>BORN 3 Sept 1808</p> <p>WHERE Of Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 12 Aug 1879</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Ellen HANSEN</p> <p>BORN 3 Sept 1808</p> <p>WHERE Of Sporup, Skanderborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 12 Aug 1879</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Christen RASMUSSEN</p> <p>BORN 1813</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 27 Jan 1876</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DORHEA Marie JENSEN</p> <p>BORN 22 Jan 1819</p> <p>WHERE Guldbæk, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 8 Sept 1904</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p> <p>Jorgen Vinter or Jorgen Vinther NIELSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Christen RASMUSSEN</p> <p>BORN 1813</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED 27 Jan 1876</p> <p>WHERE Norre, Tranders, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DORHEA Marie JENSEN</p> <p>BORN 22 Jan 1819</p> <p>WHERE Guldbæk, Aalborg, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 8 Sept 1904</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p> <p>Jorgen Vinter or Jorgen Vinther NIELSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Matte Marie THOMSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Matte Marie THOMSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Jorgen Jensen HAUGE</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Jorgen Jensen HAUGE</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Kristen JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Kristen JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 11 March 1817</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED 6 Nov 1852</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE Ane Kirstine JORGENSEN</p> <p>BORN 17 Dec 1826</p> <p>WHERE Barrit, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Inger PEDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 26 Dec 1816</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Inger PEDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 26 Dec 1816</p> <p>WHERE Raarup, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>WHEN MARRIED</p> <p>DIED</p> <p>WHERE</p>	
<p>Niels PEDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 1 July 1859</p> <p>WHERE Bjerre, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 Mar 1938</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>		<p>Niels PEDERSEN</p> <p>BORN 1 July 1859</p> <p>WHERE Bjerre, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 Mar 1938</p> <p>WHERE Levan, Juab, Utah</p>	
<p>Else KRISTENSEN</p> <p>BORN 7 May 1829</p> <p>WHERE Bjerre, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 May 1899</p> <p>WHERE</p>		<p>Else KRISTENSEN</p> <p>BORN 7 May 1829</p> <p>WHERE Bjerre, Vejle, Denmark</p> <p>DIED 2 May 1899</p> <p>WHERE</p>	

GIVE HERE NAME OF RECORD OR BOOK WHERE THIS INFORMATION WAS OBTAINED. REFER TO NAMES BY NUMBER.

LITHOGRAPHED IN U.S.A.
COPYRIGHTED, 1936 GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF UTAH

PORTRAIT PEDIGREE OF THE PROGENITORS OF

CHILDREN OF JAMES AAGARD AND
 CHRISTIANE RASMINE OR ANNIE R. WINTER

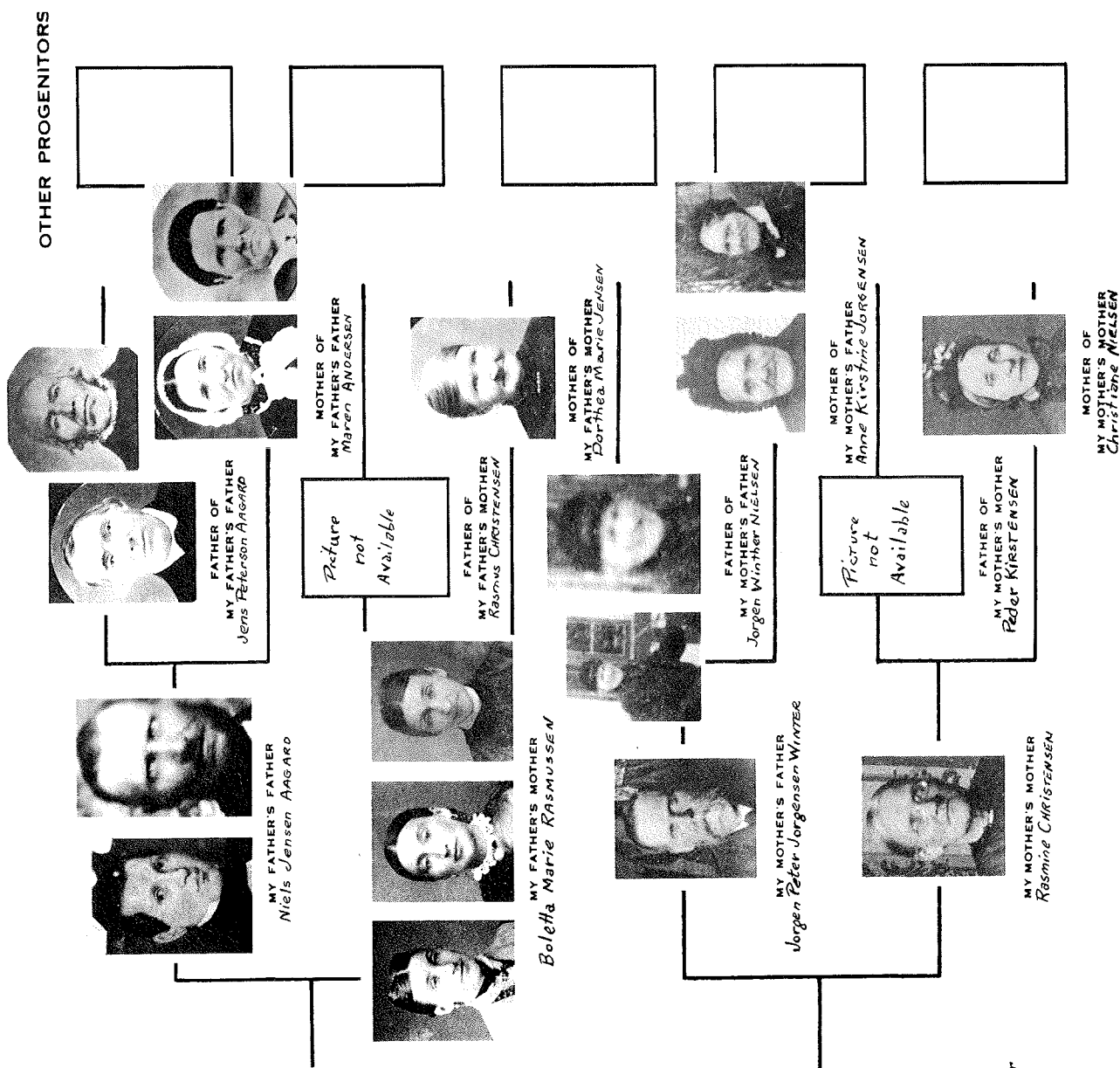
James AAGARD



Left to right: AAGARD FAMILY
 Back row: James Edgar, Niels Orlando, Peter Reuben,
 Clifford Christian, Robert Lynn, Morris
 Front row: Annie Minnie, Geneva Marie, James AAGARD,
 Christiane Rasmene Winter, Vera Mary,
 Nadine, Beatrice

Taken 30 May 1964

Christiane Rasmene or
 Annie R. WINTER



Niels Jensen Aagard
and
Bolette Maria Rasmussen

NIELS JENSEN AAGARD

In the year of 1835 Jens Peterson Aagard and his wife, Maren Anderson Aagard, were living in the town of Farnø, Jutland County, Denmark. On January 15th of this year their home was blessed by the arrival of another son, the third Niels Jensen Aagard.

It was difficult at times to identify different families, as many had the same name. For this reason this family changed its name, as did many others. It was the custom to select names which referred to the surroundings. This family had been known by the name Jensen, and because of their having a large tract of land located by a river, they changed their name to Aagard (Aa is a stream or river and Guard referred to a tract of land).

Niels Jensen Aagard, as he was now known, entered into the king's service at the age of 21. For three years he served as one of the king's six lifeguards. One of his duties was to accompany the king on his rides in his chariot. The six lifeguards wore fine uniforms and rode three on each side of the chariot.

When Niels returned home from the king's service in 1858 he embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, through the missionary work of Erastus Snow who was laboring in Denmark at that time. His sister, Kjis-trine also joined the church and the two soon left their native country with a group of converts of the same faith to sail to the United States. It took five weeks to cross the North Sea, and it was a most uncomfortable trip. They used boxes to sit on and made beds on the floor. The ship that carried them to the new land was the TAPPSCOT. They were in Neslens company with Gould in command. After five weeks on the Atlantic ocean, they sighted New York.

It was now the month of May and a new land and a new life was before them. Many of these people were so eager about it all that sixteen couples were married soon after the boat landed, some had never seen each other before this voyage. New York was just a landing place and Chicago was the next stop. These people were on their way to Utah where the saints had gathered and were doing their part in developing the West. It was midnight when they arrived in Chicago and they did not spend much time there, for fear of being mobbed. They immediately took a train to Iowa City and the next stop was Winter Quarters, where preparation was made for the last and hardest part of the journey. Each one purchased as much as he could afford, with the hope that none would be buried by the wayside. From here on they were known as a hand-cart company.

The preparation for this trip took three weeks and Niels and Stena felt fortunate because they were able to purchase a yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. Many would have to walk and pull what possessions they were able to bring along. One handcart lagged behind from the start and soon it was so far behind that the others feared for its safety. They decided someone would have to go back and help them catch up with the group. Niels volunteered to help the handcart family, which consisted of Mrs. Larsen, her husband who was ill, and a nine-year-old boy. Mrs. Larsen had hopes that her husband would live to reach the new land, but her hopes were not realized for a few days after rejoining the company the husband passed away and was buried by the roadside. Before he left this earth, he was assured that his wife and son would not have to walk and that there was room in Niels' wagon for them and their belongings. A kindness like this is never forgotten and Mrs. Larsen never missed a Christmas in giving this man who had saved her life a pair of long woolen stockings which she would knit during the year.

The trip from winter quarters to Salt Lake City took thirteen weeks. The company was met in Immigration Canyon by C. A. Madsen (later he and

Niels married sisters). It was now the year 1859 and Niels and Stena were settled in Moroni, Sanpete County. Later on, their father and mother came to America and settled in Moroni also. Niels made frequent trips to Salt Lake City for supplies and on one of these trips he met a young lady named Serina K. Sorensen. They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1866 (11 August).

While living in Moroni, Niels would take trips on his horse and look over the country. One day he crossed over the mountains and saw a long stretch of level land, and as far as he could see it was one big beautiful, green valley. He fell in love with this beautiful country. Niels did not return home that night and his folks were quite worried. When he returned the next day his mother asked him where he had been and he answered, "I have been in paradise." He did not know then that this beautiful valley would someday be his home and would be called Levan.

In the fall of the year 1861 they were called to go to Dixie in Washington County, to help settle this part of the country. The climate here did not agree with Niels and, because of failing health, he was given an honorable release by the church. In 1869 they moved to Levan in Juab County and Niels was called from here to go on a mission in the year 1876. He labored mostly in Nebraska and he returned home in 1877. In July of this year the Nephi district was made into a stake and Niels was ordained and set apart as the first Bishop of Levan Ward. He had been preceded by Samuel Pitchforth and Elmer Taylor, who had been laboring as presiding Elders of the Levan Branch. Serina presided over the Relief Society and both she and her husband were working for the same cause, the building of a church. Prior to this time the church meetings were held in the Aagard home. Soon after Niels was chosen as Bishop, a church was built.

Seventeen years had passed and no children had been born to the marriage of Niels and Serina. Serina, knowing that she couldn't have children, and feeling that every man should be a father, consented to a second marriage for her husband. At that time it was lawful for a man to have more than one wife.

When the immigrants came to Salt Lake City from their homeland across the sea to the place they called Zion, they were often met by men who were looking for wives. On one of these occasions, Niels went to Salt Lake City to meet the immigrants and became acquainted with a young Danish girl whose name was Boletta. She and her mother had been converted to the gospel by Elder Knue Brown from Nephi. Elder Brown was in this particular company of immigrants as he had just been released from his mission. Since Boletta and her mother knew no one in this strange land, Elder Brown took them with him on the train to Nephi. Niels was on this same train and he became further acquainted with Boletta and her mother. He learned that her boyfriend from Denmark was also in Utah and that they planned to be married.

Elder Brown took Boletta and her mother to his home for the night, but the next day he told his son Dan to take them to Levan for Bishop Aagard to take care of. When they arrived at the Aagard residence, it was just dinner time and the men from a threshing crew were there for dinner. One of the men looked out of the window and said, "It looks like you have company." Niels looked out and said, "That is the immigrant lady and her daughter that I met on the train yesterday." When Dan came in, he said, "Here are the two ladies that my father sent for you to take care of."

Niels soon rented a small house for them (it stood where the Mangelson house is now). The girl, Boletta, and Niels were married after six months of friendship. This was in the year 1878. Five children were born to this marriage. The first child died when it was just an infant. Before the last child was born to Boletta, the Edmonds law was passed, which prohibited a

man from having more than one wife. Niels would not made a choice between his wives, so Boletta took her youngest child, James, and went to Mendon, Cache County, Utah to await the birth of another baby. The two other children, Mary and Niels, made their home with Sorena. Two years passed and Boletta still could not return unless Niels paid the penalty, so he paid what the law required - \$50.00 cash and 50 days in jail. This sentence was made by the District Court of Provo, Utah. The United States marshall was very lenient with Niels as they were good friends. He promised Niels that he would not have to wear the striped clothes of the prisoners nor have his head shaved, as the other men were forced to do, and he kept his promise.

Erick Petersen and Eli Curtis were his counselors and carried on with the church affairs until Niels was released to go home. On May 11, 1889, Niels returned to Levan at 9:00 at night. He was met at the north entrance of town by the people of Levan and the town orchestra. They all went to his home for refreshments which were served by his friends, the Levan people.

On February 4, 1892, Niels was stricken with pneumonia and died.

BOLETTE MARIE RASMUSEN AAGARD

Bolette Marie Rasmusen was the sixth child of a family of nine, born to Rasmus Christensen and Dorthie Marie Jensen on November 27, 1885. She was born at Norre Tranders, Aalborg Denmark. Bolette was a shy pretty child with long dark hair.

As she grew older she thirsted after righteousness. When Elder Knue Brown, from Nephi, Utah came preaching the gospel in Denmark it didn't take Bolette and her mother long to know that what Elder Brown taught about the Mormon Church was true, and they had a deep desire to become a member of the Mormon Church. Boletta's Father had died in 1876. In April, 1877 at the age of 22, Bolette and her mother were baptised. The following September 12, 1877 Bolette and her mother joined a number of other recently baptised members to sail to the promised land in America on a ship called "Argo". Because of the bad weather which caused the ship to rock, many of the people became sea sick. The food served on the ship consisted of soup, bread and butter, and a cup of tea. After they arrived at Hull Denmark, they were taken off the ship and put on a train where they travelled to Liverpool, England. They spent two days here, then they were put on ship again. Every morning they were served a french roll with butter and a cup of tea. Sometimes they were served a special meal which consisted of soup which had meat and potatoes in and a piece of cake that had raisins and prunes in. Mr. Brown and Mr. Sanberg, who were over the company of Saints would walk around among them and see if they were all well and happy. Every morning after breakfast they would all come up on deck to have prayer and sing songs. On Sunday afternoon they would hold a religious meeting first in English, then in Swedish, then Danish. The Swedish, Norwegians and Danish could understand each other pretty well, but the English, Scottish, and Irelanders they couldn't understand. After seventeen days on the last ship they arrived in New York October 29 making 47 days since they'd left Denmark. They all met in a big hall and was given some bread to eat. There were some Luthereans there who gave them all a New Testament. Boletta was glad she had brought her Bible with her. They left New York by railroad. They thought New York was a big beautiful city, and the farther they went they thought the country became more beautiful. They thought the trains they rode on in America was alot nicer than those in Denmark. The trains in America were upholstered with leather and much more roomy and comfortable than in Denmark. As they rode along Boletta was much impressed with the big beautiful buildings, and many of them were two stories high and had pretty gardens and flowers around them. She saw alot of pigs and chickens. She also saw alot of indians among the white people. A big bridge they went over impressed her with its nine brick pillars that the bridge stood on. They travelled long distances through big mountains. They went through long dark tunnels that Boletta thought was like going into a dark oven. Boletta thought the rye bread they got in America was alot better tasting and cheaper than in Denmark.

When the immigrants came to Salt Lake they were often met by men who were looking for wives. On one of these occasions Niels Aagard, who was the bishop, of Levan, Utah met the immigrant train. He had been married for 17 years to Sorena Sorensen whom had also came from Denmark. They had never been blessed with children. Sorena feeling that every man should be a father consented for him to take another wife. So it was when pretty Boletta, in her lavender dress, and her mother got off the train, Neils had a desire to get better acquainted with her. He rode the train that Boletta and her mother was on to Nephi. In their conversation he learned that her boyfriend from Denmark had also came to Utah with them. They planned to be married.

Elder Brown, the man who had converted Boletta and her mother in Denmark, took them to his house for a few days. The wife became worried that her hus-

band would want to take pretty Boletta to be his wife also so she encouraged her husband to send them to Bishop Aagard to take care of. Mr. Brown told his son, Dan, to take them to Levan for Bishop Aagard to take care of. Neils rented them a small house in Levan. Neils and Serena discussed the prospects of having Boletta for a second wife and it was decided Serena would put on a quilt and invite Boletta to assist her so they might become better acquainted. Each day Boletta would arrive to quilt accompanied by her fiance who stood by the gate and gazed longingly at his fiance as she quilted. Soon Serena decided it was alright for Neils to marry Boletta. Apostle Teasdale who came to Levan often encouraged Neils to marry the pretty Danish woman.

After six months of friendship Neils and Boletta were married. Boletta's boyfriend, whom she had paid his way to America, never got married. He lived alone in a dirt dug out and finally died of a broken heart.

In giving her consent for Neils to marry Boletta, she had Boletta promise to give her their first two children. The first child died at birth. Sorena said that that one didn't count so she was to have the next two. Boletta lived in a little two room log house, not too far from where Serena lived in a big two story house which was the fanciest in Levan at the time. Three more children, Neils, Mary, and James were born in the little log house. Before her last child, Sonnie, was born the Edmonds' law was passed which prohibited a man from having more than one wife. Neils would not make a choice between his two wives. He tried hiding Boletta in the tithing house so people would get the impression that they had separated. When people would come to pay their tithing Neils moved Boletta to an old log cabin quite a distance out in the field. Neils would fill barrels with water and take them and groceries out to Boletta late at night. Then it was decided that Boletta should be moved to Mendon which was around 150 miles north of Levan. It was the 4th of February that Neils took Boletta and her youngest child, James, and went to Mendon. How sad Boletta was to leave her other two children, Neils and Mary, with Serena. For two years she lived with people by the name of Sonne, who were very good to her. While here another son was born, and he was named Sonnie. Finally Neils pleaded guilty of cohabitation and was sentenced to 50 days in jail and \$50.00 fine. After Neils paid his fine and served his jail sentence Boletta was allowed to return to Levan. She again lived in the little two room log house with her two children, James and Sonnie. The other two children living with Serena.

Boletta's life was not an easy one. She was given a blessing by Elisa Snow which helped her to bare her burdens. She raised chickens and sold eggs for 10¢ a dozen. She also sold apples from her apple trees getting 25¢ a bushel. From this she was able to purchase her a cow and she bought a separator from James Anderson giving \$37.00 for it which she paid for out of her cream and butter money. She was a good seamstress, and did most of the sewing for herself and children. Boletta was a very religious person and firmly believed in prayer. She taught her children honesty and to work hard. She never learned to speak English and her children didn't speak English until they started to school.

Serena (also known as Mutt) was very jealous of Boletta. It upset her to have Neils pay any attention to Boletta or the children. Serena could look through her window over to Boletta's house and see what was going on. One day Boletta was setting on the step darning socks, and Neils was playing with the children. When he got ready to go home he went over and kissed Boletta. Of course Serena saw it all. When Neils got back and inside the house Serena locked the door and then picked up a stick of oak she kept handy and started to beat Neils. He jumped out the window and ran to the barn with Serena right behind him. He climbed up a ladder leading to the hay loft. Serena got about half way up the ladder, and Neils said, "One more step and

I'll push the ladder over." Serena climbed back down the ladder. Another time Serena got upset at something Boletta had done. She came over and pulled Boletta out of bed and jumped on her arm and broke it. She wouldn't let Boletta go to a doctor. Her arm healed crooked and bothered her the rest of her life. Another time when she got upset at Boletta while Boletta was sleeping, she got her by the throat and almost choked her to death. After that Boletta slept with a butcher knife under her pillow. Most of it was caused by Serena's jealousy of Boletta.

Serena was quite strick with Neils and Mary, and use to spank them quite often. They would go crying down to Boletta's and Dorthie, who was Boletta's mother. One day when they went crying down to them Dorthie went back up to Serena's and told her she didn't want her beating the kids anymore. She could correct them, but not beat them. Serena grabbed Dorthie and put her across her knees and spanked her like you would a little kid.

Neils died February 4, 1892 from pneumonia. Everything was in Serena's name, and Boletta was left without a cent. Serena even wanted the little house that Boletta was living in so Boletta had to take it to court to keep her house. James and Sonnie was to have had some of the land, but they had both went to Wyoming to live so Serena had their portion of the land deeded to Clarence and James Anderson, Mary's two boys.

Boletta led a hard life, and she endured many hardships. She died February 2, 1910 at Levan, Utah.

The following is from the diary of Boltette Rasmusen. It was written by her hand in Danish, and later translated into English. It appears that certain portions are missing and some pages may be out of context.

Aalberg the 24th of August 1877:

"Bolette Rasmusen has deposited with me 1000 crowns which I will pay her in American money." K. W. Brown

I have paid for exchange	1000 crowns
I have paid for the journey	886,30 crowns
I have paid altogether	2172,00 plus 74

We left from Aalberg on the 12 of September, at 5 o'clock and everything went well to Copenhagen. On the 13, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we left Copenhagen with the ship Argo for Hul (Hull) but there we got seasick, because the weather was not favorable. We woke up in the night and began to throw up but they were not equally sick. I think that the menfolks and the old women were those who made it the best. We remained sick until we came to Hul (Hull) but then we were all well. We arrived there Monday morning at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 17th. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were gathered together in a big hall in order to receive our tickets. We then went out a little ways to the station where we then went with the railroad to Liverpool, and all our baggage arrived also in good condition with the railroad cars. We came then with a small steamboat over to the other side, together with all our baggage, and we then went a little ways until we came to the Big Steamship, which was Tuesday morning the 18 at 5 o'clock, but our luggage was first brought aboard in the morning the 18 at 10 o'clock. Soon after we came aboard we were fed with warm soup meat and bread to go with it and a cup of tea. On the 20 at 5 o'clock the ship started to leave and everything was then arranged and in good order.

The weather was good for several days, it was very good and we did not get seasick. We had no reason to complain about the food either, because we were served a french roll every morning and good butter to go with it and also a cup of coffee, and then for dinner we get fresh meat soup and potatoes to the meat one day, and peas and fish and potatoes another day, and salt soup and meat and potatoes one day, thus different foods every day. Last Sunday we got fresh meat soup and potatoes and meat and then we got some kind of cake that I think was supposed to be some kind of fruit cake because there was both prunes and raisins in it. Then, every evening we again got French rolls, everyone of us and butter with it, and a cup of tea; this is our food every day.

For one and a half days we had side wind and rain. Then, some of us stayed in the berth because we didn't feel that well. The day after we had cold weather and then there were not too many either, who came up on deck, but now we have good weather again so we are all up on deck today. Every morning Brown and Sandberg walk around to all the members (Brethren and Sisters) on the boat to make sure that we are all healthy and happy. Then, when we have eaten breakfast, we come up on deck, plus all the Scandinavians and the English men also, and have prayer and sing psalms (Hymns). Last Sunday afternoon we held a meeting, first in English, then Swedish, and then Danish, But later in the evening we held a meeting again, it was only Danish. Swedish and Norwegian and Danish are not much different, for we can very well walk and talk together, but of the English, Scottish, and the Irish, we can't understand very much of each other. Then on Friday the 29th we went ashore and came to a big hall in Novork (New York) where we were given bread and there went some Lutherans around and gave us a New Testament each but they are not

as big as the "New-Testament" and then they are a little bit changed in the Word. I am glad that I have my Bible with me from Denmark. Then we left New York (New York) in the afternoon by railroad. It sure was a big and beautiful city but it was still more beautiful the farther we went. We drove then with this train on Saturday night and Sunday and Monday but on Tuesday Morning we changed train. This is with upholstered leather and much more roomy and comfortable than in Denmark. The buildings are beautiful and two stories high and a beautiful garden around. Pigs and chickens are in great abundance wherever you go. I have seen many Indians among the white people everywhere in America. Yes, often I have even seen several of them gathered, because they live in houses just like the white people. We jornd across a bridge where there were 9 brick pillars that the bridge stood on. We also traveled through big mountains. One of these was so big that we travelled for several miles before we came out of it again. It was built with brick on both sides and even above us, so it was so dark as if we had come into a dark oven. We came through big forests. There we also saw many pigs and cattle with bells on.

You can't imagine what wonderful rye bread we get in America and it isn't very expensive either. It is both cheaper and better than in Denmark. February we came here to Mendon in 1887.

1887

The 4 of February, Brother Aagaard with me and little Jerri (Jens?) left Levan from my little Mary and Niels, and we arrived at "Mendon Cas Co" (Cache County) the 12- to Brother Sonne's. I was there for 2 years. During that time came little Sonne and then were Brother and Sister Sonne and I alone. We had a good home there.

I bought a pair of shoes for Jens 1.35, brown cloth for 1.14 yards, brown yarn 1/2x25, textiles 80 cents, 9 yards Red flannel, swaddling-band, 2½ yards calico, 1½ cloth for trousers, 2 pair of stockings, spools of white

Debit

Flannel	5½ yards	45
Flannel	1¼	47
Textiles	4½	

Debit

Flannel	5½ yard	45
"		25
"	1¼	59
Textiles	4½	40
Swaddling-band		20
Lace		12
(?)		1-1-10
Embroidery		22
Thread		25
Calico	2	12
Embroidery		8
		<u>5.33</u>

The 20th of October, 1887.

A pair of shoes for Jens	1 ½ Dollars
2 red yarn	25
1½ yard cloth	37
2 heavy cloth	5
2 yard lace	25
	<u>2.42</u>

The 3 of February 1888

Brother A. Andersen brought us to his daughter who is married to Laine Ferns, we were received with much friendliness and the children felt very much at home here. She has 2 little girls, one of them is 6 - and the other is 4 years old.

The 9 of March pleaded Brother Aagaard guilty of cohabitation and on the 23 he was sentenced to 50 days and costs.
December 1888.

I have received 4 dollars for shoes and 5 dollars and 30 cents in bills out of 22 dollars that they gave those from Levan, and they have borrowed 1 dollar and 75 cents later from me. Thus it will be 14.45 they have of mine.
1891

From January to May I have sold 6 pounds of butter and 3 pounds I have given in tithing, the 12th of May 1 lb. and sold 2 lbs the 26 of May 3 lbs in tithing, the 20th of September 6 lbs in tithing.

The 22 of June 1889 I had my teeth pulled by Brother C. Bird in Nephi (Nifai), and in June 1890 I received my new teeth which cost me 14 dollars.

Let home stand before all other things, no matter how high your ambitions may transcend its duties; no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond (Beyond) its doors. Be not its slave; but minister; Let it not be enough that it is swept --- (?) that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed (feed) the truth in it, feed thought and inspiration. Feed all activity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an overwrought picture? We (we) think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home. What dignity higher than to reign its undisputed honored mistress; What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large audiences or the wisdom that may command a seat on the judges bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home that husband and children rise and call her blessed; To be the guiding star, the healing spirit in such a position is higher honor than to rule an empire.--- Mrs. Beecher

Father merciful and mild (an mile), listen to thy little child,
Loving Father put away all things wrong (rong) --- (?)
Today make me gentle (jentele) and good.
Make me feel by day and night, make me love thee as I should,
Heavenly Father hear my prayer, take thy child into thy care,
Let thy angels be good and bright and watch over me through the night.

I wove 28 floor mats to Erick Petersen's for it Sorine received an order for 3 dol 24 cents and also 3 spools that I got was spools for 3 spinning wheels to Carlain Tommesen that I got.

In 1879 Sister Elisai R. Snow gave me a good blessing quided by God's Spirit and in 1881 prophesized Sister Emeneline B. Wells guided by God's Spirit that the next baby I would get would live, who was little Mary. May God hold his protecting hand over us all and guide us by his good spirit to do that which is right before the Lord. "Aman"

The Best Cough Medicine

Half an ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine, two ounces of Glycerin and a half pint of Whiskey, mixed together will cure all cough, can stop a cold in 24 hours. Take a teaspoon full every four hours.

Some salt and water is good to bathe weak eyes in. Strong salt water will prevent the loosening of hair. A teaspoon of salt in a half glass cold water is good for soothing when you have a strong headache. For insect bites use moist salt bound over the place. The juice of a raw onion will destroy the poison in poisonous insect bites.



Bishop Niels Jensen AAGARD
(above)



Boletta Marie RASMUSSEN with
son James AAGARD (Top right)

Boletta Marie Rasmussen and
grandchildren (clockwise from
baby): James, Anne, and Edna
Anderson (Mary's children),
James Edgar and Niels Orlando
Aagard (baby)(James' children)





Bishop Niels Jensen Aagard (black suit) in prison for having two wives. The U.S. Constable promised his first wife Sorena that he would not have to wear prison clothes as she used to fix him coffee when he was in town.



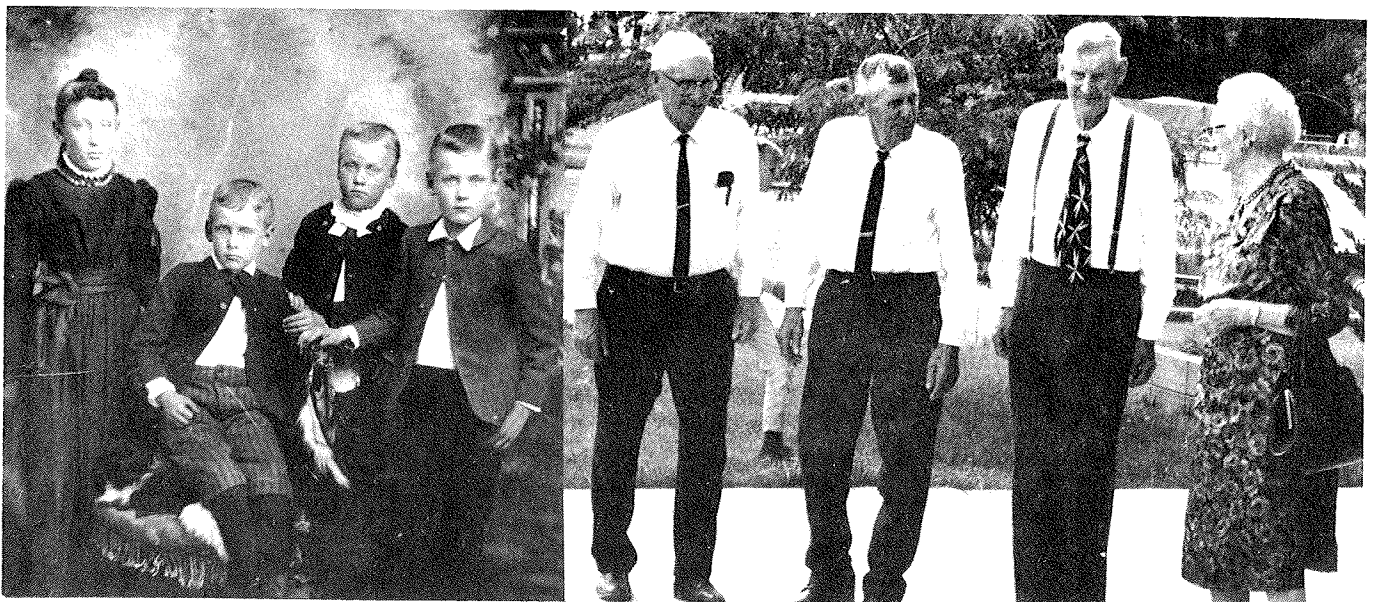
Boletta Marie Rasmussen
2nd Wife



Niels Jensen Aagard as a bishop (left) and as the Danish King's guard (right).



Sorena Keristine Sorensen ("Mutt")
1st Wife



Children of Niels Jensen Aagard and Boletta Marie Rasmussen
Mary, James, Ole Sonnie, Niels
Ole Sonnie, James, Niels, Mary
A daughter, Sorena, died in infancy.

Jorgen Peter Jorgensen

Winter (Winther)

and

Rasmine Christensen

JORGEN PETER JORGENSEN WINTHER (WINTER)

Father of Annie R. Winter Aagard

Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther (Winter) was born March 27th 1857 at Bjerit Skomby Mark Denmark. He was the 3rd child of Jorgen Winther Nelsen and Ane Kristine Jorgensen. There were seven brothers and sisters, their names were Mette Marie, Niels Broe, Jorgen Peter Jorgensen, Soren Jorgensen, Jens Christian Martin, who died so his next brother born was named Jens Christian Martin Jorgensen, and Hans Peter Jorgensen. Peter's boyhood days were much the same as all Danish lads at that time. He started school when 7 years old, and graduated at 14. He was a great lover of horses and when a soldier in the Danish Army, he helped care for 500 horses.

After hearing about the gospel of Jesus Christ from the missionaries he joined the Mormon church or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was baptized March 29, 1881 at Horsens Ford Denmark by Lars Nielson, an Elder from Ft. Green, and Jorgen Jorgensen. He was 24 years old. He was ordained a Deacon August 2, 1881, in Horsens Denmark by Lars Nielson. Ordained a Priest April 2, 1882 in Vejle Denmark by W. C. A. Wirsing.

He met a school teacher in Denmark by the name of Rasmine Christensen. They fell in love and were married by the judge, the 20th of June 1881 in Bjerre Denmark. A year later they decided to come to Zion and so left Denmark with a few of their belongings, leaving friends and families, nice home to come to the unknown hardships of settling in a new country. They emigrated to Utah June 16, 1882.

After a long, hard journey on the water and land and coming to Salt Lake City, they were met by Elder Lars Nielson, the man who baptized Peter. He had a team and wagon and took them to Ft. Green, Utah, which was a long, hard journey as there were no roads as there are now, and the canyon roads were so rough, they were barely passable. They had been in Ft. Green only a couple of months when a son was born. They gave him the name of Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther. He lived only a few days.

Peter was the father of 11 children: Jorgen Peter, Hyrum Peter, Christinane Rasmine (Annie), Ane Kjerstine (Christine), Peter Christian, Marie Elizabeth, Niels Jorgan, Eva, Sarah, Alma and Anthony Rhudolph. The first four children were born at Sanpete Co., Ft. Green, Wales, and Moroni. After Peter and Rasmine had been here 6 years, they were married in the Manti temple on December 20, 1888.

They moved to Levan in May of 1889. They lived in a dobbie house up where Peter Sorensen now lives. He then bought some lots from Rasmus Sorensen out across the creek. Here they built a home and the rest of their children were born there.

Peter worked and bought land out on the Levan Ridge; Hans Anderson gave him the job of freighting pigs, cattle, etc. that the farmers had to sell. They would butcher it and haul it by team and wagon to Eureka to sell to stores. He also hauled butter and eggs. This was a very cold job in the winter. When he gave it up to Julius Bosh, Peter was water master for several years in Levan.

Peter was called to be a missionary to Scandinavia April 14, 1908 and was to leave no later than May 27, 1908. He went to Salt Lake City where he had his physical examination. He could not pass and so returned home disappointed no doubt. On April 12, 1909, he was called on a two year mission to Manti Temple. He lived over in Manti and came back and forth when he could to Levan where his family lived. On June 15, 1911, he was honorably released from his mission and returned home.

He then bought another home in town two blocks west of the highway owned by Peter Hoffine. This was around 1914 or 1915. Here they lived until they died.

On May 7, 1918, he was called again to the Manti Temple as a temple worker.

He owned two buggies. One had a white top and two seats in it and one had a black top and fringe around the edge. They were drawn by two horses that were well-cared for. He used to take his wife and Sister Jensen ward teaching and also they would take some things to the sick to eat. They rode in style in those days.

On December 3, 1924, his son Alma left for a mission to the Western States. His Anthony was married that day. A few days later Peter was in the Levan Post Office sending a Christmas package to his son Alma and was stricken down with heart trouble and died in the Post Office on December 20, 1924. He was buried in the Levan Cemetery December 24, 1924. At the time of his death, he was a High Priest in the Levan Ward.

Grandpa Winter was about 5' 10" in height. He had dark brown hair, blue eyes. He always wore a beard and mustache. He was a well-built man.

All his children were married in the Manti Temple. Also, he and his wife were married there. They were all married by President Lewis Anderson.

RASMINE CHRISTENSEN WINTER
Mother of Annie R. Winter Aagard

Rasmine Christensen was born July 1, 1859, at Bethe Vejle Ame Jydland, Denmark or Bjere Denmark. She was the daughter of Peter Kristensen and Christiane Nielson. They had 2 children, one daughter, Rasmine, and a son, Peter Christensen. Rasmine's father died and her mother married Soren Kok (Sorensen); their children were Niels Peter Rasmussen, Carl Winter Rasmussen, Soren Sorensen, Else Birgitte, and Marie Andera.

Rasmine had a good home. They lived in the country on a Goer or an Estate. They had servants or people to help with the work in the house and on the farm. They made all kinds of cheese and butter. They used to make a mild beer and put bread in it. They called it Ale Bra. I've heard Grandma tell about the good things they had and I know she would have liked to taste some of those things again.

She went to school as all the young girls in Denmark did. She received education enough to be a school teacher. She taught along with reading and arithmetic, the art of fine handwork. She could knit, net, and crochet and was a fine seamstress. When she came to Levan, she used to wash the wool, dye it, spin it into yarn and knit beautiful shawls and make stockings.

Rasmine was a Lutheran, as was her parents. She heard the missionaries and was converted. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1880, and was baptized in Horsens Denmark by Jorgen Jorgensen. She was 21 years of age at the time she joined the church. She was still teaching school when the minister heard she had joined the Mormons. He came and told her if she would go back to the Lutheran Church, she could still teach school; if not, the job was no longer hers. Her parents did not turn her out, but they felt sorry for her that she didn't know better than to join the Mormons.

She was going with a young man by the name of Jens Christian Marten Jorgensen Winther, who did not belong to the church. When she joined the church, he married Rasmine's half-sister, Marie Andra, and to this day, they do not belong to the Mormon church, but are still Lutherans.

Rasmine knew Chris's brother Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther, so two months after he joined the Mormon church, they were married on the 20th of June 1881 in Denmark by the judge. She had been a member one year.

After their marriage they worked and planned to come to Zion, so on June 16, 1882, they left Denmark to cross the water to come to a new land of promise. The journey across the ocean was a hard, long one. The sea was rough. There was sickness on board, and a baby died. They wrapped it and lowered it down a plank to the water and a few minutes later they saw a shark. The name of the ship was "Hamburg," a German ship. It took them 10 days to come from New York to Salt Lake City by train. They stayed at the tithing yards where Hotel Utah now stands.

Rasmine met a lady on the ship that was traveling alone. Her husband had come before her to Utah. She was Margarette Juiller (Lund). She was Emma Dalbys mother, also Brother and Sister Bendixen, the father and mother of Erhardt and Embro Bendixen, the husbands of Rasmine's twin daughters, Eva and Sarah.

When they arrived in Salt Lake, they were met by Lars Nielson, an Elder from Fountain Green. The long wagon ride from Salt Lake to Ft. Green was a hard one. The roads were rough and they had to go over mountain roads and passes. They had only been in Ft. Green a couple of months when her first child, a boy, was born. He lived only a few days. His name was Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winther. He was born at Ft. Green, Sanpete Co. Then Hyrum Peter, Christinane Rasmine, and Ane Kjerstine (Christine) were all born while they lived in Sanpete Co. They went to the Manti Temple December 20, 1888, and were married and had their children sealed to them.

They then moved to Levan, and here Peter Christian, Marie Elizabeth, Niels Jorgen, Eva, Sarah, Alma and Anthony Rhudolph were all born.

When they first came to Levan, they lived in an adobe house 2 blocks south and 2 blocks east of the present church, where Peter Sorensen now lives. Then her husband bought some lots from Rasmus Sorensen out across the creek or about 3 blocks straight south from the Vern Mangelson store. Here they built on to the house that was there and here 7 of their 11 children were born.

Rasmine was a good housekeeper, a good cook, and a wonderful mother. She had the patience of Job. After leaving a life of ease to come and pioneer in a new country, they didn't have the luxury we have now. They didn't bottle fruit then as we do now, but had molasses and honey and dried their fruits.

Her husband, Peter, was called on a two year mission to the Manti temple. She stayed here with the family and they all worked---the boys on the farm and for other people. The girls worked helping people who needed help in their homes to keep themselves.

Grandma Winter was a wise, intelligent woman. One of the sayings she told me has never left me. She said, "I never licked my boys; the world will do it for me." And, "Oh, how true the heartaches, the disappointments in life and then the rainbow, or the clouds with silver linings."

In the years 1914, or 1915, her husband, herself, and family moved into town to a nice brick home built and owned by Peter Hoffine. They bought it. It is one half block south and 2 blocks west of Vern's store. Here she lived until her death.

Grandma was a lover of children; they never annoyed her and she used to sing and rock my boys, fix them sandwiches of bread with cream or butter and sugar. She and Vern used to sit and talk about the white top buggy and how he would come and take her for a ride. She gave the buggy to him and he and his friends used to have some real good times in the old surrey. It was in the Ute Stampede Parade in Nephi several times. When Vern went to see her when she was dead, he was only 4 years old. He said, "When I looked at Grandma, she smiled at me." What a wonderful remembrance.

When there were only herself, her husband, and 2 boys, Alma and Anthony, her son, Alma, was called on a mission. He left December 3, 1924 for the Western States Mission. His mother went to Salt Lake with him to see him off. His brother, Anthony, married that day in the Manti Temple with his father going with him. On the 20th of December 1924, her husband, Peter was in the Levan post office mailing a Christmas package to Alma and died suddenly of heart trouble. So in a month, 3 members of her family left home.

Her eye sight was getting dim, but one bright day here came her brother Peter Christensen and his wife, Berne, from Judson, Wisconsin, to see her. She hadn't seen him since she left Denmark. It was fifty years since they had seen each other. It was a happy reunion. They came in the fall and marveled at the peaches and fruit we raised here.

Anthony and his wife lived with her for a while and when Alma returned home, he lived with her until he was married. She then lived alone until one bright morning she was called home, March 2, 1938 and was buried March 6, 1938, at Levan Cemetery. She died of pneumonia.

Grandma was a small woman not much over 5 feet. They said her hair used to be brown and hung in curls. When I knew her, it was white. She combed it back with a bob. She was always cheerful and after her death, her children found the following letter she had written to them:

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I thank you very much for your kindness. All the good you have done for me. I pray often to our Heavenly Father that I may have wisdom to say and do what is right to my big family. I am blessed with a good family. It is my greatest desire that they may be instruments in the hands of the Lord to do much good and help build up Zion.

May we do a great work here in our earth life for our soul salvation, that we as a family shall not drift away from the church, but be steadfast, and I hope that we as a family may be united. May we have love, peace, harmony, stand together, help one another so our Heavenly Father can be pleased with us. The Lord has been good to us; he has blest us, been merciful to us. Let us not forget to thank him and serve him all the days of our lives.

May the Lord bless us all as a family all ye have blest us with. My dear boys, when you have put your grain in, ask the Lord to bless it and protect it. My dear girls and boys, pray to our Heavenly Father for wisdom to raise your children, learn them to pray. O my children be humble, prayerful, faithful, say "thy will be done, oh Father." Read holy books, remember your meetings, pay a full tithing, the faith will never leave you. Oh, may we all be faithful, may we withstand temptation.

NOTES FROM OUR MOTHER AND HER MOTHER

Dear Father, Mother and all,

March 31, 1916

It is with pleasure I answer your welcome letter and glad to hear from you. I should have got my letter off before. We sent a pair of cuff buttons for Father's birthday. I didn't know what to get.

Geneva has got quite tall, but she isn't any fatter. Ruben has got some taller. Edgar and Orlando has both got fatter and taller.

There was a pair of sheets more than I had so I am sending you that post office dollar as I don't want your sheets for nothing.

Hoping to hear from you soon,
James and Annie

Dear Folks and all of you,

April 13, 1922

We received your letter two days ago and were very glad to hear from you and see you was all well. Good health is one of the greatest blessings we can have. We are all feeling quite good now. We all had the flu. It seems to be hard for me to get over it, but I am getting better now. I have been outside a little the last 3 days.

I think you know Eva and Sarah was married the 29 of March in Manti Temple. They went down to Mills the same night. They came up a few days after and got some of their things and they was up last Sunday all feeling good. The old people are going back to Midvale tomorrow to live in their own home.

Your Mother broke her rib on the ice outside the door. She is feeling good now.

I rented your house out the other day to a family by the name of Bennet. They are to pay \$2.50 a month for the house. I have not received any money from them yet. There was 3 of the big windows broke and all the glasses was broke in the kitchen and the frame too. The half roof will have to have new iron on it. Rains down bad. I think the first money will have to be used for windows and roof. There was nobody living in your house in March. Anne Anderson was over one day and wanted to get it. She wanted both house, lot, and a share of water. He wanted it all for nothing. I could not see it that way. Bennet has moved in the house but I have not been so I could go and see them yet. They have just rented the house.

Best regards to all of you,
Father

I think of you many times a day and every night and we always remember you in our prayers. O, Annie, I would have been so glad if you had took that money. I think Annie when there came a new baby to your home, it's too bad if I don't fail to send you just a little. But we are sending you a few things. We would have done that long ago, but we taught the whole family here not to give any present to anyone, so you see this here isn't any present. Now Annie, let me now feel glad to think I can do a little favor to the one that was so good to me when you was home. My eyes is bad. I can't stand to write very much, but I like to remind you of how good you were to try both of you to live your religion and I pray often my children can learn their little ones to pray to our Heavenly Father and read to them good things-little Bible stories. I didn't think to read much out of the Bible for mine. I read for myself, but I remember and I have told so many times how you asked me to read aloud so you could hear it. But it seems like there isn't very much time. Maybe a little sometimes. James would like to read I know. I think we all try to do the best we can. Excuse me my poor writing.

With best love to all,
From Mother

Dear Father, Mother and all,

November 21, 1924

Just a few lines in answer to your most welcome letter we received and was very glad to hear from you and that you were all well.

We sure were surprised to hear about Alma and Anthony. One on a mission, and one to get married. We wish them both much joy and happiness. It sure will be lonesome for Mamma and Papa, but I hope and pray you will get along all right.

If only Eva and Sarah lived a little closer. It would be quite a little company and they might could help you a little some time. But I hope they will all help you all they can. It seems like it fell my lot to be so far away I can neither see any of you or help you any either. I sure would like to come down, but it is a bad time of the year to travel so far with so many little ones. I have been alone with sickness so much it scares me to think of it. Don't look for me unless the weather gets a little warmer. We have had an awful cold spell. If I don't come now, I am sure coming before very much longer.

I am sending the taxes on the place and thank you very much for fixing it up for me. They are going to town so will close for this time. Hoping this finds you all well and all right.

With best wishes to all,
Annie

Dear Mother and all,

December 21, 1924

It is hard for me to write home today. It got me to get such a telegram. Here I haven't seen dear Papa for so many years and then to get such word as that. I was hardly able to stand on my feet. I had always hoped to see you all again. I had almost made up my mind to have left for home today when the neighbor stopped in and told me I would freeze the little ones to death. It had been so terrible cold the last week. It is almost impossible to get out of the house. It's been 44 and 46 below zero, but I sure felt like I ought to have been home. I hadn't done nothing to help you, Dear Mamma, nor any one of you. It makes me cry to think I can't help any of you and now not even can get there, but Mamma, I am sure coming down when it gets a little warm, but there will be one I can't see. Dear Mamma, be good to yourself. Take care of yourself and all of you--for health is the main thing.

Write and tell me all and forgive me for not coming for I sure would have been there if the weather had been so I could. Answer soon. It is almost impossible for me to write today.

Jim is out with the sheep or he could have come. But be good to yourselves--all of you and all of you be good to dear Mamma. I know you will.

I will close, hoping you are all well and get along all right through the winter.

With best wishes to all,
Annie

Dear Son, Daughtther, Children,

May 8, 1933

Many thanks for your good letter, the nice slippers, but dear Folks don't send any present it is so hard for the sheepman allover to make it. I should have wrote a long while ago. I have thought of it every day but it is not easy for me to do it, I like very much to hear how little Morris is getting along. I feel very sorry for you dear Daughter, your soul is so full of tender ness for your little son. Dear Annie we shall have our sorrow and trials. It sometimes brings us closer to our Father in Heaven, pray to him, tell him all about it, he will give you strength. Peace to your soul, he will bless your little boy. You have been a good Mother, Annie, the Lord will bless you. You a Mother of 12 children your rewards will be great. How are you feeling now? Do you deit now? I hope you are well. You say if we could have talked together it would have been good. That is what I feel. I wish

I could come up there one more time and we may have better times so you Folks can come and see us. I am so thankful little Annie will write to me but write the letters a little bigger.

From Mother

Dear Daugther

December 8

I congratulate You on Your Birthday, wish you a long happy life may the spirit of Heaven shower down upon you, give you health joy, hope, happiness. May your dear soul be comforted, peace, contentment be yours all your life.

Now Robert be a good boy; go to school; do your best. You know you will need it through life. I send my best regard to all of you.

Grandmother

I like your writing with a dark pensel. It would be good for Robert to go to school. He will regret it when he gets older. Lamour was out of school about 3 years; he went to school again. Now he is going to Nephi so don't give up, Robert, but try to do your best even if you are a litte behind. You can see Lamour was much behind, but he will make it.

From Mother

Source of Information

No.	NAME	BORN			WHERE BORN		Stat
		Day	Month	Year	Town	County	
	Jørgen Peter Jørgensen Winther	19	Aug	1882	Förintain Green	Lampete	
	Ky rüm Peter Winther	25	Oct	1883	—	—	
	Christiana Rasmus Winther	3	Des	1885	Wales	—	
	Ane Christina Winther	30	Jan	1888	Moroni	—	
	Peter Christian Winther	8	Apr.	1890	Levan	Jiab	
	Maria Elisabeth Winther	30	Aug	1892	—	—	
	Neils Jørgen Winther	12	Oct	1894	—	—	
	Eva Winther	28	Sept	1896	—	—	
	Sarah Winther	28	Sept	1896	—	—	
	Alma Winther	21	Juli	1899	—	—	
	Anthony Rudolph Winther	24	Sept	1901	—	—	

Mette Maria — Children named Jørgen, Ane
 Anne Evg. Barthol Loren Laurson —
 Mr. Barthol's Adres E. V. Rasmussen. Post Off.
 Elmer J. Towers Guilford Australia
 Anders Jensen Both Rjar aa 3 fordrager hverandre i Kjærlig-
 hed, og beflitter eder paa at bevare
 Aandens Enhed i Fredens Baand.

6752269
 som har bragt Fredens Budskab til
 sine Medmennesker, har i større eller
 mindre Grad erfaret den Glæde, som
 ingen jordist Magt kan bringe. En
 saadan Glæde bringer med sig en
 himmelsk Fryd, hvorved Hjertet
 bulmer af jublende Søleffer; thi

Relief Society teachers should be selected with the
 greatest care. They should be women of prudence and
 wisdom and should have a broad and intelligent sympathy.
 They should be imbued with the spirit of the gospel and
 should perform their labors with prayerful hearts. They
 should have a friendly interest in all the families in their
 district. Their visits should not be made with a listless,
 half-hearted attitude but with the spirit of enthusiasm and
 with a keen appreciation of the opportunity of coming in
 close personal relationship and neighborly communion with
 their co-laborers. If the teachers have this truly demo-
 cratic spirit they will enjoy their labors and will be wel-
 come in every household.



Jorgen Peter Jorgensen WINTER
Rasmine CHRISTENSEN



Clockwise from Jorgen Peter Jorgensen
Winter, Hyrum Peter, Christiane Rasmine
(Annie R.), Ane Kjerstine (Kristine),
Marie Elizabeth, Rasmine Christensen,
Sarah (twin), Peter Christian, Eva (twin)



Clockwise from Jorgen Peter Jorgensen WINTER, Anthony Rudolf, Hyrum Peter,
Eva, Christiane Rasmine (Annie R.), Rasmine CHRISTENSEN, Ane Kjerstine
(Kristine), Marie Elizabeth, Sarah, Peter Christian, Alma (in front).

James Aagard
and
Annie R. Winter
(Christiane Rasmine Winther)

JAMES AND ANNIE AAGARD

James Aagard was born May 23, 1885, in Levan, Juab County, Utah. He was the fourth child born to Niels Jensen Aagard and Bolette Marie Rasmussen Aagard. He had two sisters, Sorena (who lived only four months) and Mary Aagard Anderson, and two brothers, Niels and Sonnie. He was a good-looking lad with brown hair and blue eyes. His boyhood days were not easy ones, and his father died when he was just six years old. He didn't receive much education, as he was needed to find work to help his mother with the living expenses. He was a hard worker so it wasn't too hard for him to find work. He worked on the railroad for a couple of years. The railroad workers lived in a big tent, which was about the size of a circus tent. They had a big stove in the middle of the tent which they all huddled around to keep warm when they weren't working. Dad's uncle, Chris Rasmussen (dad's mother's brother), also worked on the railroad. He was a shy man and wouldn't stay in the tent with the rest, so he slept in his covered wagon. It was hard for him to keep warm by himself, so Dad would sleep with him. Dad also herded sheep and worked on farms. He never quit in the middle of a job no matter how much he disliked it. The biggest part of his money was sent to his mother.

Dad liked horses and dogs, and had alot of fun riding burros that he and his friends would catch out on the plains. He was like most boys and enjoyed playing pranks on people. A number of boys would go around trying to scare people by playing tic-tac-toe on their windows, which they did by making a weird noise with the knuckles of their fingers. They also enjoyed taking a few apples and melons from different people. One time the man that owned the apples they were taking took after them. They ran in his cellar to hide and the man sat on the cellar door and wouldn't let them out for a long time. Then the following Sunday, he made them get up in church and ask for forgiveness. Another time, when Dad was around 14 years old, he and his friends were swimming in their "birthday suits" and some girls came along and hid their clothes. It was quite a long time before they found them again!

When Dad was about 17 years old, he had been noticing a pretty, blond, blue-eyed girl by the name of Christine Rasmine Winter (known as Annie). She was the third child in a family of 11 children born to Jorgen Peter Jorgensen Winter and Rasmine Christensen Winter. Dad had tried for some time to get brave enough to ask her for a date. Her father was a strict man and quite particular with whom his daughter went out with. Dad just didn't seem to have the courage to face Mom's father, knowing that Mr. Winter considered him to be one of the "wild boys" of Levan. One evening while Dad was out riding his horse, he passed Mom's place and saw her out milking the cow. Now was his chance! He gallantly rode over and offered to milk the cow for her. After talking with her for awhile, he asked her for a date. She consented and so their romance began. It proved to be an exciting courtship. One time Dad and Mother were out joy-riding in Dad's buggy. He took pride in thinking he had the fastest horses in Levan; so when a friend came along with his horses and buggy, Dad challenged him to a race! What a race--with Mother holding on as tightly as she could and Dad calling his Horses on to faster speed! They were going around a bend in the road too fast and tipped the buggy over. Both Dad and Mother found themselves in the middle of the dusty road. They were not hurt badly, just frightened. Another time, Dad was taking Mother home from church in his buggy and passed Mother's father walking home. Dad waved his hat and shouted hello, which spooked the frisky horses and they had a run-away down the main street of Levan!

On June 1, 1904, after three years of courtship, Mom and Dad were married in the L.D.S. Temple in Manti, Utah. At this time Dad was 19 and Moth-

er was 18. They were able to purchase a small, log house in Levan, and this is where they began their married life. It was hard to secure work in Levan, so Dad had to go off to neighboring towns to get work. He went to herd sheep for his uncle, Andrew Aagard, at Fountain Green. This was about 50 miles away from Levan, which was a long way in those days when you had to travel by horse. Mother missed him alot, but kept busy scouring and painting the inside of their house, making quilts, pillowcases, rugs, and other pretty items to add a touch of beauty to their humble abode. Dad tried to come home as often as he could, but sometimes it was several months before he'd get home.

The months slipped by and Dad and Mother's first child was born, a son they named James Edgar after his father, and called Ed. Mother's days were not so lonely now, as she had someone to love, care for, and do things for. The years passed and they had another son, whom they named Niels Orlando after his grandfather Aagard, and called Orlando or Lan. And then came Peter Reuben (named after his grandfather Winter), Rudolph, and then a little girl, Geneva Marie. Dad still had to be away from home alot. It was hard on Mother to be left alone so much with five small children. A great sorrow occurred at this time in their lives, when their fourth son, Rudolph (who was around four years old), became very ill with a mastoid behind his ear. Mother was with him day and night, doing everything she knew how to do. He grew worse and they knew they must get him to a doctor, the nearest one being at Nephi about 13 miles away. The doctor did what he could, but in those days they didn't have the medicine to combat infection very well, and Rudolph passed away. The sorrow that Dad and Mother felt at the loss of their beloved son was almost more than they could bear. It was especially hard on Mother, who was left alone with the other four children while Dad was off working. Her folks, friends, and neighbors were very kind to her at this time.

About six months after Rudolph's death, Dad's uncle, Andrew Aagard, asked him to go to Burlington, Wyoming, and take some sheep up there. Andrew had been to Wyoming and liked the country, so had bought some land and decided to move some of his sheep up there. He said if Dad would go and if he liked the country there, he'd help Dad get a start in Wyoming. This was what Dad had been hoping for---something of his own so he could be with his family more. So, in the spring of 1915, Dad left his family behind in Levan and headed for Wyoming. He liked Burlington and believed there would be more opportunities there where he could have something of his own; whereas, he probably never would had been able to in Levan.

Dad missed his family and was anxious to have them come to Wyoming. He had been there about five months when he knew for sure that Wyoming was where he wanted to live. He sent for his family. Mother was a little hesitant about leaving her folks, home and security in Levan and going to a new territory which was so far away and which was just starting to be settled. She would not know anyone there. Dad had written of the dandy three room house he had for her and how beautiful the country was there. So, it was with a reluctant heart and tear-stained face that Mother got her little family ready to leave for Wyoming. She bade goodbye to her beloved mother, father, sisters and brothers. Dad's uncle, Andrew Aagard, was in Utah at this time, so Mother and the children left with him in September, 1915, heading for Wyoming. They travelled by train and it was a long, hard journey with four children, as they had many lay-overs. It took them several days to arrive at Lovell, Wyoming. Here Dad met his family and they travelled the remaining 35 miles to Burlington in a wagon over dusty, rough roads.

The new home that Dad brought his family to was a three-room log house with a dirt roof. One of the rooms was used to store grain in it. Mother's heart sank when she saw the house--it would require so much work to fix it up. However, Mother was used to hard work and so as the days went by, she worked

long and hard making it liveable. It was very discouraging at times, especially when it rained and the roof leaked in several places. Buckets and pans had to be set around to catch the rain in and even then they were unable to catch all the water, and the floor was usually wet and muddy.

Mother was a shy person, so it was hard for her to become acquainted with other people. However, as the years went by, she acquired some very choice friends and neighbors. Some of these were Hans and Sadie Jensen. Sadie lived about a mile away and came to visit often, pushing her big, black baby buggy with her little ones in it. Sadie always seemed to be around when needed. One time Mother was very sick with a gallstone attack. Dr. Myre from Greybull was called. He stayed most of the night doing what he could, but Mother couldn't seem to get relief. Reuben was sent to get Hyrum Neves and Jim McNiven and they administered to her and she got instant relief and was able to go to sleep. It seemed like Reuben was sent to get someone to administer to the sick one alwas. Other special friends and neighbors were Mads and Ellen Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davidson, the Mulligan family, and Andy and Annie Rasmussen. Dad's brother, Sonnie, purchased the 80 acres next to Dad and Mother's place. His wife's name was Sarah and they had several children. Sarah died after just a few years in Wyoming, so Sonnie and his children went back to Levan.

Mother's consolation and happiness came from her children. She loved them dearly and was a good mother--no sacrifice was too great for her children. She (as well as Dad) went without many things for herself through the years so that her children might be able to have more. Dad was soon able to purchase some sheep from his uncle and also 80 acres of land where they were living. They planted apple trees, gooseberries, currants, and raised big gardens. They all worked very hard. It was quite a disgrace to be in bed in the summertime if the sun was up. They were taught to go to bed when the chickens did and rise when the cock crowed at dawn. In the fall of 1916, another son was born, Clifford Christian, after Sadie Jensen (her maiden name being Clifford). She took care of Mother when he was born.

Dad was anxious to build a different house for Mother so they could have more room and be more comfortable. He started to get logs from the mountains for it. It was a long way to the mountains and the road up the mountains was a new road that hadn't been travelled much. It was steep and dangerous. The logs were hauled by horse and wagon and was a long, slow process. The years slipped by and another son was born and they named him Robert Lee. In a couple of years they had another little girl and named her Annie, after her mother and grandmother, and called her Ann. Then came another little girl, Mary Vera. Dad worked long and hard on the new house and what a happy day it was when the family moved into it. They had a housewarming party and invited all their friends and neighbors to come. Chuck Cauffman played his fiddle and what a good time everyone had dancing! A little boy was born to them shortly after they moved into their home and they named him Morris. It was hard to find milk that would agree with him, and it was finally decided that Mother would take him every three or four hours to her daughter-in-law, Anona (Edgar's wife), so she could nurse him. Anona had a baby boy just a month older than Morris and had more milk than was needed for him. It was alot of extra work for an already busy mother, but the milk agreed with him and that was what was important. Next came another girl, Beatrice, and she was followed by Nadine, the last one--making an even dozen, seven boys and five girls. When Mother had her babies, she seldom had a doctor, but just relied on the neighbor ladies.

When the children were ill, Mother relied on prayer, the priesthood, and a big, black doctor book. Each Spring she would brew up a big kettle of sagebrush tea, which was used as a blood tonic. Then there was a mustard plaster for pneumonia and croup; a taste of turpentine on a little

sugar was good to get rid of worms; bread and milk poultices were used for infection; sulphur blown down the throat was used for sore throats; and fresh cow manure used for infection.

It wasn't easy on Mother to be left alone so much with the children, especially when they were sick or hurt seriously. One day when Reuben was quite young, he was looking out of the window watching a herd of cows go by and fell through the window. He almost cut his nose off. It was hangin on his lower lip. Mother was alone. She tried to hold his nose together and hurried with him to the doctor in Burlington. Several stitches were taken across his nose. This left quite a noticeable scar, which was noticeable all his life.

There was yet another time when all the children had scarlet fever and were quarantined for several weeks. For a good many nights, Mother never took off her clothes, but just dozed off and on in a chair. Reuben's throat was especially bad, so she rubbed kerosene and lard on it and put a wool sock around his neck. The next day, his neck hung in big blisters. At this time their good neighbors, the Davidsons, brought their mail and groceries to them. With all the children sick and unable to check on the livestock at the ranch (and Dad being at camp), Mother went to check on a few sheep they had at the ranch. There was an awful blizzard raging, with snow whirling so fast and thick she couldn't see where she was going. She lost her sense of direction and wandered for some time before Mads Jensen came along and found her, nearly frozen. He took her back to her home. It was a happy day when they were all over scarlet fever and well again.

Another time when Mother relied on faith and prayer was when Geneva had infection in her foot and a red streak had started up her leg. Mother knew she had to get the poison out, so she stayed up all night sucking the poison out with her own mouth. The next morning Geneva's foot was alot better.

Mother loved to gather all the children around her in the evening and tell them stories and hear their prayers before tucking them into bed. Her first concern was always for her children. If she didn't know where they were or what they were doing, she worried about them. When Morris was about five years old, he developed quite a noticeable limp. They took him to every doctor around, but none could seem to help him. I'm sure it was faith and prayer that made it better. However, he still had a slight limp and wasn't able to start school until he was seven years old. It was a happy day for Mother when her mother from Levan came and spent a month with her. How busy they were canning, mending, sewing, baking, cooking; and what a lift it was for Mother!

Mother was a good cook and she enjoyed keeping her family well fed with tasty, nourishing food. Some of the tasty Danish dishes she fixed were red mush made out of the juice of red currants and thickened and sweetened; chicken soup with Danish dumplings; kinvillian, made out of rice cooked in butter-milk; there were pilts made out of pig entrails and stuffed with seasoned, ground pork; head cheese made from the head of the pig; sweet soup made with rice, raisins, prunes, and cinnamon stick and cloves added; Danish ebleskives, which were little biscuits and eaten with jam or jelly; and there was sugar put on the cream or clabbered milk.

Mother loved to can and see her cellar shelves fill up with fruit and vegetables. Many were the buckets of gooseberries the family picked and canned, besides the apples and vegetables. Every summer the whole family would pile into the wagon and head to the river to pick blackberries, have a picnic lunch, and swim. The family also got their wood to burn from the river.

Clifford was out herding the sheep one time, when Mother decided to take the three little children and go and stay a few days with him. Dad took them out and was supposed to be back for them in a few days. It was almost two weeks before Dad went back to get them. They only had one potato left in camp!

One Sunday when they were all ready to go to church, Mother was climbing into the wagon when she slipped off the tongue of the wagon and fell and broke her leg. She never went to a doctor, but just hobbled around on one leg and held on to chairs and other furniture to do her work.

Mother always wore a big apron to do her work. Her daughter, Geneva, wrote a poem and called it "Mom's Apron." This poem follows:

It's uses were limitless. It made a basket for eggs gathered from the chicken coup or from nests in the tall weeds or grass. Many times Mom would have a brood of little chicks or turkeys in her apron, the bottom edges of the apron brought up to form a nest. The mother hen squaking, would follow behind. The same apron was used by giving a swish to frighten chickens from flower beds or the back porch. It was used to wipe dust from a child's face or to dry a tear. Kindling, firewood, fruit and vegetables found their way into the kitchen by way of the apron. It was sometimes used as a pot holder to lift hot pans from the stove. It was used to wipe sweat from Mom's brow after a hard day of washing or canning. Almost anything might be found in the pocket--a safety pin, a hanky, a paper with a note on it, etc.

I think maybe some of our children and grandchildren have missed valuable lessons in life by the lack of a apron. When it wasn't worn, it was folded over a chair. Clear in my mind is the image of Mother in her big apron!

Reuben and Edgar decided they were going to get a bunch of hounds to use for hunting coyotes. They had around ten hounds and had fun for awhile on their horses, with their hounds chasing the coyotes. I don't think they ever caught many. Dad finally made them get rid of them, as it took too much to feed so many.

Robert and Clifford liked to do some trapping when they were around 10 and 12 years old. They would get up around four o'clock in the morning and walk to the river, which was a little over three miles one way. They would hurry and check their traps and get back in time for school.

Mom and Dad taught their children the joy of work. They set the example and expected the children to enjoy working too. There was no place in the world for an idle person if you had a strong, healthy body. Mother also taught us children the value of cleanliness--cleanliness of body, heart, and home. Each Spring the whole family was involved in Spring house-cleaning, and each item that could be carried outside was carried out and washed and sunned. Fresh straw was put in the straw ticks and under the carpets. Each Saturday night each child had their weekly bath in a big, round tub filled half full of water. The tub was usually placed in front of the kitchen wood stove to get a little heat from the open oven door.

To make quilts, we'd gather wool from fences or if a sheep died we'd gather that wool also. It was washed in warm, soapy water, then rinsed good and spread out to dry. When it was dry we'd sit around the fire during the evening carding wool. What nice warm quilts it made!

Mother raised alot of turkeys through the years. Dad and the boys would pick them and Mother and we girls would pin them and wash their dirty feet and mouths out. We usually had several cows to milk. When Dad or the older boys weren't around, Mother milked them, and we girls also learned to milk the cows. Mother would even help milk when Dad or the boys were there. One time one of the cows kicked her arm and broke it in the wrist. Her arm was always kind of crooked after that.

It was fun for all of us to pile into the wagon, and later on in a car, and go hunting sage chickens and rabbits. We also enjoyed going to the moun-

tains with Dad to tend camp. There, he'd take us all up on a high hill and we'd push big rocks down. What a crashing noise it was to hear those big rocks knocking down trees and starting other rocks to roll! Dad would quite often bake us sourdough hot cakes or hot biscuits. How good they tasted!

One of the first cars Dad was able to purchase was an old Overland. He decided to take Mom down to visit her folks. They got as far as Cody when there was an awful knock in the car, so they took it to a garage and found they needed to send off for some parts. They had no way to get back home, so they stayed in the park in Cody for about a week, waiting to get the car fixed. Then they came back home instead of going on to Levan. They tried going to Utah again in an old Whippet car they'd purchased. It didn't have much power and every time they would come to a little hill, everyone but Dad had to get out and push it up the hill. They did this until they got to Ashton, Idaho. There they took it to a garage and found one of the pistons wasn't working. They got it fixed and went on to Utah. Another time, everyone piled into the car and was going fishing up the river by Meeteetse. We couldn't make it up a steep hill in Coyote Canyon and the car, with all of us in it, came rolling back down and almost ran off a bridge into a 50 foot gulch. Two of the wheels were hanging over the edge, and all that was holding the car was a plank that was jutting out from the bridge, and the car was resting on this. I'm sure the Lord was looking after us again. If we had tipped off into the gulch, I'm sure some of us would have been killed.

Dad herded sheep for his uncle Aagard until he was able to get some of his own. He got six or seven hundred head. He first ran them out on Crystal Creek which was over by Kane. He also had some range on Dry Creek, which he later traded to Al Scalaf for a set of harnesses and a new wagon. He ran his sheep one year with Dan Laville, then he was given a small permit to run them on Copeman's Tomb. He was the first one to run sheep there. He and the older boys built a small, one-room cabin there. Later he was given a permit for 2500 head of sheep. In 1930, Dad and Lan were selling lambs at Greybull. A buyer from Kansas was there and bought them, and asked Dad if he would go with the sheep and herd them in Kansas on the cornfields to fatten them up. Dad agreed and left that day for Kansas without even going home to get a change of clothes. Mother was pretty upset. He was gone for two or three months.

Dad also got some range out south of Burlington on Fifteen Mile. He and the boys made the first road out there. He homesteaded some land there and built a little shack. He made reservoirs and even thought he'd try his luck at farming out on the range. He got an old Farmall tractor with steel wheels and took it out and worked up some ground and planted some oats. He decided to cut the oats for hay. He had it all cut and piled up and one night some boys by the name of Casterl came and hauled off all his oats and stole his horses. So, he gave up trying to farm out there.

Lan and Dad also built the first road out to Elk Creek and were the first ones to bring a sheepwagon down Elk Pass, which was awfully steep and rough. They put a 20 foot pole under the wagon and Lan sat on the upper end of the pole to keep the wagon from tipping.

Dad had many narrow escapes while tending camp and also while herding the sheep. One time he was taking a truckload of salt to camp. Mother and all the kids were riding with him. He was going up the Kane Dayton road, which was very steep in places, and got part way up and another truck with a load of logs was coming from the other direction. It was too narrow to pass at that place in the road so Dad had to try and back down the hill to a wider place. He got too close to the edge and the truck tipped over several times, spilling salt and kids all down the mountainside. A man from the other truck that saw it thought all would be killed, as the kids were all riding on the salt in back of the truck. Morris was the only one hurt, and he wasn't hurt badly.

The winters were often very bad with alot of snow and cold winds. Quite often the temperature would get down to 45-60 below 0. In the year 1935 or 1936, when Cliff was about 16 years old, he was herding the sheep and it got down to 65 below and jack rabbits froze in their tracks. Dad had many close calls in the cold winter weather. He was herding sheep when a terrible blizzard came. The sheep took off and Dad got lost and wandered all night, finally coming to another camp. He was so cold they had to help him up into the wagon. In the winter of 1940, Dad and Cliff went to tend camp. They couldn't find the herder for some time. When they finally found him, he was about frozen to death. Dad gave the herder his gloves and Cliff took the herder in to Burlington. Dad froze his fingers and the ends of several of them came off.

In that same year, 1940, Orlando was herding the sheep out on Dry Creek. A very bad storm came up and they lost about half of the sheep. It was a bad winter for all the sheepmen; alot of them lost about all the sheep they had. How Mother must have worried and prayed when her boys or husband was tending the camp or herding the sheep in the wintertime. When Orlando was 16 years old and herding the sheep up on the mountains, a bad thunderstorm came up. He went under a big tree to find shelter from the storm. He had a feeling to move from under the tree. He had no sooner moved out from under it, when the lightning struck and shattered the tree into many pieces.

For a number of years Dad sheared the sheep out on Dorsey Creek and they would haul the wool out with a wagon and four head of horses. A lady by the name of Mrs. Bills did the cooking for the shearers. In 1934 or 1935 they consigned the wool for 5¢ a lb. and then the buyers wanted part of that back. Later on, the sheepmen built a shearing corral out on Dry Creek, and Dad sheared there for a good many years. Mother and us girls would go out and cook for the shearers. We looked forward to it, being out there for several days, staying in the sheep wagon. There was a little one-room shack that we'd cook in. Some of the early herders Dad had were Adam Coons, Fat Jack, and Oscar and Jim Johnson. When Oscar was herding sheep for Dad, he stole around 200 head of Dad's sheep. He had a deal with Frank Tolman to put the sheep in his herd. At one time, Dad bought him a pair of mules. He was proud of those mules, but they got so mean he thought it best to get rid of them before they hurt someone. Dad loved the mountains. He liked to hunt deer and elk. He was a good shot and almost always got his game. He always had a number of different kinds of guns.

Nothing made Mother more happy than when her children were serving the Lord in a church position. How happy she was when Orlando was called on a mission to Canada and later to be the bishop, a position he held for 18 years. Their youngest son, Morris, was called to be bishop for eight years. Almost every one of their children has held church positions all of their lives. All of the children were married in the Temple except three.

The years go by and Dad decides he needs a bigger farm to raise winter feed on for the sheep and one that is closer to his range. In the year 1935, he trades Vaughn Hodson his place at Burlington for the old Griffen place, which was located five or six miles south of Burlington at a place called St. Joe. Edgar, Orlando, Reuben and Geneva are all married by this time. Dad served on the school board at St. Joe for a few years. While serving on it, he hired a young girl by the name of Bernice Moon to teach at the St. Joe school, which was a one-room school house. She stayed in the bunk house at the ranch. Robert started courting her and soon they were married. Clifford, Ann, Mary and Morris soon marry also. The children are leaving the nest fast. Beatrice attended a year of college at Laramie and then she got married. Nadine went on a mission to Kentucky and when she returned, married a fellow she met on her mission.

While living at St. Joe, sorrow again struck. Reuben had taken his

young son, Leslie (who was about eight years old), fishing up Shell Canyon. The water was swift and high. Leslie jumped out on a rock and slipped off and the water sucked him under a huge rock. They were unable to get him out for several hours. This was a terrible blow to Reuben and Agnes, losing their only son. Not too long after this, Mary and Happy lost an infant son. He lived only about two weeks and died from a blood condition. Art and Nadine also lost a baby daughter at birth.

Mother hadn't been feeling well, so she was taken to a doctor who said she had kidney stones and he recommended a doctor in Bozeman, Montana, to do the operation. So it was that Mother and Dad went to Bozeman, Montana, and Mother was operated on. Dad liked the country up there and decided to buy a ranch there at Belgrade, about five miles from Bozeman. Mother was very reluctant to go, but not knowing what else to do she moved up. Morris and his wife, Mona, leased the farm at St. Joe. Dad trucked sheep and cattle up. They were there for two or three years. Dad, seeing how unhappy Mother was with none of their children up there, decided to come back to the ranch at St. Joe. Morris leased the ranch at Belgrade and Mother and Dad moved back.

Dad had always been very fortunate health-wise and had never been in the hospital. One night at St. Joe he went outside for something and fell and broke several ribs and punctured a lung. This put him in the hospital for about ten days. This was very hard on Dad to be confined to the bed for so long. The following summer, while putting up hay with the derrick, the lifter broke and fell on Dad's leg and mangled his ankle real badly. He was in the hospital for about three or four days in Billings. When Dad was young and riding bucking horses, he got his right knee hurt. It bothered him for the rest of his life. Quite often he had to have fluid taken off the knee. In his later years the pain in it was quite severe.

Dad realized the farm at St. Joe was getting too much for him, so he asked Morris to come back to run the ranch at St. Joe. Morris consented, so Dad bought a hundred acres in Burlington, with an old two-story house on it. Mother always had hopes of having a new house, but her wish was never realized. Mother and Dad were very fortunate in having all their children live close to them at Burlington except for the youngest, Nadine, who lived in Lovell for several years and later moved to Hyrum, Utah. Dad, having been around sheep all his life, wouldn't have been happy without a few sheep, so he ran around 100 head and also some cattle at Burlington. Thinking he didn't have enough land at Burlington to run his cattle on, he bought the Shepherd place in Otto. Mother always worried about him driving back and forth to Otto, as he was kind of a careless driver. The Lord seemed to always be watching over him. He had some close calls but never anything serious happening.

It was hard for Dad to think he was getting too old to do the work he did when he was younger. Mother loved her flowers and garden and spent a lot of time in them. She also spent a lot of her time making quilts, crocheting wide lace for pillow cases, knitting, making baby blankets and quilts, and piecing quilt tops for all her children. She never cared to read much, so when she would sit to rest a few minutes she would pick up her knitting or crocheting. Many were the hats and gloves she knitted for her grandchildren.

In their later years all their children were kind and helpful to them, the girls helping their Mother with housecleaning, gardening, tying quilts and so on. The boys were good to help their father with his sheep and cattle. They also helped him with his farming when he needed them. He never wanted any help with anything he could do for himself.

Dad loved to take part in the Pioneer Day Celebration that was held on the 24th of July. His daughters, Ann and Beatrice, were often in the parade with him--not always because they wanted to, but because they knew how much he enjoyed it. He usually won first or second place in the parade, which tickled him. The crazier he could dress up, the better he liked it! Mother

was more modest and would never take part in the parade with Dad.

In their later years Dad and Mother liked to take a trip to Levan each Fall to see their folks and old friends. Dad especially enjoyed visiting old friends and chatting over old times they'd had when they were young. On most of these trips they were accompanied by their daughter, Ann, who went to help with the driving.

When Mother was around 82 years old, she woke up one morning not feeling well. She was taken to the doctor in Powell. The doctor thought at first she had been bitten by a poison spider, but after some tests decided she had erysipelas. She was a very sick person for about ten days. While she was in the hospital, Dad came down with pneumonia and was in the hospital at the same time, but not quite for so long. They were looked after, visited, and taken care of by their children. At another time, Dad slipped on the ice at Burlington while feeding the sheep and cracked his hip. A pin was put in it, and Geneva went up to help out. Dad was often heard to remark to different people, "I've got the best kids anyone ever had." He often remarked how good the Lord had always been to him and he'd mention his many blessings, especially his health. He always wanted people to look on the bright side and not to worry about things they couldn't do anything about. He'd say, "If you have something bothering you, do something about it and then forget it. If you can't do anything about it, then forget it also." He always looked for the good in people; he could always see some good in everyone. He often said if you can't say something good about someone, don't say anything. He enjoyed life and the association of people. He liked family get-togethers and parties. On Dad and Mother's 60th wedding anniversary, the children put on a big celebration at the L.D.S. church in Burlington for them. All eleven children attended it. There were 68 relatives attending.

The family enjoyed having family reunions. One year it would be held in Burlington and the next year in Utah. There were usually around 150 that attended. Sometimes they were held up on the Big Horn Mountains, other times at the L.D.S. church. A program was always enjoyed, with a delicious meal served at noon and games and fun for everyone in the afternoon and evening.

On the morning of September 1, 1971, Dad and Mother began their day as usual. They ate their breakfast and Dad went off to change his water. Mother started on her housework when she began not to feel so well. She called her daughter, Geneva, who just lived a short distance. Mother was in quite severe pain by now and Geneva realized she must get her to the doctor quickly. Dad was still in the field, so Geneva hurried and called Orlando and Morris. They administered to her and then rushed her to the doctor. It was found she had had a heart attack and was in serious condition. The rest of the family members were all notified and all gathered at the hospital in a short time, except for Nadine who was living in Hyrum, Utah. The children each took turns standing by her bed for short periods of time. At 10:00 p.m. she slipped quietly away at the age of 84. Her husband, children, and grandchildren mourned the loss of their beloved wife, mother, and grandmother. There was an emptiness in their lives now that could only be filled by the cherished memories they had of her. A better wife, mother, grandmother, friend and neighbor could never be found.

Dad's daughter, Geneva, who had lost her husband several years ago from a brain tumor, insisted that Dad come and live with her--that they needed each other. So Dad moved down to Geneva's. He slept and ate there, but most of his time was spent up at his own home. At 84 he was still doing some farming, tending his sheep and cattle, raising a garden to share with the neighbors, and tending Mother's flowers and planting more flowers. There was no idle time for Dad. He always loved being busy at something.

Dad decided something needed to be done at the Burlington Cemetary to make it a prettier place, especially now that his beloved wife was buried

there. He talked to the men on the cemetery board and finally convinced them it needed cleaned up and a watering system put in. The board hired Ed LaFollette to clean off the brush and plant some grass. Dad bought a new tractor and loaned it to Ed LaFollette one summer to use in clearing off brush and plowing the ground to plant the grass. The next spring, Dad dug up grass sod from his place and hauled it out and put on the graves of Mother and Don Cook, his son-in-law, which was next to Mother's. It was long, very hard work for a man of 84 years, but finally they were covered. He planted flowers and evergreen trees. As yet, they didn't have a watering system so every day water was needed to be hauled out. His daughter, Geneva, helped him haul it a lot of the time. His son, Morris, helped him get a pump and pipes and ran water from a canal nearby, which saved a lot of hard work. Dad was proud of how nice it looked. Other people noticed too and when they got the sprinkling system in and Ed started to plant grass, other people started planting flowers around their loved ones' graves and fixing them up.

Even though Dad kept busy all the time, he was lonely and missed his wife very much. His children were all good to him and tried in many ways to help fill his lonely days. He loved little children and liked to have a piece of candy in his pocket for them. All the grandchildren loved him and liked to be around him.

On the early morning of November 20, 1973, Dad arose early at Geneva's place. They had breakfast, then Dad headed up to his house to start the kitchen range wood stove and warm up the house so the water works didn't freeze up. It was a cold morning and Dad was in a hurry to get a warm fire going. He had a small can with a little stove fuel in it and poured some of it on the already burning fire. The flames leaped high, burning his face badly and starting the wall paper on fire behind the stove. Dad tried to put out the fire, but the smoke overcame him and he collapsed on the floor. Denny Davidson, a son-in-law, was passing by and noticed the smoke coming from the house. He rushed into the smoke-filled house and found Dad laying on the floor. He pulled him from the fast-burning house. Morris and Denny rushed Dad to the hospital. The house was burned to the ground in a short time and nothing was recovered from it. For a few days, Dad seemed to be recovering, then complications set in and aided by his advanced age, his heart grew weaker and weaker and he passed away about nine o'clock Sunday morning, November 25, 1973--two years and three months after Mother. He also was surrounded by all of his children except Nadine, who was still living in Hyrum, Utah. He was a good husband, father, grandfather, friend and neighbor. He will be greatly missed in the community by his family, friends, and neighbors. There was hardly a day went by that he didn't go visit one of his children or a neighbor and had for them some fruit, garden vegetables, frozen pies, or something tasty from the store that he thought they would like.

And so, James Aagard has gone to his richly-deserved reward and to join his wife, Annie, their young son, Rudolph, his mother, father, sisters, brother, and a number of friends. A tribute was paid to Dad at one time by a person who said he was sure that James Aagard was the best thought of man in Burlington. What more could any person want. He will be missed greatly by his children, grandchildren and friends, but what good memories they will be able to draw on when they think of him.

This account was written by James and Annie's daughter, Annie, in 1978. At the time of this writing, James and Annie has around 195 posterity.

SOME OF OUR FAMILY HOMES

Our first home: James and Annie
R. Aagard and children on left.
Ole Sonnie and Sarah Aagard and
children on the right.

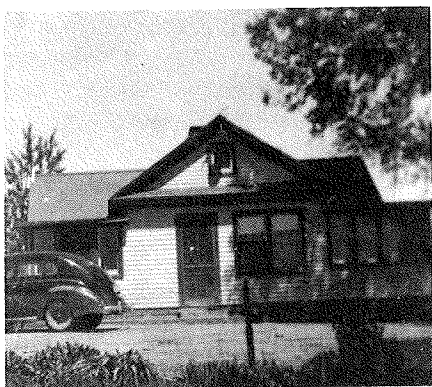


First home James Aagard built in Burlington.

Beatrice Aagard Davidson's family were living
here when it burned down.



Bozeman, Montana home.
James thought this would
be a good spot to live,
but soon returned to the
Burlington St. Joe home.
Morris lived here also.



The St. Joe home south of
Burlington across the
Greybull river. Morris also
lived here after James and
Annie moved to town.

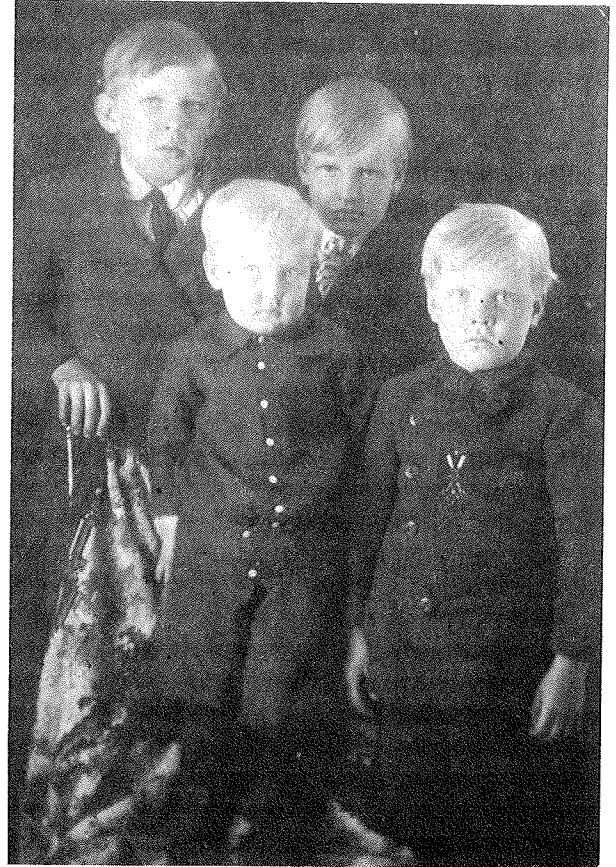


The mountain cabin in the Big Horn
where James took his sheep each
summer.

FAMILY PICTURES



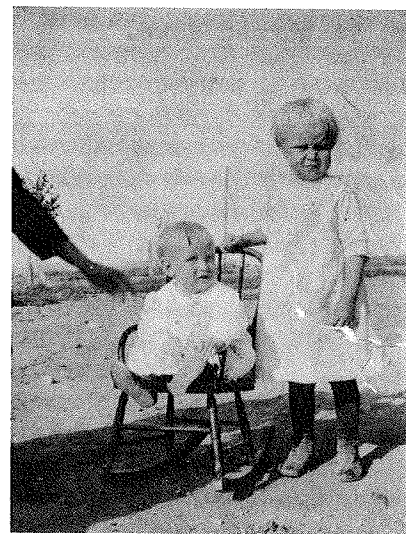
James Edgar & Niels Orlando



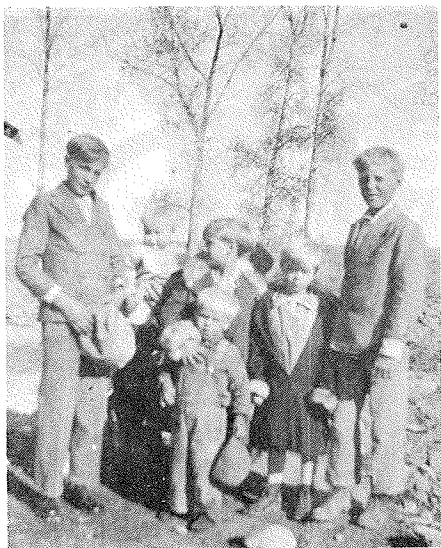
James Edgar , Niels Orlando (back)
Rudolph "C" , Reuben Peter (front)



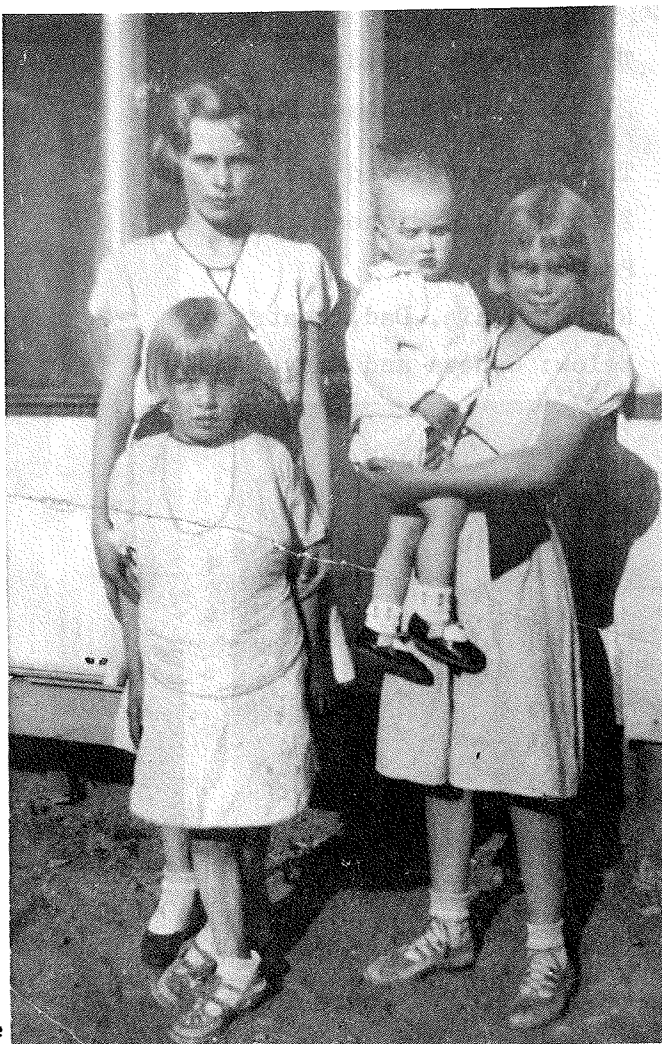
James Edgar, Geneva Marie,
Niels Orlando, Reuben Peter



Clifford Christian &
Geneva Marie



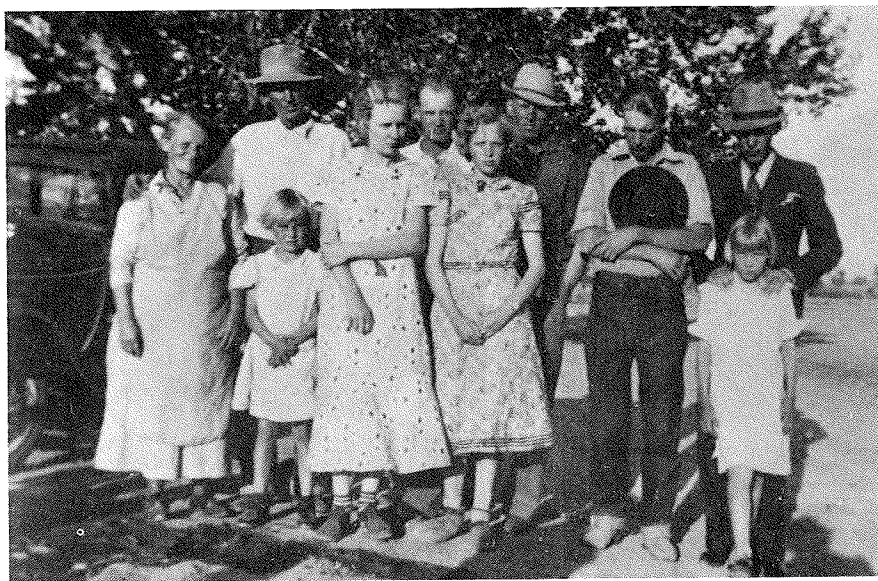
Above: Clifford Christian, Beatrice, Annie Minnie, Morris, Mary Vera, and Robert Lynn



Right: Beatrice, Annie Minnie, Geneva's daughter Donna Lee Cook, Mary Vera

Bottom right: Annie and Morris

Below: Annie R. (Mom), James AAGARD (Dad), Nadine, Geneva, Orlando, Mary, Edgar, Clifford, Robert, and Beatrice



The Aagard's loved the
24th of July Pioneer Parade.

The Aagard's loved the
24th of July Pioneer
Parade.

Right: Annie, Dad, Beatrice
Below: Geneva and Mary



60 Years Together

Dad Mom
James Annie R.

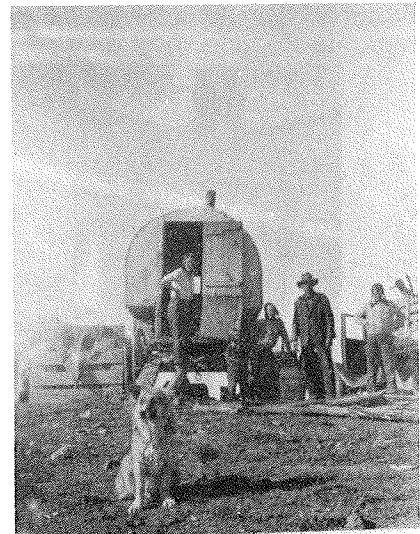


Reunion time was family
togetherness and eating.
Mom filling her plate.





James loved the mountains. Here is James and Morris, Annie R. and Nadine in the Big Horns.



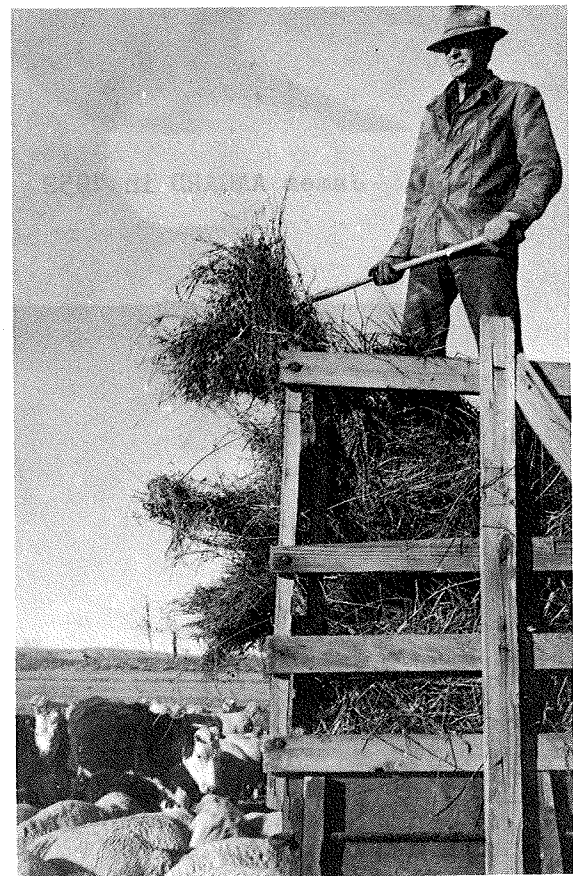
Sheep means a mobile home called the sheep wagon. In front is Bea, Orlando's wife, Morris, Bob, Dad, and Cliff.



Annie R. always worked hard to have a summer vegetable garden.



Annie R. relaxing in her kitchen.



Chow time! James feeding his stock.



James AAGARD in 1952



Annie R. Winter AAGARD in 1952



Mary and Geneva
Dad and Mom



Chore time! Morris leaning on his
shovel, Nadine standing by and
cousin Homer Bendixon doing the
milking.



OUR LITTLE MOTHER
CHRISTIANE RASMINE or ANNIE R. WINTER
3 December 1885 - 1 September 1971



THE FAMILY PATRIARCH
OUR FATHER - JAMES AAGARD
23 May 1885 - 25 November 1974



Edgar, Orlando, Reuben, Clifford, Robert Morris.

Annie, Geneva, James, Annie R., Mary, Nadine, Beatrice.
"Dad" "Mom"

A D D F A M I L Y P I C T U R E S O F Y O U R C H O I C E

THE LITTLE MOTHER

(A Tribute to My Mother...Nadine A. Keeley)

The little mother was not quite five feet tall but there was enough faith and love and courage in her heart to make her a spiritual giant. She walked slowly to the grave of her third son, placed a flower upon it and then turning her tear-streaked face to the East, she and her husband and three other children bade farewell to all that was dear to them, parents, home, friends, security and went bravely and courageously to a new life in the wilderness of Wyoming.

It was in the early 1900's and Wyoming was an unsettled territory. The little mother endured the train ride and then the ride in the wagon to her new home was sweet because home was at the end of the ride. Her heart fell when she saw her new home--a tent set foursquare against the sun and sky, the wind and sagebrush. Life in that tent was no picnic. When it rained, the floor was a sea of mud; when the wind blew, the tent danced in time to the wind (and the wind always blew in Wyoming); when it snowed, the tent offered a haven from the storm.

This was home until the new house was built. The new home was a dream come true. It was white and stood upon a hill overlooking a little valley and in the yard was a gnarled old cottonwood which offered shade to the woman and her children. The house gave them security from the storms and it was in this house that eight more children were born--making a total of seven boys and five girls. The little mother said that children were gifts from God and that each child brought with it to earth the things that were necessary for it to fulfill the measure of its creation. The nearest doctor was 25 miles away and so the small woman went unattended except for the neighbor lady who came and stayed until the babies were born.

Her husband was a sheepman--a man with a dream of carving for himself and his children an empire out of the raw materials of Wyoming. His work took him from the home a great deal and so the little mother was alone; but never entirely alone, for she had her faith in God--with the children. The neighbors were far away and once she never saw another woman for $2\frac{1}{2}$ months. When the children were ill she relied on prayer, the priesthood, and a big 'Black Doctor Book'. Oh, the remedies that were in that book,--sagebrush tea for a blood tonic in the Spring, mustard plasters for pneumonia and croup, a spoonful of kerosene was just the thing to cut a cough. Somehow those remedies worked and 11 of her children grew to man and womanhood.

Times were not always easy. Once the children had scarlet fever and for eight weeks the little mother never took off her clothes to go to bed. At night she would sit in a chair and doze. The children were so ill and there was no one else to care for them.

There were good times too. Sometimes the woman and her husband would take the whole family and with singing and high hearts, they would go to the mountains and spend a few days in a cabin that the man had built for the shepherd. Often they made ice cream and each night they sat around the table in the big kitchen and did their studying by the light of the kerosene lamp.

The little mother loved the Church. In times of joy and sorrow it provided her with the courage she needed to go on. On Sunday mornings she would call the family for breakfast and then when the prayers were said and everyone was dressed in their Sunday best (clothes that had been made from the mother from goods that had been bought in the store and from the material that she had spun on her spinning wheel), the whole family walked the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to Church. How proud she was when one son was called to go on a mission. She taught her children that you never refused a call to serve in the Church--if you would provide the will, surely the Lord would open the way.

Later two of her sons served as Bishops in her Ward.

The little mother was always there. If she knew of baby sitters, she never hired any. Sometimes when her heart was heavy, she would leave the smaller children with the older ones and walk alone into the hills and there find the strength she needed to go on.

The years passed and the little mother taught her children the joy of work. The pleasure of reaping from the soil. She went into the garden beside them and showed them how to weed and plant and harvest. She taught them the value of cleanliness--cleanliness of heart, and body, and home. Each Spring the whole family was involved in spring house cleaning. Each item that could be carried outside to be washed and cleaned and sunned was cleaned and sunned. Fresh feathers would be put in the feather ticks and fresh straw in the straw ticks. Spring cleaning was a glorious time. We can remember yet the smell and feel of those straw ticks.

The little mother knew sorrow. She grieved when her children made mistakes and prayed that those who were not faithful would find the way back.

The children grew up and started homes and had children of their own. And in those homes the teachings and influence of the little mother was always felt. They remembered that you always paid the Lord his portion; that you never bought anything unnecessary unless you could pay for it; that the Lord was always on your side and you had better be on His.

The mother rejoiced in the birth of each grandchild and greatgrandchild. There were quilts to be made for each wedding and each baby, and in the evenings she sat and thought of her children as she knitted hats, gloves, and sweaters for each one.

When the children left home to go to school or on missions, she always waited for their letters to see how they were doing and she always wrote them words of encouragement, and said, "May the Lord bless you...Love, Mom".

Today the little mother is almost 84. Her hair is white and her face is lined with the years, but it is beautiful because of the character and love that is written there. Most of her children are around her and as always, she worries and loves and advises them, and prays for them.

Those of us who belong to the little mother, and there are now over 100 of us, will always love her and remember her. To us she was and is the best mother in the world. She has given us a good example to follow--for truly she has walked with God and when she leaves this life, that walk will continue on.....

(Written by Cathy Stanger Brunko on November 25, 1973--the day Grandpa Aagard passed away.)

Dearest Grandpa,

Today as I sit, surrounded by sweet thoughts of you, I feel compelled to write on paper your character through my eyes.

Your feet have walked places mine will never walk, your eyes have seen visions, mine never will. You have lived in an era with me and without me and for such, you are filled with wisdom I can't yet grasp but only hope for. You've always had the right answer for my questions and more.

Reminiscent are the times we've had together, just you and I, when we talked of things we've done, of your youth, and mine, when others could not understand us, we understood each other. My mind is full of memories of our little jokes, our knowing winks at each other and our "heart to heart" talks when no mouths moved. Grandpa, you never were old. You were only a "ripened youth" and because of that you were able to communicate with old and young alike. There was no communication gap in your life. Little children flocked around you.

And now, as I sit in a comfortable home, in perfect health, knowing you are lying in a quiet, white building all alone, my mind writhes in agony, as I am helpless under God's will.

I want you to know, Grandpa, that you were not only my ancestor, but my closest and dearest friend. We had much in common and were able to help each other out.

Now, whenever I walk across an open meadow, see a boy and his dog, or hear the bleat of a lamb, I will relate it to you and the great love and respect you held in your bosom for nature and mankind. Thank you, also, Grandpa, for showing me the value of work. You have taught me that man does not live by bread alone, but by the sweat of his brow. Without that, mankind would soon become a worthless, helpless pile of sick humanity. Work is joy and your joy should be in working.

Thank you, Grandpa, for countless lessons. Your great wisdom is astounding. And not only that, you were human, very human. I'm glad our lives have crossed, and I'm proud to be your grand-daughter.

Please always remember I love and respect you.

Love,
Cathy

GRANDPA'S HANDS

By Gayla Zeitner

"Come on, Grandpa, let's take a walk."
And with his big hand warm on mine
We'd walk and talk and look at things,
And say, "This day is mighty fine!"

I'd trip and fall and start to cry--
But Grandpa's hands were there
To reach out strong and help me up,
And wipe my tears with gentle care.

Those hands; brown and tough and weathered,
Could swing me high in play;
And then at night they'd folded be
As the family knelt to pray.

Someday when this life's complete,
And I've grown old and frail,
I'll take that walk through heaven's door;
And pass beyond the veil.

I'm sure that Grandpa will be there,
His hands held out to me,
And I know that I will hear him say,
"Let's take a walk--eternally."

Poem given at the funeral of James Aagard. It was written by his grandson, Robert Aagard.

Yes, we took a bit of badland
For a homestead, Anne and I
Hoped to win success as farmers;
Glad to have the chance to try.
Built a log and adobe' cabin
Where T'was handy to the spring
Loved to hear the sound of nature
Each new season would always bring.

Built a dam to hold the waters
From the winter's snows and rains.
Set out trees and shrubs and bushes
Planted hearty hays and grains.
How we laughed and cried together
With these strange new jobs to do;
Seemed these things we'd hoped and prayed for
All our lives would here come true.

No more tramping; no more wandering
Here a chance to settle down
Love would make the gray days brighter
With the distance into town
Meadow larks are clocks of mornings
Calling us to work or fun
Brown our faces, tanned and crinkled
With the claw marks of the sun.

Winters, long; then springs chinooking
Filled my reservoirs with waters deep
Bought a pig, some cows, some chickens,
And a little band of sheep.
In our gardens, fresh and greening
Anne and I were well repaid
Proud because these barren acres
Into Eden had been made.

Many years were spent together
Children blessed the union too.
But as blossoms wilt and wither
In the sting of winter's breath
So my dreams were on the evening
When my love lay cold with death.
Numbed and broken, left alone
Asking God why this must be
And the night was dark and silent
And the hills, they mourned with me.

So the cabin that we built
Stood now empty and alone
Sightless windows now were staring
From the rooms where prayers were said.
Where our children and their young ones
Gathered round our aging heads.
Still I lingered, day by day

Watching, hoping, listening ever
For this call to set me free.
Well, I know my Anne's waiting
In God's homestead just for me.

THE WATCHER

This poem reminded us of our mother.

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late--
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.

--Margaret Widdemer

She planted a rose in the midst of a dreary land and taught us Faith.
She surrounded her home with loveliness and taught us industry.
By serving her Father in Heaven and her fellowmen she taught us duty.
By loving us she taught us to love one another.
She built a sanctuary of prayer within her heart
Where she gathered strength to face the problems, her infirmities
And taught us courage...

THE AAGARD CLAN

Written and presented by Gayla Zeitner and children at a Family Reunion.

Old folks, young folks, everybody come!
Join the Aagard clan and have a lot of fun!
Kindly check your chewing gum and razors at the door;
And you'll hear some family gossip that you never heard before!

James had a fast horse, thought he'd take a ride.
Annie in her best dress sat by his side!
Doin' 30 'round a corner--James tried to flirt!
There goes the buggy! Annie's in the dirt!

Edgar pulled a sneaky on July 24th!
Got his girl, Anona, Said, "We're headin' up North.
Bishop Neves license plates they did snitch,
And putted off to Billings so they could get hitched!

Rube had a large nose, said his Ma.
He stuck that nose into everthing he saw!
One day he stuck it where it shouldn't be;
Right through a window! And got it trimmed for free!

Geneva was courted by her beau named Don.
He was sleek and handsome, a real Don-Juan!
She made him up a pie--raisin, she said,
But when he took a bite it was sheep drops instead!

Clifford and Bob--great hunters were they!
Shootin' skunks and muskrats every other day!
I've got a big one! Bob did cry.
But the skunk shot first and got him in the eye!

Little Annie Minnie in her ol' Model A,
Out for a spin in the merry month of May!
Tried to pull a wheely in the middle of main-
Hit Shrigg's cow and landed in the drain!

Deanna and Punk went swimmin in the ditch!
Wavin' at the folks, though they didn't have a stitch!
Mary grabbed a stick and she said,
"Gotta take a trip to the ol' wood shed!"

Morris fell in love with little Mona Mann.
Thought she was the cutest thing in the lan'.
Their love was hot! There was no doubt!
He got such a fever that his hair fell out!

Nadine wnet to Kentucky, a mission to fill.
Preaching to the folks over wood and hill.
While she was catching the honest in heart,
She reeled in her line and found she'd caught Art!

Orlando A. was a stubborn little cuss!
If asked to stop-he'd put up quite a fuss!
When called to be the Bishop--folks said, "Oh dear!"
Gettin' him to quit took over 20 year!

Beatrice was the toughest girl in the clan!
She could whip a dozen boys with only one han'!
Along came Denny who gave her a toss!
Took her to the preacher and showed her who was boss!

This poem was given at James Aagard's funeral by Ella Yorgason as it reminded her of dad.

People liked him not because
He was rich or known to fame;
He had never won applause
as a star in any game.
His was not a brilliant style,
His was not a forceful way,
But he had a gentle smile
And a kindly word to say.

Never arrogant or proud,
On he went with manner mild;
Never quarrelsome or loud,
Just as simple as a child;
Honest, patient brave and true:
Thus he lived from day to day,
Doing what he found to do,
In a cheerful sort of way.

Wasn't one to boast of gold
Or belittle it with sneers,
Didn't change from hot to cold,
Kept his friends throughout the years,
Sort of man you'd like to meet
Anytime or any place.
There was always something sweet
And refreshing in his face.

Sort of man you'd like to be:
Balanced well and truly square;
Patient in adversity,
Generous when his skies were fair.
Never lied to friend or foe,
Never rash in word or deed,
Quick to come and slow to go
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,
Simply lived and simply died,
But the passing of his name
Left a sorrow, far and wide.
Not for glory he's attained,
Nor for what he had of self
Were the friends that he had gained,
But for what he was himself.

Edgar A. Guest

ANNIE AAGARD'S PATRIARCHIAL BLESSING

A Patriarchial Blessing given by Hiram Cash Carlton upon the head of Annie Rasminnie Winters Aagard, daughter of Jorgen Peter Winters and Rasminnie Christensen, born 3rd, Dec. 18885 at Fountain Green, San Pete Co., Utah.

Dear Sister Annie Aagard in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I place my hands upon your head and give unto you a Patriarchial Blessing as the spirit of the Lord may direct me. You are a chosen vessel unto the Lord. The Lord so loved you that He decreed that you should come to earth in the dispensation of the fulness of times that you might enjoy the advantages of the restored gospel. You have been born of goodly parents in a choice land and been nurtured by the Lord and your parents that you might grow up and have power to fill the measure of your creation. Dear sister you are rich in the things of eternity, because you have been willing to bear the souls of men and be a mother in Israel. You will be exalted on high and thousands shall pay you homage. Yea, tens of thousands will yet sing your praises. You will sit with your husband on a throne in heaven to rule and reign with him over your numerous posterity in the House of Israel forever and ever. Your name shall live in honorable remembrance from generation to generation because of your good deeds and your posterity. The Lord will give you power to lead your children in the Celestial Kingdom of Heaven that none of them shall be lost. The Lord will bless you with every good gift for you shall be able to obtain all things necessary for the mission assigned to you before you left your home in the spirit world. I bless you that your last days may be your best days that you may live on until you are satisfied with life; that when you have finished your mission in life you may go in peace surrounded by those you love and for whom you have labored. Dear sister you are of Israel even Joseph who was sold into Egypt by his brethren and belong to the tribe of Ephraim. I bless you with the spirit of discernment and power to foresee approaching dangers that would threaten the life and morals of your children. I say unto you lift up your voice in defense of the principles of life and salvation. Go forth unafraid, for the blessings of heaven will distill upon you as the dew upon the tender herbs. The Lord will give his angels charge over you. You will be able to see and understand some of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. I seal you up against the day of destruction to come forth in the Resurrection of the Just with power to go on to your Exaltation in the Kingdom of God with the Redeemed of Israel. These blessings I seal upon you according to your obedience and the councils of heaven in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Approved /S/ Hiram Cash Carlton

Mothers Danish and other favorite recipes

Danish Dumpling

Put in a frying pan two cups of top milk. As it gets hot, stir in flour to make a real stiff dough. Cook and stir all the time, turning dough over. Cook till done. Pour this in a large bowl and beat four eggs one at a time till mixed real good. TAKE A spoon and spoon real gently into the chicken soup. Simmer a short while.

Danish Sod Suppe - Sweet Soup

1 cup sugar	1 stick cinnamon
1½ cup chopped prunes	juice of ½ orange'
1 cup raisins	and ½ lemon
½ cup saga	1 t salt

Bring two quarts of water to a boil, add all the ingredients. Simmer 1½ hours. If it thickens to much add more water. You can add ½ cup dried apples or three peach halves if desired.

Frikadeller - Danish meatballs

1½ pound hamburger
1 onion
1 cup very dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon pepper

Danish Roraeg - Scrambled egg

6 eggs
½ t salt
6 T milk or cream
1 T chopped onion top or chives

To the beaten egg add the other ingredients, melt 1 T butter in a skillet, pour in egg mixture and stir over a slow fire until firm.

Danish Stegte Tomater - Fried tomatoes

Slightly ripened tomatoes cut in even slices are dipped in egg and bread-crumbs and fried in deep butter. Sliced onions, fried until golden brown are nice to serve with them.

Danish Roulade - Jelly roll

½ cup of butter	2 tablespoons milk
½ cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs	1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 cup flour	

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs beat well. Sift flour with baking powder add alternatley with milk. Add flavoring. Bake in moderate oven. When slightly cooled lay on cloth bottm side down. Spread with jelly and roll.

Danish Appetitost - Appetite cheese

10 gal. sour skim milk
½ cup caraway seed
4 teaspoon salt

cont.

Heat the sour skim milk or (sour churned buttermilk to 120°F. Stir gently and allow to settle. Remove the whey as far as possible. Cover the semi liquid mass and set in warm place. Fermentation becomes active. This tends to make the curds sticky. Knead and roll out the lumps and allow to ferment again. Repeat this kneading and rolling process daily for three weeks or until the mass is yellowish soft but tough. When thoroughly fermented the mass is again heated th 120°F and 6 percent salt (weigh the cheese and add 6% of its weight in salt) is added together with caraway seed. Work in both the salt and spice. Form into fancy shapes. Keep in cool place lightly covered. Tin foil may be wrapped about the other cheese. Makes nine lbs. of cheese. If you wish more flavor from the caraway seeds, add them at the beginning of the fermentation process.

Danish Ebleskiver

2 cups buttermilk	$\frac{1}{2}$ t salt
2 cups flour	1 t soda
3 eggs	2 t sugar
1 t baking powder	applesauce

Beat egg yolks. Add sugar, salt, and milk then flour, soda, and baking powder which have been sifted together. Last fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place small amount of fat in each cup of danish cake pan and fill $\frac{2}{3}$ full of dough. Place a teaspoonful of applesauce on top of dough, then barely cover applesauce with a few drops of dough. Cook until bubbly, turn carefully with fork, and finish baking other side. Serve with butter and maple syrup or jam. Avoid spilling applesauce in cups as this will cause the ebleskivers to stick.

Moms Golden Orange Cake

1 cup sour cream	1 tsp soda
1 cup sugar	1 orange
2 eggs	1 cup raisins
2 cups flour	use pulp and all of orange

Bake in 350° oven till done.

Danish Sylte - Head Cheese

1 pigs head	$\frac{1}{4}$ t cloves
1 small onion	1 t salt
2 cups broth	1 T sugar
2 T vinegar	1 T sage

Cook cleaned head in water to cover, together with all the other ingredients until the meat drops off the bone having at least two cups of broth left. Grind the meat. Mix the ground meat and the broth in which the sugar and vinegar have been mixed, pour into a oblong pan to chill. Cut in thin slices to serve.

Tykmaelk - Clabbered milk

1 qt. or 4 c raw milk
1 T cour cream or buttermilk
4 T sugar

cont.

Pour milk into a pan to become thick, To hasten the process add one table spoon sour cream or butter milk. Let stand in a warm place. Cover. When thick remove to cool place. Before serving sprinkle with white or brown sugar.

Grandma Winters Applesauce Cake

1½ c brown sugar	2 eggs
1 c white sugar	¼ c cold water
1 c shortening	3 c applesauce
part cream is good	3 c graham flour
1 t salt	3 c white flour
3 t cinnamon	1 pk raisins
1 t cloves	1 pk nuts
1½ t nutmeg	grated orange peel
4 t cocoa	1 pk cut gumdrops
2 t soda	

Cream together sugar, shortening and salt. Add spices, stir soda in cold water and add to applesauce, let foam, add other ingredients. Bake in loaf pan.

Pineapple Pie

1 pt. can crushed pineapple	3 T cornstarch
3 c water	4 egg yolks
2 c sugar	pinch of salt

Boil all together until thick, then pour into a baked pie crust. Top with beaten egg whites to which light tablespoons of sugar had been added. Brown in oven.

Suet Pudding

1 c chopped suet	1 t allspice
1 c currents	1 t cloves
1 c raisins	1 t cinnamon
½ c sugar	1 t salt
1 c milk	pinch of salt

Use enough flour to make a thick batter. Put in cotton sack and boil in water in a covered kettle for 3 hrs.

Sugar Cookies

2 cup sugar	2 tsp baking powder
1 cup butter	1 tsp vanilla
1 cup thick cream	1 tsp nutmeg
3 eggs	

Flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut in desired shapes and bake.

Red Mush

Thicken and sweeten any kind of fruit juice. Mother usually used red current juice. When cool eat with cream on it.

Kinvilan

To buttermilk add some rice and simmer on low heat until rice is tender, add sugar to sweeten.

Pilts

The entrails of a pig was cleaned out and scraped good, then soaked in salt water overnight. Cleaned and rinsed with more water. They were then stuffed with seasoned sausage and fried.

No 1

James Edgar Aagard

and

Mary Anona Jones

No 1 - James Edgar Agard - 30 April 1905



"Ed"



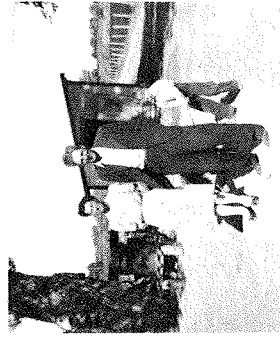
Anona
Married
25 July 1924
Mary Anona Jones



"Ed"



Anona & Ed



Anona, Ed &
son Harold

Children of James Edgar AAGARD and Mary Anona JONES

SHIRLEE EDGAR
8 October 1925
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyo.



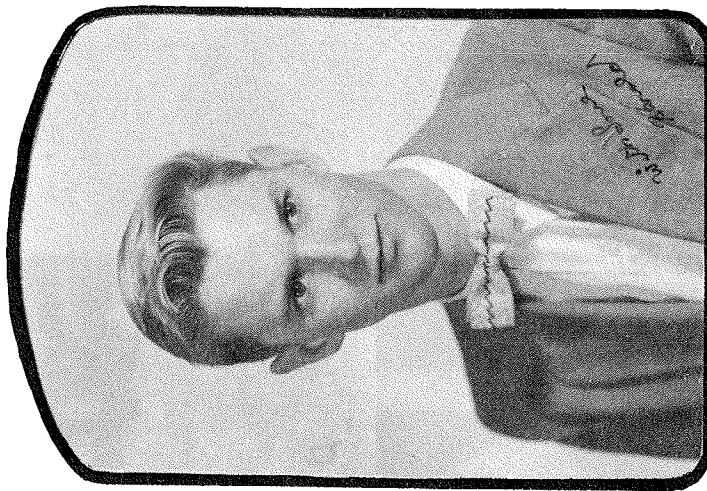
PHYLLIS MARIE
24 February 1930
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyo.



LEAH GENEVA
28 March 1928
Burlington, Big Horn,
Wyoming



HAROLD JONES
24 October 1938
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyo.



EDGAR AAGARD

I was born in a two-room log house in Levan, Utah on April 30, 1905 to James Aagard and Annie Winters Aagard. I was raised there until I was 9 years old. I started school there and went for 3 years. Dad herded sheep and moved camp for his uncle most of the time we lived there. When I was 8 years old, I drove a hay wagon and tromped the hay while two men pitched the hay on the wagon. I got 25¢ a day. I made \$5.00.

Dad's uncle shipped a band of sheep to Wyoming and Dad came with them. He liked Wyoming so well he sent for Mother and us kids to come to live there. We rented an immigrant car on the railroad and loaded the furniture and a buggy and other necessities and headed for Wyoming. Dad's uncle and his granddaughter, Mary Yorgason, came with us. Her folks lived in Burlington, Wyoming.

We stopped at Lovell, Wyoming and stayed at Afert Olsen's place. His wife was a daughter of Dad's uncle. While we were there, I heard my first radio; you had to have ear phones on to hear it.

The next day we came to Burlington. The house we lived in for several years had 2 log rooms, a dirt roof, and the floor was filled with cracks and holes. When it rained, the roof leaked; if it rained very much, we would head for the cellar.

When I was 10 years old, I helped lamb every spring for about six years. When I was 14, I hauled salt and supplies from Tensleep, Wyoming up on the mountain for Dad and Uncle Sunnie. Dad usually had a herder and he moved camp. He would take a wagon full of hay and some oats and stay at camp until they were gone, then he would come home for a day or two, then go back to camp. Mother had the job of raising the children; when one of us was sick, she would sit up all night if we were very bad. Mrs. James McNiven usually helped her when one of the kids was born and if one of us were very sick, she would call on James McNiven to come and give us a blessing. They were some of Mother's best friends.

I remember when Reuben was small, he was standing on a table by the window watching a herd of cattle go by. He slipped and fell through the window and nearly cut his nose off. Mother grabbed him up in her arms and held his nose up and carried him a half a mile to the doctor and got it sewed back on.

She usually saw to it that we got to Sunday School and Primary. We went to church in a one-room log building; they used curtains to separate the classes.

I remember when Clifford was born; it was in the middle of the night. Mother woke me up and told me to go to camp and get Dad. The camp was about 15 miles from home. I saddled a horse and headed for camp. When I got there, I stayed and Dad went home.

When we were kids, we did not have cars to run around in. When we went any place, we went in a buggy, a wagon or horseback. They held dances in the country school houses. For music some of the farmers would play the fiddle and mandolin or banjo. We used to have a good time. Some of the time some of the guys would get too much to drink and get into a fight. I met Anona at a country dance at the school house where she went to school.

Her folks lived about 7 miles from Burlington. When I went to see her, I went horseback. We went together for about 3 years. The summer we were married I was herding the sheep for Dad on the Big Horn Mountains. Dad and Mother came up and said they would look after the sheep while I went to Burlington for the 24th of July. Anona and I and Lou Dobson and Lottie Fitchet went to Burlington for the 24th. Lou had an old Model T Ford car so we decided to go to Billings, Montana and get married.

We hadn't gone very far when the old car started acting up and finally conked out. A farmer came along and helped us get it going again. We made it to Billings all right and were married by a justice of the peace. Then we headed for the mountain to look after the sheep. The roads were very poor,

just dirt roads and very rough. We got up on the mountain with the old Model T. (Lou did not have a license for his car so we decided to borrow one from Lou's uncle who was the bishop. He did not know for some time that we had borrowed his license plates.) We herded the sheep until fall. Lou and Lottie came down before us. He was out of gas in his car so Anona and I took a pack horse and went down to the town of Shell and got some gas and groceries. On the way up the mountain the horse we had the gas and groceries on fell down and rolled over and mixed some of the gas and groceries, but we got back to camp with some gas. When Lou was coming down the mountain, the road was so steep the brakes would not hold the car so we cut down a big pine tree and tied it on behind and that helped to hold it.

Anona and I herded the sheep that winter. The next summer we rented a house in Burlington and the next winter I herded the sheep. The next spring we bought a little place; the place belonged to Anona's folks. They had left for Idaho.

We got a couple of horses and a walking plow and started to farm. It was pretty rough going. I went shearing in the spring. Anona worked the ground while I was shearing; the price they paid for shearing was 8¢ per head.

Then came the depression of the '30s and people could not get a job any place. The freight trains were full of people going places to try and find work. I got a job on the road between Greybull and Shell. We did all the work with horses. It was about 20 miles; several guys from Burlington worked there. We stayed in Greybull all week and went home on the weekends.

One winter we had \$8.00 all winter. We had enough food canned and in the cellar to see us through the winter. I walked 7 miles to town and back twice a month to get the mail. All the Christmas presents the kids had were what Anona and I made. Anona and the kids did not see anyone all winter except Ed Myers and Lou Dobson.

We lived on the south side of the river until 1942 when we bought the place where we live now.

In 1945 a horse fell with me and broke my leg. Lou Dobson and Anona took me to Greybull to the doctor. He was just ready to fly back East to watch the army and navy football game. He did not set my leg, but just put a cast on it and when he got back, infection had set in. Anona told him she was taking me to Denver so he called a bone specialist and told him we were coming. The doctor in Denver said if we had waited another 24 hours he would have had to take my leg off. Lou and Lottie and Anona took me to Denver. They gave me shots every three hours for four days to get the infection down. The doctor had to open my leg and break it over again and scrape the bone where it had grown together. I was in Denver most of the winter; the next summer we hired Walt Chreighton to do the farming.

I worked in the mutual as a counselor for several years and worked in the Elder's Quorum for four years as president. I also worked in the genealogy area for several years.

In 1951 we rented the farm out and went to Idaho. I worked on the railroad that winter and in the spring we went to Washington and worked in the country until summer, then went to work in the wheat harvest until that was through. Then we went to Idaho and worked on the railroad again until spring; then we went to Washington and worked until fall, then we came home and I went to work for Ross Wardell as a hod carrier. In 1954 I lost my hand in a farm accident.

We had 14 welfare children. The last two we had had lost their parents and one sister in a car accident. We had them until they were grown; they were really nice girls. They joined the church while we had them; they both got married and have wonderful families.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 29, 1937. We had four children, two boys and two girls. Shirley was the oldest. He was born October 8, 1925. When he was 18, he joined the army and was in Germany during the Second World War. When he came home, he met Ruth McNeil and went with her and on March 1, 1947 they were married. They have 9 children, two boys and 7 girls. Leah was the second child; she was born March 28, 1928. She was quite a tomboy. She liked to ride the calves. She met Bill Crowder when she was going to school and they were married October 22, 1945. They have 4 children -- 2 boys and 2 girls. They all live in California. Phyllis was the third one. She was born February 24, 1930 in our home. We lived out in the country 25 miles from the nearest doctor and the day before she was born and that night there was a bad snow storm. The doctor could not get there so Agnes Aagard and I were there alone to look after Anona when Phyllis was born. When she was old enough, she went on a mission for 2 1/2 years. When she came home, she got married to Arden Christiansen. They were married August 31, 1955 in the Idaho Falls Temple and they have seven children, five girls and two boys. Harold was the last one. He was born October 24, 1938. He went to school in Burlington and graduated from high school there. He married Donna Mills September 2, 1958. They have 2 children, 1 boy and 1 girl. They have lived in Worland most of the time since they were married.

SHIRLEY EDGAR AAGARD

I - having been commanded by the Lord to write my life history do begin.

I, Shirley Aagard was born on the 8th day of October in the year 1925. I was born near Burlington, Wyoming. During the years of my childhood I had many things happen to me -- at the time they were just a part of growing up and also a way of life at the time. For several years we lived in a new log house on the hill -- as we called it. We lived there until I was around 12 years old. At the time I was 5 years old we lived one year in Inkom, Idaho. We lived with my grandparents on my mother's side of the family. While there I went to school in the first grade. I can remember being very shy and afraid of people that I didn't know. I can remember playing with all of my uncles and aunts while we lived there. The first thing I can remember in my life was when I was 4 years old, and that was when my sister Phyllis was born. We had an old wooden wheeled wagon behind the house. I can remember peeking through the spokes at the Doctor Myre when he came.

When I was around 12 years old we bought some land on the river bottom below where we lived. The land was all brush when we bought it. Dad started us a house there. First he build one room and then started to tear the other log house down for material. He was taking the log wall down in sections, and I was helping when I could. He took this one section which was about 10 feet long and eight feet high of logs -- he had it braced but the braces gave way, and he was under it. I can remember lifting it enough for him to crawl out from under it. I was around 12 years old at the time and not very big for my age.

My sisters and I walked to school for many years. We walked about 2½ miles each way and didn't mind it very much. I can remember that the winters were very cold. I can remember skating down the river to school in the winter with the neighbor kids. The one older than me was Clyde Sims. We were skating down the river this cold winter day, and we hit an air hole in the ice. We both went in over our heads. Somehow we got out and went

on to school. We still had about a mile to go, and by the time we arrived at school our clothes were frozen stiff and we could hardly move. At the school we had a big pot bellied stove with a jacket around it. The teacher opened the jacket and put the two of us in front of the stove until we thawed out and were dry.

During the summer when I was big enough I herded the family's sheep on the hills around the place. As a family we never had much money while I was growing up, but none of the other people had very much either for this was during the depression. Even so I enjoyed the time I was growing up, and I'm sure that I had a capacity for getting into trouble the same as any boy at that time. My sisters and I went to Avent School until I graduated from the eighth grade, and then I went to High School in Burlington until I graduated in 1948. As I look back on my high school days now I can laugh at some of the things I did. But at the time they were serious to me and part of my growing up.

I can remember the day I was baptized. I was about 9 years old. We were baptized in the river just about where the folks live now. At the time there were quite a few from the ward there. If I were to tell all of the amusing things that happened it would fill many pages, and my children would think that I was very long-winded.

In 1941 the war with Japan started, and at that time I was too young to go. So in 1943 I graduated from High School and then in the spring of 1944 I joined the army. Three of us went into the army together -- Garth Briggs, Jim Hodson, and myself. We went to Fort Collins for our tests and to be sent from there for Basic Training. All of us that went into the army were given tests to see what our I.Q.'s were. Some of us were given two days of tests -- most finished in a part of a day. Jim and Garth and I went to Fort McClellan near Aniston, Alabama. They went into an Infantry Basic Unit. I went into an Intelligence Unit. I must of had more time on Sundays than they did for I went to see them quite often while they were there. Going from home to a place the size of some of the army bases was quite a change for a country boy like me for I had never been away from home before. While at the School we had to learn all about American weapons, German weapons, and some German language. We had at least 4 hours of physical training a day - our day started at six and ran until dark each day. Some nights we had night problems. We took some judo each day, plus many hours of classroom work. During all of this training I came down with pneumonia and spent six weeks in the hospital. Then I went back and finished basic - all the others finished their basic and went home for a month. As for me, my records were lost (must have thought that I should of been with the WACS with a first name like I have). I sat in the Company alone for a week before they sent me home. I was home on furlough for a while and then I went to Ft. Mead, Maryland and was there for about a week getting ready to ship to Europe. From Fort Mead we took a truck to the Harbor at New York. We loaded on the British Ship Agustinia. At one time it was a luxury liner and had been converted to a troop ship. We were five days from New York to Glasgow, Scotland. In Glasgow we boarded a train and went across Scotland and England to Liverpool. There we boarded a hospital ship that brought the wounded from France back to England. We landed at LaHarve, France. At LaHarve we went across France by train and into Belgium. We were in Belgium just a few days - we joined the First Division at Aachen, Germany right after I joined the Company. The Germans broke through and we were surrounded -- that was what was called the Battle of the Bulge.

On my first day at the Company we were in the Black Forest. They fed us and I took my plate and sat on what I thought was a log -- it was 11 covered with snow. I had finished eating almost when I discovered that it was a dead German soldier who was covered with snow. All over near our camp was both dead Germans and G.I's. Some had been killed, some had frozen to death and were covered with snow. While we were there until Jan. we made a dugout big enough for two people. Each of us had an overcoat and boots but no overshoes. The snow most of the time was around our waists. The trucks went up and down the roads until the mud was waist-deep. All this time in the forest we were not allowed to have a fire. While we were there I was put in a machine gun squad, and I taught machine guns to all the squads. From the Black Forest we crossed the Rhine River, all the way across Germany to a few miles from Berlin - until the Russians took it, and then we went to Chezhavika. We stayed there until a month after the war, and then we moved back to Ansbach, Germany. There I volunteered to help discharge German prisoners so they could go home. After that I was transferred to Furth, a city on the outside of Nuremberg. I was sent to work in the courtroom of the Nuremberg trials of Hess, Goering and all of the rest. For nine months I was in the courtroom and recorded all of the trials. Then I was sent home and discharged in 1945.

I worked in Greybull for a while. There at a dance I met a pretty young lady and a month later we were married.

As time went by we were blessed with a son - Olaf - he was born two years after we were married. Then we had five daughters born to us. Sherilee, Mary Ann, Janet, Linda, Nancy, and Pauline. Then we waited nine years and then another son - Peter - was born. Then another daughter, Virginia was born. All of the older children except Pauline are married and have children.

We have thirteen grandchildren now. Even with our many faults and failings - we have been greatly blessed.

Shirley Aagard's 1st. Son
Olaf Neals Aagard

I was born on October 21, 1949 in Basin, Wyoming. We lived in Otto, Wyoming and later moved to Burlington, Wyoming. I attended Burlington School until the eighth grade and then we moved to Cody, Wyoming, and I attended school there for four years. We moved back to Burlington when I was a Senior and I graduated from Burlington High School in 1967.

I enrolled in the armed services and was sent to Vietnam for duty. I got an early discharge because my dad was in an accident which resulted in him losing two of his fingers on his right hand. I went home and helped on the farm.

I married the former Patti McIntosh, and we have a boy named Travis Wayne and a daughter named Marcy Nanette. Things don't always work out as planned and Patti and I got a divorce with Patti getting full custody of the children.

I took a job with the Forest Service and moved to Oregon where I am working at the present time (August 1979).

Shirley Aagard's 1st Daughter
Sherilee Aagard Runyan

Second child of nine children born to Shirley and Ruth Aagard. Born November 11, 1949 at Basin, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

I went to school at Burlington, Otto, Manderson, Cody, and then graduated in 1968 from Burlington High School, Burlington, Wyoming.

I drove beet truck, silage truck and herded sheep for several years. Then in 1970 I went to flagging traffic for Gilpatrick Construction near Worland. I met and married Harvey Lynn Runyan.

Harvey is the first of five children in his family. He is a very wonderful person. We were married June 19, 1970.

Harvey runs heavy equipment and is a heavy equipment mechanic. He runs scrapers, D-9 cats, blades etc. and repairs them.

We have been all over the state of Wyoming. We have lived in Worland, Dubois, Douglas, Wheatland, Laramie, Hanna, Rawlins, Casper, Rock Springs, Farson, Pinedale, Gillette, Sundance, Moorcroft, and Pavillion.

We now make our home in Pavillion, Wyoming. It is a small town (350 people). Harvey is a mechanic for Gilpatrick Construction in Riverton, Wyo.

One of the most wonderful things that happened to me was when I met Harvey and married him. The second most important event in my life and Harvey's came on March 4, 1972. Our son Michael D. Runyan was born in Douglas, Wyoming. We then moved to Hanna, then to Rawlins. In March of 1974 we moved to Sundance, Wyoming. On April 25, 1974 the third most wonderful thing took place in my life. Betty LeeAnn Runyan was born April 25, 1974 in Spearfish, South Dakota.

I returned to work running a scraper two weeks after Betty was born. We lived in Sundance until July 1, 1974 then moved to Moorcroft, then Pinedale for one month, then to Laramie. We were in Laramie until the end of November, then moved to Hanna for the winter, then back to Laramie, then to Hanna, then back to Laramie then back to Hanna.

We then decided to go to truck driving school in Casper. We graduated in 1976. We couldn't take our children with us on the road, so we gave up truck driving. We went back to heavy equipment operating. We worked in Wheatland then Gillette, then to Pavillion.

We have 88 acres in Burlington, Wyoming. We have been trying to build fence on it and get it fixed up. We're thinking about moving up on it soon.

Shirley Aagard's 2nd Daughter
Mary Angela Aagard Hickman

In the spring of 1951 (April 29) another choice spirit entered the home of Shirley and Ruth Aagard - a girl, at the Pocatello, Idaho Hospital. She was the third child and second girl. Her name is Mary Angela Aagard.

She went to school in Burlington for the first six years of school and four years in Cody, Wyo. coming back to Burlington in her Sophomore year. She was Homecoming attendant during her Junior year and graduated in 1970. After graduating, she went to South Dakota to help a teacher with her children for a year.

Daryl (Bunk) Hickman entered her life her Senior year and he joined the service while she was in South Dakota.

Mary nn came home in the summer and in September she was driving the pickup and it went out of control and rolled. She had Peter and Virginia (her small brother and sister with her). Her face was cut up really bad

and her front teeth were knocked out. She was real worried that Daryl wouldn't love her anymore. The day after receiving her false teeth, she was married to Daryl Theron Hickman, and went to Oklahoma where he was stationed at the time.

Laura Sue arrived on August 9, 1972. Mary Ann had come home to have her as Bunk was being shipped to Germany. She stayed at home for a couple of months and ahe and Laura joined Bunk in Germany. Daryl's folks from Salt Lake visited them in the summer of 1974. In October of 1974 a son, David Theron was born to this family. David was a sickly baby and in August 1975 he passed on, and the family was sent back to the States.

Daryl decided not to continue his career in the army and they bought a home in Sandy, Utah.

In September, 1977 a daughter joined the family, Dawn Anette. Mary Ann wanted to live nearer her family so they came to Burlington in August of 1978 and stayed till the spring. They returned to Utah and are making their home there.

Shirley Aagard's 3rd Daughter
Janet Aagard Carr

It's a day, the 10th to be precise, in the month of October, 1953. Janet Lee Aagard was born in a Pocatello, Idaho hospital to Shirley and Ruth Aagard. She is their fourth child.

At the very early age of about three months she had a complete blood transfusion, her grandmother Anona Aagard being the blood donar. She was sick quite often during her early years. At the tender age of four, she contracted the measles and chickenpox simultaneously. As a result, her eardrums were destroyed in both ears. During her second year in school, she was operated on in the Salt Lake Primary Children's Hospital. It, however, was unsuccessful. Another operation, installing plastic eardrums, when she was in the fourth grade proved to be quite effective.

She attended her first three elementary grades in Burlington, then four years in Cody. Returning to Burlington she completed her schooling.

During the summer of her Junior year, she worked above Cody at Wapiti for a short while before going to work as a live-in for an elderly lady in Basin.

Three days after graduating from High School, she married James Nelson Carr. They moved to Belsit, Kansas to make their new home.

Their first child, William James Carr, was born in January 1974. Their second child, Daryl Jay Carr, arrived in October of 1975.

Her husband, James was killed in a gun accident in Glen Elder, Kansas. She then bought some land in Missouri and moved there with her husband's parents. She then had a daughter, Kerri Jay Carr born in September of 1977.

She is now living in Ada, Missouri with her three children and her mother-in-law.

Shirley Aagard's 4th Daughter
Linda Aagard Link

I suppose life couldn't begin any better than in Greybull, Wyoming on the 4th day of October, 1955. I, Linda Ruth Aagard, chose to arrive early in the morning to my parents -- Shirley and Ruth Aagard. I am their fifth child.

When I was young, events happened I'm sure but too numerous to mention. I was moving around the Big Horn Basin area with my parents. Then one day, I started first grade in Burlington. I started second there too. Then, away we went to Cody to live where my dad worked. We stayed there until I was almost out of fifth grade. Then, are you ready, we moved again. Back to Burlington we went. My folks must have liked Burlington, cuz we actually remained there. Sure, we moved to several different houses, but we still were in the same neighborhood.

I held the job of Beehive President in MIA, and then in my last year I was Laurel President.

In my Junior year, I was voted in as our class's Homecoming and Prom attendant.

My senior year, 1974, I graduated from a class of fifteen, ten boys and five girls. The day after we graduated, my friend, Debbie Bates and I went to work at Four Corners near Newcastle, Wyoming for Delzar Construction Company. We were on their bridge crew. This was a real interesting summer spent in the Black Hills near South Dakota.

That fall I went to Rexburg, Idaho to attend Ricks College. I studied business during the year. Upon returning home, I went to work as a bookkeeper for the Big Horn Co-op in Basin, Wyoming.

I met my husband, Carl A. Link, in September. He is from a family of two boys living at Emblem.

We were married on April 27, 1976. I quit work several months later to start a family. Our first son, Christopher Allen Link, was born on October 12, 1976. Then our second son, Cameron Amos Link arrived August 9, 1978. They are very special boys.

We live at Emblem, Wyoming on our farm. I am first counselor in Primary and I enjoy doing crafts. Carl farms with his dad and brother and enjoys the outdoors.

Shirley Aagard's 5th Daughter
Nancy Christine Aagard Everson

I was born on August 5, 1957 in the Big Horn County Hospital in Greybull, Wyoming. I started first grade in Burlington and had just found a few friends when I was uprooted and we moved to Cody, Wyoming. I attended school in Cody until the middle of the 4th grade and once again we moved back to Burlington.

Through many ups and downs I made it through grade school and into Junior High and finally into High School. I graduated from High School

in 1975 and that summer my best friend and I moved to Cody and worked at Eugene's Pizza and the Holiday Inn. That summer was a real learning experience and when fall came I went to Rexburg, Idaho to attend Ricks College.

Ricks college was a new experience for me, but very exciting. I had five roommates all new to me and getting adjusted was a challenge. All in all college life was great. While at Ricks I met the man of my dreams. He was everything I'd always dreamed of and his name was Jim Everson. I went back to Ricks for a second year and graduated in Secretarial Training with an Associate Degree. Jim and I continued to date and on August 11, 1978 we were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. We moved to Rexburg where Jim continued in school and I worked as a secretary to student-body. Jim graduated from Ricks College in pre-med and was accepted in the College of Pharmacy at Idaho State University. We moved to Pocatello in June of 1979 and on July 22, 1979 we were blessed with a beautiful daughter. We named her Jillene Christine Everson and she really adds to our home.

Jim begins school at Idaho State University this fall.

We have many plans and dreams for our future together.

Shirley Aagard's 6th Daughter
Pauline Anne Aagard

On October 31st, 1958 (Halloween Day) I came into the world. My parents, Shirley and Ruth Aagard already had 7 children. I became their sixth girl. My family all thought I would surely be a boy -- but.. So with my chosen name and additional "ine", I became known to the world as Pauline Anne Aagard.

Our family lived in Burlington Wyoming from the time I was born till I was about six years of age. I went my first two years of schooling in Cody, Wyoming. Then my family moved back to Burlington. I continued my education there. I graduated a semester early to attend college with my sister. I went one and half years to Ricks College (Rexburg, Idaho).

Since after my college, I was undecided about what to do in my life, I worked a year and a half in Greybull, Wyoming. I drove back and forth with my Dad. I enjoyed being at home and being active in our church.

My plans for the future are not all mapped out as of yet. I have set goals and hope to do my best to obtain them.

Shirley Aagard's 2nd Son
Peter McNeal Aagard

Peter was born the 30th of June 1967 the year the oldest boy Olaf graduated from school at Burlington. He is the second son in a family of eight now, the parents are Shirley and Ruth Aagard. Being a boy was a special treat for the family after six girls and Peter was well loved. Peter has lived in Burlington all his life and went to Kindergarten thru the third grade in Otto and then on to the 7th grade now in Burlington. He was baptized on his birthday the year he was eight and went on a fifty mile hike with the boy scouts when 12. Peter would like to play football. He got 8 teeth chipped doing so in the 6th grade but is playing again.

Shirley Aagard's 7th Daughter
Virginia Sue Aagard

In the year 1970 a sweet girl spirit entered the home of Shirley and Ruth Aagard. She was named Virginia Sue - Virginia after her Great Grandmother Jones.

Virginia was in a car wreck in September of 1971 and received some bad cuts on her legs.

Virginia went to the Otto School for Kindergarten and first and second grade.

When she was eight years old she was baptized -- this happened on her birthday and was a special day.

Virginia then started her third grade in Burlington, being a real good student. She enjoys reading and school in general. She takes organ and accordion lessons and enjoys them.

Edgar Aagard's 1st Daughter
Leah Geneva Aagard Crowder

I was born March 28, 1928, the second of four children born to James Edgar Aagard and Mary Anona Aagard. I was blessed November 4, 1928 by Bishop Hyrum Neves. Shirley Edgar was the eldest, Phyllis Marie third, and Harold Jones the fourth.

We lived in a small community called Avent; we lived about 2 or 3 miles west of the school, and about five miles from Burlington. We had to cross

the river on the way home from school and in the warm weather it was nice to take time to wade on the way home and in the winter to skate. We had chores to do so we couldn't linger too long.

When I was four and Phyllis two, we ran away to go to Idaho to visit our Grandma and Grandpa Jones. We had gone about three miles when Mom finally found us and she was frantic and angry. She made us walk back with a little switching every now and then.

Dad built a house down along the river, and we moved down there when I was about six. We had a beautiful little place in the trees along the creek which was dry part of the time, but when we had a bad winter, in the spring the creek and river would rise, and that frightened me. I remember horses with their harnesses on and other animals and things floating down the river. We would make roads, farms, and towns in the sandy banks in the summer. Mom and Dad planted a big orchard and berry patch. We had a spring where we kept our milk and butter cool, as we had no electricity. Dad covered ice with straw before spring and we really had some great ice cream parties in the summer.

I was baptized August 8, 1936 by J. B. Cottrell.

We did all our farming with horses until I was about thirteen or fourteen. I was quite a tomboy. We would catch the calves in the barn to ride; we got one that had small horns and he pitched me over his head and ripped a gash in my stomach, but that didn't stop us. I don't know how Mom ever stood up under these things. We also rode horses a lot and the worst time I remember was getting bucked off in a cactus patch. I couldn't do much sitting for a while.

The neighbors would take turns having parties at their homes on Saturday night and we would roast wieners and marshmallows and play run sheep run, relieve O, and kick the can. We would spend the night at Grandma and Grandpa Aagards and we would peek in at all the older kids dancing.

My grade school teacher was Miss Charolette Cowles. She was a really good teacher; she lived part of the time in the cloak rooms in the school house. All the kids in school were my friends, but Betty Joe Ellis and I were the closest. We were in the same grade--sometimes there were only one or two in a grade.

I went to Burlington school in my eighth grade. It seemed awful big as there were around one hundred kids there; my freshman year of high school we went to Greybull. Phyllis and I stayed in a small apartment in Mrs. Simm's rooming house, and she kept an eye on us. I had several teachers there.

When I was a sophomore, we came back to the Burlington school as the folks had bought the Riley place and moved. We thought it was really great as we had electricity then.

Shirley had an old Model A roadster which we went to school in. He also had a girlfriend he had to take home and we waited while he told her good-bye.

We attended Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual in the Burlington Ward; some times it was hard as we didn't always have a car.

In grade school I had some very good friends, some went all through school with me. Some of those were Betty Joe Ellis, Betty Lou Dobson, Lucille Creighton, Charolette Mobley. Of course there were boys too--John and Bert Hope, Carl and Charles Sims, Melvin and Allen Neves.

I started going with Bill Crowder when we were sophomores and we were married in October 1945, our junior year by Bishop Orlando Aagard. We lived in Basin and our two oldest children, Marie and William, were born in the Basin Hospital. Bill worked for a time at the bean mill, then for Mr. Bob Henderson on his farm between Basin and Greybull until we moved to California in Novem-

ber of 1949. Bill went to work for Bethlehem Steel and worked for them twenty-five years. We moved around on this job and got to see a lot of the western states.

Our last two children, Jennifer and James were born in Covina, California.

Marie married Guy Swezey October 22, 1965; William married Paula Fisher December 24, 1967; Jennifer will marry Mike Coulombe May 26, 1979.

Our children are: Marie Annette Crowder, William Edgar Crowder, Jennifer Lee Crowder and James Mark Crowder.

PHYLLIS MARIE AAGARD CHRISTIANSEN

I, Phyllis Marie Aagard, was born February 24, 1930, in Burlington, Big Horn County, Wyoming. It was a cold, blizzarding day and Dad rode a horse for seven miles through the snow to reach a phone in order to call the doctor. The doctor lived thirty miles away and informed Dad that when the storm cleared up a little, he would come. (He did make it three days after I was born.) Dad brought my aunt, Agnes Aagard, back with him and with her help, the second daughter was born to James Edgar Aagard and Mary Anona Jones. I was fortunate to already have a big brother, Shirley Edgar, who was four; and a sister, Leah Geneva, who was two, there to greet me. I was given a name and a blessing July 6, 1930, by my grandfather, Thomas W. Jones.

The first home I remember had two bedrooms and was located near the Greybull River west of Burlington. We had no electricity or telephone and whenever it rained, we knew we were isolated until the "clay hill" dried out. Dad worked hard clearing new farming land and Mom worked hard fixing the home. She planted grass, flowers and trees around our home, as well as raising a garden and helping Dad in the fields when he needed her. As soon as we were able to talk Mom taught us all to say our prayers and we all learned the same one:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Help me to be a good girl,
In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

As we got older, we began to elaborate on our prayers until they became our own words.

September, 1936, I began my education in the Avant School, a one-room school house that was located three miles east of our home. My first grade teacher was Carrie M. Kraus. I remember my first year or two of school when the snow was very deep my brother, Shirley, and Leah sometimes also would carry me on their backs to and from school. In 1937 my teacher was Miss Charlotte Cowles. She made us all feel important and proud of the talents we had. She taught me a very important lesson; namely, that everyone was important and could do something good and that one did not have to excel in everything in order to be a successful, happy person. I remember more history, spelling, music, English, and other things from her than I do from any other teacher. She was a choice person and I was lucky to have her teach me for four and one half years, from the second through the eighth grades. On Christmas, 1941, she was home visiting with her parents and had a terrible car accident. Her parents were both killed and she was very badly injured. Gladys Johnson taught me the balance of the sixth grade. The following year, 1942, we went to Burlington to school. I was in the seventh grade and Mrs. Cook was my teacher.

September 18, 1938, I was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Louis W. Dobson. It was in the Greybull River by the Avant bridge. I was confirmed a member of the Church October 2, 1938, by Mads C. Jensen.

My youngest brother, Harold Jones Aagard was born October 24, 1938. I was in the third grade of school and really enjoyed helping Mom take care of him.

In 1943 Leah and I went to school in Greybull. We lived alone in an apartment and did our own cooking and cleaning. I was in the eighth grade and Leah was a freshman in high school. Mrs. Frank Sims owned the apartments and kept a close eye on us during the week. Dad and Mom came and picked us up on Friday after school and brought us back Monday morning. I did well in school and was an honor student from the eighth grade graduating class.

I attended Burlington High School from 1944 to 1948. I graduated in May, 1948. One of my favorite teachers was Thelma Yorgason. I took shorthand and typing from her. I also enjoyed Cleo Riley as an art teacher. During my years in high school, I was in band; I played the French horn one year and the snare drums the following year. I participated in plays, was Pep Squad President, Cheerleader, Queen for the Senior Ball, Freshman and Senior Class President and had many other opportunities for growth and development. In 1947 I was Queen of the 24th of July celebration and in 1948 represented the Burlington Ward as Queen at the Stake Gold and Green Ball. One of the highlights of my high school days was when my mother was MIA President of the Burlington Ward. Through her inspiration and hard work (and I am sure that of many other people also) the MIA girls were able to earn enough money to rent a bus and take a trip to Salt Lake City. The one event of this trip that stands out in my mind was meeting President George Albert Smith and being able to go into his office and talk to him.

In September, 1948, I enrolled at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. It was quite an experience for me to leave home for the first time. I lived in an apartment in Campus Dormitory with three other girls. I became very homesick, especially at Thanksgiving when my thoughts were directed toward home and family. I remember Dad and Mom calling on the telephone just before Thanksgiving and as I heard their voices I started to cry and could not say anything. We finally had to hang up. I left school at Christmas because Dad had an accident and I was needed to help at home. I got a secretarial job at F. H. Woodruff and Sons in Basin and worked there until June. In June, 1948, I attended Henager School of Business in Salt Lake City. I worked for my room and board and \$5.00 a week the first three months and the second three months I worked as cashier bookkeeper for the Mayflower Cafe. I was taking a nine months' stenographic course but finished it in six months with high honors. I was elected secretary of the student body there and served in that capacity until graduation. I returned to Burlington and worked for the Bureau of Reclamation in Cody, Wyoming.

One of my goals had been to serve a mission and I was able to achieve this goal. I worked for a year and in March, 1952, I received my mission call. President Frank H. Brown was the Stake President and he received permission from President David O. McKay for me to go at age 22 rather than wait an extra year. The necessary papers were submitted and I received my mission call just before April Conference. One of the greatest thrills of my life was to be called to serve a mission to Denmark. For me to be able to see the land where the Aagards originated was a great blessing.

I served in Denmark from June 1951 to December 1953. I served under two mission presidents: President Edward H. Sorensen and President Junius M. Sorensen. While in Denmark I had the opportunity to see the original Aagard

homestead and meet some relatives. They were very good people, but made it clear that they were not interested in the Church. One of the highlights of my mission was when President David O. McKay visited the Danish mission when he was touring the European missions. It was a testimony to me to see the Danish people sacrifice so they could go and see and hear the prophet of the Lord. I knew of families who ate nothing but black bread and boiled potatoes for weeks and months so they could save the necessary fare to go to Copenhagen where the Prophet would speak. It was inspiring to hear President McKay and be able to shake his hand and speak with him. I had the opportunity of serving in Copenhagen, Aarhus, Aalborg, Esberg and Odense. It was a special experience in my life and I achieved great spiritual growth.

After completing my mission, I returned home and worked in Salt Lake City where I had the opportunity to go through the temple often. I secured a job at Henager School of Business and worked as secretary to the President. It was an excellent position and I enjoyed it, but soon had the feeling that I should return home. I did this and worked for Socony-Mobil Oil Producing Company in Worland, Wyoming. Upon my return to Wyoming I was called as a Stake Missionary and served in that capacity for almost a year. I was released in August 1955.

On August 31, 1955, Arden Thorley Christiansen and I were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. We made our first home in Provo, Utah, where we both attended Brigham Young University. The next semester I worked full time for the head of the Engineering Department. We went to BYU for two years. Our first child, a son, was born August 5, 1956, in Greybull, Wyoming. We were working in Riverton for the summer and had gone to Burlington to visit my parents when our first son was born. We named him Steven Aagard Christiansen. We went back to BYU that year and on September 4, 1957, our first daughter, Kathleen Marie Christiansen was born.

In 1958 we transferred to Utah State University in Logan, Utah. Arden received his B.S. degree in Soil Science in 1960 and worked for the Utah State Agricultural Experiment Station until 1965. In 1965 he received a Fellowship to West Virginia University for graduate schooling. My family at this time numbered six: Mary Evelyn was born March 26, 1959 in Logan, Utah. The next three children were also born in Logan. Kristin was born July 29, 1960; Douglas Aagard was born December 27, 1961; and Linda was born September 21, 1963.

We lived in Morgantown, West Virginia for five years. Our last child, Amy Anona Christiansen, was born there on June 4, 1967.

I served as Primary President, taught Home Study Seminary, was Relief Society President, and District Homemaking Counselor during our years in West Virginia. My testimony of the gospel continued to grow as well as my love and closeness to my family. Arden received his PhD in December 1969, and accepted a position with the University of Illinois and we moved to Effingham, Illinois on December 22, 1969. We purchased a home in Altamont, Illinois. It was an older home (nearly 100 years old) and as a family we completely restored it. We were rewarded with a beautiful home and a closeness in the family from working together. The Church was 50 miles from our home and the Stake Center was 100 miles. Arden was called into the Branch Presidency and on Sundays we would leave home about 6:00 a.m. We would spend the entire day at the Church. My daughters and I prepared dinner in the Church kitchen. The children practiced the piano and we wrote letters and read.

Arden worked for the University of Illinois for two years then accepted a position with Oregon State University. We remained in Illinois and the children finished that year of schooling. We joined Arden at Klamath Falls, Oregon and were there during the summer because Arden was offered the position of Department Chairman of Agriculture at Hartnell College in Salinas, California. We came to Salinas in the fall of 1973 and have lived here since.

While living here I was Mutual President for a year and have been Relief Society President for nearly four years. All my children have been active in the Church and held responsible positions. Steve finished high school in December 1974 and attended Hartnell College. During the summer of 1975 he and Kathy attended BYU and in August, 1975, Steve left to serve a mission in the Belgium Brussels Mission.. He was released on September 6, 1977 and is now attending BYU. Kathy finished high school in June, 1975; attended Hartnell College and BYU and was accepted into the Dental Hygiene Program at Cabrillo College in Santa Cruz. Her senior year she was chosen as outstanding student in the Dental Hygiene program. She will graduate June, 1979. Mary graduated from high school in 1976 and went to Argentina as a Foreign Exchange Student during the summer of 1976. She was accepted into the Nursing program at BYU and graduated in August, 1978 as a Registered Nurse. She was sealed to Paul Curtis Hardin of St. Louis, Missouri, in the Oakland Temple, August 23, 1978. They are both continuing their education at BYU. Kristin was selected as a Foreign Exchange Student and spent 1977 in New Zealand. She is now attending Hartnell College. Douglas is in the 11th grade at Salinas High School. Linda is in the 10th grade at Salinas High School and Amy is in the 6th grade at Roosevelt School in Salinas.

In conclusion, I would like to express my love and appreciation to my mother and father and to my two brothers and my sister. I am so grateful to them for all of the things that they taught me, for their love and the good home we had. I am also very grateful for a choice husband and our seven children. I am thankful for my testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. I know that God lives and that Jesus Christ is His Son and for this testimony I am most grateful.

HAROLD JONES AAGARD

I, Harold Jones Aagard am the youngest child of James Edgar Aagard and Mary Anona Jones Aagard. I was born the 24th of October 1938. There were three other children older than I--Shirley Edgar, Leah Geneva, and Phyllis Marie. I will not give their birth dates as they have them in their own stories. After Phyllis was born, the doctors told Mom and Dad that Mom could not have any more children, but Mom knew the Lord would bless her with another son. She got pregnant again and lost a pair of twins, then when Phyllis was eight years old, I came along at seven months and almost died when born. I weighed four pounds when the doctor let them take me home from the hospital, but with the prayers and faith of my family, the Lord seen fit to let me live.

Dad, Mom, and my big brother and sisters were all happy to have another baby in the house and am sure they all spoiled me. I sure love and respect all of them; they are the very best as far as I am concerned.

We lived on the south side of the River when I was born. Then when I was five years old, we moved over to the old Tom Riley place which my parents bought. At that time my big brother, Shirley, enlisted in the service as we were fighting World War II. I had slept with him since I was pretty small and I would cry myself to sleep for "Gus" which was my nickname for him. I started to school in Burlington; I was a tease and did a lot more fooling around than I should have. School was easy for me to get good grades without studying very hard. I played the drums in the school band and when I was in seventh grade, we went to Pocatello, Idaho for about a year and a half.

It was Christmas time when we got there. I started school right after the holiday and found some difference in the school there and back home. I tried out for drums in the school band and was lucky enough to get first chair

among all those students. I sure felt good about that. We had leased the place here so when it came summer, we went to Oregon, Washington, and California. Dad and Mom worked for a time in the summer in Washington, then we traveled down the coast through those three states and just took our time; it was some trip! My oldest sis and family were living in Los Angeles. That was where we were headed. My other sister Phyllis was in Denmark on a mission at that time; and, Shirley and family had moved to Pocatello to work too. After the summer was over, we went back to Pocatello where Dad went back to work on the railroad.

In April Mom was so homesick to come home that they packed up and came back to the farm. I got to graduate from the eighth grade with my old school classmates. I played the drums all the while I was in high school. Dad and Mom bought me a lovely set of drums of my own.

During my high school years, I met a pretty, brown-eyed and dark-haired girl in Basin by the name of Donna Jean Mills. On September 2, 1958 we were married; she was my dream come true. She had joined the L.D.S. church just shortly before I met her; I had been very active in all my church duties.

As soon as I was through high school, I got a job and when Donna and I were married, I all ready had a house furnished--a nice little place in Worland where I was working for Automotive Supply. I was parts man there; then I got an offer to go to work as parts man at the Chevy Garage for more pay and I went to work there. We had an explosion in our garage which was joining our house. I was working in the garage at the time. The fire was a solid wall between me and the door; I knew if I didn't make a run straight through that fire that I would be burned to a crisp in short order. I clinched my fists and made a run for where I knew the door was; I had on a leather jacket which helped protect my arms. By then a number of people had gathered and they helped put out the fire on my clothes. I guess I was in shock as I climbed into my car which was in the driveway close to the garage and backed it out to safety. Then I kind of buckled up, I guess. They rushed me to the hospital and the doctor said I had second and third degree burns all over my face and hands. Kim, our oldest baby, was very small, and she and Donna were at the laundry mat washing our clothes at the time this happened. I was thankful they weren't home. It burned everything we had. The doctor called Dad and Mom from the hospital and told them I was in pretty bad shape. While Dad got the car, Mom and two little foster sisters rushed to the bedroom and had a prayer for me. They couldn't see any of my face or head, but my eyes which had no lashes left and my eyes were all red. The doctor told them they were sure my eyes and lungs would be damaged, but again, I was blessed as I came out of it just fine.

Another company offered me more money to come to work for them as parts man so I took the job. I sure needed the extra money right then. We bought a new trailer home and lived in that until we bought the larger one that we have now.

Lots of water had gone under the bridge in this length of time. We had another baby--a little boy when Kimberly was still small. They have grown up to be two swell kids. By the way, our son's name is Donald. We call him Donnie or Don. Kim is married now and has a darling little girl, Connie Jean, so we are grandparents now. We own our own business now here in Worland and have had many wonderful times as a family. We all liked the mountains; we had a nice cabin in the Big Horn Mountains so in the summer and on weekends, we spent lots of time fishing and sawing wood for winter for the cabin. In winter we would go as far with the pickup as we could, then unload the snow mobiles and go on to the cabin. We would snow mobile until every one was tired, then spend the evenings in front of the big old rock fireplace with good food and one

another enjoying the burning wood we worked so hard for in the summer.

Donnie still has two years of high school left to finish; he works all summer and on weekends and after school in winter. Kim is a calm, quiet, little wife and mother.

Many things happened through the years that I haven't mentioned. I played my drums with a group of fellows here in Worland for several years for dances in all the towns close by. I finally sold them so I wouldn't have to play any more. It was hard to play most of the night and work all day; I hated to part with them, but it seemed like the easiest way to say no.

I am proud of my wife; she has worked in the office since we got the business and is getting better looking all the time. I can just say I love my family and thank the Lord for all His blessings.

MARIE ANNETTE CROWDER SWEZEY

Born July 16, 1946 at the Basin Hospital in Basin, Big Horn, Wyoming, I am the first of four children born to Bill Eugene Crowder and Leah Geneva Aagard. I am the first of twenty-two grandchildren of Ed and Anona Aagard and the first great-grandchild of James and Annie Aagard and of Thomas and Virginia Jones.

The day I was born all of the grandparents and great-grandparents waited on the steps of the hospital until I was born.

I lived with my parents in Burlington, Wyoming on a farm. At the age of four my parents decided to go to California to look for better work. We arrived in Los Angeles where my father found work as an iron worker for Bethlehem Steel. We moved several times during the next few years including to Washington State for a year or so. I started school (1st grade) there. We moved back to Fontana, California soon after and lived there for a short time.

Then in 1952 my parents bought their first new house in Azusa, California. By this time my brother William Edgar (Eddie) had been born on September 15, 1948. We worked hard on the new house adding a garage, patio, sidewalks, etc.

I attended grade school in Azusa for five years and met some real close friends. Ellen Lauvaas whom I still keep in touch with; Cynthia Brown who lived next door and a good friend from Church, Veronica Willis. Some of my favorite teachers were: Mrs. Teater in 4th grade and Mr. Daniel in 6th grade (he always let us have parties on Fridays). In the second grade I can remember we had to move to a new school house and all us kids had to carry our books and things three blocks over to the new school.

I can remember a little friend I played with a lot named Robin (a boy). He was killed riding his bicycle. I was 8 at the time and I was so upset, I just couldn't see why one minute we were playing and the next he was dead. That was my first experience with death and I still remember it so clearly.

In 1957 my father was hit by a car and hurt very seriously. He was in the hospital for a long time and when he recovered he found he couldn't go back to his normal line of work. So we started a restaurant and that didn't do too well so we moved back to Wyoming for a while and he tried to farm, but found he still didn't like that. So we moved back to California where my father took odd jobs.

My sister Jennifer Lee was born on September 13, 1958 at the Intercommunity Hospital in Covina, Los Angeles, California. I remember having to babysit for her while Mom and Dad would go to work at the restaurant every day. I was only 12 then.

I started Jr. High School in Glendora, California where we bought another new house. My brother, Eddie, and I had been going to our Grandma and

Grandpa Aagards' in Wyoming for the summers and we spent some of the school year with them for three years. We really liked being on a farm and being with grandparents. It always seemed they let you get away with more, but my grandma had a way she could get you to do something and you thought it was great.

One year we were on the farm, I was about 12 and we were getting chores done outside so we could go to the Baccalaureate Service when my brother got his feet all wet. Gram told him to go inside and stay by the fire until we came in. About five minutes later he came back out with some overshoes on and wanted to ride the horse. Just as he got to the gate the house blew up in flames. In a very short time the whole house had burned to the ground and the only thing that could be saved was some of the furniture in my grandparents bedroom. There was a little bunkhouse beside that we lived in for a year or so until the new house could be built. All the labor on the new house was donated and when it was finished the church members and relatives and friends all pitched in and gave us clothes, linens, furniture, dishes, etc. to furnish the new house.

My 8th grade year started out at Foothill Jr. High in Azusa, California and the last part was spent back on the farm with my grandparents. There I graduated from 8th grade and my parents couldn't afford to buy me anything, but they went without paying bills so they could buy me a graduation dress and a watch for my present. I graduated in a class of 8. I always enjoyed sports in school and while in the 8th grade I won two 3rd place ribbons in softball throw and a 2nd place one in ping pong.

In the 9th grade I attended three different schools. That was about the time my father was back to work in construction with Bethlehem Steel and the Cuban scare was on. The government was building Missile Bases all over the United States and Dad's company was putting up the silo's for the missiles. We started out in Santa Maria, California where I went to a beautiful, big (5000 students) high school. Three months later we moved to Denver, Colorado where I ended up back in Jr. High School (the school went from K-9th grade). I had teachers that were alcoholics and a principal that didn't care and a cafeteria staff that kept all the money and gave the kids soup for lunch every day. So my parents sent us back to Wyoming for the last part of the year. I found I had lost a lot of credits and couldn't make them up in such short time. That summer my parents moved to Rapid City, South Dakota. My brother and I spent a little time with them there and we did a little sightseeing into the Black Hills and Mt. Rushmore. That fall we moved to Moses Lake, Washington and I started 10th grade. We moved to Conway, Arkansas later that year and were there for about 9 months. The people in the South at that time were still segregated and the Blacks went to a school on one side of town and the Whites on another. They had separate eating places and separate restrooms for Blacks and Whites. Every morning at school we met in the assembly hall for a prayer and a reading from the Bible and on Wednesday one of the town ministers would come in and speak for 15 minutes.

They didn't like Mormons in the South and I was the only one in the whole high school. The little branch was all converts to the Church and the nicest people you would ever meet.

I wouldn't have missed all the traveling for anything; it really gave me an insight into the different kinds of people just in our own country.

We moved back to Covina, California in 1962 where I finished the 11th and 12th grades and graduated from Northview High School June 11, 1964. While I was a senior my youngest brother was born, James Mark, in Intercommunity Hospital, Covina, California. For the Senior Prom, I went with Bob Jones at the Sheraton Hotel in Pasadena. A girlfriend and I went to Senior All Night Party that was held at the Royal Tahitian in Ontario. It was a Hawaiian Luau with Fire Dancers, etc.

When I graduated from high school, I decided to go to work for a dry cleaners. From there I went on to work at J.C. Penney's as a price tag maker in the stock room. While there I and a girlfriend took a week vacation to Washington and also to the June Conference for the Dance Festival in Salt Lake City. On the last day of the vacation, we didn't get enough sleep. We left the next morning to be home by that evening. We were about 20 miles outside of Nephi, Utah when I fell asleep at the wheel. We hit an oncoming car and my car turned over and I was caught under it. My friend was thrown clear. We were taken to the hospital in Nephi. They found I had a broken ankle, my left side was one big bruise, and my eye swelled shut. They gave me some blood and we spent about one week there before our parents came to get us. The people in the other car were alright. My car was a total. I was in a cast for months and my leg was not healing.

I had turned 19 when I met my husband Guy Newton Swezey. We went on five dates in a row and were married in Las Vegas, Nevada on the fifth. We were married on October 21, 1965. Guy had been married before and had two little boys, Dwayne, 5, and Mike, 4. We lived with Guy's mother for about 2 months until we could find a place of our own, an apartment in West Covina, California. Guy was working for Von's Grocery as the Frozen Food Manager. He had an insurance at the time that paid all medical so I went to see a doctor at Kaiser Hospital about my leg. They said I needed an operation to restore the use of my ankle. So I was operated on and spent another six months in a cast.

We finally found our own home at 7030 Calera, Glendora, California in 1966 and settled in. Our family started with Kristin Michelle on April 13, 1967. She was born in Kaiser Hospital, Bellflower, L.A., California. She was blessed on May 7, 1967 by Bishop Leon H. Marx; two years later we had Teena Marie on June 23, 1969 in Glendora Hospital, Glendora, L.A., California. She was blessed on July 6, 1969 by Lewis William Waddoups Sr.

Guy got a better job with a Food Brokerage Firm in Los Angeles and worked his way up. We moved into a new house in 1971 at 1348 Bruning, Glendora and shortly after that Guy started his own Food Brokerage Business. Kristin started school there and we moved on to another new house 3 years later at 944 Englewild, Glendora. Teena started school there and the girls grew fast. Kristin was baptized on May 3, 1975 by her father and Teena was baptized on July 2, 1977 by her father.

We built our own house in 1977 at 959 Easley Canyon Road, Glendora and have lived here for a year and a half. We are now building another new house in Rancho, California, where we have 3 1/2 acres of land and plan to raise race horses.

I was born in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and blessed on September 1, 1946 by Bishop Orlando N. Aagard in the Burlington Ward, Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming. My parents weren't too active in the Church and I didn't get to go too much. When I got older, I went by myself. I was finally baptized while living with my grandparents in Wyoming on May 8, 1960. I was baptized by my grandfather James Edgar Aagard in the Burlington Ward, Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming. I was confirmed on May 15, 1960 by Bishop Morris Aagard. I didn't attend Seminary because of the moving around. I did attend Mutual when I could and went all the time when in Wyoming. I can remember a time when the Mutual kids went on a Temple Excursion to the Idaho Falls Temple to be baptized for the dead. I will always remember that as one of the very special spiritual experiences in my life. I was also in a road show called Promised Valley, a musical about when the saints were crossing the country and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

The jobs I have held in the church are: Sunday School Courses 5,6,7,13; Primary courses 6,9 and Assistant Secretary and Children's Friend Director;

Relief Society Homemaking Director and presently Social Relations teacher.

Guy was born October 24, 1939 in Warren, Warren, Ohio to Clifford Lyle Swezey and Francis Pauline Bates. His father was a restaurant owner and businessman and his mother worked in the restaurant. Guy is the first of three children. His father died at the age of 34. His mother then came to California and opened her own restaurant. Guy and his brother and sister were on their own a lot and Guy started to work at the age of 10 and has been working ever since. He is a very hard working man.

Guy was converted to the church at age 16 on October 25, 1958 by Lewis Lee Odom. Guy was inactive in the church when he married his first wife. When we met he was still inactive. Guy received the Melchizedek Priesthood on October 13, 1974 by Eldon Leroy Ord.

We have taken several trips around the United States and enjoy traveling very much. We have met some of the most special people in the southern part of the country.

I have always loved the Church and have a testimony that this church is true and that a prophet of our Heavenly Father was an instrument in restoring the true church to this earth. I will always try to guide my children to stay with the Church and marry in the Temple.

This is April 18, 1979.

WILLIAM EDGAR CROWDER

William Edgar Crowder is the first son of Bill E. Crowder and Leah G. Aagard Crowder born September 15, 1948; is married to Rosemary (Rodgers) Crowder and has two stepchildren, Kelly Phillips, age 16, and Ryan Phillips, age 7 and is expecting his first child in May 1979.

During my adolescent years, my parents resided in many different towns due to my father's job with Bethlehem Steel. I had a welcome relief during the summer months staying with my grandparents in Burlington, Wyoming, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Aagard. I feel the time spent at my grandparents' house was the most enjoyable time that I would not trade for anything.

During my high school years my time was spent primarily in Covina, California in the suburbs of Los Angeles where I graduated from Northview High.

I then enrolled in the Mt. San Antonio Jr. College and received an Associate of Science in both Real Estate and Electronics. I continued my education at California State Polytechnic College in Pomona and received a Bachelor of Science Degree in Electronic Engineering and another Bachelor of Science Degree in Corporate Finance, Insurance and Real Estate.

During the time I was in school I worked at General Dynamics as an Electronic Technician and later as a Budget Analyst. At age 26 I quit General Dynamics and opened my own business in Property Management. By this time I had obtained a Real Estate Broker's license and also a General Building Contractor's License.

In 1976 I was president and co-founder of Crowder Development Corporation which was a general contracting firm to build homes and commercial properties.

At the current time, I am still very active in the general contracting business and invest in a variety of real estate oriented ventures.

My goals in life are first to have a happy home life and a contented family and second to be a successful businessman.

My hobbies consist of flying my own plane, playing baseball, tennis, spending time with my family and travelling.

No 2

Niels Orlando Aagard

and

Thrine Beatrice Dalley

No. 2

Niels Orlando Aagard

27 March 1907



Missionary - Bishop



"Lan"



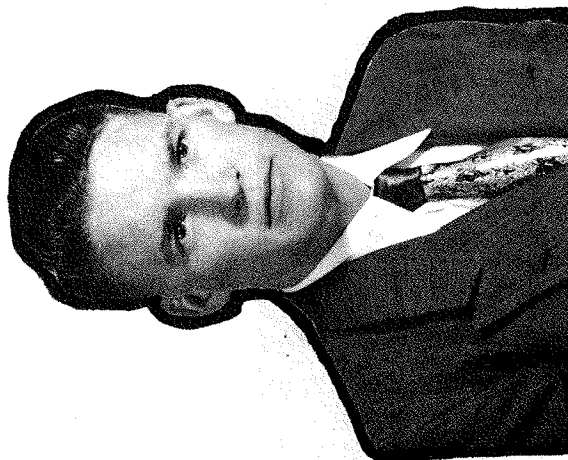
**Married: Thrine Beatrice Dalley
26 April 1930**



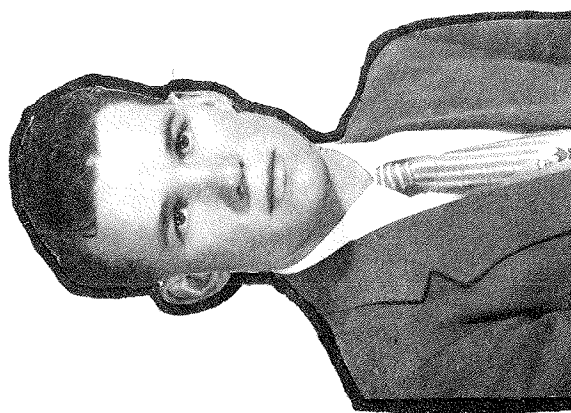
*Children of Niels Orlando AAGARD
and Thrine Beatrice DALLEY*



*FAITH
5 March 1931
Greybull, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1949)*



*DALE ORLANDO
17 July 1933
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1951)*



*ROBERT GORDON
20 September 1936
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1953)*

ORLANDO AND BEATRICE AAGARD

I, Niels Orlando Aagard, was born in Levan, Utah March 27, 1907, the second of four children born to James and Christiane Rasmie (Annie) Aagard in Levan. Later on in Burlington, Wyoming seven more children were born. We lived neighbors to Dad's sister (Mary Anderson) and her family. They had two boys about our age, and we were together most of the time. I was baptized September 11, 1915 by Henry Hendrickson and confirmed the next day in Sacrament meeting by Lorenzo Mangelson. I went to school a year in Levan. Mother had to accompany me for a few days until I was brave enough to go alone. I was quite ill with a large abscess on my leg, near my groin. Mother and Dad made several trips with me to the Doctor in Nephi to have it lanced and drained. While in Levan brother Rudolph died when about 5 years old from a mastoid infection of the bone behind one of his ears. He suffered terribly, and it was a great shock to all, especially to Mother for we left soon after to come to Wyoming.

I finished grade school (through the 9th grade) at Burlington. I then went to the Big Horn Academy at Cowley, Wyoming for two years. I had several teachers I liked very much—Roah Dunsworth, Delia B. Foley, and at Cowley Red Wills (coach and teacher), Woody Gwyn Crapo, and Hamilton Fish (probably the most important one). He was a Seminary teacher, a small slender man only weighing about 125 lb. but I loved him, and I received from his classes a foundation of Church doctrine and principles which was a great help later on, while on a mission for the Church. There were a number of Burlington boys that went to Cowley. We were recruited mainly to play basketball and football. The school provided us with places to stay and some little job (supposedly to pay for our board and room. There were Eldred and Ralph Cottrell, Bob LaJollette, Joe Yorgason, Wes Johnson, and others. Some later went to Worland where they were offered something better. I stayed at Mortenson's hotel, at the home of John Meeks. Also Ralph Cottrell, Wes Johnson, and I bached for awhile. I lacked three credits to graduate and I wanted to go back, but times were bad, and Dad needed me with the sheep so I spent some time herding sheep. Dad gave me a few sheep each year as pay until I went on my mission. I had about 50 head. I saved the money from them and had enough for my mission.

While growing up in Burlington I think we had all the diseases subject to young people—measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, as well as cuts, bruises, and broken bones. We didn't have a doctor so mother had many remedies to treat us with, and when something was really bad she would send for Brother Jim McNiven to administer to us. Mother became very sick with gall stones, and when she would have a bad time with them, Reuben would take off as fast as he could run for Brother McNiven to administer to her which always relieved the pain. She had to finally go to Bozeman, Montana where there was a doctor who could perform this operation. We had scarlet fever, and some of us were very sick. Also in 1918 some of us had the flu which was so bad many people died from it. We were quarantined with the scarlet fever, and Brother McNiven never missed a day but he came to see how we were and bring mail and a few groceries. Sister Davidson and her daughter, Ann, were very good to us too. Each of us boys took our turn herding the sheep and helping lamb. We were very young, and it was a great worry to Mother.

We were like most other young people in Burlington. Times were bad, and we had to go away to work at whatever jobs were available. As a result we did not attend our Priesthood and other meetings as we should. Some were thrown into company with older men who profaned, smoked, and drank. As a result quite a few grew up and became adult member of the Aaronic Priesthood. But don't deal too harshly with them, as our young people of today would not do much better under like circumstances. We went to Church when we were able to in a log building just east of where Ren Yorgason lives now. The one big

room was divided for classes by curtains which were stretched across the room. Our school house was across the street from where the bar now is. It was a two story framed building. Later on a new one was built at the present sight. There were some rough kids in school, and then the teachers were only able to keep any resemblance of order by using a length of rubber hose or sticks. I wonder what would happen today if the kids were punished like we were.

I plowed many acres with a hand plow and a team of horses. Later Dad bought a sulky plow which we could ride. It plowed one furrow and was pulled by three horses. Many times we didn't have much of a crop because of the shortage of water. Later on we had ample water from the two reservoirs built above Meeteetse.

Bishop Hyrum Neves asked me if I would serve a mission for the Church. I was quite taken back because I had not been attending to my church responsibilities, but I told him "yes". I guess it was because I don't ever remember when I questioned the truthfulness of the Church and the principals it taught. He ordained me an Elder October 24, 1927, and soon afterwards I received my call and left for a mission in Nova Scotia, the Eastern Canadian Mission. I served there for two years and sometime after being there was called to preside over the Elders in Nova Scotia (Presiding Elder). Most of the time there were four or six Elders. It was quite a responsibility for me and it was a very humbling experience. I will always be grateful to Bishop Neves for this call. It changed the entire course of my life.

A short time before my mission call I had met a young lady from Otto who was working in Burlington. We went to some shows and dances before I left. I decided she was the one and while we had no formal agreement, she waited for me, and we were married soon after I returned from my mission on December 19, 1929, by Bishop Neves at his home April 26, 1930. He made us promise we would go to the Temple soon. We spent our honeymoon at the Canyon Corral creek helping lamb sheep. We took them to the mountain range above Shell creek for the summer. In the late summer we went to Salt Lake and were sealed to each other for time and eternity September 10, 1930.

Our first child, Faith, was born in the old Barns Apartments at Greybull March 5, 1930. She was married to Richard Oliver Gormley September 27, 1952 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They had three children: Renae who married Craig Hawker in the Idaho Falls Temple. They live in Twin Falls, Idaho where they have a bean plant. They have three children; Crissy, Ryan, and Richard. Randy Gormley was their second child. He is a broker and lives in Denver, Colorado. He married Laurie Greenwood, and they have two children, Karrie and Cammie. Their third child, (Faith and Richard's) Richard Orlando Gormley, died a short time after birth.

Our second child, Dale Orlando Aagard, was born July 17, 1933 at Burlington. He was married to Iva Marie Adams September 27, 1952 by myself, Orlando Aagard. They later had their marriage solemnized in the Idaho Falls Temple October 14, 1952. They have three children. Heather, who married Mike White and they have two children, Courtney and Matthew. Colleen, who married Terry Mission and live at Worland. Steven Dale, who is attending collage at Powell, Wyoming.

Our third child, Robert Gordon, was born September 20, 1936. He teaches school at Billings, Montana. He is married to Gay Lee Orr. They were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. They have three children: Robbie, Darin, and Kelly. We are very thankful for our children and their families. They are such a blessing to us.

I worked in various organizations of the Church. Then President Boyack and Bishop Neves came and asked if I would accept a call to be Bishop of the Burlington Ward. I was with Reuben fishing on the mountains, one of the few times I had gone fishing, and Bea told them where I was. I was to report to President Boyack the next day. I accepted the call and on August 30, 1936 I

was ordained a High Priest and set apart as the Bishop of Burlington Ward on that day by Reed Smoot, one of the twelve. It was a very humbling experience for me, especially so because on September 11, 1936 Bishop Neves died. I had depended on him so much. I chose some good councilors, Edward B. Partridge and Ross Cottrell, but next to the Lord my greatest help came from my good wife and children. So many times I imposed on them terribly.

We had bought a small grocery store in Burlington from McCoy and ran it a few years. We had the only public phone in Burlington, and as I was still spending much time with the sheep, Bea had to tend the kids, store, and go for people to come to the phone. Sometimes she had to go 15 or 20 miles. We later sold the store and moved to the ranch where we now live.

While on my mission a new chapel was built. During the time I was Bishop we replaced the two large coal stoves (one in the chapel and one in the basement) with a stoker furnace. We hauled 100 loads of dirt from north of Burlington to put on the church grounds. We then planted lawn and shrubs and evergreens. We also fenced the yards, bought a new Baldwin organ for the church, gathered several thousand dollars toward a Stake Welfare farm, and \$20,000.00 towards an addition to the chapel. Seventeen young people were called on missions; all of whom served faithfully and well. During my term as Bishop, Meeteetse was a dependant Branch of the Burlington Ward. This made many trips necessary. During this time I also served on the school-board for 9 years. I was released from my mission October 30, 1954. I then served as a stake missionary. I taught the adult class in Sunday School for many years. I am grateful for the support and help my good wife and children have given to me. Also the good people in Burlington, Otto, and Meeteetse gave us great help.

At the present time my wife and I are living on our ranch $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles southwest of Burlington. I am very proud of my membership in the Aagard family, and love them all.

RICHARD AND FAITH GORMLEY

I was the first of three children born to Niels Orlando and Beatrice D. Aagard. I was born March 5, 1931 at the Old Barns Apartments in Greybull, Wyoming. My father was working with the sheep at the time and when I was a month old they took me out to the sheep camp on Corral Creek about 15 miles south of Burlington. This was my home most of the time for three years. I learned to walk on the ant hills which dad leveled off as there were no cactus there. My parents then bought the old William Van Hess house and lots in Burlington. I went to the Burlington schools.

I was blessed April 5, 1931 by my father who also baptised me July 23, 1939 in the Bench Canal and confirmed me August 6, 1939. I received a Patriarchial Blessing from H.C. Carlton March 15, 1944.

During my later school years I had been going with a Burlington boy, Richard Oliver Gormley and we were married in the Idaho Falls Temple November 16, 1950. Dick was farming with his father for a few years. He also had a stock truck and did quite a little stock hauling. Then we bought the Old Preator Place in Burlington. I worked in the Primary organization for several years.

Our first child, Renae, was born at the Basin hospital December 12, 1951. She was a ceasarean baby as were our other two children when the doctor told us we shouldn't have any more. Later the doctors decided mothers could have more than three by ceasarean. Randall Aagard Gormley was born April 27, 1954 at Basin. Our last child, Richard Orlando was born January 5, 1958 and died January 7, 1958.

In October of 1961 we rented our place and moved to Grand Forks, North

Dakota. A Mr. Campbell wanted Dick to come out and start a bean business for him. Dick built a plant for him and ran it a few years then he and his brother, Wesly, went into the bean business. They built four plants and ran them for a number of years then sold them to Wicks Agriculture. Dick continued to work for them several years. We were moved to Denver, Colorado. Soon after going to Grand Forks Dick was called to be the Branch President.

Dick was given a special assignment to build a chapel. They had a membership of around 400 and had been meeting in a home. The chapel was soon built. It is a beautiful building.

We enjoy living in Denver. We have a nice home, and the climate is so much better than North Dakota.

Renae lives in Twin Falls, Idaho. She was married to Craig Samuel Hawker, (a missionary she met in North Dakota) May 26, 1970 in the Idaho Falls, Temple. They have three children: Christianie (Crissy) Renae born July 12, 1971, Ryan Craig born January 17, 1974, both of whom were born in Minnesota, and Richard Samuel born August 11, 1978 in Twin Falls. They have bought a bean plant in Kimbell, Idaho.

Randall Aagard Gormley served a mission in Norway. He was married to Lorie Greenwood in the Salt Lake Temple May 15, 1976. They have two children: Karrie Lee born March 13, 1977 and Camellie Theresa born on September 17, 1978. Randy is a broker and is also in the bean business.

DALE AND MARIE AAGARD

I was the second of three children born to Niels Orlando and Beatrice Dalley Aagard. I was born July 17, 1933 at Burlington. I attended the Burlington Schools graduating in 1952. Some of my teachers were: Ella Yorgason, Rex Tolman, Charlotte Hodson, Frank Gruden. I played basket ball and football. I received an award from Ella Yorgason for being the best sportsman in her class.

I was blessed by Bishop Hyrum Neves September 3, 1933. I was baptised by my father August 9, 1941 in the Emblem Canal and confirmed by Mads C. Jensen August 10 1941. I was ordained a Deacon by my father August 26, 1945 and an Elder by Merrill B. Tew September 7, 1952 and received a Patriarchial Blessing from H. Cash Carlton April 16, 1944.

I served in the MIA as a counselor to Harold Johnson, was also a Stake Missionary serving with my father for a year. I was married to Ivy Marie Adams by my father at Burlington September 27, 1952. Marie was an English girl from England. I met her at school. My wife was sealed to me in the Idaho Falls Temple October 14, 1952. We have three children: Heather Marie born August 7, 1953 who married Mike White September 1, 1973. They have two children, Courtney and Matthew. They live in Worland and Mike services oil wells. Steven Dale was born July 20, 1959. He is attending college at Powell, Wyoming. During the summer he works on a farm at Worland. He is an avid tractor pulling fan. Colleen was born January 20, 1961. She is married to Terry Nissen (February 9, 1979). They live at Worland.

After Marie and I were married I worked with my father on the ranch and with the sheep. I then bought a one man Sunbeam Shearing machine and started shearing sheep, first with my Uncle Reuben, later I bought a portable shearing outfit from Clyde Timmons. It was an old 8 man outfit. I soon built me 4 other portable plants: a ten man, eight man, six man, and four man. The smaller ones were used mostly for tagging and shearing lambs. I have gradually expanded my operation until I have about 30 shearers, mostly from New Zealand and Australia. We shear about 300,000 sheep a year. I have my own wranglers, fleece tiers, and wool trompers (automatic). During the fall and

winter with a smaller crew we shear and tag about 75,000 lambs. It is almost a year-round job. In my off time I work as a carpenter and cement man. Marie has worked for quite a few years for Kelly Bros. who have several shoe stores. We have a home in Worland and have lived here most of our married life.

ROBERT AND GAELEE AAGARD

On September 20, 1936, on a Sunday afternoon, I was born in Burlington, Wyoming at my parents house. As I have been told my mother was assisted in my birth by a Dr. Gordor. Because of the length of the delivery, and the helpful assistance of this doctor, my parents chose a middle name for me that was of some resemblance to this doctor's name. I was named Robert Gordon Aagard.

I was the second of two boys and the third of three children. My father's name is Neils Orlando Aagard (Lan) and my mother's name is Thrine Beatrice (Bea) Dalley Aagard.

My sister's name is Faith and my brother's name is Dale.

During my first few years, my father and mother operated a general store in Burlington. We had one of the few telephones in the area, and as a boy, I remember using the phone in a grownup way saying, "Burlington calling, Burlington calling." During an unexplainable act of child violence, I remember, throwing and mashing a carton of eggs. Carma Spens, our neighbor, announced my actions to my mother by exclaiming, "Bea, Jordens in the eggs--Jordens in the eggs."

In a lesson on clean speech, I recall as a child taking a nap one afternoon with my mother and sister. Thinking them both to be asleep, I practiced "under my breath", I thought, to use some recently heard cuss words. I, to this day, cannot figure how Mom heard me, but I received an appropriate cleaning of the mouth with the 99% pure ivory bar of soap.

After a few years, my family and I moved to a farm southwest of Burlington. It was here that some of the most cherished experiences of my life occurred. With such episodes as riding turkeys off of the barn, swimming in the Greybull River, I grew up as a very happy and content young boy. For these experiences, I will eternally be grateful for my fine parents and my brother and sister.

As to my church related activities, I was blessed by my father, who was also my bishop. He continued as my bishop until I was a freshman in college, some 18 years. My baptism was held in the old Bench Canal. I was baptized by one of the young priests in our ward, "Dave" Thorley Briggs. Ivan Briggs confirmed me a member of the church. I take pride in that my father ordained me to each subsequent office in the Aaronic Priesthood and also ordained me an Elder.

I was very fortunate to have as my primary teacher throughout my years in Primary, a very special teacher--my mother. She encouraged me to attempt to fill every assignment in my books and sewed every patch on my bandalo. A very close friend, Jim Briggs, accompanied me during these years in Primary.

During my years as an Aaronic Priesthood holder, I remember, one embarrassing experience. During ward conference with the entire Stake Presidency present, I passed the water rather than the bread as a deacon. I still remember very clearly selecting a couple of good yellow transparent apples each Sunday afternoon to help me pass the long sacrament meetings.

I attended grade and high school in the Burlington schools. I was particularly fond of agriculture and FFA. Along with my judging partners, Gordon Hodson, and Duane Hamilton, we won the State Dairy judging events and represented the state in Waterloo, Iowa.

We participated in six man football that I enjoyed very much. I also played basketball and sung in the school choir.

After graduating from high school, I enrolled at the University of Wyoming. I began majoring in vocational agriculture and participated actively in the Lamda Delta Sigma Fraternity at Laramie.

Upon completing two years of college, I was called on a mission by my bishop, Bishop Rex L. Tolman. Prior to this call I had met and fell in love with a special young lady, GaeLee Orr. President Moyle interviewed me for my mission and sometime later, GaeLee and I considered the possibility of marriage before entering the mission field. We approached our respective bishops and were told that we should consult Brother Moyle and seek his advice. I had already received my call, and when we received his reply to our inquiry, we were told, "It is not customary for a young man to choose marriage after he has received his call, however, if you have prayed about it and feel right about it, then go ahead." And so we were married December 7, 1956. Much to our surprise, my mission call was cancelled. In desperation, we contacted our Stake President, Glenn Nielson, and showed him the letter Brother Moyle had sent stating that it was not customary for a young man to choose marriage before a mission, but if we felt it appropriate to go ahead. President Nielson flew to Salt Lake to inquire about this apparent reversal of opinion. He was told that we had misinterpreted the letter and that what it meant was, "It is not normally the practice for a young man to choose marriage before a mission, but that if we felt marriage was more important than a mission at this time, we should marry." President Nielson explained our sadness and dejection in having my mission call cancelled and through his influence, the call was reinstated.

Thus, I entered the mission field on January 7, 1957, exactly one month after our marriage. Our marriage was solemnized in the Idaho Falls Temple and we felt from the beginning that it was a special union. The parting for the mission field was a sorrowful experience but we both knew this was what we wanted. I served my mission in the Great Lakes Mission, serving in Evanston, Indiana; Bedford, Indiana; Cleveland, Ohio and Fort Wayne, Indiana. I served as supervisor for the Cleveland District, Coordinator for the mission and Second Counselor to my Mission President, Ruel Christianson. The two years were wonderful and the eternal love that developed between companions, converts and my wife GaeLee, has made a happy and contented life.

My good parents were always supportive of my missionary endeavors and I am so grateful for their care and love.

Upon returning from my mission, I enrolled in the U.S. Army for a period of six months. My basic training was in Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and the remaining months of service were spent at Fort Ord, California.

Upon release from the service, I returned to Billings and enrolled at Eastern Montana College.

At this same time, President Casper Merrill, President of the West Central States Mission called me as the President of the Second Branch in Billings, Montana. Being so young, I inquired as to his decision, but he said, "Elder Aagard, you are the same age as half the members of your branch, now go and serve them."

After graduating from Eastern, I took employment as a teacher in Roundup, Montana for one year. I then spent a year teaching in Seattle, Washington. Then I returned to Billings as a history teacher at Billings Senior High School and continued in this area for fifteen years.

After returning to Billings, Brother Thomas S. Monson called me and ordained me as a High Priest, with a high council assignment. In subsequent years, I served as a counselor to three bishops, stake executive secretary, bishop, counselor in the stake presidency, stake young mens president and I am again currently serving in the stake presidency.

I was released from my first stake presidency assignment to return to school and train to become a counselor.

It has been my privilege to teach and supervise Seminary in the Billings Stake for eight years and to serve as an Institute instructor for four.

GaeLee and I have thus far been blessed in our union with three wonderful and talented children, Robert, our first son, Darin our next son and Makell, our only daughter. They are deeply loved and respected for their personal lives and respective talents and testimonies of the gospel.

No 3

Reuben Peter Aagard

and

Agnes Aurilla Leslie

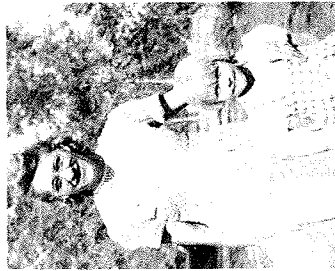
No. 3

Reuben Peter Aagard,

9 May 1909



Married
Agnes Aurilla Leslie
25 October 1928



"Rube"

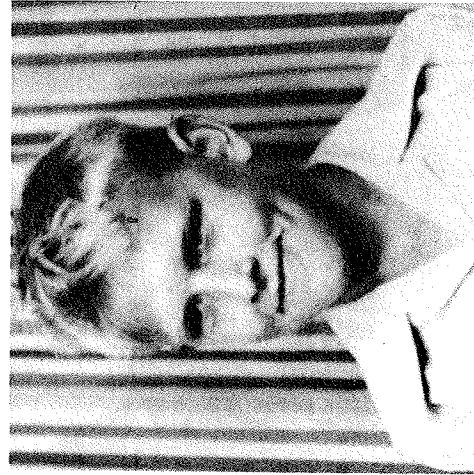


"Ag" & Bettee Ann
(6 months)

Children of
Reuben Peter AAGARD **and** **Agnes Aurilla LESLIE**



BETTEE ANN
 15 September 1929
 Greybull, Big Horn, Wyoming
 (19)



LESLIE REUBEN
 2 June 1937
 Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
 Died - 30 August 1947



BONNIE BELLE CAROL
 28 May 1939
 Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
 (1956)

REUBEN AND AGNES AAGARD

Some thoughts by Orlando about his brother Reuben, or "Rube" as he was affectionately known by all.

Rube was the third child in a family of twelve children, seven boys and five girls, born to James and Christine Rasmine (Annie) Aagard. He was born May 9, 1909, in a small log house in Levan, Utah. The following year Mother and us children came to Wyoming, Dad having gone to Wyoming sometime previous with some sheep of Uncle Andrew Aagard. We were accompanied on the train ride by Uncle Aagard.

Rube's schooling was acquired in the school at Burlington. He was a happy youngster, full of fun and had many friends. It was always Rube who ran for Bishop Jim McNiven when any of the children or Mother were sick. One time when Mother had a severe attack of gall stones, it was Rube who ran as fast as he could to get Bishop McNiven. He knew if Bishop McNiven came and gave her a blessing she would recover.

He was baptized into the Church August 19, 1917. While in his teens he had his turn (along with the rest of us) of working with the sheep. Sometimes being alone with them for several days which was mighty lonesome for one so young. As he grew older he hauled beans to market for the farmers in an old Ford truck which Dad had. This provided him with spending money.

Rube had a horse whose name was Topsy; he also had several coyote hounds. He liked to go out in the hills and chase coyotes, he never did catch too many, but he scared the devil out of alot of them. He had a great big hound whose name was Jumbo. One time they had been eating eggs, and Cliff and Bob caught two hounds and put oil of mustard on them and turned them loose. They took off down the road and Cliff thought he would get the tar beat out of them, but they didn't.

Every year Rube liked to get a new car. He liked the "Chevies" best. One of them was a red Cavila. It was real fancy; it had a top that bent back and a rumble seat.

He met and courted a young lady, Agnes Leslie, who had taken his fancy, and on October 15, 1928, he married her. Like many of the rest of us young people who were married during those years, they had no late model car, not even a house to live in. They spent some time at the sheep camp. One Spring during lambing Agnes and Rube raised 20 or 30 bumb lambs on condensed milk. Later on he tried his hand at farming on a place two miles east of Burlington, but this venture didn't turn out too well. As he was handy with tools he worked at odd jobs, plumbing, electricity, carpenter work, and cement work. You name it and Rube would always have a try at it. He was proud of his work, and it was always very well done. His charges were always more than reasonable; sometimes he was paid and sometimes not, but he never complained if a person didn't pay him. He would always go back for another job without any resentment. During this time he also took up sheep shearing. He became so busy with these jobs that they sold their ranch and moved to Burlington, buying the old "Joe Reid" place. They fixed it up into a very attractive and comfortable home. They were avid collectors of antiques, coins and old bottles. They acquired so many they built an addition on their home which was nearly full of them and overflowed to the front of the house outside.

They had three children born to them, Leslie Reuben Aagard born June 7, 1937, and died August 31, 1947, Betty Ann Aagard born September 15, 1929. She was married to Tom Rickman, and they both taught school at Casper Wyoming for many years. They have one boy. Bonnie Bell Aagard was born May 28, 1939, and married James Yorgason who works for the Fish and Game. They live at Cody, Wyoming and have four children.

Rube loved to fish and became a fisher of renown. There were no stories of the big one that got away; he caught them. Many people in the area were

given fish he caught. He especially remembered the widows and others who did not fish. His love for fishing brought one of the greatest tragedies of their lives. One day he took his son, Leslie, who was only 10 years old, and went fishing up in Shell Canyon. Don Cook and his boys, Jimmy and Kenny, also went along, there may have been others. They went fishing down deep in the Shell Canyon. The trail down and back was almost impossible. When they got to the creek it was a wild creek dashing over the large granite boulders which were covered with wet moss. They were so slick you could not stand on them. Rube and Don had went down the creek to fish and the boys remained behind, and Leslie stepping upon one of the wet rocks slipped into the stream and was drowned. They sent for help and several people worked most of the night before the body was finally recovered and brought back to Burlington to those who were shocked at this tragic accident. I don't think Rube ever fished in Shell Creek again.

I remember the work he did for us, the house, the walk, shearing our sheep for many years (at times he was accompanied by his brother, Cliff.) They would shear all the small bunches of sheep in the area. Sometimes he sheared in chicken coops, pig pens, or even in the open. Often he would spent a day cleaning out a chicken coop or pig pen to shear in the next day with never a word of complaint; even if he was not paid.

We became very close the last couple of years before he died; he taught me how to fish, and we spent many days fishing on the Greybull River. I remember the last day we went fishing together, he knew where all the good holes were. He would walk great distances to get to them, but this day he seemed tired, and he said "Lan there is a good hole about a quarter of a mile down the river; you can catch some nice ones there. I'll stay here and fish; it's too far for me. A few days later we were all shocked and saddened by his death. He had arose in the morning and was putting on his clothes when he died from a heart attack. He left many friends in the entire area.

The last few years he had become an expert gardener raising bushels of tomatoes, corn, melons, and etc. most of which he gave to his many friends. He never charged a nickle for his produce.

He loved to play pranks on people. When I came home from my mission I brought some quartz rocks flocked with a gold which a friend in Nova Scotia (who owned a gold mine) gave me. Sometime later they came up missing. Rube had taken them and showed them to some of his friends and told them he found them up in Shell Canyon. They spent several days looking for gold. Another time Don Cook had thrashed his beans south of Burlington. They had been sacked and piled ready to be hauled to town. Rube and a friend went down that night and moved part of them near the thrashed stack and covered them with straw. The next morning Don was really excited; someone had stolen part of his beans. He had the Sheriff come up and they finally found them. It was all in fun and provided many a good story and laugh. He was always a good neighbor and willing to help anyone.

Agnes, besides being a good homemaker, liked to play bridge, and she and some friends would get together for their weekly game. Rube would come down then to go fishing. He said that they didn't want him around unless they were short a player. Then they wanted him to stay and play.

Agnes also became a very fine artist. Her paintings were beautiful. Some people, seeing her paintings, would come to her and tell her what they would like in a picture, and she would do it for them. Some were worth hundreds of dollars.

I remember Rube as he stooped over to admire his work on a new walk, or to put some finishing touches on it, or finishing a new roofing job. I will alwas remember the satisfied look on his face when he hooked a nice trout. The happy smile on his face as he presented a dozen ears of corn, a bucket of tomatoes or melons to a friend. Sometimes he drove as far as Meeteetse

to deliver them.

I remember him as a friend, as a brother. I loved and enjoyed being with him. Sometime we will meet again and enjoy this love and friendship again.

No 4 - Rudolph C Aagard



Born:

Died:

10 September 1910 - 18 March 1915

Buried

Levan , Juab , Utah

No 5

Geneva Marie Aagard

and

Donald Sylvester Cook

No 5 - Geneva Marie Agard - 4 July 1914



Four generations:
4. Kathy Stanger
3. Donna Cook
2. Geneva
1. Mom



Geneva

1978



Geneva & Don



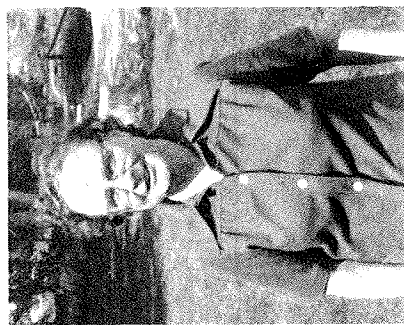
Geneva

Don

Married:

13 January 1931

Donald Sylvester COOK

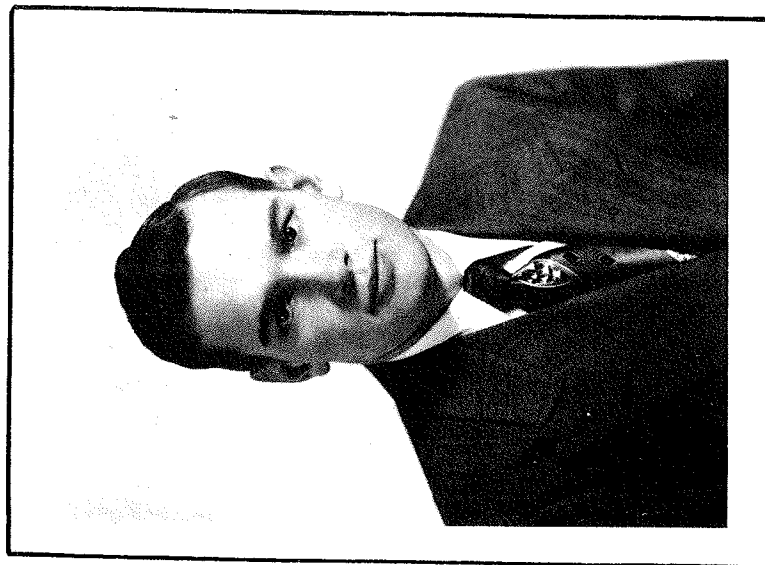


Geneva

*Children of Donald Sylvester COOK
and Geneva Marie AAGARD*



*DONNA LEE
8 October 1931
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1950)*



*JAMES
26 January 1934
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1952)*



*KENNETH
28 October 1935
Burlington, Big Horn, Wyoming
(1954)*

DONALD AND GENEVA COOK

I, Geneva, was born July 4, 1914 in Levan, Jacob County, Utah. My folks were quite happy to finally get a girl. Four boys had blessed our home before I was born (Edgar, Orlando, Reuben, and Rudolph). Rudolph became very sick when he was four years of age with mastoid infection, and passed away. This was such a shock to my mother that she was in a trance for quite a while. It was so hard for her to accept the death of Rudolph. Rudolph is buried in the cemetery in Levan.

When I was about 15 months old my father, who was a sheepman, said that he had found some nice country in Wyoming and preparations were made to move. I was the baby when they made the move to Burlington, Wyoming. We lived in a two-room log house west of Burlington on a gentle slope for many years. Two more boys, Cliff and Bob, were born in the two-room log house (making five boys, myself, and parents). The house just had a sod roof and leaked so bad when it rained that everyone went to the cellar to keep dry. I remember how frightened I was about snakes being in the cellar. In the Winter it was drafty and cold, and we burned sagebrush to keep warm. I imagine my brothers helped gather lots of sagebrush to burn.

We had a happy childhood even though we didn't have much and worked very hard. Mother always cooked big dinners on holidays—one of the things I really liked was the suet pudding she made. Another favorite was chicken and dumplings. I remember getting in the one-horse buggy and going hunting sage hens. And lots of times the whole family would load onto the wagon, take a picnic lunch and pick berries. We picked blackberries for fruit and jelly, and we gathered bulberries. We had lots of fun, and these were times we looked forward to. Mother made sure we learned about the Lord and knew the importance of religious upbringing. On Sunday mornings we got in the buggy and went to Sunday School. I remember being baptised in the river south of Burlington when I was eight years old, and Mads Jensen was the name of the man who baptised me. I was baptised July 15, 1922 and confirmed July 15, by James R. McNiven. It was quite an occasion when someone was baptised and all the kids would go swimming afterwards.

I remember how I hated to go to school. We walked thru the field. Lots of times Cliff (even though he wasn't old enough to go to school) would go with me so I wouldn't be so frightened. Lots of times in the winter mother or Dad would bring blankets to wrap around us as we walked home from school.

When I was quite young, I remember of having whooping cough so bad that they had to pull me around in the wagon because I was so weak. I remember getting blood poisoning in my foot because of a sliver that I had. I remember mother would open it up and suck out all the stuff at night because I made such a fuss when I was awake. I remember when we had scarlet fever and we were quarantined in. I remember mother went to check the sheep when we had scarlet fever and it was very foggy. She got lost and walked about a mile west of our house until she got to the road. Mads Jensen picked her up and brought her home.

I was quite a tomboy and played alot with my brothers. I remember Cliff and I decided to go riding. He had one that hadn't been ridden before when I jumped on he threw me headlong onto the ground. I remember dressing up like a man once. I had a suit and hat and had a long stick that I kept poking around with. My brothers saw me and wondered who the strange man was and what he was poking the stick about for. They all started running after me. They caught me and were really upset to find their sister had deceived them. They were so provoked they almost punched me.

I remember at Christmas time we would trim the tree with popcorn and cranberries. Even though we didn't have much money there was much love in our home and we were happy and enjoyed life so much. Sometimes stockings would

be hung and in the morning everyone was in a hurry to see what was in the stocking. It was quite a treat to get fruit at Christmas time.

My brother, Bob, and I and some of our friends decided to take Dad's new car the "Whippet". Bob wanted me to drive and was giving me instructions. Mom and Dad were gone to the mountains! We were o.k. until we came to the sharp corner and we didn't make it. We ended up in the field, and that ended our drive that day.

I remember that Mom raised nice big gardens. She used to go out in the garden with her apron and sun bonnet. We were all taught to work in the garden and how to can fruits and vegetables.

Dad's brother, Uncle Sonnie, used to live just west of us. We used to have fun playing with our cousins and hated to see them move back to Utah. We made a few trips to Utah and it was good to see all of our friends and relatives.

Some of my teachers in school were Mrs. Foley, Iola Wardell, Roah Duns-worth, Mrs. Norton, Miss Eyre, and Mr. Jones. I attended 8 years of grade school and one year of high school. We always packed our lunch and the kids were bused to school in covered wagons drawn by horses. Lots of times I would go home with Ada Jensen, my friend, and we had some good times together. They moved from the home Dad built a few years after I was married. It was a nice home across the river. Several of the older children had married when they moved into the house across the river. Mom used to raise big gardens and had bumb lambs and helped milk cows. It was a big ranch, and everyone had to pitch in to help with the work. Later on when only Beatrice and Nadine were at home, the folks moved to Belgrade where Dad purchased a nice ranch. While living here, Mom had an operation to remove a kidney stone. They lived here three or four years and then moved back to their ranch across the river in Burlington. After a short time they moved into the old, big two-story Hopkin house in Burlington.

I was married to Donald S. Cook on January 13, 1931 in Billings, Montana. After getting married, we lived in Greybull, Wyoming in a small apartment, and Don was doing road construction work. After leaving Greybull, Don worked for various farmers and ranchers in the Burlington area. On October 8, 1931 a daughter, Donna Lee, was born in Burlington, Wyoming. She was born at my Mother's home west of Burlington. Doctor Myre was the doctor who delivered my baby. Horace English, a brother-in-law to Don, looked at the baby and said, "She looks like a little darkie."

A son, James, was born January 26, 1934 on Horace English's farm between Burlington and Otto. Dr. Myre was the doctor. Another son, Kenneth Paul, was born October 28, 1935 on a farm close to Otto, Wyoming, and Dr. Myre was the doctor.

I was quite sick after Kenneth was born. I was in bed for several months. Then when my children were quite young and Kenneth was only a few months, I had some problems with my lungs. They were probably weak because of the severe whooping cough I had and pneumonia. The doctors did tests and sent them to Cheyenne, and the tests revealed that I had active TB in both lungs. I was sent to the Sanitarium in Basin, and relatives took my children, but Mom had the most responsibility. After being in the sanitarium for two weeks tests were sent in again. The results showed that I no longer had TB, and I could go home. I believe that through the faith and prayers of my parents and brothers and sisters I was healed. There is much power in faith and prayer. I hadn't been too active in the Church in the early years of my marriage and didn't think much about it until my sickness. One night I had a dream which has left a lasting impression with me. I dreamed I was lying on a long table, and people dressed in white with white veils surrounded me. The devil, who was dressed in black was sitting in the corner. I had the feeling that the Lord wasn't pleased with me so I promised the Lord if I could get well I

would become active again.

The different positions I have held in the Church were: Sunday School teacher, Sunday School Secretary, Relief Society Secretary, Primary teacher, Primary Counselor, Relief Society Counselor, and Relief Society teacher since 1939 which makes 40 years this year (1979). I really enjoyed my jobs in the Church and made many friends. Joy comes from serving others.

I used to raise turkeys and bumb lambs and always enjoyed raising gardens and always had a nice big one. I always canned several hundred quarts of fruits and vegetables. Some years when there was a water shortage, the irrigating would have to be done at night. I must have learned how to irrigate because Mr. Snyder used to say I was the best irrigator in town. I did the irrigating because Don was working. Don and I moved into a two-story house south of Oliver Peterson. It had many rooms. The kids had to walk through the fields to catch the bus. I didn't enjoy living here because it was way out in the sticks, and so far away from everyone. Spens and Don did some farming while we lived here.

The first home we bought was the Clark place in Burlington. Our neighbors were: Ren Yorgason, Bob and Thelma Yorgason, Joe and Dorothy Yorgason, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Eva Maller, Roy and Pearl Preator, Than and Eva Spens, Hans and Sadie Jensen, and Mrs. Trank. I used to take my neighbors to town and help them in different ways. We had some good times visiting each other. Our next home that we bought was the Joe Yorgason home and that is where I am living now, (1979). We moved in about 1943 or 1944 and paid \$3000 or \$3500. Don was quite proud to have his own land and did pretty well with his beans. He also rented the "Eddie" place so he could make a living by farming both places. We really enjoyed the Joe Yorgason home and had lots of room, an orchard, cellar, and barn. The plum thicket was a most enjoyable place for all the young kids to play. Many plums were given to neighbors and friends.

My husband and I were both born on the 4th of July. We had gone over to see my folks across the river. While we were gone relatives and friends went to our house with refreshments and gifts. They hid their cars down by the barn. After everything was ready someone drove over to Mom's house and told us a white lie (they said that our cows were bloated). Of course tension mounted and we were quite upset, and Don drove pretty fast. We got here and everyone jumped out shouting "surprise". What a relief to find out the cows were o.k. and to see all of our friends and relatives and their love for us.

I was active in the Church and was teaching my children what I could and took them to meetings every Sunday. They attended primary and seemed to enjoy it. My husband belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist Church, but wasn't active even though his father was. I am sure that Don learned about the L.D.S. beliefs as time went on and many discussions were held regarding our beliefs. It was always a hope of mine and a dream that he would join the Church some day.

We didn't always have the modern conveniences we have now. We didn't have electricity or running water in many of the homes we lived in. The first electricity we had was in the Clark place. What joy filled my heart when I got my first electric iron. Now I wouldn't have to heat them on the coal and wood stove. We were quite thrilled to have a radio too. Then after living in the Yorgason place for a few years we got running water. What a treat! No more bathing in a small cramped tub and we no longer had to go to the outhouse in the plum thicket in the cold winter time. Sometimes we really don't appreciate all the conveniences we have.

Donna married Neil Stanger in the Idaho Falls Temple December 21, 1951. We accompanied them to the temple, but were unable to go through with them.

James married Donna Davis December 18, 1954 in Billings, Montana. A few

years later they were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Kenneth received a call to go to the Spanish-American Mission in January of 1957. I was thrilled that he was called and knew he would do much good. He worked for two years and converted many people. Kenneth married Connie Christopherson the 6th of February 1961.

Don received the missionary lessons and was baptised June 28, 1962. Mr. Tom Jones confirmed him. A dream and hope that I had carried in my heart for several years had come true. What happiness filled my soul! Our next goal will be temple marriage.

Donna and Neil had five children: Cathy, Don, Julie, Larry, and Jennie. Jim and Donna had nine children: Ernest, Dale, Judy, Kerri, Ronnie, Terrain, Cindy, Randy, and Traci. Kenneth and Connie have had six children: Myron, Sonja, Elaine, Elgin, Gaylen, and Tamara. I have five grandchildren who are married. Cathy Stanger married Gary Brunko. Ernest Cook married Cynthia Wardell. Julie Stanger married Brad Storer. Judy Cook married David Yorgason, and Kerri Cook married Jack Peterson. I have seven great grandchildren: Amy, Dan, Holly, and Krista Brunko, Jennifer and Heather Storer, and Kelly Cook. Amy, my first great grandchild, and Cathy and Gary's first baby, lived only a few hours because of a lung disorder. She is buried in the Burlington cemetery.

Don became sick in the fall of 1965. He had severe headaches and became very dizzy. He would get so he couldn't tell which side of the road he was driving on and his mind was not as alert as it had always been. He went to many doctors, but to no avail. Finally Jim drove him and myself to Salt Lake so he could see a specialist. They scheduled surgery for him after they found he had a tumor pressing on the optical nerve. They found it cancerous, and there would be no way to kill all the roots in the brain. What a blessing he didn't have to come out of the operation and be like a vegetable. He passed away at 3 o'clock in the morning, April 19, 1966. The next day, April 20, the whole family went through the temple, and Neil acted as proxy. There was always an empty seat by Neil as we went through the temple. We were sure that Don was there and was so thrilled to get his endowments. Don had come to Salt Lake with the intention of going to the temple and had his recommend, but needed the signature of the Stake President. The plan was to get the Stake President's signature in Salt Lake since he was attending Conference there at that time. Don was unable to get the signature since President Nielson flew home a day early. He was so upset that he wanted to charter a private plane and go get the signature. It was very important to him that he go to the temple. I believe he had had a premonition that he wouldn't be around too long. After his death, special permission was granted by Nathan Tanner to go through the temple the very next day for him. Burial was April 22, in the Burlington Cemetery. It was a thrill to see him in his temple clothes even though his people couldn't understand the significance of it. Maybe someday they will understand.

After his death I had lots of work and responsibility on my shoulders, and it was a blessing at the time as it kept me going. I was left with many chores and responsibilities when Don passed away. I irrigated the pastures and took care of sheep which wasn't bad except for the lambing season. I also had pigs to take care of and many buckets of grain had to be packed to them. Because of my belief in life after death and the fact that I had lots of work I made it without too many difficulties. Tragedies and losses are hard, but can be learning experiences if we use them in the right way. It took me a long time to adjust my life after Don passed away.

It was hard when Mom passed away, but we are sure she is happy. I had stayed with Mom and Dad for quite awhile when they were sick. I learned to appreciate and love them even more and was happy to be able to help them.

Dad stayed with me three years after Mom passed away, and it was hard

for him to adjust, but such a blessing he was healthy and active so he could keep busy. He was always up at the crack of dawn and anxious to get things done. One morning while starting a fire it exploded and burned him. He had to be taken to the hospital. The house burned to the ground and it was nice that someone got Dad out in time. After a few days in the hospital he was called home and went to join Mom. I am sure he is happy, but it has been hard for me and others to adjust to life without him. My folks were special and I will always love them and be grateful for the things they have taught me and the things they have done for me.

I am very proud of my children and grandchildren and hope they will have a desire to live the Gospel and stay close to the Lord. It is my prayer that we may all live so that we can be an eternal family unit and have lasting happiness.

NEIL AND DONNA STANGER

I entered mortal life October 8, 1931 on the farm west of Burlington where Grandpa and Grandma Aagard used to live. I was delivered by Dr. Myre and weighed a good 10 pounds plus. My mother's name is Geneva Marie Aagard and she married my father, Donald S. lvester Cook January 13, 1931. I was blessed July 3, 1932 by Mads Jensen in the Latter Day Saint Church in Burlington, Wyoming. I was the first child and later our home was blessed by two sons--James and Kenneth. James was born January 26, 1933 and Kenneth was born October 28, 1935. My father worked for various farmers and ranchers in the area and us kids grew up on the farm and learned to work and to love many animals and the outdoors. I remember riding on the back of a black horse many times with Daddy and really thought it was lots of fun.

I imagine there was disagreements over which church us kids would go to. I do remember of going to Sabbath School in the Burlington Baptist Church. My Grandpa and Grandma Aagard were L.D.S. and Grandpa and Grandma Cook were Seventh Day Adventists. I was baptized in the Greybull River September 3, 1939 by my Uncle Edgar Aagard, and I was confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church on September 10, 1939 by Bruce Cottrell. It was quite exciting and I remember that Minnie James, Uncle Cliff's step daughter, was also baptized that day. She and I have been good friends and have had lots of good times.

I have always loved to work in the church and had the following jobs. I was Sunday School secretary when in High School and taught primary while in High School. I taught M.I.A., Sunday School classes (3-yr. olds, 10-yr. olds and adults). I was a counselor in M.I.A. under Lottie Dobson and Ann Winters. The biggest challenge was when we lived in Salt Lake and I had the Adult Investigator Class and it required lots of studying on my part. Then in Idaho Falls Neil and I taught Family Home Evening Class which was quite a challenge. In Iona, Idaho I taught the beginning genealogy class for a number of years and I have taught the same class in Burlington for 4 years. I also taught the Social Relations Class in Relief Society when Opal Orr was the President and I really enjoyed that. I have always enjoyed working in genealogy and have taken a couple classes in Idaho Falls which have helped me in my research work. I hope to be able to submit lots of names for my ancestors. I really love temple work too and had some really special times when we lived in Idaho Falls. Goldie Miller, a lady who is blind, had done over 3000 endowments and she loved to go to the temple. She said she didn't need her physical eyes because she had spiritual ones. She has such a sweet spirit and is so happy and bubbly she can teach us so many things. Her husband, Gerald, was also blind and passed away about a year ago--spring of 1978.

Some of my friends were Nadine Aagard, Faith Aagard, Phyllis Aagard, Wanda Yorgason, Betty English, Minnie James, Beatrice Aagard, Carol Partridge,

and Margaret McIntosh. Wanda Yorgason and I used to play Tarzan in the silver leaf maple trees east of the Clark Place in Burlington. We had lots of fun and could go quite easily from tree to tree. Duane McIntosh tried it and he fell and broke both arms. Carol and Wanda and I used to have a club and we had lots of fun playing in Wanda's garage. We had our fusses but we remained good friends. I used to stay with Nadine and Beatrice quite a lot and we had lots of fun times. We liked to go out in the hills east and south of Burlington and pick wild flowers and play on the big sand stones.

When I attended Billings Business School I met Lois Mitton and we have been great friends every since. We were both quite lonesome and backward and took to each other right away. She is a very spiritual person and loves the Lord and has a desire to serve him and do those things that are right. When we (Neil and I) lived in Salt Lake I got to know Miriam Edgar and we have been really good friends every since that time. She has come to Wyoming several times and used to visit us in Idaho Falls too. We have hunted rocks together a few times and this was nice and we found some interesting rocks. Friends are so important and add much to our lives.

The houses I remember living in were: the two-story house south of Oliver Peterson's, the Dan Johnson house, the Shell Clark house, and Joe Yorgason house where Mom lives now. I learned about Santa at Dan Johnson's house (I found my buggy in the grainery). In the Clark place I had lots of my friends while living here. Between us and Yorgason's was the place we called the church holes. It was the place where the church used to sit. We had fun playing there and filled the holes full of water and went swimming once or twice. It was a nice place to ride bicycles. We went over to Grandpa and Grandma Aagards lots of times and ate dinner with them. I really enjoyed the times we gathered at Thanksgiving and Christmas at their house. We used to draw names at Thanksgiving time and exchange gifts at Christmas. I remember one time we went up in the mountains with Uncle Orlando and Aunt Bea and had lots of fun camping out. We used to go up in the Big Horn Mountains where Grandpa Aagard had sheep and camped out for a few days and it was really fun. Lots of times we would get together and freeze ice cream. It was the kind of freezer where the guys would take turns turning the handle. It was things like this that tied Grandpa and Grandma Aagard's family together so close.

I attended Grade and High School at Burlington, Wyoming. While in the 8th grade the school house burned down and we had to finish school that year in the High School building on the stage. While in High School I made up my mind that I was going to get the scholarship and I worked hard and studied and did get it but didn't use it. Wanda Yorgason and I were candidates for the Junior Prom queen. We campaigned to see who could get the most money votes, and she won so she was the queen. I do remember riding our horse "Old Pat" around collecting money and how much fun it was. I went with Duane McIntosh to the Prom and it was decorated like a circus with animals (pretty big) that Cleo Riley helped us make.

After graduating from High School in 1950, I attended Billings Business School and stayed with the Morlan Flattum family and really experienced my first real homesickness. We went to Sunday School and Sacrament in the building that housed the Billings Business School. I met some nice kids and went to some nice firesides. Lois Mitton was my best friend and we have had some really nice times together. I came home from School in November and found a job at Husky Oil Company and went to work there and didn't go back to school. There were several girls from Burlington who lived in Cody-- at one time there were so many that we had to have three apartments. The different girls were Nadine Aagard, Wanda Yorgason, Mary June Cottrell, Lou Ceil Briggs, Carol Partridge, Donna Preator, Phyllis Aagard, and myself.

I went with quite a few boys and was always so very timid and bashful.

It would scare me to death just to talk with a boy. I met Neil in church one day and the first time he took me out he said he was going to marry me. We were married December 21, 1952 in the Idaho Falls Temple. Mom and Daddy took us, and I remember that Grandpa Jones told Daddy at this time that he knew he would join the church. The day that Neil and I went through the temple was very special, but I was so nervous and scared that I didn't remember too much. It would have been nicer if my folks or Neil's folks could have gone with us, but we went all by ourselves.

Neil and I first lived in a small gray trailer in Cody, and I remember that I wanted a piano in it cause I was taking lessons. We had to take all the keys out and cut part of the front off the piano in order to get it in, and we slept on the couch because the piano was in the only small bedroom that we had. Then from the trailer we moved into a small house with lots of windows. Cathy was born December 8, 1952 and what joy she brought to both of us. We were so proud and couldn't believe we were parents. Then we moved to the Hotel in Burlington but didn't stay here too long. Then we moved to the Rex Maller home just a block from my folks. Buddy was born while we lived here, March 28, 1954. We were blessed again and Neil was so happy that he passed out cigars to all of the fellows. We named him Donald Grant after his two grandfathers but he was nicknamed "Buddy". Then we moved to Pocatello and was living in a basement apartment when we were blessed again. Julie was born March 22, 1956. I remember that Mom and Daddy came and Mom stayed with us for a while. From Pocatello we moved back to Burlington and Neil worked for Wardell's building hoists and mud tubs. We bought the home that Eva Spens had and while living here Larry and Jennie were both born. Larry was born December 23, 1958 in Basin Hospital and Jennie was born January 30, 1960 in the Basin Hospital. How lucky we were to have five children, a nice home, and orchard and garden spot. We were really proud of our little home, and Neil worked for Wardell's and then for the church as a custodian. Then we decided more schooling was necessary. We moved to Salt Lake in 1963 and Neil went to an automotive Trade School. He worked at the State Capitol in Maintenance and I worked there too in the Retirement Office. We met some very dear people (The Walkers and Miriam Edgar) and they are still very dear to us.

Our kids weren't happy in Utah, and we didn't enjoy Bountiful too much. It wasn't nearly as nice as Midvale when we lived across the road from Walkers. While living in Bountiful, my father came down to see a specialist about his terrific headaches. They found a tumor with X-Ray and did surgery but Daddy passed away in the recovery room while in intensive care. It was a very sad and upsetting time for all of us. It was a comfort, however, to go thru the temple the day after he passed away, and we are sure that he was there. There was an empty chair by Neil all thru the session. Kenneth and family were living in Provo and Jim flew to Salt Lake from Wyoming, and it really was a special occasion for all of us to go thru the temple that day. Daddy passed away on April 19, 1966 and was buried April 22, 1966 in Burlington, Wyoming.

In the fall of 1966 we moved back to Wyoming and Neil worked at the hospital in Powell and drove the ambulance. Our next move was Idaho Falls. Arthur Morganegg called and wanted Neil to work in the L.D.S. Hospital and they would find us a home and pay for our moving expenses. It had happened at a time when the ambulance job was shifted to another department, and it would have been hard to take the cut in wages--another testimony to me that when you try to live right, things will work for you. A few days before Christmas we moved to Idaho Falls and set up our new home the best we could for Christmas. We lived right in town and Neil just had to walk through the alley to get to the hospital. We met many nice people and really enjoyed the 4th Ward; it was a very spiritual ward. I worked in the Primary as a

counselor and also taught the Family Home Evening Class in Sunday School. We really wanted to find a home in the country and finally did find a home in Iona with approximately 6 acres. Another time we were blessed for trying to live right--so many people who had been looking for something like we found and had lived there a lot longer never could find anything like we did. This home was something we all loved, and the kids acted like they were let out of jail. The boys liked to go up by the railroad tracks and shoot rock chucks and rabbits. We used to love to gather the asparagras by the tracks, and the boys would like to catch fish in the big ditch that ran out in front of our place. Olive Reed and Charley Reed and George and Olive Bitters were our neighbors. They are still very dear to us. Cathy, Buddy and Julie went to High School while we lived here (I guess that Julie finished the last few months of High School in Burlington).

I worked at the Health and Psychological Center and really enjoyed my work. I had the same days off as the kids and for that reason, plus the wonderful people that I worked for it was the best job that I ever had. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Brizzee, Sonja Jones and Helise Knight worked in the office with me.

Cathy met Gary Brunko while he was stationed in Idaho Falls with the navy and they were married August 25, 1973 in the church house on First Street. Cliff Long, our Bishop performed the marriage and I felt that they had a very nice reception and lots of people attended. We felt fortunate that Grandpa Argard was there and my mother. Her colors were yellow and orange and she had 5 or 6 bridesmaids. Nadine and Art and family came up from Logan, Utah and we were so happy that they came up too and helped out. Their first baby, little Amy was born July 21, 1974 and lived about 36 hours. Cathy and Gary lived in Idaho Falls and Honolulu and are now living in Blackfoot. They have three children now--April, 1979--Daniel James, Holly Michelle, and Krista. They are such special little ones and we really love them--they have added much to our lives.

We moved back to Burlington in September of 1974 and lived in the Stewart Place. Then we decided to build a new house which is right in the town of Burlington north of my mother's home. It was quite an experience in building our home, but satisfying to see what a person can do once we made up our minds and stuck to it. Neil did the wiring and plumbing and I did all the painting and varnishing outside and inside. I am now working at the school in Basin and Neil is working at Byron, Wyoming for the School District as Maintenance Man.

Julie married Brad Storer and they have 2 little girls--Jennifer Storer born April 10, 1975 and Heather who was born December, 1977. Julie and Brad got a divorce in July of 1978 and Julie is living in Bend, Oregon and Brad is still living in Idaho Falls and taking care of the girls. We hope that things work out the best for all of them. We love those little girls and worry about them. The Lord loves each of His children and is waiting for us to reach for help and guidance.

I love the Lord and want to serve Him and I love my children so much. I am grateful for the parents I have and for my grandparents and all of my relatives. I love Neil and he has been very good to me. It is our prayer that we have taught our children in such a way that they will know that the Lord loves them and they will have a desire to serve Him. The heritage that I have is very precious to me. The faith that I have in the Lord and in the church is a great strength to me and helps me in so many ways.

JAMES AND DONNA COOK

I, James Cook, was born on January 26, 1934 to Geneva Marie Aagard and Donald Sylvester Cook. I was born in the home of my aunt Winifred English about 5 miles southeast of Burlington. Due to my father seeking employment, we lived in several different places in the Burlington area. When I was 10 years old he purchased a place for \$3,500.00 from Joe Yorgason. This is the place where my mother is still living.

It was during this time that my father started farming for himself. I can remember helping him farm with an F-20 Farmall and a team of horses. I used to rake hay with the horses. They were also used to cultivate the beans with a pencil-tooth, and haul the beans, grain, or clover to the threshing machine.

I was blessed by my grandfather, James Aagard, on August 4, 1940 and baptized July 19, 1942 by Blake Partridge. I was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood March 24, 1946 by John McIntosh, and was given the Melchizedek Priesthood October 25, 1953 by Frank H. Brown.

I attended school in Burlington and graduated in 1953. After graduating from high school I attended Radio School in Kansas City, Missouri. During the fall of 1954 I enrolled at Northwest Community College in Powell, Wyoming. I attended college there from 1954 to 1956 and received a Superior Student in Mathematics award.

On December 18, 1954 I was married to Donna Marie Davis in Billings, Montana by Alonzo Leckie, an L.D.S. bishop. We were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple on July 29, 1960.

During the summer months from 1955-1965 I worked for my uncle, Fred Cook, on his farm east of Burlington.

Our first son, Ernest James Cook, was born January 4, 1956 in Powell. In the fall of 1956 I enrolled at the University of Wyoming in the college of education and majored in Mathematics.

Our second son, Roger Dale, was born August 29, 1957.

In the spring of 1958 I graduated from the University and received a Bachelor of Science Degree. I was hired by the Burlington High School district as a teacher in the fall of 1958. My salary was \$4,000.00.

In January of 1960 I purchased a farm on Emblem Bench, but did not live there until February of 1969 when our house was built.

I taught school in Burlington from 1958-1965. During this time 6 more children were born to us. They are: Judy Gail on November 22, 1958, Kerri Jane September 13, 1960, Ronald Craig October 9, 1961, Terrin Marie January 27, 1963, Cynthia Joanne May 20, 1964, and Randall Duane November 22, 1965.

During the school year of 1965-66 I did not teach, but I taught again in 1966-67.

On April 19, 1966 my father died from an operation to remove a brain tumor. This placed a great deal of responsibility on my mother and other members of the family.

During the year 1967-1968 I taught school in Greybull, Wyoming. This was my last year of teaching. I began farming full time in 1968 until the present in 1979.

Traci Lynette was born on May 21, 1971 which brought the number of our children to 9.

During the years after graduating from college to the present time I have held many Church position. I was Sunday School Superintendent, M.I.A. President, Elders Quorum Secretary and President, and Ward Finance Clerk, which position I presently hold.

KENNETH AND CONNIE COOK

I, Kenneth Cook, was born in Burlington, Wyoming on October 28, 1935. I was the son of Donald Sylvester Cook, and Geneva Marie Aagard. I have one older sister, Donna Lee Cook, born October 8, 1931, and one older brother, James Cook, born January 26, 1934.

I was blessed on August 4, 1940, by J. Bruce Cottrell in the Burlington Ward in Burlington, Wyoming.

I was baptized on August 12, 1944 by E. Blake Partridge in the Bench Canal. I was confirmed on August 13, 1944, by Orlando N. Aagard.

I attended school at Burlington, Wyoming. My favorite teacher was Mrs. Leslie. She always told us Indian stories. I graduated from High School in May 1954. I attended College at Northwest Community College in Powell, Wyoming for 2 years.

On January 16, 1957 I was called to the Spanish American Mission; I was later transferred to the newly organized West Spanish American Mission. I really did enjoy the Spanish people, and working with all of the different elders of these two missions. I was released on July 18, 1959 by Leland M. Perry, the Mission President.

Upon returning home I signed up for the National Guard, and served in Fort Leonardwood, Missouri, and Fort Knox, Kentucky. I was released in May of 1960.

At a fireside held at Robert McIntosh's home, in May of 1960, I met my future wife, Connie Ruth Christopherson. We were married on February 6, 1961 in the Salt Lake Temple by James Le Roy Kimbell.

On October 14, 1961 I was recalled to active duty because of the Berlin Crisis. We were stationed in Tacoma, Washington. While in Tacoma, our first son, Myron J. Cook was born on February 9, 1962.

In May of 1962 I was released from active duty and we moved to Burlington, on our farm. Our first daughter was born on April 20, 1963 in Cody, Wyoming. We named her Sonja Nadine Cook.

In August, 1963 we moved to Provo, Utah to attend BYU.

Our second daughter, Elaine Diana Cook, was born on September 1, 1964 in Provo.

Our second son, Elgin Wayne Cook, was born on November 15, 1965, in Provo.

My father passed away on April 19, 1965, just a month before I graduated from BYU. We moved back to Burlington to help on the farm, and I taught History and Social Studies in Burlington for two years.

We moved to Kenosha, Wisconsin in August 1969 where I studied Spanish and received my degree. I worked at American Motors Automobile factory. We enjoyed the Branch of the Church there very much.

I taught school in Kansas in 1972-1973. We grew to really enjoy the people in Kansas, and the fine people in the Branch in Fairbury, Nebraska.

We moved back to Burlington in June 1973. Our son Galen Lee Cook was born on January 2, 1974 in Powell, Wyoming.

Our daughter, TaMara Lorene Cook was born on April 15, 1975 in Powell, Wyoming.

We built our log home in Burlington where we have settled, and are happily raising our special family that we have been blessed with.

No 6

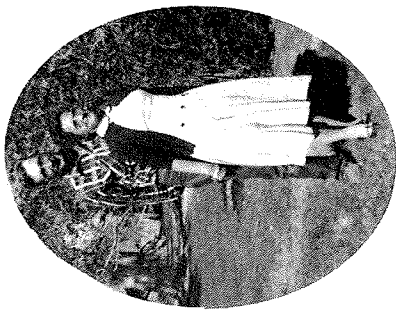
Clifford Christian Aagard

and

(1) Alice Arlillian Graham

(2) Elbie Juanita Fleming

No 6 - Clifford Christian Agard - 21 October 1916



"Cliff"



Alice



*Married
Alice Arlillian Graham
1 January 1938*

DEC 1976



'CLIFF'



Alice



Alice's son Ronald James



ALICE and her daughters
Mickey and Pat James

No 6 - Clifford Christian Aagard

21 October 1916



1919

"Cliff"



Elbie & Cliff

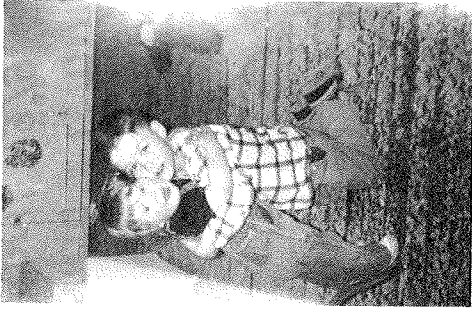


1915

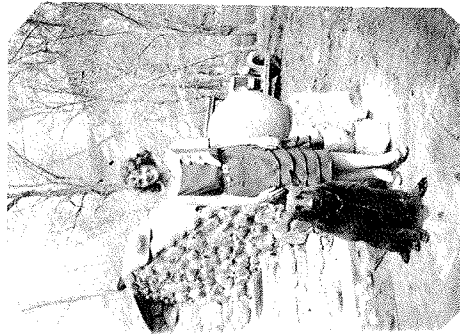
Married: (2) Elbie Juanita Fleming Wentz
27 April 1979



Cliff



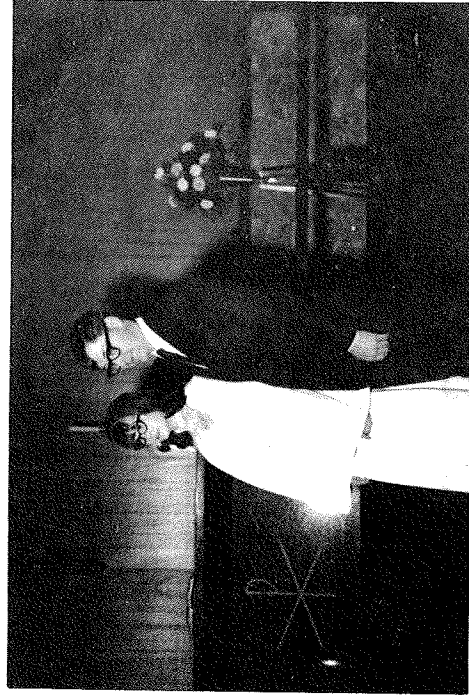
1954



Elbie Fleming



Elbie F. Wentz



*Elbie's children:
Dorothy Juanita & Dennis Lee Wentz*

CLIFFORD AND ALICE (FIRST WIFE) AND ELBIE (SECOND WIFE) AAGARD

I, Clifford Christian Aagard, was born October 21, 1916 in a small two room log house at Burlington Wyoming. I was the sixth child in a family of twelve children. There were seven boys and five girls. My parents came to Wyoming from Levan, Utah. They were born and raised there, and their parents came from Denmark where they had been baptized into the Mormon Church. I am very thankful for the wonderful parents and brothers and sisters I have, and for the love and kindness they have shown me.

I was baptised in the Greybull River on August 1, 1925. I was ordained a Deacon by Bishop Hyrum Neves November 17, 1929, a Teacher by James McNiven 1932, a Priest by Joe Reid February 11, 1932, and an Elder June 1937.

I went to school in Burlington until I reached the ninth grade which was the end of my schooling. I worked for many of the farmers and ranchers along the Greybull River. The wages were \$1.00 and \$1.25 a day. I also helped my father on the farm and herded sheep for him. I enjoyed driving the sheep to the mountains in the summer and going with my father with a team and wagon to tend camp. It took three days to go from home to the mountain range. It took one full day to go to the range out on Dorsey Creek. We use to have some very cold winters. The coldest winter that was ever recorded in Wyoming was in 1936. It was 60 below. Orlando was out herding sheep. A bad blizzard came up; Dad was worried about the sheep so decided to send me out to see how Orlando was getting along. I put on some long black woolen underwear Dad had, the warmest coat, cap and gloves I could find and headed out on our saddle horse. It was too cold to ride so I walked most of the way. I frosted my hands, face, and feet. I would see rabbits setting by a clump of grass frozen stiff. I didn't make it to Orlando's camp the first night. I happened onto Mr. Dalley's camp and stayed there the first night. The next day I made it to Orlando's camp tired and half froze. The sheep would freeze down on the bed grounds and we would have to pull them up.

Another time this same winter the sheep were unable to get enough feed out on the range so Dad decided to take them into the ranch. Dad, Orlando, and I were trying to get the sheep home when a bad storm came up. We loaded the pickup with old sheep that wasn't able to make it. I started for home. I shoveled snow all day and only made about five miles. I drained the water out of the pickup and unloaded the old sheep and walked back to camp. The next day I walked back to the pickup, built a fire and melted snow to fill the pickup with water. The old sheep I had unloaded had had all froze to death. I shoveled snow again all day and made it as far as Dorsey Creek. There was a dug out here that had six feet of snow on. I was too tired to shovel anymore snow so walked on home. The next day I got Don Cook and his pickup and Bob also went with us. We got part way out and broke the axle in Don's pickup and had to walk back home. The next day we got Alfred Allen who had a big truck which we filled with hay for the sheep and drove out to Dorsey Creek. Many were the times when we'd run out of water to drink at camp. There were always ponds around to get water from. It wasn't the most sanitary water to drink as they usually had dead animals in them and were full of wigglers. We'd have to strain it through a flour sack. Bob and I enjoyed trapping in the winter time so we would have a little extra spending money. We'd get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and walk four or five miles to the school section to check our traps. We had to hurry so we'd get back in time for school. I also did some trapping with Don Cook. We caught mostly coyotes. One time we caught seven.

I was married to Alice James January 1, 1938 in Thermopolis, Wyoming. Alice had three children by a previous marriage, (Ronald, Patricia, and Minnie James). We had no children of our own. After we were married I worked

for a rancher, and also in a coal mine at Meeteetse, Wyoming. Then we purchased a farm of our own east of Burlington. I also sheared sheep for many of the ranchers in the Big Horn Basin. I liked to hunt and fish, and to hunt for rocks, fossils and Indian artifacts. My wife passed away in July 1973.

When Minnie (Mickey) and her husband were divorced their oldest boy, Clifford (Butch) came and lived with us. He was a lot of help on the farm, and we enjoyed him very much. He went to school at Burlington. Then he was called on a mission to Southern Australia. He was a good missionary and baptised a good number of converts. After he came home he went to Ricks College for two years then to BYU. Patty also came to live with us later on. She also went to school in Burlington. After her grandmother passed away she stayed here with me. She helped a lot with cooking and the housework. When she finished high school she went to Brazil for a year as an exchange student. She liked Brazil and the people also. The families she stayed with were really good to her. Donnie, Jamie, and Billie also stayed with us at times. Donnie works as a welder. He has spent sometime in Alaska working on pipe lines. Jamie worked on oil rigs and served a mission in Pennsylvania. Bill is in the Navy. He says that the chow is good and the pay isn't too bad.

On April 27, 1979 I married Elbie Juanita Fleming at Cody, Wyoming by Bishop Elling Wright. Elbie was born April 27, 1914 at Bridgeport, Nebraska. Her parents were Walter Ervin Fleming and Juanita Elbie Bailey Fleming.

Elbie has lived in Cody since 1928. She lived with a Danish-In-Law Cousin and wife. She worked at the Pacific Telephone Company in San Francisco for three years. Elbie moved to Casper in 1945 to 1949. She adopted their son, Dennis Lee Wentz. She also worked at the phone Company in Casper and in Cody. Fifteen years as an operator and also as a Service Assistant was the time she spent doing this. In 1952 she moved back to Cody and had a baby girl, Dorothy Juanita Wentz. Both children are "Lutheran's" "Missouri Synod." They are good children. They believe standing on their own two feet, not expecting us, as parents, to dish out money to them. Elbie is very proud of her children.

She has been a "salad chef", a cook, a "Homemaker" for the County for Handicapped people, poor folks, and elderly. She always loved old people and doing for them. For a year she worked in the "Chemical Dependency Center" for alcoholics and drug users. That was interesting work. Those poor sick people needed help. People would say to her, "Elbie, how can you work with those drunks; they are so awful?" She'd tell them that they were sick people, and God gave her the understanding and compassion for people. She never drank or smoked for it never appealed to her. God has given her so much to be thankful for so she tries to do for his people that need help.

Elbie was baptised into the LDS Church on April 2, 1975. She was never very active as she had to work and other things happened.

The beautiful part of her life, besides her children and God's love for her, was when he sent Cliff into her life 30 months ago. The first time they met he shook hands with her, and kept holding her hand. She saw the most beautiful man, "an angel on earth". Cliff is beautiful on the inside and it shows on the outside. He is so kind and good to everyone, almost too kind. He loves his brothers and sisters dearly. For his neighbors and friends he is never too busy to help them out, even in the Winter in deep snow, he is out sawing wood for the less fortunate. If the Mormon Church believes in "Saints", Cliff would be classed as a "Saint". These are thoughts of Elbie's concerning Cliff. She hopes and prays that God will protect Cliff and give him strength and good health for many years to come, and that she, Elbie, will have good health and strength that she can help and protect Cliff. She is proud of her husband, Cliff, and her new found family.

No 7

Robert Lynn Aagard

and

Bernice LaRae Moon

No 7 - Robert Lynn Aagard - 15 October 1918



Robert & Bernice

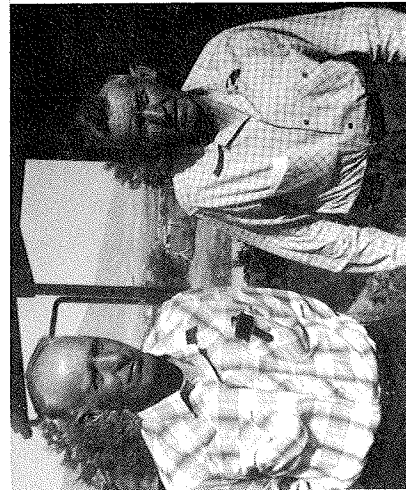


"Bob"
1918

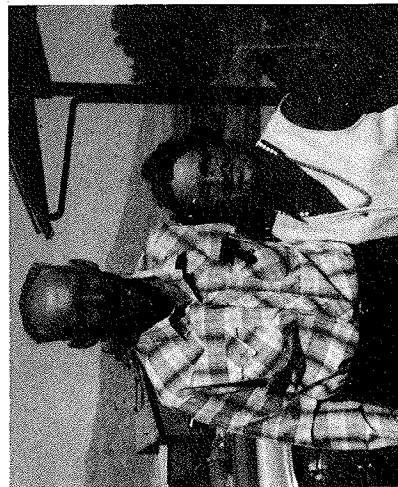
Married

Bernice LaRae Moon

10 June 1939



Bob & his father James



Bob-Bernice



Bernice
1978

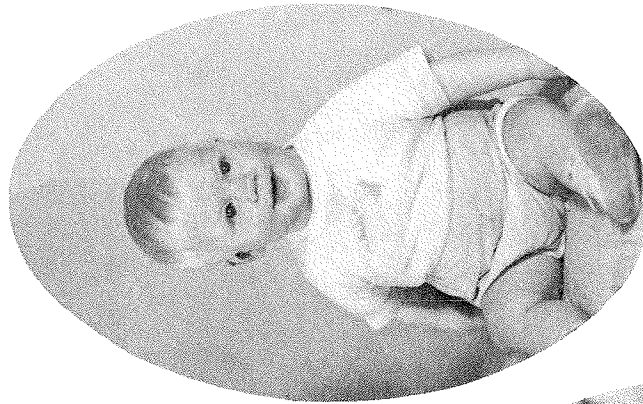
**Children of
Robert Lynn and Bernice LaRea
AAGARD MOON**



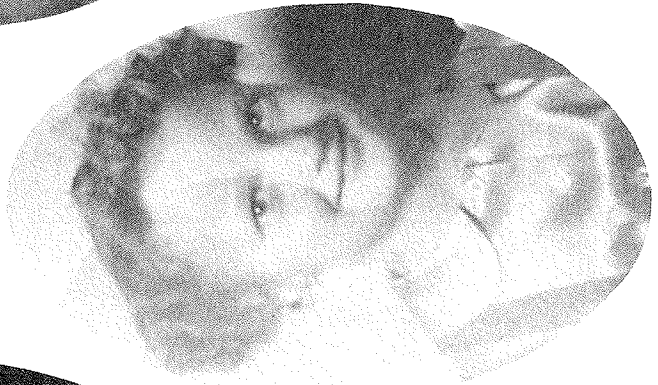
ROBERT LEE
27 March 1940
Greybull, Big Horn,
Wyoming
(1954)



MARILYN JOYCE
9 December 1942
Greybull, Big Horn,
Wyoming
(1954)



LYLE RICKY
11 August 1953
Basin, Big Horn,
Wyoming
(1954)



SUSAN KAY
28 May 1946
Greybull, Big Horn,
Wyoming
(1954)



FAYE ELLA
26 September 1944
Greybull, Big Horn
Wyoming
(1954)

ROBERT AND BERNICE AAGARD

Robert Lynn Aagard was born October 15, 1918 at the Burlington home. I attended school at Burlington for a few years. I took my turn at herding sheep, and had the usual tasks at home that a boy has on a farm. My parents strived to teach the children to take care of things and to do a job well. I learned to work by example.

My first work away from home was piling beans. The family all helped to do what they could to relieve economic conditions.

We moved to St. Joe about the time Nadine started school. On June 10, 1939 I married Bernice Moon, the St. Joe school teacher, at Powell. We later went to the Logan temple on October 26, 1973 and were sealed together.

St. Joe was a small one room building where all grades were taught. School teachers got \$90 a month and farm labor \$30 a month. Our first home was a sod house $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from my folks. We moved to the upper Avent place in 1940. Dad gave us 50 ewes. Robert Lee was born March 27, 1940.

The next year we moved again to the Ray place $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Burlington. Marilyn Joyce was born here December 9, 1942. Then we moved to the present home on Emblem. It was a small four room log house that was made from logs from the Big Horns. Dad and my brothers helped to build the house. Faye Ella was born September 26, 1944, and Susan Kay on May 28, 1946. Lyle Rick was born August 11, 1953.

I was baptised August 21, 1927 by Dave Henderson and confirmed by Mads Jensen. I was ordained a deacon March 8, 1931 by Mads Jensen, and a teacher February 11, 1934 by Dave Henderson. I was a Seventy and am now a High Priest, and am on the cemetery board.

I mined coal at Cedar Ridge near Cody, and helped to build a power line from Burlington to Meeteetse and farmed. My early interests were hunting and horses. Later it became grandchildren and rocks.

ROBERT AND ALICE AAGARD

I made my appearance on March 27, 1940. My parents are Robert Lynn and Bernice LaRea Moon. My first home was Burlington, Wyoming where both my grandfathers settled in the early 1900's, the Aagards from Utah and the Moons from Sand Hills of Nebraska. My early homes around Burlington included the Old Avant and Ray places. Then my father bought his present place north of Burlington, and the family was raised there.

While living at the Ray place I lost my index finger in a combine sickle. I also had rheumatic fever in 1952 and spent a year in bed. Another early memory is driving Dad's Ford tractor to Happy Steelman's for my baptism. Dad baptised me in the Greybull river under the Avant bridge.

I attended school at Burlington; graduating in 1959. I received a football scholarship to Northwest Community College at Powell.

In 1952 I held my first job, working for Denny Davidson. Some of my other early jobs were carrying hod in Basin, rough necking in Farmington, New Mexico, and farming for Bernard Johnson, Elmer Fabricious, Morris Aagard, and Hoover Renner.

In 1963 I met Alice Jorgensen while working in Salt Lake City. We were married here on September 28, 1963. The following summer we farmed in Burlington and moved to Cody in the Fall. Here I worked at the Highway department, Boydston and Franzens well service, and as a meat cutter for Safeway.

In September 1967 we moved to Gardiner, Montana where I again cut meat. Here we had our first son, Chad Lee Aagard, born May 2, 1968 in Livingston, Montana. Here we also became active in the Church. Our family was sealed for time and eternity in the Salt Lake Temple on September 27, 1968.

In June 1969 we moved to Billings, Montana. I cut meat for Midland Packing and Bob's Evergreen IGA. We had our second son, Robert Wade Aagard, born September 15, 1969.

In February 1971 we moved to Burlington again buying a home and small acreage farm from my Aunt Anona Aagard. Here I have farmed, raised pigs, and worked as a janitor for the school.

While living in Burlington we have had five more children, Mitchell Lynn Aagard born in Powell, Wyoming on February 21, 1972, Kimberly La Rae Aagard, born in Powell on April 29, 1973, Stacy Sue Aagard born in Powell on December 9, 1974, Michael Justin Aagard born in Powell on July 8, 1977, and Lisa Marie Aagard born in Lovell, Wyoming on November 5, 1978.

Since becoming active, my church jobs have included the following: in Gardiner, Montana I was the MIA President and taught the Aaronic Priesthood, in Billings, Montana I was the Historical Clerk and the Adult Aaronic Advisor and Cub Scout master, in Burlington, Wyoming I was the Scout master, First Counselor in the Stake MIA, Stake Missionary and Ward Mission leader, first Counselor in the Stake Mission, and as one of the seven Presidents in the Stake Mission.

JAY AND MARILYN WILKINSON

Marilyn Joyce, second child and first daughter was born December 9, 1942 at Greybull. She learned to drive the Ford tractor at a early age, and helped with the stock. One of the first girl beet truck drivers on Emblem was Marilyn. All three girls of Robert and Bernice were baptised in the canal. Robin was baptised in the river and Rick in the font in the Church. Marilyn was a cheerleader for Burlington Huskies, and took part in school activities. She learned to sew at 4-H from her Aunt Agnes (Rube's wife) and in Home Ec.

Marilyn married Jay Wilkinson in 1961 in the basement of the church. To this union three children were born.

Troy Leigh in 1962, Wendi Rae in 1964, and Fonda Lynn in 1967.

Jay likes the mountains, the Big Horns, to fish, and hunt. He worked in Safeway for 12 years, several of which he was manager before he quit to buy Lee's Grocery. Marilyn, Troy, and Wendi helped with the store until it was sold in 1979.

In 1968, on Mother's Day, as Marilyn and Jay were going home from Burlington after picking up their three children who had stayed the weekend. A drunken driver run their pickup off the road and ran into them. Marilyn had a broken leg above the knee. She was in Billings five weeks on her back. Fonda had a serious head injury and was in a comma for a week or so. She had to learn to walk again. Troy's front tooth was broken. Both he and Wendi had cuts and bruises. Jay had a broken nose. This family was truly blessed to get over this bad accident.

BOB AND FAYE REGNER

Faye Ella was born September 26, 1944 at the present home on Emblem Bench. Faye started school at five. She attended Primary, 4-H, and Mutual. Her sisters and her drove a black Hudson to Seminary. She learned to play bass horn. She drove beet truck and helped with the stock. Faye learned to cook at an early age. She had her tonsils removed at age three.

After graduating from High School she attended Billings Business College for a year, then got a job with the Yellowstone Park Company. She moved to Mammoth where she met Harvey Yanc, and was married in 1965. They had two children, Darcy Sue and Jeffery Todd. They were later divorced and Faye went

to work for the Agriculture System of Billings.

Faye married Bob Regner and moved to Iowa where they lived for a year. They have now bought acreage at Dragoon, Arizona where Darcy can keep a horse, and Jeff his dog and cats. They are in the process of building a new solar home made of brick from the soil in the yard.

Faye works as a bookkeeper at Benson Hospital and as a part time guide at a museum. Darcy and Jeff visit cousins and grandparents in Wyoming in the summer.

JIM AND SUSAN BULLINGER

I was born on May 28, 1946 in Greybull, Wyoming. I was the fourth child of Robert and Bernice Aagard. I always enjoyed helping Daddy with the sheep before I started school.

Shortly after my eighth birthday, Grandma Aagard came up home and got my sister, Faye, and I and took us up to the canal behind Rasmussen's to be baptised. I remember staying once-in-awhile with my friends Betsy McNiven and Joan Renner. Usually they ended up taking me home about dark.

I always enjoyed school. My main interests were F.H.A., cheerleading, and of course Jim Bullinger. During this dating time, Anona Aagard was our M.I.A. teacher. She had us up to her home for a slumber party. Karen Winters and I thought we'd pull a sneaky on our Moms so we had Jim Bullinger and Mike Preator come up to visit us. Aunt Anona called our Moms so that put a quick end to our evening.

After High School graduation I attended one year of school at the college in Powell.

On September 25, 1965 James Carl Bullinger and I were married in Burlington by Bishop Morris Aagard. We have been blessed with three children, Gwendolen, Angelo, and Travis Dean. It seems that each one had been ill, and we needed the Lord's blessing to heal them. This has strengthened my testimony. Remembering when they were small, I can not count the many times that my folks and Aunt Ann Winters helped with the kids. Thanks!

We have ranched here at Otto all our married life. I enjoy raising lambs and chickens and gardening.

Several years ago one of our sheep herders died so Jim went to the mountains to herd sheep. The kids and I got lonesome so we all loaded into the car including our 150 pound St. Bernard dog. By the time we got to the mountains we were all picking fleas out of our hair. This trip will never be forgotten.

In 1978, Gwen, Angie, and I made a trip to Utah for a Winter family reunion. We had a terrific trip getting better acquainted with the other relatives.

Church positions that I've held have been working in the primary as secretary, teacher and President. I was Sunday School Co-ordinator, and presently I'm serving as a counselor in the Relief Society.

We are now looking to our children's school years, anticipating a lot of fun.

When I was in grade school, I remember going to the mountains and staying over-night for a Family Reunion. It seems like everyone was a bit nervous about all the kids riding with Grandpa Aagard. We wouldn't have it any other way.

RICK AND JULIE AAGARD

I was born August 11, 1953 to Robert Lynn Aagard and Bernice LaRea Moon

in Basin, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

I am the youngest of five children. My education was at the public schools in Burlington where I attended grades 1-12. I had some good teachers like Evilyn Christensen and Iola Wardell and Cleo Riley.

My close friends were the Davidson boys and Ann Srygley. Her folks owned the store and I spent quite a bit of time down there eating candy, etc. that she would give to me, her best boyfriend.

I was baptised by Shirley Aagard and confirmed by Morris Aagard. I was active in my Priesthood Quorums and Boy Scouts and attended the Temple Excursions with the ward each summer.

In high school my interests were in sports, agriculture, and art. I took FFA all four years and went to many conventions in Cheyenne and Laramie.

After high school I attended Northwest Community College in Powell where I studied art and agriculture. I recieved an Associate of Arts from there. After NWCC I worked for my father a year on the farm. I was called on a mission to the Kansas-Missouri Mission. My mission president was Graham W. Doxey. I served in Omaha, Nebraska; Warrensburg, Missouri; Pacific, Missouri; Kansas City, Missouri; Davenport, Iowa; and finally in Nevada Missouri.

I returned from my mission in March of 1976 and worked on the farm that summer. In the fall I attended BYU where I studied Agriculture.

While I was here I dated Julie Hopkin also from the farm. She was from a little place called Penrose. It is about 25 miles from Burlington.

I married her on March 16, 1977 in the Salt Lake Temple. We lived on the farm and worked for my dad for one year after which we moved to Provo, Utah where I attended BYU again majoring in commercial art. I am now working at a furniture company and Julie is working at a civil engineering firm.

No 8

Annie Minnie Aagard

and

(1) John Paul Jones

(2) Harold Dalley Winters

No 8 - Annie Minnie Agard - 20 November 1920



*Married
(1) John Paul Jones
27 July 1937*



Ann & Gayla



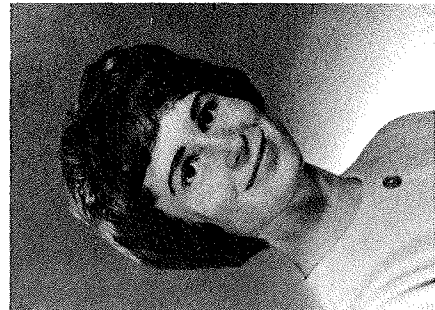
Ann & Mary

*Children
of*
John Paul JONES and Annie Minnie AAGARD

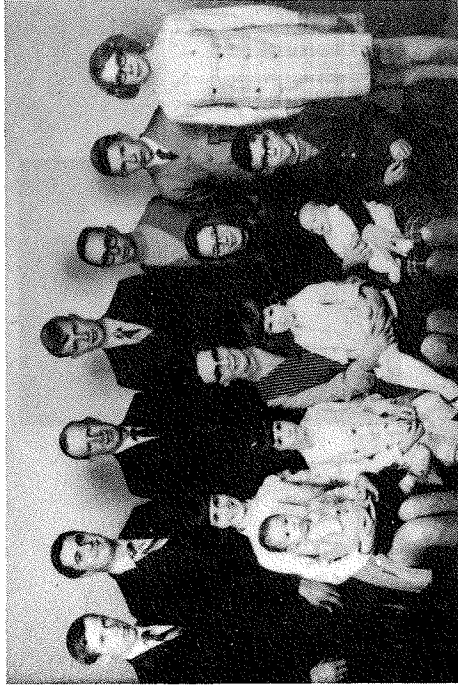


KAREN LEE
2 July 1947
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.

GAYLA RAE
4 February 1942
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



No 8 - Annie Minnie Aagard - 20 November 1920



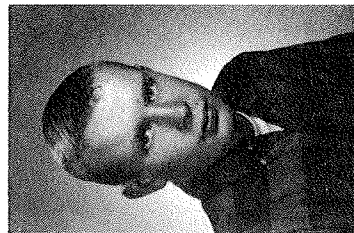
Harold

*Ann - Brent - Harold
(1 June 1952)*

*Married
(2) Harold Dalley Winters
27 September 1950*

Back row: Stephen, Mike Praetor, Harold, Brent,
Larry Zietner, Norman, and Eileen. Middle row:
Karen Praetor, Annie Minnie, and Gayla Zietner.
Front row: Shawn Praetor, DeLynn Zietner, Penny
Zietner, Kristen Zietner, and Deon Zietner.

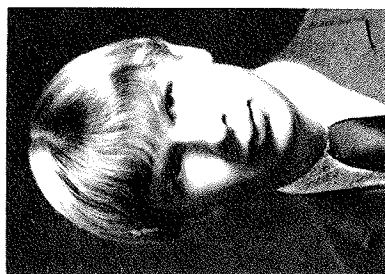
*Children of
Harold Dalley Winters and Annie Minnie Agard*



*BRENT AAGARD
WINTERS
9 August 1951*



*STEPHEN AAGARD
WINTERS
29 January 1952*



*NORMAN AAGARD
WINTERS
28 January 1955*



*EILEEN AAGARD
WINTERS
12 October 1957*

HAROLD AND ANNIE AAGARD WINTERS

I, Annie Minnie Aagard Winters, was the eighth child in a family of twelve children, seven boys and five girls. My parents were James and Annie Aagard. November 20, 1920, was the day that I was born in a little three room house, one mile west of Burlington. I was named after my mother and grandmother so my name was kind of special to me. My father was a rancher and sheepman so he was away from home a great deal of the time which made quite a burden on my mother being left alone so much with so many little ones to take care of.

My early childhood was about the same as most early pioneer children. We were taught to work hard. We enjoyed good times too. We would all pile into the wagon with a picnic lunch and go to the river which was around four miles and there spend the day gathering blackberries, swimming and gathering a wagon load of wood. We would all pile in the wagon, later on in the car, and go hunting sage chickens and rabbits up on the bench. We always enjoyed going to camp in the wagon with dad. The road was bumpy and rough, and sometimes we'd walk and look for pretty rocks and arrowheads. At camp dad would cook us all a good meal, usually he'd bake us sourdough biscuits which tasted so good with jam on.

Time passed quickly and I was soon in the first grade at school. Roah Dunsworth was my teacher. I didn't like school. I wanted my younger sister, Mary to go to school with me. Of course she was too young to go. I stayed home from school alot. One day the principal, Miss Foley, who was a strict old maid, came to see why Geneva and I weren't in school. When I saw her coming I ran in and crawled under the bed to hide. She asked Mother where I was. Mother told her. I was pulled out from under the bed by her. Geneva and I was then taken to school, one on each side of her. When we got to school it was recess and all the children were out playing. How embarrassed we were. We were in school most of the time after that. School was sometimes fun. Arithmetic was my favorite subject. I skipped the second grade. Jessie LaFollette was my third grade teacher. High School was real fun. I especially enjoyed sports. Mr. Krouse helped us get a baseball and basketball team started. It was fun going to the different towns to play. I was President of the girls basketball team and I played forward position. In baseball I was the pitcher.

July 27, 1937 I married Paul Jones of Inkom, Idaho. We were married in the Logan Temple in October 1941. A little girl which we named Gayla Rae was born February 4, 1942. Another little girl was born July 2, 1947, and we named her Karen Lee. In 1948, I secured a temple divorce, and went to live with my folks at St. Joe. About this time Dad bought a ranch at Belgrade, Montana, and Mother, Dad, and my two sisters, Beatrice and Nadine moved up there.

Gayla, Karen, and I stayed on in the house at St. Joe. My brother, Morris farmed the ranch and lived in a bunk house. Gayla, Karen and I went to Belgrade on the train and spent a month with the folks.

September 27, 1950 I married Harold Winters of Otto. We were married in the Idaho Falls Temple. We moved to Otto, Wyoming where Harold owned a ranch with his brother, Donald. Harold and I were blessed with four more children, Brent, Stephen, Norman, and Eileen. We tried to teach our children the joy of work. I was especially strong on the point that they shouldn't idle their time. We all enjoyed trips to the mountains; sometimes staying over night. The three boys loved to fish. What a worry it was to keep track of them while fishing as the streams were usually swift and deep. We never took too many trips as it was hard to get away from the farm for too long a time.

The children had the childhood diseases, such as measles, chicken pox,

whooping cough, etc. Brent got his foot cut on broken glass and needed several stitches. Stephen broke his arm, and Norman had a ruptured appendix. Eileen had a breathing problem when she was first born, and had to stay in the hospital for ten days. Harold had a sick spell. They said that he had cancer of the colon. We took him first to our doctor at Greybull. He was in the hospital there a couple of days. The doctor there said that it was cancer and so he sent him to a specialist at Cody, who ran tests and said the same thing. He was scheduled to be operated on in about a week. In the mean time a special fast was held and he was given a special blessing by his uncle, John Winters. He went up for his operation, and the Doctor ran some more tests and found he didn't need an operation. The Doctors were quite astounded, but we were sure it was because of the faith and prayers of people. I have been real fortunate health wise. I missed a step in the Otto School basement and broke my ankle. My daughter-in-law, Mary, came and helped me cook. I didn't miss any days of cooking. Then early one morning I was in a hurry to get to school and I jumped up on a bench to get something from the top shelf in the cupboard in the bunk house. The bench tipped over with me and I broke my wrist. Both times it was just carelessness. As of the year 1978, I've never been in the hospital for anything, but to have a baby.

I have always had an active church life. I started teaching a Sunday School class when I was sixteen years old. I taught a mutual class also for several years. In 1944 I was put in as the Work and Business leader in Relief Society for several years. In 1945, I was put in as second councilor in the Primary for five years at Burlington. After I moved to Otto I was the theology leader in the study of the Book of Mormon for seven years. At the same time I was put in as second councilor in Primary for three years. Then I was put in as President of the Primary for four years. After we got through with the study of the Book of Mormon I taught the study of the Doctrine and Covenant. In February of 1962, I was put in as President of Mutual with Donna Stanger and Ethella Hibbert as councilors. This position I held for several years. Ethella and I went to June Conference several times together. We certainly enjoyed those trips. In the year 1967, they closed the Otto Chapel and the Otto people attended their meetings at Burlington. It was known as the Otto-Burlington Ward. They started a Junior Mutual at Burlington for Scouts and Beehives, and I was put in as President over that. It only lasted for a couple of years. I was put in to teach a Sunday School class and to teach the Homemaking lessons in Relief Society. Both jobs I still have as of 1978.

I started driving the school bus at Otto in 1960. I drove it for five years, then the School Board asked me if I'd be the cook at the Otto School. A job I've had for thirteen years so far.

Harold's mother lived in a little house next to us. In November of 1960, she fell and broke her hip. We took her to the Billings hospital. When she returned from Billings she moved in with us. She never fully recovered from it, and seemed to get worse each year. Her son, Francis, and his wife, Margaret would spell us off for a few months each year. Each year she grew a little worse until she was a complete invalid. She needed to be fed, bathed and everything. She lingered on this way five years. On December 1965, she passed away. Looking back I wondered how I took care of her, took care of our children, drove school bus, and did my church jobs. The Lord was good to me, my health was good, and somehow I was able to carry on.

My husband's uncle, John Winters, fell out of his pickup while turning a corner coming from Greybull. He broke several ribs and punctured a lung and had quite a few bruises. He was in the hospital for several days. Then he came to live with us. He was a very independent person and didn't like you doing anything for him he could do for himself. He got along quite well

with us until one day he fell and broke his hip and had to be on the hospital for several days. They transferred him to a nursing home at Worland. Our son, Brent, had him come stay with him for one summer. Then we took him again and had him until his mind went bad and we had to put him in a nursing home at Greybull. He wasn't there too long until he went into a comma and soon died. He was 95 years old at the time of his death. I'm glad that I could be of service to these two fine people in helping to take care of them.

I shall always remember the trips I took with Dad and Mother to Utah in their later years. They needed someone to drive for them. We'd usually go down each fall. Dad liked to go at that time of the year because the canyons were so colorfull. I'm so thankful now that I took the time to go with them. I have alot of treasured memories of those trips.

In 1970, Dad and I took our first airplane ride down to Cape Gerardeau, Missouri to visit my daughter, Karen, and her family. Mother didn't want to go. What a thrill it was for Dad. He enjoyed every minute of it. Karen and Mike were so good to us and took us to see so many interesting places.

Then in 1976, I flew down to see Karen when they lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas. I tended their three kids while they went on vacation to Florida and further on South. What good time and memories I have of both of these trips.

Other good memories I have are of Family Reunions we've had. One year we'd have it in Utah with our relatives down there, the next year we'd hold it either at the church or up on the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. There was usually around 150 that attended them. We are most grateful for our six children, and proud of the good lives they live. The five that are married were all married in the temple. They are all active in different church positions. Our oldest boy, Brent, filled a mission to the Pennsylvania Mission and also graduated from B.Y.U. Our other children have all had a year or two of college. Our youngest daughter at time of this writing is in her third year of college. She was selected as a member of the Phi Epsilon Chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, the National Honor Fraternity of American Junior Colleges. This is the highest scholastic honor that can be bestowed on a student in a Junior College. So we're real proud of her accomplishments. She is a good piano player and we enjoy listening to her play. There is nothing that makes a parent more happy than to have their children all active in the Church and living righteous lives. We appreciate and love our daughter-in-laws and son-in-laws. They're all good people. We have fourteen grandchildren at the present time (1979). They bring alot of joy into our lives. We have truly been blessed.

LARRY AND GAYLA RAE ZEITNER

My life began on a cold February morning in 1942. My mother was Annie Minnie Aagard and my father was Paul Jones. One of my first memories is of the little log house my parents and I lived in West of Burlington. Being a typical little girl I was fascinated by my mother's scissors and one day I crawled under the table to see how they would work on my long blond hair. The scissors worked fine and so did Mom's switch when she found me!

After my dad finished serving in the Navy we moved to Cody and lived in a tiny silver trailer house. Not only was it extremely small, but I think the door held a world record for repair jobs. The wind seemed to blow a lot and nearly every time the door was opened, whish! off it came!

When I was about 6 my parents were divorced and my mother and I and my sister, Karen, went to live in "the old red bunk house" on my grandfather Aagard's ranch south of Burlington. Many unforgettable experiences come

to mind when I remember this time of my life. Like being chased by the old tom turkey and becoming paralyzed by fear when he caught up with me and jumped in the middle of my back, knocking me down and pecking on me. I can still see Mom running around waving her apron and yelling, trying to scare him off!

I loved to help Grandpa drive the tractor when putting up hay and afterwards making wonderful playhouses in the stacks. Another favorite sport was riding the cows home from pasture in the evenings. If the cows ran too hard getting to the barn at milking time the milk would start to flow from their full bags by itself. Grandpa would take hold of the cow's tail and pump it up and down while the milk was flowing. "That's how I milk the cows when I'm tired," he would tell me. Of course I believed him.

It was always great fun when my cousins, Deanna and Eddie (Punky) Steelman, would come to the ranch for a visit. We would swing on the rope tied to the old cotton wood tree, or make a play house by the barn and pretend to bake delicious lamb terd pies on Grandpa's forge. Sometimes we went swimming in the ditch. Grandma would make us excellent bathing tops out of her large white dish towels. When we were a little older, however, we weren't allowed to swim or wade in any ditches or rivers because of the polio epidemic sweeping the country.

It was always a pleasure to visit Grandma at her house. Nearly always you could sniff some delicious smell coming from her kitchen. Her chicken soup with dumplings was unsurpassed, and no one made sugar cookies quite like Grandma. (A dash of nutmeg made them really special!) And I'll never forget the Danish redmush she made from fruit juice and also kuminost, a Danish Cheese with caraway seed in it.

While we lived in the bunk house we made a grand investment! We purchased an electric stove. What excitement the day it arrived! We still used an "out-house" and we still used flat irons to iron our clothes, but we did have an electric stove!

Sometimes Mom would save up some extra eggs and we would get to go to Burlington to Schlaff's store and trade them for groceries and sometimes get ice-cream cones as a special treat. The eggs we brought for trade would have to be perfect because Mr. Schlaff had a big bright light and he would hold each egg up in front of the light and look for tiny cracks and imperfections! One day when Mom and I and Aunt Mary and Deanna and Punk were in the store, Mom set me up on the counter. I got tired of sitting there, however, and decided to jump down. And not "looking before I leaped", I jumped down right on top of a newly sharpened plow shear! One foot landed squarely on the bright blade and was badly cut. Mom hurried me to the car and put my foot in a wash basin to catch the blood until we got to Aunt Mary's house several blocks away. Somehow the cut healed without a doctor's attention, but I'm sure I was quite weak for a few days because of the amount of blood I lost.

Another accident happened when my cousins and I were visiting Aunt Geneva. We had been playing with some kittens, dressing them up in doll clothes (which they protested with loud meows and hisses!). We were playing close to a wooden fence on top of which sat Mother cat. Apparently she became quite irate at our treatment of her kittens and decided we needed punished. The old mother cat leaped off the fence and landed squarely on top of my head, her sharp claws tearing long gashes down my forehead-just barely missing my eye! I was horribly frightened and being blinded by the blood I didn't think I would ever see again!

When I was six I started school in Burlington. The first grade teacher was Charlotte Hodson. She was very strict and I lived in fear of her. She was very fond of hair pulling and I can remember being marched up the stairs with Mrs. Hodson having a very firm grip on my pig-tails!

When I was eight my friends and I were taken to the Avant River near Burlington to be baptized. It was a chilly August day and the river was cold and muddy. The first time I was immersed my big toe and one of my long braids stuck up out of the water. I was told to dig my toes into the mud and the second try was a success. Upon returning up the bank of the river I stepped on some kind of insect which bit me on the bottom of my foot. By the next day my foot had swollen up until it was about as big around as a football! I could hardly walk on it for over a week. I got to wear one of Grandma's big floppy slippers.

In 1950 Mom married Harold Winters and we moved to Otto. I was in the third grade and the first few months in a strange school was a trying ordeal for me. Nearly every night I would come home from school crying because the kids called me cucumber (short for new comer) and would say I had fleas. They also teased me about the long brown socks I had to wear in the winter. Most of the other girls wore pretty white socks but I suffered along with my brown ones. I also had to wear long pink bloomers which sometimes showed beneath my dresses and quite embarrassed me. The Otto school only included the sixth grade so the rest of my school years were spent at Burlington. This meant riding a bus over 14 miles every morning and night.

I enjoyed living on a farm. Having plenty of chores and not being allowed to play until they were finished was excellent training, although this was not understandable at the time!

My mother had four more children; Brent, Steve, Norman, and Eileen. When Brent was born, Aunt Geneva came to stay with Karen and I. She kept trying to bake things in our oven but she didn't know quite how the oven worked and nothing was ever quite done!

Mom was a very good-hearted person. She was always off on some errand of mercy-to take some fresh baked bread to a new mother, or to clean house for someone not feeling well, or to visit one of the widows and listen to stories from their lives for the hundredth time! I always wished that I had some of Mom's loving, concerned nature. She always shared what she had, even though at times she had very little herself.

During my high school years I got to participate in a wide variety of activities. There was Freshman initiation when I had to dye my hair blue. And there was the summer I spent with the Keeleys in Logan, Utah. There was being chosen to participate in the Dance Festival at June Conference in Salt Lake City. And being president of the FHA and getting to attend the National Convention in Chicago! Serving as editor of our school paper, the "Tumbleweed". And being chosen "Betty Crocker Homemaker of Tomorrow" from our school. There was receiving the Valedictorian award at high school graduation. Playing the drum in band. And of course, there was Senior sneak day, which turned out to be a 5 day tour of the Black Hills in South Dakota! And included being snowed in and everyone having to spend the night in a one room log cabin! And I can't forget the thrill of being chosen Queen of the Junior-Senior Prom.

When this whirlwind of events ended another whirlwind of excitement began. In June of 1960 I married Larry Zeitner. We were married in the Burlington church and our reception was held in the Otto church. This was a bit unusual and came about because I wanted my uncle, Morris Aagard, who was Bishop of the Burlington ward to marry us. About a year later we were able to be sealed in the Logan temple. Mom was able to go with us so it was really a special event.

Our married life began in a small two roomed apartment in Casper, Wyoming. Larry worked as a mechanic in a bowling alley. He enjoyed this work but there wasn't much opportunity for advancement.

Three of our four children were born to us in Casper. They were: Deon

Kim, DeLynn Dawn, and Penny Lee. We lived in a variety of apartments before finally buying a house. However, the house was in a poor location and every time it rained our basement would be flooded.

I was able to serve in a variety of church positions which included: Relief Society secretary, Drama director, Primary president, MIA president, Inservice leader, and teacher of a good variety of Sunday School, Primary, and Relief Society classes. Each job was special but I think the one I liked best was when I served as Junior Sunday School co-ordinator.

About 1970 we made a big decision. Larry decided to go back to school. So we loaded up the trailer house we were living in and off we went to Laramie. We spent 5 years there. It was extremely difficult to support a family and have Larry attend college. A variety of jobs were held to accomplish this. Larry would get up very early in the morning to clean the Fox theater. He also took care of some apartments and he worked at the college with one of the professors writing and producing speed-reading work books. Although it was a long hard road, Larry finally graduated with his Masters Degree in Guidance Counseling. I'll never forget the long hours spent in research on his thesis paper and the late nights I spent bent over the typewriter until it was finally finished.

While we lived in Laramie a sweet little girl was born to us. We named her Kristen Ann. She brought a bright spot into our work-filled life.

We have been proud of all our children and each one is special in their own way. We were especially proud when Deon was chosen as one of 12 kids from different schools to sing with the Carpenters, when they held a concert at the college. He got to join them on the stage and sing the song "Sing, Sing a Song", with them. DeLynn and Penny are good artists and have won several coloring contests. They have also had many pictures and other artistic creations chosen for display.

After Larry's graduation he took a position as a Life Skills Specialist with RENEW in Sheridan, Wyoming. Housing was very critical in Sheridan and once again we ended up in a trailer house. We were anxious for a house of our own again so we purchased $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land about 8 miles West of Sheridan and began building a home.

We have enjoyed Sheridan, especially being a little closer to "home" and getting to visit with Mom a little more often. Life has given me many happy moments and also many trials and problems to overcome and I'm sure the future holds many more rich and rewarding experiences.

MIKE AND KAREN LEE PREATOR

I entered this earthly life on July 2, 1947, the daughter of Annie Minnie (Aagard) and John Paul Jones. I was born in Basin, Big Horn County, Wyoming, and named Karen Lee Jones. Living in what was known as "the bunk house" on Grandpa James Aagard's ranch, I lived there until I was three years old. My parents were divorced in 1948 and Mom married Harold Winters September 27, 1950, at which time we moved to the little town of Otto, just twelve miles east of Burlington.

My childhood years were spent in Otto and I attended the first eight years of school there. I enjoyed school and the "simple pleasures" of going to a small, country school. I also enjoyed 4-H for a few years and getting my exhibits ready for the county fair. Primary was especially fun and enjoyable for me and as far as I remember, Mom worked in the Primary all the years I attended--being president at the time I graduated. I vividly remember being baptized in the cold, Greybull River on August 14, 1955, and having to wear the cold, wet clothes that another girl was baptized in. I think I

must have sort of lived in "a world of make-believe", for I remember loving to play house and "dress-up", dolls (both regular dolls and paper dolls), and anything having to do with "the world of let's pretend"--many times playing just by myself (and carrying on a very good conversation with my make-believe friends). I thoroughly enjoyed playing girl's softball for a few years when I was in 7th and 8th grades and for a short time after that. We went to the various towns close by to play our games and I thought this was great fun! We even had a championship team a year or two!

I grew up with one sister, Gayla Rae, who is five years older than me, and three half-brothers (Brent, Stephen, and Norman) and one half-sister, Eileen. We lived on a farm and enjoyed lots of pets and animals, playing outdoors in tree houses, on haystacks, in play houses, etc., swimming in the ditches or the "wash", ice-skating and sled riding, killing magpies to earn a little money (5¢ for a pair of legs!), and even doing a little bit of our share of herding sheep, pulling weeds from the bean fields, turning bales, driving tractor and other typical farm chores. We all enjoyed camping and going to the mountains for picnics and fishing. I remember several such outing and one in particular when we went to Yellowstone National Park with Grandma and Grandpa Aagard. I didn't seem to be too afraid to meet and talk to new people, and after making a new friend in our campground, became lost when I tried to find my way back to our campsite. I walked round and round the campground, and finally when I had almost given up hope and the tears were streaming down my face, I stopped at a campsite to ask for help. It just happened to be right next to ours! I think I saw Grandpa Aagard first and what a relief and a pleasant sight! He teased me about that for years afterwards!

Other memorable experiences were the parties and picnics we would have "out in the trees" by our house, the 24th of July celebrations, church picnics in the Big Horn Mountains, the Aagard reunions and other family gatherings, staying with friends and my cousins, and staying with Grandma and Grandpa Aagard and taking trips with them to Utah and Montana to visit relatives. We attended General Conference in Salt Lake City one year (when I was about 10 or 11) and I got to see the Salt Lake Temple for the first time.

My father, John Paul Jones, died from a brain tumor on January 17, 1958, when I was 10½ years old. I never knew him very well and being younger, I didn't attend his funeral in Idaho, although my older sister, Gayla, did.

I attended four years of high school in Burlington and graduated in 1965, with a class enrollment of only 13. I think I would have to say that secretarial classes and home economics were my favorites, along with the extra-curricular activities. I enjoyed most all of the activities and organizations connected with a small high school--sports events, pep club, girl's basketball, F.H.A., band (where I "tried" to play a trumpet until mine was stolen from the school one night), working on the school paper and annual, participating in a couple of school play productions, the dances, etc.

I was active in church during high school and graduated from Seminary. I loved Mutual and the activities involved there (by this time, Mom was now working in the mutual!). I enjoy dancing and remember well the ward and stake dance festivals I participated in. I taught Primary and also served one year on the Stake President's Youth Council. I earned an Individual Award for attendance at church meetings and various other requirements each year I was in Mutual.

After high school graduation, I attended one year of college at Northwest Community College in Powell, Wyoming, where I majored in secretarial science. I obtained a job as a secretary to C. E. "Bud" Webster in Cody, Wyoming, after that year of college, and worked there for a year and a half.

I was married at the age of 19 on August 10, 1966, to Michael Arlan

Preator in the Idaho Falls Temple. As well as my mother and step-father, all of our living grandparents were able to go with us through the Temple. This was a very choice experience. I remember meeting Mike for the first time when I was still in Primary at Otto. Mike lived in Burlington, but the two wards combined their efforts in a 24th of July celebration and I danced the Virginia Reel with Mike. I didn't see too much of him after that until I began going to Mutual, and by this time the Otto and Burlington Wards had combined to make one ward. Mike liked one of my best friends. We went through high school together and I began to take particular notice of Mike in my Sophomore year. By the time we were Seniors, we were "going steady." Mike also attended Northwest Community College, continuing for a second year after we were married. We lived in Cody the first year of our marriage in a small, 8' x 30' trailer house we were struggling to make monthly payments on so it would be our's.

In late August of 1967, Mike and I moved to Laramie, Wyoming, so Mike could complete his education. We lived there for the next three years, with Mike attending the School of Pharmacy, and I working as a secretary in the Department of Speech Pathology-Audiology at the University of Wyoming. We both enjoyed these three years and the various college activities, especially the athletic events.

During the summer of 1969 we moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, where Mike worked as an extern pharmacist for Osco Drug, Inc. While living there, our first child, Shawn Michael, was born on August 31, 1969. What a joyful event and how truly happy we both were! Shawn looked very much like his daddy. Just five days after Shawn was born, we moved back to Laramie so Mike could complete his last year of college. He graduated from the School of Pharmacy at the University of Wyoming in June, 1970.

Mike accepted a position as a pharmacist with Osco Drug, Inc. and was asked to go to Boise, Idaho, to work (thus beginning the first of a series of moves we were to make in the next few years). We loved Idaho and lived in Boise for just a little over a year. Again our family increased, and a beautiful little daughter we named Brenda Michelle was born in Boise on June 12, 1971. We had hoped for a little girl and our joy and excitement was tremendous when she arrived!

In August of 1971, we moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, once again after Mike agreed to enter into Osco's management training program. We only stayed there a few months, and in December the company asked us to move to Cape Girardeau, Missouri (moving into a house there on December 23, after staying in a hotel for two weeks!). We were excited, but also a little "anxious" about moving so far from "home" and our families. However, the experience was so good for us and we enjoyed it there very much. Our testimonies of the gospel grew there in our small branch in the mission field, and it made us appreciate more, many of the things we had simply taken for granted living in large wards in L.D.S. communities. We lived only 1½ miles from the "Mighty Mississippi River" and were able to see much of the "old South" when we took a vacation to Walt Disney World in Florida in the summer of 1972. We also had some special visitors that summer. My cousin, Rebecca (Davidson) and her husband, Dan Kline, drove from Provo, Utah, in a Model A. They were on their way to Indiana. Then, on June 30, 1972, our family met Mom and Grandpa Aagard at the St. Louis Airport. They had both taken their first (and Grandpa's only) airplane flight and came to see us! Grandma Aagard had passed away about a year before, on September 1, 1971, of a heart attack. We were so excited to have them visit us and certainly enjoyed the week they spent with us!

August of 1973 saw our family moving once again---this time to Fort Smith Arkansas. By this time, I thought I had moved enough and was ready to move

back to the "mountains in the West", but we know Heavenly Father wanted us to go to Fort Smith and we're so glad we did! We bought our first home (not counting our little trailer when we were first married) there and during August of 1974, Mike was sustained as President of the Fort Smith Branch. We grew to love Fort Smith, the people there, and "our" branch.

On November 15, 1974, our family welcomed our second son, Jason James. He's been such a special, little delight and was named after Grandpa Jim Aagard, who had died one year earlier on November 25, 1973. I had always been very close to Grandma and Grandpa Aagard and both their deaths were very sorrowful to me. However, I did feel a very peaceful feeling at Grandpa's funeral and knew at that time that he was now happy reunited with Grandma once again. At the time of Grandpa's death, I took my first airplane ride and flew with Shawn and Brenda to Wyoming. I was so grateful I was able to go and we stayed for several weeks, being able to attend my half-brother, Stephen's wedding.

Mom flew to Fort Smith in the summer of 1976 and watched the children for Mike and I while we took a "second honeymoon" for about five days, going down through the southern states to Florida. Mom was there for Brenda's fifth birthday and this made it very special to have "Grandma Ann" with us.

We stayed in Fort Smith for over three years, made some wonderful friends, and were a little sad when we had to move once again in October of 1976. This time our move did take us back to the "mountains in the West" and we lived in Pocatello, Idaho, for seven months. Then, in May of 1977, Mike was asked to manage an Osco Drugstore (this was what all our moving and sacrificing had been for!) and we moved back to our home state, to Cheyenne, Wyoming. It was nice to be back closer to our families again and for the first time in nine years, we spent Christmas with relatives--my folks and Eileen came down for three days, December, 1977. This was the first time any of our children had shared a Christmas morning with grandparents! We're all very grateful for this special Christmas.

We have stayed active in the church and realized many blessing from this. Both Mike and I have held numerous positions in most all of the church organizations. I've been a teacher in the Primary, Sunday School, Relief Society and Mutual. I've held the positions of Junior Sunday School Coordinator, Primary counselor and President, and District Primary Secretary and In-service Leader. I know when we stay close to the Lord and do the things we should do, we are blessed and are happier. I am happy and grateful for my family, our good health, and all of the blessings which we have thus far received.

BRENT AND JUDY WINTERS

On a hot afternoon on the 9th of August 1951, in the Basin Hospital, the long months of waiting ended for Harold Dalley and Annie Minnie Aagard Winters. Their first son, Brent Aagard Winters, was born. I was a big, healthy baby.

One of my childhood memories was when I cut my foot quite bad on a sharp can while wading in a ditch. I had to be taken to the doctor where I had 13 stitches taken.

I started school at Otto school when I was six. School was all right, but the things I have enjoyed most is hunting, fishing, and camping. My family has always enjoyed camping together. I went on my first fishing trip in January of 1959; Dad and I went to Cody Lake and I caught my first two fish.

It was really exciting to me to be baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on my eighth birthday August 9, 1959.

At ten I started driving tractor to help dad in the fields. Training

started early and I really love the farm. I learned how to milk the cow so I was able to help dad with milking. We were able to go camping for my eleventh birthday. For Christmas that year I got a bow and arrow which I used to hunt rabbits with.

We learned at an early age the joy of work which also gave us a love for recreation. I was able to work putting up hay for Grandpa Aagard and earned enough money to buy a shotgun. I was only twelve so I always had someone along with me.

In the seventh grade I was Santa Claus for the school play. It was a scary experience for me. I had to sing a solo.

I was ordained a deacon September 1, 1963 by my father.

In eighth grade I really enjoyed collecting and polishing rocks. Our class made jewelry out of the rocks we polished. 4-H was fun for us. I enjoyed raising lambs and got first on a pen of three black-face lambs. At fifteen I got a second-hand motorcycle. It offered a new horizon to explore and was a lot of fun for me. This was the year I became old enough to go deer hunting. I did not get anything that year, but I enjoyed the experience of hunting and camping with my dad.

I went to high school in Burlington. I went out for football my freshman year, but I was just a little too small and didn't really enjoy it much until my junior year. We won all but two of our games my senior year. Basketball was really enjoyable for me. I was on the Varsity team my sophomore year. We won second place at district tournament and third place at State Tournament. When we got back from Laramie we were met by a caravan of excited fans in their cars and were escorted to Burlington with horns honking and hands waving. My senior year I was chosen "Outstanding Basketball Player". I was also active in FFA. I was on the judging team and travelled to Laramie. I was also elected chapter President, and class vice president my senior year.

I graduated from Burlington High School, May 23, 1969. I attended Northwest Community College in Powell, Wyoming two semesters and one semester at Casper College before being called on a mission in January 1971. I boarded the plane February 13 to go to Salt Lake City and from there I went to Pennsylvania. This was quite an experience for a shy, country boy. There are so many people, and so much traffic in Pennsylvania. I enjoyed the people we met. I saw Amish people for the first time and saw places where American history was made. I was a district and Zone leader which brought many challenges. I returned home January 25, 1973. After returning home I attended NWCC again and graduated with an associate degree. I went to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah the fall semester of 1973 and that is where I met Judy. She had graduated from Utah Technical College and was working for a dentist in Orem. She was staying in an apartment with one of the girls from home and I met her at a fireside. I asked her for a date. We continued to date that semester and on March 16 I asked her if she would spend eternity with me.

The second chapter of our story started August 16, 1974 in the Manti LDS Temple. Over the altar Brent Aagard Winters and Judy Monsen began their eternal family. Judy came from the small Utah town of Altamont. She is the youngest daughter of Grant Orsen and Marian W. Monsen. She has three older sisters and four brothers. We had a double wedding with Judy's sister and her husband and travelled to Seattle, Washington for their reception. We toured a small part of Seattle and went up in the Space Needle. We also went to the wharfs at Puget Sound. We then came back to Otto for our reception and spent a few days with our family. We then went back to Utah to start my second year at BYU. Our first "home" was a small basement apartment in Orem. In April we came back home for the summer to help farm.

We were home a little over a week when we were surprised with the birth of our first child, Kason John. He was a full month premature so he had to stay in the hospital for three weeks. It was a very happy daddy and mommy that brought their 4lb 10oz son home. He was awfully small and very thin for a while, but he soon developed "chipmonk cheeks" and has been a strong, healthy boy.

Once again summer came to a close and school time rolled around. We were back at BYU again. This time we lived in a 100 year old house in Springville, Utah. The people in our ward took us in and loved us as their own. This was a very challenging time for me, trying to get all the required classes and skills tests for my PE major. I did my student teaching at the Springville Middle School. I worked with 6th and 7th grade boys. We met some very special people and grew close as a family during this time. Again school came to a close and we returned to Wyoming. I did not have all preparations completed for graduation at this time, so in August we journeyed back to Provo for commencement and on August 13, 1976 I graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree from Brigham Young University.

After a busy fall and winter we were blessed with another beautiful spirit in our home. This time we had a blonde, blue-eyed, vivacious little girl. Karah Ann was born January 1, 1977. Between basketball, scouting, primary and Relief Society, we have kept busy in the church. And with driving school bus, substitute teaching, and preparing for spring planting this also added to a very busy time for us.

I was able to go moose hunting the fall of 1977. We went up in thoroughfare country near Yellowstone Park. It was awfully cold and snowy. I was able to shoot a 2 point bull moose. We hauled our gear out and a friend and I went back after the moose and an elk we had shot. We just got back to our camp and started loading the moose when I noticed a bear snooping around the tent. I called to Stanley and he grabbed his gun and shot. There is now a beautiful black bear-skin rug adorning his living room floor.

March 16, 1978 brought another sweet baby to love and cherish. Her name is Janna. She is a very sweet happy baby and she has brought a special glow to our lives.

I was able to get a Big Horn sheep permit in 1978, so we back-packed into the Rockies above Meeteetse. We were able to see several sheep but were unable to get close enough to shoot.

We are still kept busy with our church assignments. Judy is Primary President and I am involved in scouting.

At this time we are so grateful for our family and the opportunity of living here in Wyoming near so many of the people we love.

STEPHEN AND MARY WINTERS

On the 29th day of January there was a son born to Harold and Ann Winters. It was their second son. He was born in Basin, Wyoming at 2:06 a.m. His name was to be Stephen Aagard Winters. Knowing Stephen, he was probably a handful and a half. Stephen has fond memories of his childhood. The many hours of pretending a wooden broom stick was his horse and of a little wooden block his car. There were times he use to play out in the snow with his cousin, Andrea, and Bill Tolman. And times he use to weed beans for 10¢ a row. His projects of raising chickens, lambs, and raising bees were fun, but his favorite thing of all that he remembers were the family camping trips. Even now, Stephen is happier when it's hunting season. The fun comes in planning the trip and where to go hunting, waiting to see who gets a cow permit, and etc. These things turn him into a little boy again.

He has grown to be a very righteous and kind man, thanks to the example

of good parents. He has been first and second counselor for the Sunday School for three years, and is now Sunday School Superintendent. He is also a home teacher. The year he met me, Maria Ester Garza, he was going to college in Powell. Studying agriculture engineering was his goal.

I, Maria Garza Winters, was born the 27th day of February in 1951. I am the only girl in our family. I have five brothers. My parents were born in Reynosa, Tamps, Mexico. We were all born in the United States. Four of us were born in Texas and two were born in Wyoming. I was 22 years old when I met Stephen. I first saw him at a football game in Burlington. It was a cold day, and I was with my mother. My first impression was how goodlooking he was, but I told myself that he probably had a girlfriend. Days later at M.I.A. I saw him again, so I asked Carol Davidson who he was. Little did I know that Carol was his first cousin. She told me that he was going to college and he didn't have a girlfriend. She and Judy Cook introduced us at a Halloween Party at Norman Preator's barn. From there we saw each other on mutual nights and called each other on the weekends. Our first date was the Gold-and-Green Ball at Lovell. I told my dad I was going to a dance at the church with a girlfriend, but I told my mother the truth. Weeks later, after a few more dates, Stephen wanted to pick me up at home for our dates. This was a difficult time for me because my father was very strict. Dad told me the only way Stephen could come to our house was that there was a promise of marriage from him. We had just met and I knew marriage was not on either one of our minds. Finally I talked Dad into letting us date if one of my brothers went with us. So that is how we went out together, the three of us, Stephen, me, and one of my brothers. We dated for a year before he took me by surprised and asked me to marry him. I said yes, before he could think about what he had asked me. We were married on the 15th day of December, 1973 at the Otto-Burlington church by Bishop Henderson. We spend our honeymoon at Red Lodge, Montana. After the honeymoon, we went to Laramie, Wyoming so that Stephen could go the the university. We lived at the student housing. He had a job at the universsity and I worked at Gibson's full-time. The time we spent there just the two of us, will always be the most special memories I have of our marriage. Being newly married and sharing so many new experience with each other made me love Stephen deeper than I had when we were dating. We came back to Otto, that summer because we were both so homesick. We bought a trailor and set it on Uncle John's place. A year later we were married for time-and-all-eternity at the Provo Temple.

Our marriage was blessed almost two years later with a blue-eyed, blond haired little boy named Jeremy James Winters. Jeremy weight 7lbs. 5oz. and I was a typical new mother. I didn't know a thing about caring for a baby. Alot of trial-n-error, and alot of help from "Grandma Ann" brought Jeremy through the first difficult months. We had planned to wait a few years before we had another baby but seven months later I became pregant again. This time my mother, Felipa Garza, came to live with us. We consider her presence with us a blessing. She helped me through some very rough months in my pregnancy. Since I had my kids too close together, I had alot of black-outs, dizziness, and lack of energy.

On the 6th day of February in 1976 we were blessed with a baby daughter, Melissa Ann Winters. Both Jeremy and Melissa were born at the Powell Hospital, delivered by Dr. Christensen. Melissa is now one year old and Jeremy is two years three months. Our family has truly been blessed.

NORMAN AND MARLA WINTERS

Annie Minnie Aagard and Harold Dalley Winters looked at their youngest son. He was a big baby weighing over nine pounds, Norman Aagard Winters. Ann liked the sound of the name. January 28, 1955, had brought the fifth of six children and she would be glad to get out of Basin, and back home to Otto to teach that big boy how to work.

His parents taught him much by example. He never knew his father to cuss or to take advantage of a neighbor. His mother was the first to lend a helping hand. Neither believed in borrowing money and both believed in working for what they got.

Norman works hard and has lived a good, clean life. His appendix ruptured when he was eighteen years old and it nearly cost him his life. The doctor told his parents it was because Norman was in excellent health that he lived.

At Provo, Utah, on, October 23, 1976, Norman took out his endowment and entered the marriage covenant with me, Marla Workman. I was born January 12, 1955 at Lovell, Wyoming, the eldest daughter of Greta Godfrey and Preston Duncan Workman. I have one younger sister.

We live in Otto, Wyoming where we farm. We think it will be a good place to raise our children and I'm glad he's in an occupation he likes.

Norman can always find some way to spend his time. He traps, raises bees, fishes, hunts, does gardening, and enjoys working with sheep.

I like to sew, cook, do crafts, grow plants, and paint.

Norman has held the church jobs of Aaronic Priesthood Young Men's Secretary, Sunday School teacher, Home teacher, and is serving on the Elder's Quorum Council.

I have been a Sunday School teacher, Relief Society Visiting teacher, and a primary chorister.

Perhaps, our greatest and most fulfilling calling is that of parents. We have two daughters, Amy, born September 14, 1977, and Patricia born November 19, 1978. They both bring us much joy.

EILEEN AAGARD WINTERS

The last child to be born to Harold and Ann Winters was Eileen Aagard Winters, on October 12, 1957 at Basin, Wyoming. I was rather small when I was born, weighing 5 pounds. I had to remain in the hospital for ten days under oxygen as I had a breathing problem. The doctor said that I had the flu when I was born. I'm sure the faith and prayers of my parents aided greatly to my recovery.

My parents were aided in their raising of me, their youngest daughter, by the help of my three older brothers and two older sisters. As I grew up I became a mixture of a tomboy from my brothers' influences, and supposedly a little lady from the influence of my two sisters.

I remember the times that my sisters would curl my hair with their large prickly curlers, and how relieved I was to have the dreaded ordeal over with. My brothers also played an important role in my life. Since my sisters were quite a bit older than I, my brothers filled in the gaps. I remember a typical fall day that I accompanied my two brothers, Steven and Norman, on a little hunting trip down the contour of the "Wash", which was a stream that run through our farm. As was often true on their hunting trips, on the farm, the only animals that were annoyed and sometimes stopped by their guns, were rabbits. On this day a pregnant rabbit happened to be in their way. Stephen and Norman decided to cook the rabbit over a fire and eat it. Upon getting

it ready a live baby rabbit was found inside the mother. I took the weak baby rabbit home and fed it milk with an eye dropper for a week, but it later died. I was also very fond of cats, and at times you would think that we had a cat farm with around fifteen or more cats running around.

Being raised on a farm seemed to have the affect of bringing the family closer together as all of us worked together on such jobs as hauling hay in the melting sun, and then to come in side for a rootbeer float made from some of Norman's "homemade" rootbeer. Or maybe it was trying to decide whose turn it was to feed the bumb lambs, or going swimming down in the river. The special times were planning the irrigating, farming, and chores so we could take a day off to go to the mountains. It was moments of teasing, when my brothers would lock the piano so I couldn't practice the piano because they were tired of listening to me. Maybe that is why I continued taking piano lessons through my senior year in high school because I knew how it irritated them. Even little things such as going for bike rides with my mom are very important to me now. I learned much from my mom about serving others and working hard from the example that she set.

I attended grades one through six at Otto, and then I went to Burlington and completed my high school years. While at Burlington I participated in volleyball, track, pepclub, and FHA. I held various positions such as FHA president, Annual Staff editor, Student Council secretary, and Vice-president of my class. I was chosen to represent Burlington my Junior year at Girls' State at Laramie. May, 1976, I graduated as Valedictorian and was given a scholarship from the "Elks".

The Church has played an important role also in my life. Early morning seminary was one of my challenges. Opportunities for leadership has come in various positions such as President of mutual classes, Relief Society president, organist, teacher in Relief Society, and music director for Junior Sunday School.

I attended two years of college at NWCC in Powell. It was here that I was chosen as a member of Phi Theta Kappa, a Honor Fraternity, and played for the college choir. I graduated from here with an Associate Degree.

During the summer of 1978, my two sisters, Mom, and I went to Utah for a trip. This was a special time of being together, and each getting to know each other better. At the end of that summer I went to BYU, and attended college as a Home Economics major. For one of my classes a string was tied around the wrist with an egg attached on the other end in a box. For a week this raw egg was a part of the lives of many students, including mine, as the teacher tried to teach us the responsibilities of having children. Great caution was taken to prevent the breaking of this egg so we didn't have to start over again. It was during this long week that I crawled out of my apartment window from the second floor while trying to avoid a guy that had come calling for me. The egg endured with only a small crack, and I endured with only a few bruises. A few of these kind of experiences were needed to keep me motivated in college. This know brings me to the present time in my life in 1979 where I am attending BYU as a Junior.

Yes, I have many fond memories of the past, and I'm anxious to see what the Lord has in mind for me in the future.

No 9

Vera Mary Aagard

and

Pleasant "Happy" Anderson Steelman

No 9 - Vera Mary Aagard - 9 January 1923

Married: Pleasant "Happy" Anderson Steelman

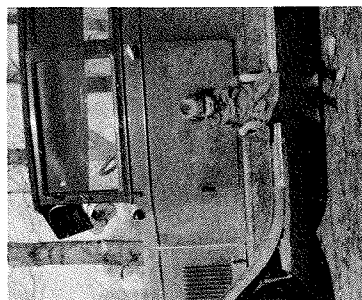
2 November 1939



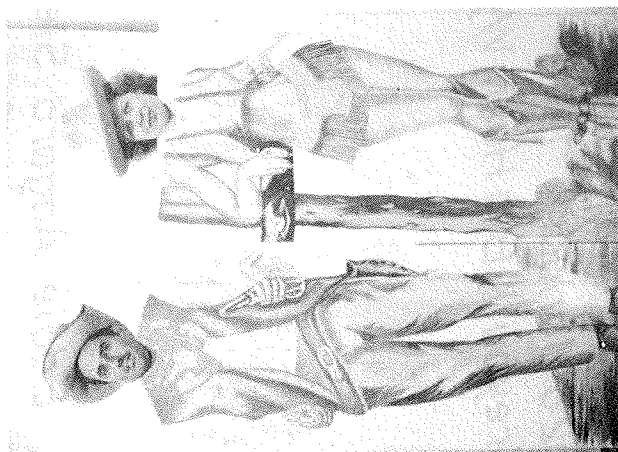
Mary



"Hap"



Mary



"Happy" Mary

Children of Pleasant Anderson STEELMAN and Vera Mary AAGARD



1950

1959 -

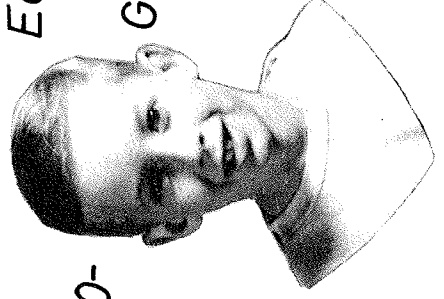


Deanna Mary Steelman
28 January 1941
Greybull, Big Horn, Wyoming

Norman James
Steelman
born: 18 March 1947
died: 29 March 1947



Eddie Aagard Steelman
6 June 1943
Greybull, Big Horn, Wyoming



1950 -

- 1961

Pleasant and Vera Mary Steelman

I, Vera Mary Aagard Steelman, a child of James Aagard and Christine Rasmie Winters Aagard, was born January 9, 1923, in the City of Burlington, State of Wyoming and County of Big Horn. I am the third daughter in a family of twelve.

I was born at home and brought into this world by a midwife--Mrs. Lovina Davidson or as everyone who knew her well, called her Grandma Davidson. She lived just down the road from us about a mile. Grandma Davidson was a very kind and generous person. It didn't matter who you were, if you were hungry or needed a bed, she would always provide a warm welcome and whatever she put on the table was always the best she had. I had the opportunity to spend many happy hours at her home. Her granddaughter, Lovina LaFollette, was my best friend and every chance we got we would go visit her.

I was blessed April 1, 1923 by S. S. Cottrell; baptized August 3, 1931 by Levi Johnson; and confirmed August 3, 1931 by Elder David Henderson. We attended Sunday School and Church as a family and I attended Primary as a child. I have worked in the Church as a Primary teacher, Primary secretary, Primary president, and M.I.A. secretary.

I taught the Cub Scout class at Burlington and we were always planning cookouts and different activities. One week we planned a trip to Tatman Mountain, which is about 15 miles from Burlington. We borrowed my dad's pickup, along with his shovel, axe, and other tools and equipment he kept in it (which we were really thankful to have.). We enjoyed a good trip hunting for agates, petrified wood and of course, keeping an eye out for rattle snakes.

Rain had washed lots of sand in the gullies we had to cross. We crossed several without any problems, but finally we came to a big gully so full of sand I was hesitant about crossing it. My Cub Scouts said, "We can make it!" Being a person who is always ready to accept a challenge, or a fool, I decided to try it. I got a good run at it in the pickup and thought we would just fly right across. We sank in the sand clear up to the hub caps. Some of the boys said, "Oh, good! we get to spend the night here!" Some of the boys must have been in situations like this before because they knew just what to do. Some of the boys cut sage brush and we jacked each wheel up and put the sage brush under them. We had no problem at all getting out. We had two boys with us that didn't believe in working too much. They just sat in the shade of the pickup--it was a hot day!

Our parents were kind and gentle people. They were always concerned about our spiritual life as well as physical. They taught us the value of work and to be proud of a job well done. They believed idleness was the Devil's workshop. In a family as large as ours, everyone had to do his share of the work. Each one of us was responsible for different jobs. Sometimes we girls worked in the house or in the fields, hoeing beans or stacking hay and herding cows. We always tried to finish stacking our hay by the 4th of July so we could go to the mountains fishing.

When we stacked hay, my sister, Ann, and I used to take turns riding the horse that pulled the stacker full of hay up to the haystack. Our dad was on the haystack, stomping he hay down. We dumped a whole stacker of hay right on top of him. We just knew he was smothered under all of that hay.

We never climbed up on a stack of hay so fast in our life. The hay was really flying in all directions! We were surely thankful when we got Dad out and he was still breathing.

Another job we were responsible for was herding the cows. We took turns herding the cows and keeping them away from the fields where our crops were growing. We had a large umbrella tied to a stake and during the hottest part of the day we would get some relief from the heat under it. It was also a good place to read books. We had a saddle horse we used in case the cows strayed too far.

We used our horses for pleasure riding and we would race and see who had the best horse. When we got tired of riding horses and wanted a little more excitement, we would round up Dad's buck sheep or big calves and ride them. We got dumped every so often, but that was all part of the fun. You had to be careful or the bucks might come up behind you and give you a good butt with their horns.

Spring house cleaning involved taking the carpets up and putting a layer of fresh straw under them. We also had straw ticks and feather ticks we used in our beds. These also had to have fresh straw and feathers. They were nice and warm, especially when your bedroom was cold. We made our own cheese, soap and cured our own meat. We also canned lots of vegetables and fruit and did most of our own sewing and making quilts.

Once a week, on Saturday, was bath time and each one took his turn in a large round galvanized tub. Water was heated on the wood and coal stove. If the water was getting cold when your turn came, you just added more hot water.

I worked in the M.I.A. at Powell, Wyoming, for a number of years as the Young Women's Secretary. One year the Stake M.I.A. assigned the Powell M.I.A. a part in the Stake Roadshow. Our assignment was a ballet, "The Dance of the Dying Swan." Everyone who was sort of on the plump side was asked to be in the show, so naturally I got a part. Each one wore a white net, full skirt and white blouse, a small headdress with feathers in it and white tennis shoes. Can't you just imagine how graceful we were? Our M.I.A. President refused to take part and said she didn't want to get up there and make a fool of herself. We had more fun practicing than we will ever have again the rest of our lives and it was a hilarious part of their roadshow.

I attended Public School at Burlington, Wyoming, and at St. Joe, which was about seven miles from Burlington. I began school in the first grade at Burlington and attended there through the sixth grade. My dad bought the Griffin Ranch at St. Joe in 1935 and I finished grade school at St. Joe. It was no problem for me to get to school at St. Joe, as I just stepped over our yard fence and I was on the school grounds. St. Joe was a one-room school with grades one through eight and only one teacher. My teacher was Bernice Moon, a very kind and gentle person. Later Miss Moon would add Aagard to her name when she married my brother, Robert. When I finished school at St. Joe, I returned to the Burlington school. I walked nearly two miles to catch the school bus. The school bus was a wagon with a covered top and pulled by horses. A wood and coal stove helped to keep all the kids warm.

Most of the school teachers I had over the years, I really got along with quite well. Miss Foley was an exception. She would stand over you at the blackboard with a ruler and if you didn't get the problem, she would whack

your hands with the ruler. She scared you so badly, it was almost impossible for your mind to function well. She had a habit of talking to herself and we would see her going down the street having quite a conversation with herself.

Mrs. Dunsworth used quite a different method of punishment for her pupils. She would draw a nest of goose eggs in the corner and make you sit on them.

There have been many faith-promoting incidents in our family. I am positive that many of us in our family have been blessed in numerous ways. I believe that God has intervened in our behalf many times. Many of the illnesses and accidents we have encountered could have been fatal. When we were children we had some of the more serious diseases--Diphtheria, Measles, Whooping Cough, etc. I am sure at times like this our mother turned to God in fasting and prayer and her tender, loving care helped us all to survive.

When Rube fell through the window and cut his nose nearly off, I believe that it was through the faith and prayers of those who loved him and watched over him, that his nose was able to heal so well and not leave a bad scar.

When Edgar lost his hand in a terrible accident, God must have been watching over him, as he was able to drive to the doctor by himself (which was 20 miles), without bleeding to death.

God must have been watching over us when we were hauling a load of supplies to the sheep camp in the Big Horn Mountains. We were on this treacherous road and Ann and I were riding on top of the supplies on the truck. We turned out to let a car pass and got too close to the edge of the road and tipped off the side of the mountain. Ann and I were thrown off the truck into the road and the truck was stopped by a tree from going down the side of the mountain. Dad, Mom, Morris, and Beatrice were in the cab of the truck and none of us were seriously injured.

When I was 25 our family doctor told me I needed an operation. We had our two small children at the time and I was fearful of an operation. I was given a blessing by Matts Jensen, a very kind, religious man and a personal friend of my parents. Immediately all this fear left me and my mind was at ease.

Our son, Eddie Steelman, had a serious problem with his lungs. The doctors in Billings, Montana, took numerous tests and said they would possibly have to remove one of his lungs. Robert Aagard and Brother Blue from Billings gave Eddie blessings and I believe God healed him, so his lung did not have to be removed. God has certainly blessed us in many ways.

While we lived in Burlington, we were fortunate to have good neighbors. One special neighbor was Racheal Snyder, who lived just across the street from us. I loved to visit with her and usually checked on her every few days to see how she was getting along. It had been a couple of days since I saw her and I thought it was strange I hadn't seen her working in her yard. She usually spent much of her time in her yard when the weather turned warm. However, I thought she might be visiting her daughter.

I was busy at home working in my yard and as these thoughts kept going through my mind, I kept getting this feeling I should go over to Racheal's house. Suddenly I had this urgent prompting that I should go right away. When I knocked on Racheal's door, I could hear this low moaning inside. The

doors were locked, but I could see through the one screen door. Racheal was laying on the floor with just her nightgown on and I could tell she needed medical help soon. I hurried to my parent's home, which was just a few steps away. Dad and Mom went with me back to Racheal's house and Dad took the door off. We called her daughter and a doctor and while we were waiting for the doctor to arrive, we got some warm water and sponged Racheal off and wrapped her in a nice warm blanket. I guess we cared for her in the right way, as she lived for some time after that.

Mrs. Leslie Cauffman, one of our neighbors at Burlington, lived with us in our home in Powell for a number of weeks. Her husband, Ben, was in the Powell Hospital with cancer. The Welfare Department had confiscated all their furniture and other belongings. All they were able to keep was their clothes and some of their bedding. We enjoyed Leslie's company, and we were glad that we were able to help them. We receive letters from Leslie every year. She is in the Pioneer Home at Thermopolis.

In May, 1977, Tonja and April Steelman came from Alaska to live with us for three months. Their parents had just obtained a divorce and it was very hard for them to try and adjust to this problem that was upsetting their young lives so very much. We spent many happy times together and other times it was quite a challenge to know how to handle different situations. We did enjoy their company and they certainly livened our lives up considerably. We certainly missed them when their father took them to live with him in Oregon.

We always had many other children besides our own around our home. I had the privilege of caring for some of the Burlington School teacher's children and over the years we took into our home Bobby and Kathy Tolman, Marlyn and Kathy George and Roger Caton. Jeanette Johnson and Georgia Perkins spent a good share of their time at our house also. Both their parents worked and like any other kids, they didn't like to stay alone.

I have worked at several jobs outside my home as a baby sitter, housework, washing and ironing. I believe there is dignity in any job you have, whether it be teaching school, housework, etc. If you do your work well, to the best of your ability, then you can be proud of a job well done.

On March 13, 1978, in Powell, Wyoming, one of the women I worked for (Sharron Fangmier) saved my life, and I will be indebted to her as long as I live. I was working for Sharron, as I usually do on Monday. I decided while cleaning the kitchen to eat an orange. The sections in the orange were kind of stringy and I got one lodged in my throat. I was unable to talk, could get no air and was turning blue. Sharron was sitting in the living room visiting with her neighbor. I could not tell Sharron what was wrong, so I took her by the hand and led her into the kitchen and pointed to the orange and to my throat. Sharron is a registered nurse and her quick action saved my life. She put her one arm around me, just under the ribs and with her other hand gave me a hard knock on my back and the orange popped right out. Thank God she was home, as usually Sharron went shopping, etc. while I cleaned her house.

I have several hobbies I enjoy--sewing for the grandchildren, making quilts, knitting, crocheting, gardening and collecting interesting rocks. My neighbor got me interested in a new and very rewarding hobby, which is curling these older ladies' hair at the rest home. I even had a gentleman

whose hair and beard I trimmed. One little lady said, "This is the best thing anyone could do for us and if I had some money, I would give you a tip. But being as I have no money, I will just give you this," and she smiled a big smile. I told her money could not buy a smile like that.

I, Vera Mary Aagard, and Pleasant Anderson Steelman were married November 2, 1939, by Bishop Albert D. Wardell. Pleasant was born December 25, 1917, in Hope, New Mexico. We were blessed with three children: Deanna Mary Steelman, born January 28, 1941; Eddie Aagard Steelman, born June 6, 1943; and Norman James Steelman, born March 29, 1947 and died March 29, 1947.

January 28, 1941, our home was blessed with our first child--Deanna Mary Steelman. She weighed 7 lbs. 4 oz. and was 20 inches long. She was born with lots of dark hair and hazel eyes. She seemed to be blessed with a good set of lungs, but Dr. Myre said all her crying was caused by a bad case of the Colic. As soon as she outgrew the Colic (about six months), she became quite a delightful little baby.

We were undecided on a name and the hospital policy was to have your baby named before you were released from the hospital. One of the nurses wanted us to name her Hannah Dean, but we declined her offer. Deanna's dad nicknamed her "Screamer" and this nickname stayed with her for some time.

When Deanna arrived at the age for school, she wasn't too excited about leaving home all by herself. Georgia Perkins, a neighbor girl, was kind enough to come by our house every morning and walk with Deanna to school. Deanna has always made friends easily and has always been a kind, gentle and a thoughtful person. She is a good mother, a good housekeeper and a good cook. She works in the Church and always does her share and I am proud of her.

June 6, 1943, our home was blessed with our second child, Eddie Aagard Steelman. He weighed 8 lbs. 4 oz. and was 21 inches long. He was born with blonde hair and blue eyes. Some of our friends said "You don't want to just call him Eddie; you should name him Edward." Eddie was nicknamed Punky or Punk and he is still called this by some people to this day.

When Eddie was two years old, he was pecked on the head by a mother hen who was trying to defend her baby ducks. He acquired a very serious infection from this hen peck. Penicillin was a new medicine and had not been in use very long. It was considered a miracle drug to fight infection. Eddie has always had many friends and has always been a kind, gentle and a thoughtful person. He is a good father, a good provider for his family, and a good cook. He works in the Church and always does his share and I am proud of him.

March 18, 1947, our home was blessed with our third child, a son, Norman James Steelman. We were only privileged to keep him for 11 hours and he passed away from R.H. Factor, a condition of the blood.

July 3, 1959, Deanna Mary Steelman married Gerald Eugene Mobley in Burlington, Wyoming, Big Horn County. Gerald is a good father and provides well for his family. He attends church when his job will allow him to and I am proud of him. Gerald and Deanna are blessed with two children: Bryon Ray Mobley, born March 13, 1970; baptized March 27, 1978 by his father; and confirmed by Eddie Steelman. Tammy Teresa Mobley was born March 14, 1973.

June 28, 1969, Eddie Aagard Steelman married Linda Rae McNellis at Saratoga, Carbon Co., Wyoming. Linda is a good mother, a good housekeeper, and a good cook. She also works in the Church and I am proud of her. Eddie and Linda are blessed with five children: Jason Anderson Steelman, born August 18, 1971; Stacey Mayre Steelman, born October 15, 1972; Lance Allen Steelman, born April 23, 1976; Jolene Annette Steelman, born April 7, 1978; and Ryan Alan Steelman, born May 11, 1979.

Happy and I are blessed with seven grandchildren. Each one is very special. Money could not buy all the joy and happiness they have brought into our lives. We are very proud of our grandchildren.

Our first home was a small, one-room house with tar paper on the outside. It was a cozy little house. In the summer when it was real hot, we moved our bed in front of the window or door to get some air. We had none of the modern conveniences we have now. I washed clothes on a washboard and all the water we used, we pumped by hand from a well.

Our second home was on a small farm we bought three miles west of Burlington. We lived here a few years and then moved to Burlington and Happy mechaniced in a garage he bought from his dad. This garage had been a livery stable when Burlington was first settled. We raised a large garden, chickens, bum lambs, a cow and calf, and Deanna and Eddie helped with these chores. In the summer they worked in the bean fields, hoeing beans.

We had some trouble with the neighbor kids going into our chicken coup and breaking eggs. I talked to them about this, but it did little good. I decided I would stop this for good. I could see them coming across a field next to our house and this gave me time to get into the chicken coup before they did, without them seeing me. I dressed up in an old Indian blanket and an ugly rubber mask that looked exactly like a mean old Indian. I hid behind the chicken coup door. As these children neared the chicken coup, I could hear them laughing and talking about how they were going to really splatter eggs all over the place. As they came in the chicken coup, I stepped out from behind the door. I never saw kids run so fast in all my life! As they ran across the field, I hollered at them in a deep voice, "Don't you kids ever come here and break eggs again!" I was sorry I frightened them so much, but that was the last time they smashed eggs at our place.

Another incident that happened at our home in Burlington could have been disastrous. It was summertime and all the big Cottonwood trees around our yard shed all their cotton, all over the yard and over the neighbors' yards too. I decided I would see if it would burn and get rid of it. I lit a match to the cotton and it was almost like an explosion. The fire traveled so fast, right over to Mr. Schalf's little house that he kept his tools in and it started on fire. Like a flash of lightening, it went to our little barn and it started to burn. Some of our neighbors saw the fire and came and helped me put it out. Without my neighbors' help, the whole town could have burned down. Skeeter Riley was one of the kind souls who helped put the fire out. As he was carrying water as fast as he could, he said, "Mary, there are two things you can't beat--fire and water." We did beat the fire and there was little damage, thanks to my good neighbors.

Another incident that caused alot of excitement happened one night as I was returning to my home after visiting with my parents, who lived just across the street. As I entered our yard gate, I heard this hissing noise and I thought I heard a rattling noise, like a Rattlesnake would make. I tried to tell myself my mind was just playing tricks on me. How could a Rattlesnake get to Burlington; no one ever saw one there. They were in the hills, but that was several miles from Burlington. Happy was not at home so I hurried and called my dad. If there was a Rattlesnake by our gate, I sure didn't want our kids around him.

When I got Dad on the phone, he was kinda put out and told me I must be having pipe dreams. I finally convinced him to come over and see if there really was a snake. He brought his flashlight, as it was dark outside. As Dad shined his light under a Lilac bush, by the side of the yard gate, we could see a large Rattlesnake, all coiled up and ready to strike. Dad really got excited and told me to run into the house and get a gun. I held the flashlight and Dad got a good aim and blew that snake into a dozen pieces! I worried for sometime that there might be more Rattlesnakes, but as long as we lived there, we never saw another snake.

Gerald and Deanna Mobley

Deanna Mary Steelman was my given name, being born on January 28, 1941, in Greybull, Wyoming. My parents were Pleasant Anderson Steelman and Vera Mary Aagard. Being the first born of this union, all the experiments were tried on me. For the first six months of my life I cried almost continually and so my dad nick-named me "Screamer".

All of my first 18 years, but one, were spent in the small town of Burlington, Wyoming. During the year I was ten we lived in Washington.

When my brother Eddie was born, I nick-named him "Punk" and so I would call him "Punkin" or Punk. This name stuck with him almost forever.

Playing drums in the school band and also in a dance band at high school were two of my favorite past times. If there were any school plays which were comedies, I was sure to try out for the most ridiculous parts.

Church was also an important part of my life during those growing-up years. Graduation from Seminary was a very rewarding experience. After graduation from high school in 1959, I went to work as a stenographer for a Civil Engineer at the Big Horn County Court House in Basin, Wyoming. On July 3, 1959, Gerald E. Mobley and I were married in the L.D.S. Church in Burlington. We got married on the 3rd so we could have the 4th off for our honeymoon. We lived in Basin, Wyoming, for a year and then went to Jackson Hole for six months, where Gerald worked on construction. We had a small trailer parked by Jackson Lake and it was just like a six month honeymoon! From there we moved to Lovell, Wyoming, for a couple of months and then to Cody, Wyoming, where we lived for several years.

In 1963 we moved to Oslo, Minnesota for a year, but the climate wasn't really the best, so we only stayed the one year. Next we moved back to Cody and Gerald started Flight Training and I went to work for the Coca-Cola Co. as their Office Manager. The year 1966 was a fateful year for Gerald as he was drafted by Uncle Sam and was sent to Basic Training in Texas. After Basic Training I was able to join him for about six months in Ft. Rucker, Alabama. They have cock roaches down there about as big as mice. Gerald found me several times hanging off the shower rod at night because I went into the bathroom and there would be huge cock roaches all over. The climate was very hot and muggy and the sheets would sometimes be wringing wet by morning. Gerald got very good grades at Ft. Rucker, so he was able to attend all the Fixed Wing Schools down there.

The next stop for us was San Francisco, California, for about six months. They provided us with base housing that was right down on the Bay. You just couldn't ask for a prettier place. It was in San Francisco that Gerald received his orders for Vietnam. That day will always stick in my mind. I was at work on the Base when he came in and told me the news. He was assigned to a unit at Ft. Lewis, Washington, that would be about six months in Washington state preparing to go to Nam. We packed our bags and meager belongings and were on our way again. I had worked for the Army at the Presidio and they put me to work at Fort Lewis the day after we got there. This job was in the Headquarters, doing things like sending the General's Christmas cards, pouring tea at the little afternoon affairs and arranging banquets for officers. This was definitely one of the most different jobs I have ever had. When Gerald shipped out for Vietnam in October of 1967, I decided to stay in

Ft. Lewis and keep the job I had, rather than going home to Wyoming. I roomed with a girl from Montana, that we had met in Alabama. This was an enjoyable year in some respects. Bonnie Abbey was a very good roommate and we didn't have an argument the whole year. Gerald was sent to DaNang, Vietnam, for his little hitch over there. Rocket attacks almost every evening were the highlight of his tour. He would send home tapes and you could sometimes hear the rockets exploding on them. There were times when they would go 48 hours without any sleep. When he had been there for six months, he was allowed a week for R & R (rest and recuperation), so I met him in Hawaii for a week. It was really a glorious week, except for the fact that the end of the week was always in the back of our minds. The morning they left, I felt so sorry for some of the guys and their wives. They knew that all of them wouldn't be returning home at the end of the six months.

All the casualty reports came into the Headquarters where I worked and one day a KIA came in by the name of Mobley and no one wanted to tell me. They finally got up enough courage, only to find out that it was a different first name. Gerald went to Vietnam and came home on the same day, October 6, which was also his dad's birthday. Gerald came home so skinny; he looked like a skelton. When he was discharged from the Army at Ft. Lewis, we came to Billings so he could continue his flight training and we have been here for ten years.

In 1970 we were blessed with being able to adopt a darling little boy by the name of Bryon Ray Mobley. He weighed only two pounds when he was born on March 13, 1970, and he had to stay in the hospital for two months, until he weighed five pounds. Being born $2\frac{1}{2}$ months pre-mature created alot of physical problems for him and he had to have heart surgery when he turned three years old.

On March 14, 1973, we were again blessed with another child, Tammy Teresa Mobley, after 13 years of marriage! Her birthday was only one day after Bryon's, so oh! Joy! when it is birthday time! Tammy was blessed with severe colic like her mother, so for the first five months no one got much sleep.

In July of 1973, we moved into a new home, because we had simply out-grown the old one. The years in Billings, Montana, have been very happy ones for all of us. For the past two years I have served on the Stake Relief Society Board and the Stake Primary Board and also held ward jobs. During the school year of 1978-79, I worked as a volunteer mother, as a Mid-day Aide at school and also served on the PTA Board.

Gerald very much enjoys his profession as a pilot and has been with Cardinal Drilling Company for almost 10 years. The only part he dislikes is having to spend so much time in motel rooms.

Having the two children has truly made us a family and our life more complete. We are very thankful we were blessed with the children.

Eddie and Linda Steelman

I was born June 6, 1943, in Greybull, Wyoming. My father is Pleasant Anderson Steelman and my mother is Mary Vera Aagard. I have one sister, Deanna Mobley and a brother, Norman Steelman, who died shortly after birth. I met Linda Rae McNellis at Laramie, Wyoming, where we were both attending the University of Wyoming. After a very brief courtship, I proposed and she accepted. We were married June 28, 1969, in Saratoga, Wyoming.

We have been blessed with five very special children. Jason Anderson Steelman, born August 18, 1971; Stacey Mayre Steelman, born October 15, 1972; Lance Alan Steelman, born April 23, 1976; Joeline Annette Steelman, born April 7, 1978; and Ryan Aaron Steelman was born on May 11, 1979. All of our children were born in Billings, Montana.

One of the happiest moments of Linda and my lives was when we were married and sealed to Jason and Stacey at the Cardston, Alberta Temple on May 26, 1973. Neither of us will ever forget how beautiful Jason and Stacey looked as they were brought in to be sealed to us. We have earnestly tried to make it to the Temple at least once each year since 1973. Going to the Temple has helped me understand the law of death and no longer have a fear of it, if I live the Commandments to the best of my ability.

I have been blessed with the opportunity to bless and name our five children. Now I'm looking forward to the day when I can take them into the waters of baptism.

I have many fond memories of the things which my parents gave to me. I'm especially thankful to my mother for the great love and patience which she gave to me. Dad always remains so calm and loving; I've always admired him for his ability to refrain from using profanity.

Grandpa and Grandma Aagard were such loving grandparents; not only to their own off-spring but to anyone else who needed assistance in the community. They radiated so much love. Although I don't remember anything about Grandpa and Grandma Steelman, I look forward to the day when I can share my thoughts and love with them. Hopefully they will have a desire to accept the Gospel. I only hope that I might be able to exemplify the great qualities of my parents and grandparents.

I was ordained an Elder by J. Claine Peterson on May 10, 1970, in Cheyenne, Wyoming. On January 13, 1976, I was ordained a High Priest by President Robert L. Eardley in Billings, Montana. I can happily say I've never declined any call in the Church and have had the opportunity to serve in the following areas: Assistant Ward Clerk, Scout Leader, Sunday School Teacher, Assistant Stake Clerk and Stake Clerk. All of my callings have held equal importance to me.

I personally know that there are three members of the Godhead, who love each of us and will shower us with blessings if we will live the Commandments to the best of our abilities. I also know these are extremely troubled times and we must remain close as a family and love and support each other if we are to receive exaltation.

No 10

Morris Agard

and

Mona Jean Mann

No 10

MORRIS AAGARD

3 September 1925



9 May 1946

Mona & Morris



Married

9 September 1946

MONA JEAN MANN



Mona



Morris



Mona Morris

Kathleen Ann David Thomas



Morris — School days

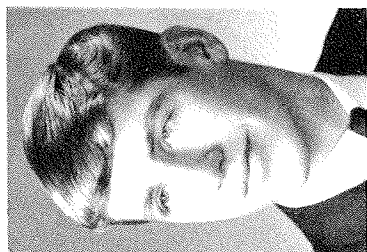
CHILDREN OF
and

Morris
AAGARD



KATHLEEN ANN
5 November 1947
Cody, Park,
Wyoming.

Mona Jean
MANN



DAVID THOMAS
13 October 1949
Bozeman, Gallatin,
Montana.



1954

MORRIS AAGARD

Morris was born three fourths of a mile west of Burlington, Wyoming on September 3, 1925; the son of James and Annie Winters Aagard. He was given the name of Maurice, but somehow by the time he started to school, it had been changed to Morris. His starting to school was delayed until he was 7 because of a problem with a sore leg. It was somewhat shorter than the other and caused some pain. None of the many doctors his mother took him to seemed to know what the cause was, but later in life it was diagnosed as Parthes Disease; a deterioration of the hip socket.

As with most children, many things happened that remain quite vivid in memories during this period of time. A neighbor boy found that he could pick on Morris without any retaliation, making life quite miserable for several months. His mother noticed this, and after one of these incidents, she gathered a wailing Morris in her arms and after comforting him she said, "It isn't right that you let him pick on you like that. You show him that he can't do that to you or your life will always be miserable." It was a good lesson, because after a furious scuffle the other boy was "sat on" and they became good friends.

Brother Bob was involved in one incident that involved a big, hornet's nest which the two boys knew was on a branch in a plum tree. It was decided to knock it to the ground. Strategy was discussed and Bob told Morris that when it fell and bees came after them, they would drop flat on the ground and the hornets wouldn't bother them. Down went the nest with the angry bees looking for their tormentors and down dropped Morris to the ground with Bob high-tailing it out of there. It took quite a number of stings before Morris had sense enough to get up and leave.

One other event that created quite a furor was an attempt at trapping. A trap was set very haphazardly by a hole and miracle of miracle of miracles, a big, fat skunk was caught. It was surely a marvelous accomplishment that everyone would praise, so a burlap bag was found and the unwilling skunk was shoved into it. The skunk was flung over his shoulder in the bag for the trip to the house to show off his prize. No one else seemed to think it was that great an accomplishment. In fact, it was some time before they quit complaining of the smell and the clothes that had to be rid of the smell.

The first five and one years of school was attended at Burlington. After that the family moved to a farm 6 miles south of Burlington. Morris completed grade school at St. Joe; a little one-room school house with eight grades. Can you imagine what it would be like with 8 grades all studying their lessons at the same time?

On August 24, 1934 a baptismal was held in the Greybull River south of Burlington. All the kids had a good time splashing and swimming after being baptized. Morris was baptized by his father and confirmed the next day by Bruce Cottrell.

During his life there were several times when life could have ended quite abruptly. Surely there are guardian angels that protect the careless. One of these times occurred when most of the family were packed in a truck loaded with salt and headed for the sheep camp in the Big Horn Mountains above Lovell. James, Annie, and Morris were in the front seat and the older children were sitting on the salt in the back. The steep mountain road was very narrow with no guard rails and a very steep drop clear to the canyon floor. As they were climbing very slowly up the road, they met a truck load of logs coming down. As the road was not wide enough to pass, Mr Johnson, the driver of the other truck, asked Dad to back down to a wider spot. All went well until the heavy laden truck hit a soft shoulder on the road and over and over it rolled to the bottom of the canyon with salt and kids scat-

tered all the way down. No one was hurt except Morris who lost a finger nail.

Some years later when he was about 15, he was trapping for muskrat. This involved crossing the frozen Greybull River to attend the trap line. One cold winter day when it was about 20 below, the ice gave way and down went Morris thru the hole. The hole happened to be small and as he went down, he spread out his arms which prevented him from going under. As he walked the one and a half miles home, the wet clothes were frozen stiff.

On another occasion he was cutting timber for a sawmill in the Bridger Mountains above Bozeman, Montana. One large tree lodged in the top of another as it started to fall. It seemed secure and in order to cut another to drop across it to bring it down, Morris walked under it to get to another tree. Just as he was underneath it, it came crashing to the ground; the branches brushing his clothes as it fell. Sometime after this the family bought a farm southwest of Burlington. On this occasion, he was grinding grain and as he was checking the running machine, his loose coveralls were snagged by the spinning power take-off shaft. It immediately wrapped the clothes around it so fast that it completely ripped all the clothes off from the waist down. The friction of the turning shaft and wrapped clothes was so great that it burned the back of his legs quite severely. Thanks was given to the Lord that the clothes had given way.

Morris has held several responsibilities in the church including the following: Elder-ordained by Orlando Aagard, May 7, 1944; YMMIA President 1944-1945; Stake Missionary, February 5, 1951, Belgrade Montana; Branch President about 1953, Belgrade Montana; Bishop-Burlington Ward, June 28, 1959, High Priest and Bishop - September 12, 1959 by Hugh B. Brown; Bishop-Otto-Burlington Ward, January 21, 1962, Franklin D. Richards, March 31, 1962; High Council, 1968-1973; YMMIA President, 1973-1976; Sunday School Teacher and Welfare Director, 1976. Priesthood line of authority: Morris Aagard, High Priest, September 12, 1959 by Hugh B. Brown; Hugh B. Brown, Apostle, April 10, 1958, by David O. McKay; David O. McKay, Apostle, April 9, 1906, by Joseph F. Smith; Joseph F. Smith, Apostle, July 1, 1866, by Brigham Young; Brigham Young, Apostle, February 14, 1835, by the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris; Three Witnesses, February 14, 1835, by Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams; Joseph Smith, 1929, by Peter, James and John; Peter, James, and John by Jesus Christ.

After finishing high school at Burlington in 1944, Morris attended college in Laramie for one winter semester. There he met a special girl, Mona Jean Mann, from Red Lodge, Montana. They seemed drawn to each other after meeting at the L.D.S. Institute. During the balance of the semester and the following summer there was a courtship with memories of many dances, shows, and picnics. After a visit to Morris' home in September to meet the family, they foolishly eloped on the way back to Red Lodge and were married at Columbus, Montana, September 9, 1946. A temple sealing followed in the Salt Lake Temple on January 14, 1947. Mona always said that she spent her honeymoon piling beans to be threshed.

Two children were born to Morris and Mona, Kathleen Ann, November 5, 1947 and David Thomas, October 13, 1949. The young couple spent the first year of their life together on the family farm. Morris' father and mother had moved to Belgrade, Montana after buying a farm there. The following winter was spent in Powell, Wyoming working for an electrical contractor.

Morris' father and mother didn't like living so far from their children, so they came back to Burlington and Morris and Mona bought the farm in Belgrade and moved there to live. They arrived the 1st day of January, 1949 and the next day they awoke to a world of snow. Looking over the fields, no fences or roads could be seen. It was a beautiful place to live; very

green with grass and trees and a river thru the middle of the farm. Dave was born here at Belgrade, and because he was allergic to milk, he was a cause of much concern and worry. He could not keep it down and in addition, his body would break out with exema; especially his arms and legs. The itching was intense and his poor little limbs were kept bleeding from scratching them. This lasted for about two years and then one day Morris felt to give him a blessing. From this point on he improved and became well and healthy.

Because of the river thru the farm, there was always a fear for the children with the water; especially since Kathy would play hide and seek in the tall alfalfa and wouldn't answer until she was found.

There were many happy memories of Montana. The family had geese and one old gander loved to chase the children nipping them on the legs as they fled to the house. One day when this happened, Kathy decided it was enough and after the gander had chased them almost back to the house, she suddenly stopped and turned and chased the goose. She must have really frightened him for he never chased them again. Both parents worked at different times here at Belgrade because the farm wasn't large enough to support the family completely. Mona worked at the drug store and picked potatoes and Morris at a sawmill and a creamery. One of the ways that Morris found to keep Kathy occupied while he was working a field was to fasten grapes or other fruit to some big bull berry bushes at the edge of the field. Kathy would spend hours searching for and eating the fruit.

When Morris was a stake missionary, there was a contact named Cora Jensen. After she decided to be baptized, a baptismal service was held on the bank of the river and John, her husband prepared to baptize her. As he said the prayer and she went under the water, one arm popped out. Instead of starting over, John just kept shouting as he held her under, "Pull your arm down, Cora, pull your arm down." Everyone was afraid she would drown before she had sense enough to pull her arm under.

After 10 years in Montana, Morris' mother and dad were planning to move to Burlington and they asked if Morris and Mona wanted their farm south of Burlington. They agreed because the place in Belgrade was too small for a complete living. So the home in Belgrade was sold and the family farm south of Burlington was purchased in 1957. That same year the next farm west was purchased and the next year a farm 3 miles west was purchased. Trees were planted and a house was built on this farm. In 1970 the old home farm was sold and a move was made to the new home.

During the time Morris was Bishop the Otto Ward was added to Burlington and money was raised for a new addition to be added to the church and costing \$225,000. This was started December 23, 1961. Morris spent 8 1/2 years as Bishop and in many ways it was the hardest, but also the most rewarding years of his life. One thing that seems sure is that a Bishop receives added blessings for the time spent in church activities. Looking back somehow farm work went easier with less problems and more being accomplished. Mona's help during this time was really appreciated and many thanks given for the additional work and responsibilities she had to assume. It is difficult for the family of a bishop in many ways and when support is given it really helps. Many spiritual experiences happened during these years that could only be explained by divine help. One year had been very dry. There had been no snow in the mountains and our reservoir held only 7,000 feet of water. As spring was slipping by without any more moisture, there seemed no way a crop could be raised. A special fast day was called and the storms began. The reservoir began to fill. Moisture was had in the community to plant, sprout, and grow crops. There was sufficient water to mature all crops. This was noticed by the nonmembers and when the next dry year came they suggested that the Mormons do something about it again.

One winter day a baby was born to parents from the ward in the Greybull hospital. It was not doing well and it was placed in an incubator, where it was severely burned by accident. The doctor said if it lived at all it would have to be moved to the Billings Hospital. Plans were made to transfer it in the morning. Morris and Than Spens were asked to give it a blessing. The next morning as the doctor examined the baby he could find no reason for the change to Billings.

One other event that seemed extra special was with Beatrice's boy, Matthew. He ran a twig into his eye and had received an infection therefrom. As the doctor examined the eye, he said it was very grave. With this type of infection, the sight of the eye was always lost. Thru the extraordinary faith and prayer of Beatrice and her family and a blessing by Morris and Denny, the eye was saved. The doctor said he was going to prepare a paper on this incident because never had an eye with this type of infection been saved before.

The children were both married in these eventful years; Kathy to Marvin Dunsworth on January 30, 1967. They currently live in Lander where Marvin is employed by Pacific Power. They have four children: Todd, Brad, Jan, and Mindy. Dave married Linda Steward from Denver on September 15, 1970. They met at B.Y.U. where both were going to school. At the present, Dave is studying law at Laramie and they have three children named Tina, Alan, and Tiffany. There doesn't seem to be anything as nice as grandchildren. Each of them are special because of some trait or personality and they bring an awfully lot of love into our lives.

Morris' mother had a heart attack at their home in Burlington. She was rushed to the Powell Hospital where she passed away September 1, 1971. Dad seemed lost the following two years. He spent his time between staying with Geneva, who was very good to him, and caring for his home and farm. One cold winter morning he was trying to build a fire in a wood stove at his home. He used some fuel on it which exploded and severely burned his face, throat, and lungs. Denny, passing by, saw the fire and pulled him from the burning building. Dad seemed to feel that life was over and someone was coming for him and he passed away November 25, 1973, being 88 years old.

With their passing, it isn't hard to feel the real meaning of the biblical verse--"born of goodly parents." Surely no children had a home and parents where they knew they were loved and cared for better than we. True sorrow is knowing that there were so many things that could have been said and done to let them know their love was felt and returned.

This was written in January of 1978. It is good living in this time and locality. This world is changing rapidly in both good and bad ways. It can only be hoped that the last part of life will be as rewarding as the first.

Marvin and Kathleen Dunsworth

I was born November 5, 1947, at 7:50 p.m. in Cody, Wyoming. My parents named me Kathleen Ann Aagard. I went home to live with my parents, Morris Aagard and Mona Mann Aagard, in the little house behind Grandpa and Grandma Aagard's. I was given a name and a blessing on January 4, 1948.

My parents and I moved to Belgrade, Montana. There my brother, David Thomas, was born October 13, 1949.

I was baptized by my father on November 5, 1955, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on November 6, 1955. I remember getting a special white dress for the occasion.

In 1956, when I was in the fourth grade, we moved back to Burlington, Wyoming, to Grandpa and Grandma's place.

I graduated from Burlington High School as valedictorian on May 23, 1966. In the Fall of 1966 I went to the University of Wyoming in Laramie. There John Marvin Dunsworth and I became engaged. We were married January 30, 1967, in Burlington by my father who was the Bishop. We moved back to Burlington in the Spring of 1967. Marv attended college in Powell. We were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on April 12, 1968. The summer of 1968 was spent herding sheep for my father on Copeman's Tomb in the Big Horn Mountains. In the Fall we moved back to Laramie, where Marv again attended the University.

Our first child, Todd Scott, was born at 2:29 a.m. on April 30, 1969. He weighed 6 lb. 10 oz. and was 20 in. long. He was blessed by his father on June 1, 1969.

Marv joined the Laramie police department and continued his studies at the University. On January 13, 1971, at 8:45 p.m., our second son was born. We named him Brad Thomas. He weighed 5 lb. 14 oz. and was 19½ in. long. He was blessed by his father on March 7, 1971.

January 22, 1971, Marv graduated from the University with a degree in journalism. Jan Lynn, weighing 6 lb. 3 oz. and being 19 in. long, was born July 14, 1973 at 2:34 p.m. Her father gave her a name and a blessing on August 5, 1973.

In March of 1974, Marv got a job with Pacific Power and Light Co. and we moved to Lovell, Wyoming. At 6:00 a.m., April 18, 1977, Mindi Beth was born. She weighed 8 lb. 6 oz. and was 21½ in. long. She was given a name and a blessing by her father on May 29, 1977. Todd was baptized and confirmed on his birthday, April 30, 1977. Marv became an equipment operator for Pacific Power and Light and we moved to Lander in October, 1977.

On December 22, 1977, I took Todd to the doctor because of a sore ankle. We found that he had osteomyelitis, which is an infection in the bone. He was helped through this ordeal by an article we found in the Ensign. Joseph Smith also had this disease as a boy. He was the same age as Todd too. Todd was in the hospital for a month. On January 22, he was released from the hospital and has been fine ever since.

Brad was baptized and confirmed on January 27, 1979. At the time I write this, we are all well, happy, and thankful for our many blessings.

David and Linda Aagard

I am proud to be an Aagard. Not because the Aagard name is famous or brings prestige to all who bear it, but because to me it represents people whom I love and with whom I share certain traits.

Though there are many Aagards who are brought to mind in thinking about this, including uncles, aunts, cousins, and especially my parents, there is one who occupies a special place in my thoughts and feelings. Throughout the years I have accumulated a number of memories of Grandfather Aagard and the kind of person he was. There are no events of great moment, only day-to-day living happenings. From these I learned his joy and enthusiasm for life, his disconcern for what others might be thinking about him and his caring for and readiness to help others. I especially remember one winter day after a night of snowfall. Grandfather was in his 70's. My Dad and I stopped to see Granddad. The conversation led to the subject of how Earl Young, a 90-year old friend of his, was doing. Granddad concluded the discussion by stating that he had best "go shovel the old man out and chop him some firewood." Grandfather never thought of himself as being old, partly because he never thought of himself.

THE DAVID T. AAGARD FAMILY

A brief chronology of my life up to August of 1979 follows:

Born: October 13, 1949 Bozeman, Montana

Years 0-7: Lived and grew on small farm approximately 5 miles north of Belgrade, Montana.

Years 8-17: Raised on farm approximately 6 miles south of Burlington, attended Burlington High School; involved in all sports, had slight achievement but much fun; graduated 5/67.

Years 18-20: Attended Brigham Young University, transferred to the University of Wyoming, then back to B.Y.U.--wasted much time and effort sowing wild oats; realizing the wasted time, I began to take school, church and life more seriously.

9-15-70: After three months engagement, Linda M. Stewart became my wife in a simple marriage in my Aunt Beth Hardy's home, Springville, Utah.

Aug. 1972: Linda receives her Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism.

Dec. 6, 1972: Christina Louise Aagard is born to us.

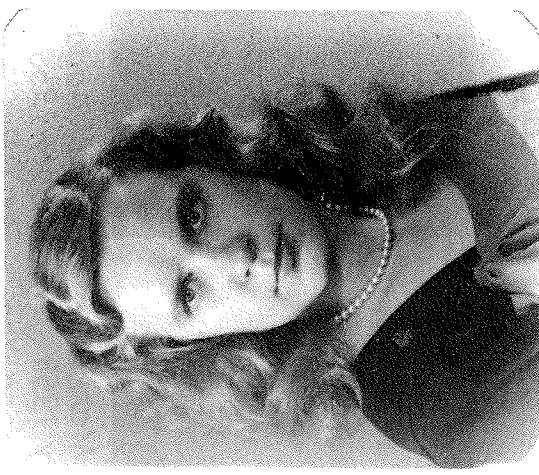
January 1973: After receiving a Bachelor's Degree in Sociology, we moved to Burlington to ranch with my parents.

March 16, '75: Alan Stewart Aagard is born to us.

August 1975: The realization that we are not sufficiently committed to ranching to give up what must be given up in time & money to make it work, together with the desire to return to school, results in the decision to prepare to enter law school. We moved to Corvallis, Oregon.

- August 1976: After being accepted to law schools in Oregon, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, we weigh the varying costs versus our resources and move to Laramie, Wyoming to enter the University of Wyoming Law School.
- Dec. 30,1976: Tiffany Anne Aagard is born to us.
- May 20, 1979: Three of the most challenging and rewarding years of our lives end with a J.D. degree from the University of Wyoming Law School. Up until the last semester, we accomplished it by our own financial means.
- May 21, 1979: Moved to Salt Lake City, Utah
- May 24, 1979: First day of employment as attorney for investment company.
- Aug. 22,1979: Purchased our first home in Sandy, Utah.

No 11 - Beatrice Aagard - 9 October 1927



Dennis

Married Dennis William Davidson
22 August 1948



Carrol, Debra, Jared, Dennis, Mark, Thomas, Rebecca.
Dennis, Mathew, John, Christen, Beatrice, Peter.

Children of BEATRICE AAGARD & DENNIS WILLIAM DAVIDSON —



Dennis Winter
27 May 1949
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Rebecca Ann
25 August 1950
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



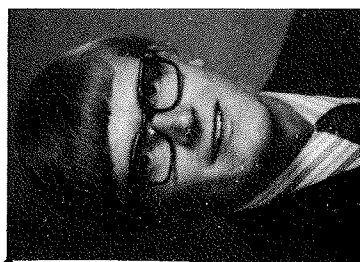
Debra Mabel
7 July 1952
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Jared Michael
3 April 1954
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Thomas Aagard
1 June 1956
Greybull, Big Horn, Wyo.



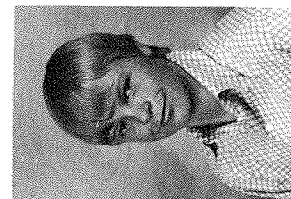
Kenneth Mark
27 January 1958
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Carrol Aagard
14 July 1959
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



John Aagard
9 June 1961
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Peter Aagard
11 August 1964
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Matthew Aagard
11 May 1967
Powell, Park, Wyo.



Christen Aagard
23 February 1970
Powell, Park, Wyo.

No 11 - Beatrice Aagard - 9 October 1927

Married Dennis William Davidson

22 August 1948

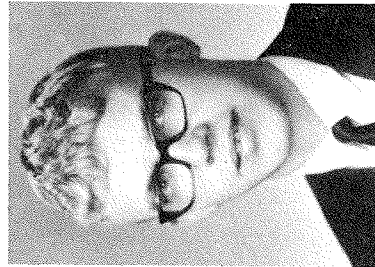


Dennis

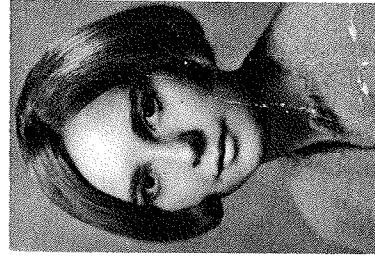


Carrol, Debra, Jared, Dennis, Mark, Thomas, Rebecca.
Dennis, Mathew, John, Christen, Beatrice, Peter.

Children of BEATRICE AAGARD & DENNIS WILLIAM DAVIDSON —



Dennis Winter
27 May 1949
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Rebecca Ann
25 August 1950
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Debra Mabel
7 July 1952
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Jared Michael
3 April 1954
Cody, Park, Wyo.



Thomas Aagard
1 June 1956
Greybull, Big Horn, Wyo.



Kenneth Mark
27 January 1958
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Carrol Aagard
14 July 1959
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



John Aagard
9 June 1961
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Peter Aagard
11 August 1964
Basin, Big Horn, Wyo.



Matthew Aagard
11 May 1967
Powell, Park, Wyo.



Christen Aagard
23 February 1970
Powell, Park, Wyo.

BEATRICE AAGARD DAVIDSON

I, Beatrice Aagard Davidson, sit here at the table past the half century mark trying to recall my younger days. We are the fortunate ones who have tasted of unhurried existence.

I remember happy evenings around the big table when we studied our school work and Mom and Dad helped us or Mom sitting there writing letters or Dad telling of the pranks he used to do or reading. I remember suppers of bread and milk and a dish of fruit.

We learned many values at that table. We learned that all members contribute and share and cooperate and work and accept their responsibilities toward the good of the family.

Holidays were celebrated with feasting, birthdays acknowledged, and kindness and encouragement given and most of all, home was a place of love. There are many happy memories of love and warmth that come from a good, big family. There are also sad memories of things that can't be changed.

I can appreciate Mom more now than I ever did having eleven children of my own. I wanted twelve, but the doctor told me not to have any more. I can still see her scrubbing on the old scrubbing board, using the old lye soap they made in big kettles outside and cut in squares. It really got your clothes clean, but it was hard on hands making them rough and red, besides having a tired, aching back from scrubbing so many clothes on the board. I remember the many meals she had to cook for her large family. She often wondered what to cook as it took a great amount of food to feed them all and so many times not the money to buy the food. We ate a lot of bread and gravy and hams and bacon that were rubbed with a special kind of salt and buried in the grain until ready to use.

In the spring, we would have to drink the nasty, awful sage brush tea to purify our blood.

I remember the flowers my mother loved and how she would work to get them to grow. I remember the cows she milked to sell cream to help make ends meet.

I can see her yet always doing for someone else, never thinking of herself. She wore socks that were always cut from other socks and sewed on to some others and aprons that were always worn and patched. If you gave her a gift and she thought you needed it more than she, she always gave it back to you.

How I appreciate and thank her for the example she set for being honest, for the love she had for each one of us, the unselfish kind of never thinking of herself, but always of others.

I think often of how she must have felt with Dad gone so much of the time and the sickness that came and the great responsibility of taking care of her family when left alone. I think of all the hard work it took to raise such a large family and the great desire she had to have us do what was right and follow in the footsteps of the Saviour.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget;
And I think that where she is,
She must be watching yet.

How I regret that she didn't have a new house to enjoy her last years in; she would have liked that. I wish we would have all tried harder to see that she had one.

My mother was something very special. Mom may not be here with us now, but she is remembered. Whenever I look at the quilt tops she made for me or the gloves she knitted, or see my cactus blooming, or see her picture in our album, I will remember and while you and I remember, she is not gone.

Mom said that when she was gone there wouldn't likely be any great deeds to her memorandum, but a large family. I say yes, that and much more. As I think of the things I know about her, I can see that she left us an exemplary life to follow. She was a hard worker; she helped other people; she was kind and gentle; she never gossiped; she was a help to her husband; she was a good mother; she led a good, clean life; she was greatly loved by friends and family. She made her surroundings beautiful by planting flowers; she made lovely handiwork. She loved the church and wanted us all to have a love for it, too. Her children arise up and call her blessed.

My thoughts now turn to my dad. His kindness and love for us was also felt very strongly. How he loved the little children, especially, and how they loved him! I think of how he must have felt trying to provide for such a large family. He was always busy trying to make things better. He loved to go places and see things.

He gave us girls money to go to Hawaii, but somehow we didn't feel right about taking his hard earned money and we all gave it back to him.

He loved each one of us in his own special way and he went without things to save money to leave to his children. I wonder if we really appreciated it --if we appreciate all the hard work it took to get it.

I can remember how lonesome he was after Mom died and I wish we all could have been kinder to him.

I can remember the turkeys Mom and Dad raised to sell. They would pluck the feathers outside and the younger kids, me included, had to pack them to the house to have the pin feathers pulled and their feet and mouths washed. One time my school books got turkey blood all over them and I had to scrub and scrub to get that blood off. We would have two or three rooms full of dead turkeys.

I remember how we used to shock grain in sheaves and then later haul it to stacks to stack. One time while doing this, the horses ran away with me.

I remember the irrigating I did up in the hot desert in my big, black boots and the blisters on my hands; I remember the cows we milked, the beans we turned. I think we all learned the lesson of hard work; we had two good examples.

I would like to tell about the ranch in Belgrade that Dad bought. Mom didn't want Dad to go alone and she asked Denny to go with him. They started out in an old jeep with things piled over the cab pulling a four-wheeled hay-rack loaded clear to the standards and on top of that were two crates of chickens.

When they arrived in Belgrade, the snow was much higher than the jeep and wagon. Dad liked to tend the sheep which were trucked in later and milk the cow while Denny cooked breakfast. They had more eggs than they could use so they took them to a small store in Belgrade. The woman who owned the store washed each egg before she would pay them and told them the eggs had to be washed after this. Later Dad bumped into a big, fat lady's car. She got out of the car and came waddling back and told them what was what and Dad just said, "Yes, Mam, Yes, Mam."

Now back to Beatrice and her life.

I was the daughter of James and Annie Aagard, the ninth in a family of twelve.

I can remember my first doll; it was beautiful with a glass head and I remember the tears that were shed when I went outside and fell and broke it.

When we moved across the river, we went to a one-room school with a big, pot-bellied stove in the middle and a bucket in the corner with a dipper to drink with.

Later we had to walk three and a half miles to catch the school bus and when it was cold, we learned to hurry right along.

After four years of going to school in Burlington, I went to college in Laramie. How homesick I got--what a terrible feeling! The second year Denny came down and we became engaged. That winter Denny went with Dad to Belgrade. Later he worked for some Dutch people and would walk eleven miles on weekends to come and see me. He made \$125.00 a month and we saved one hundred to get married on. We bought an old 36 Ford and thought it was the most wonderful car in the world.

We got married August 22, 1948 in my folks' home across the river; later we were married in the Idaho Falls Temple.

So far we have lived in eighteen different houses. Dad's and Mom's old house where we lived was so cold we put straw around the bottom to help keep it warm and I was telling the younger children stories to get them to take a nap when Carol came running in saying the house was on fire. Oh, how quickly that old log house burned to the ground. I tried to get a few things out before everything was burnt up. I'll never forget the feeling you have watching your home burn, but also feeling so thankful no one was burned.

After our house burnt down, we moved to Lan's house in town. There were ten of us then and we had to sleep in one bedroom with six beds. It was here that I became very sick. Everyone else had the flu so I thought that was what I had. But I kept getting sicker so Denny took me to the doctor; I was put in the hospital with a ruptured appendix. The doctor didn't think I would live until morning; he couldn't reach anyone to give me the anesthetic so I had a spinal. I can remember talking to him while he was cutting me open. Later he said I was the bravest person he had ever seen. It was only through the power of the Priesthood that I am here today. A month later Mark had his appendix out; he was about five years old.

When Debbie was in the sixth grade, she was driving the tractor and wrecked. Her leg was broken and crushed. It was put in a cast and one day when I was helping her I smelled something stinking under her cast. We took her to the doctor to find that her leg was infected. They bored a hole through her foot and a ten pound weight was attached.

I broke my leg when I was climbing an apple tree and slipped and fell. I was put in a cast and had to stay in bed six months. Six months in bed with a house full of young kids! How glad I was to finally get that cast off and get out of bed.

Another example of the Priesthood in our home dealt with Matthew. We were chasing cows and a small tree limb struck Matthew in the eye. The next morning it was really bad so I took him to a specialist as fast as I could. They put him right in the hospital and they thought he was going to lose his eye. How awful, I thought, for someone so young to lose his eye. The doctor said that there never had been anyone with that particular kind of infection that Matthew had that had been able to have their eyes saved. We prayed and fasted and had him administered to and his eye was saved. The doctor couldn't believe it. He said this was the only eye with that kind of infection that had been saved. I know it was the power of the Priesthood again.

We had our good times too. The mountains were enjoyed for fishing, hunting and staying overnight. Birthdays are always celebrated with cake and candles and singing "Happy Birthday" to. At Christmas we draw each others' names for a special gift. Also remembered are the family home evenings we've had, the basketball games and church programs we've gone to. There has also been joy in sending four of our children so far on missions and of having a son that teaches seminary. There's also the feeling of gratitude that all of our children not only believe the gospel, but live it. This means more to me than anything.

Here are the names of my children; Dennis Winters Davidson, married to Barbara Jean Winters; Rebecca Ann Davidson, married to Dan Ray Kline; Debra Mable Davidson, married to James Alan Christenson; Jared Michael Davidson, married to Nancy Jeannine Bailey; Thomas Aagard Davidson, married to Patricia Lepper; Kenneth Mark Davidson; Carol Aagard Davidson; John Aagard Davidson; Peter Aagard Davidson; Matthew Aagard Davidson; and Christian Aagard Davidson.

I also have ten grandchildren. What joy and pride my family means to me!

DENNIS WINTERS DAVIDSON

Dennis Winters Davidson crawled out from under a rock on May 27, 1949 to find his parents, Dennis and Beatrice Davidson. Unable to return to the rock, he lived with them for the next 18 years. He was comfortable, life with them was hard too. It was made even harder by the arrival of three sisters and seven brothers. Just imagine the competition for the crumbs of life.

Lacking the finesse to score in either sports or with girls, he graduated from Burlington High School in 1967. Taking time out to repent, he went on a mission to the Indiana-Michigan Mission from March 1969-1971.

He went to BYU in January 1972 to major in accounting. Once a man starts to make mistakes, it seems like bad luck continues to follow. He met Barbara. Having falling into the trap and before he could reach the bait, the jaws squeezed tight and he found himself married on December 20, 1972. His wife, believing in the "be fruitful and multiply" part of the scriptures worked diligently, and soon found herself with child. (Dixie). Thus ending his happy, carefree days of looking at skirts, legs, and other things at the University; and finding himself in the harsh, cold, dreary world; unable to reason with his wife about multiplying, soon found himself the father of another child. (Jacob).

Unlike a fairy tale, this does not end "and they lived happily ever after." First of all, it's not ended. Second of all, happiness is a subjective state of mind and it's doubtful one could call this pitiful existence living.

(P.S. I love my wife and kids although this may imply otherwise.)

Wife's Footnotes:

At the age of eight, Dennis was baptized in the canal by Rasmussen's in Burlington, Wyoming.

Upon completing his mission, he traveled by airplane to Worland, Wyoming. Due to some mix-up in communications, there was no one there to meet him. So he started hitchhiking home and got a ride to Basin. Then he had to call home. He has since served in various church positions. Most recently he is the Elder's Quorum President in the Otto-Burlington Ward.

Dennis married Barbara Jean Winters on December 20, 1972 in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah. Traveling to Ephriam, they nearly ran out of gas and had to get someone to open a service station to give them gas so they wouldn't miss their wedding! However, Dennis and Barbara did miss their open house in Burlington. Can you imagine the spot that put Beatrice and Denny in??? The bride and groom wondered what they told all those guests???!! Actually, it was storming so bad that Wind River Canyon was closed and they couldn't get through to Burlington.

Dennis has experienced the joys and sorrows of being a parent. When his children hurt, he hurts too. Dixie Jean Davidson, born August 26, 1974, was born with congenital hips. To date she has had twelve operations and spent over two years in casts from her chest to her toes. These were some trying times. Heavenly Father is mindful and hears our prayers, and hopefully all

will be well with Dixie now. Dixie is a cheerful, sweet, patient, and loving daughter. Jacob Winters Davidson, born August 24, 1976, is always thinking of others and sharing things. He loves to take things apart and he literally runs everywhere he goes. He is a happy and loving son.

Dennis is a hard worker and takes pride in working with the good earth and seeing the results of all that hard work. He accepts responsibility and does what he says he will do. He is a serious, deep-thinking person, but he also has a sense of humor and is fun. Dennis and family are currently living the good life farming in Burlington, Wyoming.

REBECCA ANN DAVIDSON KLINE

I was born Rebecca Ann Davidson. Rebecca after "Rebecca at the well," Isaac's cousin and wife in the Old Testament. Ann in honor of my maternal grandmother, Grandma Aagard. Surprisingly, since my parents spent some of their early married years away from Burlington, I was still born close to the nest, in Basin, Wyoming the twenty-fifth day of August, 1950.

The earliest memory that I have of my childhood began in Casper, Wyoming. I remember being carried on my mother's hip, wearing a little, green corduroy jacket, going to the doctor's office to receive some type of vaccination. I recall being told by my mother that the nurse would give me a shot with a needle. I expected to go someplace where people were sewing. Imagine my surprise when the needle was stuck in me. From that time forth my memories of early childhood increased, with many of them being weekend trips to Grandma and Grandpa's ranch. The last time that I stayed overnight there was while my mother was in the hospital giving birth to my brother, Thomas. It was during this visit that I found myself in deep trouble with Grandma Aagard. She, Dennis, and I were going out to feed some bum lambs, one of them being a wild one that Grandpa had just brought in from the range. I ran ahead to open the door, against Grandma's orders, (although I intended to just slip in, holding the door tight against me in one hand and fending the hungry lambs off with the rest of my body as I had seen her do). It did not work out just as I had planned, and the wild lamb, seeing the door open, ran past me out into the corral. Dennis and Grandma chased him around and around the corral, but then he slipped under the rail and was gone. Grandma was so-o angry with me. After giving me a sound scolding, she then proceeded to tell me that she was going to tell Grandpa. I sensed that this meant big trouble. I worried about what Grandpa might do to me all day, but did not see him until the next morning. I don't know who sat by whom, but early the next morning we both were sitting on the green porch couch in the kitchen, he putting his shoes on and me waiting for whatever it was that I was destined to get for letting the lamb escape. To my immense relief he never mentioned it to me.

Although I do not recall staying overnight at the ranch again, much time was spent playing there with the other cousins. We delighted in scary, screaming games invented by Karen Winters. We would run close to sheds housing scary creatures and then run shrieking away, I being certain that we had narrowly escaped from a terrible fate.

From these early associations with Karen, I developed a keen liking for her and would continue to do so through many wonderful childhood experiences, through adolescence, through young womanhood into our married lives. She still adds a little excitement to my life.

Besides the many gatherings at Grandma and Grandpa's ranch, the grove in Otto on the Harold and Ann Winters place housed many extended family parties. Making homemade icecream was always on the menu there, as well as me always having to participate in doing all of the dishes. I used to wait and wait for the time that this job would be passed on to younger cousins, but it never was.

Many of my early summers were peppered with camping trips in which a number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and of course, Grandpa Aagard would all go and set camp up together. The highlight of the trip was being allowed to ride up the mountain in the back of Grandpa's truck. However, what was thrilling to us kids was frightening to our mothers as they were sure that Grandpa couldn't see as well as he should be able to and they were afraid we all would end up over the side of the mountain. I think everyone seemed to revel in these trips except for my mother and Grandma Aagard.

Although most of my childhood memories are oriented toward the Aagard family, I grew up liking Grandpa Tom very much. There was a quietness and kindness about him that I liked a great deal. He seemed to enjoy visiting with me and I often would ride my horse down on Sunday afternoon and we would sit outside in the shade and visit. I always admired the way in which he treated my mother with so much respect and courtesy. Even though he smoked a great deal, he never smoked in our home, but rather would go outside and sit on the steps to do it. My early memories of my Grandmother Davidson dealt with her loving apples, strawberries, raspberries, and flowers. She also made better homemade candy than anyone that I knew of. My association with her continues today and my own family enjoy her a great deal.

My brothers and sisters and I did not have to rely on cousins to furnish all of our pleasure. We played a great deal together. The most frequently played game was "cowboys and Indians" with much emphasis being placed on horse selection. We would spend a lot of time refining a tree branch and turning it into a spirited mount. Besides play, my youth was spent in doing dishes, herding cows, and weeding beans. It seemed that these chores followed me through high school and my first year of college. Some of the recreation that our family enjoyed doing together was fishing, rock hounding, hunting and going to Walt Disney movies at the drive-in. A recreation that I enjoyed by myself was horseback riding. I loved horses and had a collection of small miniatures, but I was also afraid of them and never became a good rider.

My mother began our spiritual education early. She would read Bible stories to us after lunchtime and before naptime, later we were introduced to Book of Mormon stories in the same manner. When I was in fourth grade, she encouraged me to start reading the Bible, just a few chapters before bedtime. This became a nighttime ritual for Debby and me. Although I doubt we understood much of what we were reading at that early age, it gave us a feeling of pride to do so. By the time I had graduated from the eighth grade, I had read both the Book of Mormon and the Bible. One of the spiritual events that we looked forward to was baptism. We used to "practice" in the irrigation ditch so that we would be ready. When I was ready to be baptized my father chose not to baptize me. Bishop Tolman's family and my mother and I drove out to the bench canal and Bishop Tolman baptized me and his son Bobby.

I never knew if my father really believed in God or not until one time when my mother was ill. I remember him coming home from the hospital and calling all of us children together. He told us that Mom was not expected to live through the night and he had us all kneel in prayer and pray for her. I did not understand about my mother being extremely sick, but I was immensely impressed by my father uniting us in prayer.

I grew up loving both of my parents a great deal. I realized that my mother made many personal sacrifices for us so that we could have the things that she wanted us to have. She saw to it that we never felt like we were doing without things that other children had, even though there were many more children in our family. My father gave to us the desire to excel in academics and encouraged all of us to go to college. Both parents made many monetary sacrifices in helping us to pay college expenses.

I think that I always enjoyed my family life and never resented having a

large family. Although there was competition and feuding between us siblings, I always felt loved by my brothers and sisters and I loved them. Dennis, my older brother, always invoked a sense of pride, comradeship, and competition in me. With us being the oldest, I sensed a special companionship with him and I always admired him. I knew that Dennis was somebody, sometimes by sheer will power he overcame obstacles to accomplish what he wanted to accomplish. I doubt that I would have finished my first year of college if he wouldn't have been there to help me surmount my homesickness and my initial adjustment.

Debby was third in our family. I am not sure that I really loved her as a person rather than just a family member until I had left the nest. I was always jealous of her and her ability to make my parents proud. It seemed that she did and was everything that my parents wanted in a daughter and I resented her for that. Still, we had some fun times growing up and always stuck up for each other and stuck together in some ultimatum that we would deliver to the "boys." Debby always seemed to take things in stride whether they were pleasant or unpleasant. I still admire her for this characteristic. After I was in college and didn't seem to be competing with Debby anymore, I began to know her as a person and found her to be utterly delightful. Today, perhaps the best compliment that I could give her would be to say that she is my best friend. She has buoyed me up in many times of discouragement and shared many times of happiness with me. I love her.

Jared was next in our family. Handsome, fun loving Jared. I always thought of Jared as a rich element in our family. He enjoyed life for the sake of living and always brought a little gayness and happiness with him. He always seemed to accept easily.

Thomas was next. Thom was always quiet and it was hard to tell what he was thinking. He seemed to want to do what Mom and Dad wanted and never caused much stir while growing up. Thom had a temper, but seldom let it be noticed. I never felt that Thom cared about me particularly. I respect, admire, and love him.

Mark, Kenneth Mark, Mom always accused me of spoiling him rotten. She said she couldn't discipline him when I was always loving him. He didn't seem the ideal child growing up as I had thought Thom was, but I really enjoyed Mark. We had a teasing type of relationship in which I played the role of the "big sister." I still remember the time when I came home from college and he backed me up against the wall and said, "Who is bigger now?" and then proceeded to measure us. From that time forth, he began giving me the big pinches called "horsebites."

I really thought our family was blessed when my littlest sister was born. I was delighted with Carol. I always loved and enjoyed her. It seemed that our personalities fit together well. It seems that she has been a most important part of my life forever.

John came next. Big John, or John Jacob Jinglimer Smith as we called him. There is something about John that makes me very proud. He is a good person. Our age difference does not seem to interfere with our relating together. He also knows how to show one a good time when going out and when I go home for a visit I look forward to John taking me somewhere.

Peter was next. Peter had a delightful personality. He seemed mature for his age and enjoyed hanging around with older kids. We used to beg Mom to tell him not to hound us when we had friends over, as Peter would just invite himself in to be a part of the group. Peter has always loved games and sports and is very competitive. He also seems to have an obedient spirit and wants to do what is right. Peter can always think of lots of things to do so that you have no time to be bored.

Matthew is as different from Peter as night and day. We used to think of him as a "wise little Owl." As a child he would talk in sentences much

too old for his age. He was Mom's brain child, as while he was a baby, she had done a lot of reading about improving your child's I.Q. She tried all of the things out on Matthew and seemed quite successful with her endeavors. I felt close to Matthew because when he was a baby Mom became sick and I took care of him. He called me Mama and relied on me for his mothering for some time afterwards. I am enjoying watching Matthew grow up.

Chris, our baby, was born while I was away at college. I felt lucky in that Debby was home while he was born and when I came home for visits he would think that I was Debby. It was several years before he seemed to understand that there were two of us. I know Chris better through my children's association with him than my own association.

Upon graduating from high school in 1968, I left the family circle and entered the freshman class at the University of Wyoming that same year. After my freshman year had been completed, I went home for the summer to work in the beet fields and earn money for my next year of college. Before entering my sophomore year I transferred to Brigham Young University.

During the summer of 1970 I met Dan Ray Kline, my future husband. Our friendship continued through my junior year and in November of my senior year we were married. Because Dan was not a Mormon we were married in the Otto-Burlington church on November 26, 1971.

I think that my marriage to Dan was the greatest disappointment that my parents had encountered during their twenty-three years of marriage. I wished that I had not gone home to be married. It was a disappointment that my parents would not get over.

Dan and I moved to Indiana in May of 1971 and stayed for two years. In the summer of 1974 I returned to Brigham Young University and picked up the necessary credits to complete my degree. In August of 1974 I graduated with a degree in sociology with an emphasis in social work.

February 8, 1975, Isaac Dale Kline was born to us in the Provo, Utah Hospital. Isaac was such a sweet addition to our family. We wondered how we had ever felt complete without him. Then on August 26th, 1976, in the Bountiful, Utah hospital, Whitney Bea was born. Now we had a little boy and a little girl. We felt that as a family we were nearly perfect. When Seth William entered our lives on April 7, 1978, born in the Bountiful, Utah Hospital, we realized how much we had been missing before his birth. Now we are five.

It is with the birth of my children that I become aware of the goodness of life and of living. I realize how glad I am that I am healthy, that Dan is healthy and that my children are healthy; that we have food to eat and a warm house to be in. That we can go to the doctor when we want, that we may have active faith in a living God, and that we may do all of the other things that America affords to us. It is then that I become aware of my heritage and say a prayer of thanksgiving that I had ancestors who cared enough to provide these things for me. They sacrificed that I might have. I can be proud, and I am proud.

DEBRA MABLE DAVIDSON CHRISTENSON

My life has been quite ordinary, perhaps because I am ordinary. As all children, I caused my parents many worries and fears, even as a baby. The first concern seemed to be that I would never have any hair, for as a toddler I was still quite bald. Let me assure you that my hair did grow, although it has always been too thin, too straight and perhaps too fine!

That worry was replaced by the possibility that I would acquire RICKETS!! Because I tended to be a "persnickedy" eater requiring my meat to be very lean

and very well done and refusing to eat something if it were not prepared in just so a fashion, my mother used to warn me very frequently and emphatically that I was going to get RICKETS and would have curved bones and be ugly. Or if I seemed listless, tired or pale, I was surely anemic. Adding to my eating woes, the boys in my sixth grade class called me "Diaper Legs," while many plump, overweight ladies in the community often drew me aside to tell me they had once been as skinny as I.

Being tall for my age and skinny, I was also rather clumsy, uncoordinated, and awkward as a child, besides being a musical disaster. I also suffered from an inability to say certain sounds--oil became orral, soil was sorral--and underwent untold miseries from hearing the other kids laugh at my peculiar speech.

Plagued with all of these childhood woes, books became dear and comforting friends. A new world or new adventure lurked just beneath the cover in which I could be the heroine or hero, it didn't matter. Rebecca, my older sister, and I fought many battles over those books as we shared a double bed in a bedroom with an overhead light. Sent to bed, she wanted to sleep--with the light off!--and I wanted to read with it on. She would jump out of bed and switch the light off and I in turn switched it back on. Sometimes I conceded defeat and resorted to using a flashlight under the covers.

Once a book was begun, it seemed so difficult to put it down to do menial, every day household chores. If Mom would send me in to make the beds, I would sneak my book in with me just to read to the end of a chapter. Or I'd find many opportunities to go to the bathroom just to read to the end of a page or a little bit further. Of course Mom found these escapades (which were also pursued by other siblings and my father) exasperating. When there was work to do, it was time to work!

My interest in reading spread to studying, at least for my school classes and opened an avenue for me to excel in--or at least a field for good competition with my peers. Once again, Mom often cautioned me that there was more to life than studying while my brothers and sisters pointed out that I might be smart enough to get A's in school, but I sure didn't have much common sense when it came to doing something.

Many other difficult childhood experiences resulted from my quick and explosive temper. The chickens pecking on the front lawn and pooping on the sidewalk could bring me to a rage. Or any one of my eight brothers tracking across a freshly mopped floor or the younger ones refusing to do what I would say, or continuing to fight with one another after I'd yelled at them to stop--all could bring on an explosion of hurtling words, fists, rocks or anything handy. After nearly killing a couple of old hens from well-aimed rocks and making my younger brother, Tom, sick from a fist fight, and after receiving many word beatings from my parents because of my uncontrolled temper, I felt it necessary to learn to curb the beastly thing.

But perhaps the greatest anxiety I ever caused my parents was that I would never marry. Of course this predicament caused me some moments of concern too, but I felt I was doing everything sanely possible to reach this state of "bliss." On the other hand, my mother felt quite certain I hated men and could not find anyone good enough to please me. Dismayed at the thought of me going on a mission where all chances of flirtation, courting, and such nonsense would be removed, she prepared herself for the task of marrying me when I came home. Shortly upon arriving home, she presented me with one of President Kimball's strong addresses on marriage. By this time, Dad must have been feeling like he would be saddled with this child forever if he didn't act. He schemed of advertising me in the papers and planned ways to become rich so if nothing else, a large dowry might be offered. But in the end, he used that jewing and trading he's famous for throughout the Big Horns and bargained me off for 3 horses! (Some might argue he was out-traded because

he only received paper mache' stock; however, I think he felt very well-satisfied with the bargain.)

Not wanting to dwell longer on my "badnesses," I shall say that I did love my parents and siblings very much and occasionally desired with all my heart to do what they wanted or expected me to do. And as a child, I felt it important to go to church, keep the commandments and obey the Lord, but there seemed so much to learn and so much changing to do.

The years of my life seem to be marked by important events or tragedies or blessings which occurred. The first blessing I received was my birth on July 7, 1952 in Cody, Wyoming to two of the best parents I could have asked for, Dennis William Davidson and Beatrice Aagard. An older brother Dennis and an older sister Rebecca preceded me and following after me were Jared, Tom, Mark, Carol, John, Peter, Matthew and Chris. Perhaps you've noticed my parents liked biblical names. I was named Debra Mable after the prophetess, Deborah, and after my grandmother Davidson, but have lived most of my life as Debby.

As a baby and toddler, I lived in Montana and a couple of towns in Wyoming where my dad worked as a bricklayer. I can't remember much of that time except chasing cats in Riverton, Wyoming and having an irate neighbor lady yell at "little" Jared for playing with her hose. And then there was the time the Riverton police caught us building a fire in a vacant lot with some of the neighbor kids. The Davidsons ran like frightened rabbits as the police car drove up, while the "older and wiser" friends bravely stayed to face them.

Most of my childhood memories are of Burlington, a farming town boasting a population of 100 and elevation of over 4,000 feet. We had a bar, general store, post office, school and church, although the town had had a bank, hotel, and hopes of the railroad coming through in its early days. Most of the people were farmers or teachers with about half of them belonging to the LDS church, and the other half to other denominations or having no particular religion.

Summers were filled with garden hoeing, canning, cow or sheep chasing, weed pulling in the beans and beets, and chores. My brothers spent many hours driving tractor, irrigating and when they couldn't get out of it, weed pulling. Popsicles, lunch time, swimming in the canal, and thunder storms were some of the best treats. Nothing could be more desired than a good, two-day rain just to rest and read a bit.

Family vacations were all day or possibly overnight mountain trips with the family spilling over in the back of the truck. Dad rose in notoriety for finding the roughest, longest, and dustiest roads possible and never being satisfied with the stopping place. There was always a better fishing hole up the road a piece. . . Mom packed luscious store bought and home-baked treats so eating was a favorite pasttime. I'm sure many medals should have been given to Dad for his patience in baiting hooks, untangling fish line and unhooking the caught fish and to Mom for her eagle eye in knowing where every child was at any given time.

One of the best trips was a backpacking trip Dad planned with Rebecca, Carol and I. We took horses up partway in a truck and then rode further into the mountains horseback to camp overnight. I spilled off my horse first thing and broke my glasses, but my enthusiasm wasn't daunted. I remember getting settled so comfortably in my sleeping bag for the night when Dad began to spin one of his yarns about bears being all around us and the need to sleep with one eye open.

Other summer highlights were birthdays, the 4th of July, parades and fireworks and the big all day 24th of July celebration.

Winters seemed filled with school, homework, clubs, and sports events and more homework! The Davidson boys participated in both football and basketball and were always "stars" on the team, at least in my mind. Not being

too sports-minded myself, I enjoyed the crowd and feeling of excitement often more than the game.

Ice fishing, playing fox and geese, building snowmen, and loving the winter holidays were also part of winter.

And summer, spring, winter, or fall, there were always grandpas, grandmas, cousins, aunts, and uncles and family parties to attend. Grandpa and Grandma Aagard kept a cookie jar with red trim on it, but more importantly, with sweet treasures inside--lemon drops, mints, sugar cookies. Harold and Ann Winters also had an excellent grove for picnics, homemade ice cream, Easter egg hunts, baseball games, and little girl dress-up parties and the like.

Trauma came to the Davidsons when our home burned down the year I was in the fifth grade. All the older kids were in school and Dad was away so Mom fought to save some clothes, important papers, and a few pieces of furniture while waiting for the fire truck to come. As with so many other fires, the truck wasn't much help so the house burned to the ground while everyone stood and watched.

We moved into the only house available, a 3-room, no running water abode. The bedroom was a sea of beds in which the boys and girls took turns changing clothes. As we had lost most of our possessions in the fire, family and friends must have been overly generous in helping us get started again. My parents must have handled this hardship marvelously, because it didn't seem to be a bad time at all. Much more traumatic was when Mom and then Mark got appendicitis that summer.

Dad began building a new house up on the hill which we all got to help with; the sanding and painting took forever, but the prospect of a new home was delightful. The house plan had a long, open room which blended from kitchen to dining room to living room. Mom never cared for that arrangement and made quite a fuss about it on moving day.

The next spring I tangled with the tractor and ended up falling from the seat to the ground underneath. I could tell from the distorted angle of my leg that it was broken. Not being able to walk, I lay there hoping the school bus with all the kids wouldn't drive by and see how silly I had been to end up in such a predicament. But as the swelling increased rapidly, I began to worry about getting to the doctor so I began to wave the only thing around, a tumbleweed. Shortly thereafter, Dennis and Mom came to the rescue and gently lifted me up into the car and took me to the doctor. During my short stay in the hospital, I remember Dad coming to visit and with sorrow saying how much he wished it would have happened to him instead of me.

That summer in bed was trying, probably more so for Mom than me. I was bored with everything. While the rest of the family were working too hard, Mom thought I could do more to help like peeling potatoes and entertaining the younger children instead of needing to be entertained. Perhaps most frustrating was trying to learn the art of curling my hair at Mom's and Rebecca's insistence. What a trial!

Something extra special happened to me in high school. I won a trip to Washington D.C. sponsored by Senator McGee. It was my first airplane ride, my first time back East, and first time to see so many Blacks all at once.

Then came college at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, Wyoming and a plague known to freshmen as homesickness. I couldn't eat, I didn't sleep well, I couldn't concentrate, but Powell had been much too close to home and not big enough to go to school there. College at Laramie and later at Provo wasn't really that "big time", mostly studies and work. I did get to experience Laramie's first co-ed dorm which was too "co-ed" for me so I moved to an all girl's dorm.

Highlights during this part of my life were seeing Dennis and Rebecca grow up, walks into town with Matt and Chris, being taught how to ride horses

by Carol, hearing fishing yarns from Pete or being educated in "good" music by John, or trying to get Jared, Tom, and Mark to share confidences about their girl friends or to take me out for the evening.

Although I'd often wanted to be smart like Dennis besides giving talks and lessons as he does, or doing everything right like Rebecca who was always thoughtful, or having older people like me like they did Jared or children like they did Tom and John, or being brave, yet tender, like Carol, and considerate and helpful like Mark, or teasing and fun like Pete and wise like Matt, or sweet, yet fiesty, like Chris--oh these siblings of mine were enviable, but I have learned to appreciate them so much more the more I grow up!

After college, I received a call to the Germany Duesseldorf Mission where I met my husband to be (James Alan Christenson from Porterville, California) and returned home after many spiritual, rewarding and growing experiences to be courted, and married in the most fun, frustrating and delightful style all of which belongs to the story of the 3 horse wife.

Marriage to Jim has brought me great happiness and joy. Currently, we have been married 15 months, are expecting our first child in October, and are planning to attend law school in Laramie, Wyoming this fall. The present and future seem to hold so many promises, hopefully as rewarding as the past.

JARED MICHAEL DAVIDSON

I was born in the spring of 1954, April 3. I at once became the fourth child, so attention came at sparse intervals. My brothers and sisters were my close companions until I started school. We had great fun playing circus; our tents were made from draping quilts over chairs. Another favorite was restaurant in which we used fruit crates for tables and chairs. What luscious cakes and pies we would make out of dirt. I awoke mornings in anticipation of playing in the mud and dirt.

Dad farmed a lot of beans and so we kids were taught early to hoe them. Boy, what hard work. At the end of one of the fields was a great willow patch. In this willow patch lived a great, big, green-eyed monster. I was usually pretty slow at hoeing until we started towards the willows. You've never seen anyone try so hard to catch up, for the fear of being left behind meant consumption by the green monster. We loved to swim in the canal in back of our house; our favorite water game was sharks.

I started grade school in Burlington with Mrs. Lewis. My best pal was Larry Frandson. I really liked school and enjoyed reading. I was so excited when we were awarded a feather made of paper for every book read which was placed on an Indian headdress. Boy was I proud of that. Leonard McNiven and I had quite the competition going, although, I think he won in the end.

When I was about eight years old, our house burned down as a product of Mark and Carol's game with the matches. Mom was able to save quite a number of things, but I had lost a few prize possessions. One of them was a brand, new coat. Boy, was I disappointed. This tragedy forced us to seek housing elsewhere which we did. Over a period of 11 years we lived in 5 different houses. Some of which one probably wouldn't want to call home.

I especially liked my Granddad Aagard and would love to sit and hear him tell stories of when he was a boy. What a hard worker he was.

I felt the need to run away from home quite often. On one occasion I was supposed to be watching a couple of bulls to make sure they weren't trampling and eating on Mom's apple trees. But they were bigger than I and so when they began doing that thing I was cautioned they should not, my fear

for them overwhelmed me and I let them proceed after which my mother took a green willow branch to my backside. I took it for a moment and then began to run. At this point I decided to run away. With Mom still after me, I took refuge in an adjoining cornfield and stayed there for a few hours. I never ran away for more than that amount of time. My cousin Rick had similar experiences. Once he ran away to our house and climbed up the clothes line pole and his mom couldn't get him to come down. He used to tell his parents that all we fed him at our house was tuna fish sandwiches and cocoa.

I enjoyed going on the temple excursions. I always liked to get away from home for a while. We traveled through Yellowstone Park enroute to Idaho Falls. At this time of year the big attraction was the bears. Being veterans at traveling through the park, the bears got to be old shoe. So tired were we of waiting for the other cars ahead to finish gazing, we began pulling out our slingshots (bought for this purpose) and proceeded to drive the bears back into the brush and traffic proceeded. We nearly always stayed at the Rogers Hotel quite a few stories up. Our rooms faced the street so a great enjoyment we found was tossing water balloons down onto unexpectant passers-by. We also enjoyed racing cars up and down the hallways as well as pulling fire alarms. I never actually participated, but always got the blame. I must have had a guilty looking face.

My sisters used to tease us unmercifully; quite bossy they were. I used to think they would both be old maids. I could never think of anyone who would actually want to take them out. Of course my views changed as I grew older. In turn, I would love to tease Carol, especially about her horse. I would tell her that Appa looked like a jackrabbit. That teasing usually ended in tears. We once had a race, Carol on Appa and I on foot. I got a very reasonable headstart. Tom fired an old gun and we were off. I, much to Carol's disgust, won the race. She was so upset about it that she tried to run me down with the horse. I don't think she has ever forgotten that.

During high school, I was given the wonderful nickname of Yabba Dabba Davidson. Where it came from I still wonder. I loved sports and participated in most--track, basketball, and football, which I'm sure I loved most. I also enjoyed working on old cars. I had a 1960 Ford, but my love went to a 1955 Chevy. I worked and worked on that love of my life and finally got it to run, but never finished fixing it up.

Once while trying to find a chicken for a pep fest, I, with a few friends stumbled onto a golden opportunity in Than Spences' chicken yard. Although I was not the actual thief, we all got caught and were almost prosecuted, but they dropped the case because it was so ridiculous.

I graduated from Burlington High School in 1972 and spent the summer farming with my dad and brothers. I then went on to B.Y.U. and had an enjoyable time. I lived with Dennis in an apartment with Dave Neves and 3 other returned missionaries. I didn't date much my first semester, still being attached to a girlfriend of 3 uneventful years. My roommates and I used to joke about a big guy with a long beard who used to walk past the Stadium at night smoking a cigar. We sure thought he was different. He ended up being my roommate the following semester. It was during this semester of religion classes that I gained a firm testimony of the gospel and the Book of Mormon. I had an overwhelming desire and obligation to share the gospel with the rest of the world by serving the Lord on a mission.

I had one semester left before my 19th birthday and my chance to go on a mission. I did have more fun the second semester. I did less studying and more playing. My steady was for the most part out of my life. (We took a successful marriage class together and she ended up marrying a guy in our social dance class.) I took advantage of this situation by joining my roommates in taking girls out at 3 in the morning and playing golf without any clubs.

We also enjoyed swimming in the outdoor pools while it was snowing.

I worked parttime in the men's issue room handing out supporters, socks and other gym clothes. When not at work, I enjoyed sitting under a tree watching the girls go by. This particular sport became a favorite at the pools. Our Family Home Evening group consisted largely of one particular apartment of girls. One Saturday late at night we penned their door and boarded their windows so they couldn't get out to go to church the next morning.

I enjoyed lifting weights and did daily exercises. One day while doing my pushups, the light fixture in the apartment below ours fell from the ceiling crashing on the floor.

After much preparation I received my call to the California Oakland Mission. I arrived at the Salt Lake Missionary Home on the 13th of November, 1973. Once in California, I was sent to a large town called Fresno. In the first couple of months I was there we taught and baptized over 11 people. What an initiation! We stopped at one particular home where the husband was not there so we were asked to come back later. We went back and began teaching them when I was transferred. I later learned that this family was baptized and the mother was made Primary President.

As I watched my family from afar, I thought of how wonderful it would be if we could all return to our Heavenly Father as a family.

Many times I wanted to be an advisor whenever I'd see my family making mistakes that I had made. I wanted to tell them of the sorrow and regret involved with putting too much emphasis on worldly possessions. I continually felt a desire to know more about the gospel.

I would keep myself from being bored while riding our bikes by howling at dogs trying to get them to chase us. We were on our way home one day when my companion split like his wheels were on fire, and a thumping noise came to my ears behind me becoming louder. I turned to look and it was a hairy looking mutt of a German Shepherd cross or something, anyway, it just kept kept coming and snarling. I jumped off the bike while it was still going and went sliding down the road on the back of my new brown-checked suit.

In San Jose' I became District Leader's companion. We stayed with the Hill family. They took good care of us and were a lot of fun to live with. Before I was transferred, they gave me a birthday party. They filled the shower with balloons and crate paper and the tub with packaging peanuts. Then a bunch of people from the ward came over. While living there a few mutual boys took our car apart. They took off the tires, lights, blinkers, and the grill.

I became District Leader on my transfer to Hayward. We lived with a non-member by the name of Doris Lester. My companion was 6'5" Ron Nelson. Boy, did we eat good! All the other missionaries called it the Hayward Hilton. Our landlady was trying to lose weight and so I proceeded to tell her how one goes about getting a cow to lose weight by walking him. She got all excited and said that she thought I was rather brash. Before I left though, she did give me a ceramic bull with green eyes like her own. We all enjoyed heckling each other at the dinner table. I don't know how it happened, but I ended up with the biggest bedroom and a bath to myself while my companion had to share his bath with the landlady.

I was transferred to the mission home in Oakland where I stayed until I was released and went home. While in the home, my companion and I built a U.F.O. out of dry cleaning bag, candles, and cardboard. It flew towards the Oakland Temple of which we were adjacent and landed in a tree by the Greek Orthodox Temple and caught fire.

I had a strange feeling throughout my mission that I would never see my family, but I did on my return home in November, 1975. The farming was fin-

ished for the season and winter was beginning. I received a surprise visit from a girl I'd met in San Jose', Debbie Spencer. After being there a day or two, I proceeded to ask her if she would like to be married to a farmer. She declined the offer and returned home a few days later. I began receiving letters from Nancy Bailey, a "young" girl from Hayward, California. I did write back, although I had my reservations for the age of this lass was a mere 17. I was nonetheless quite surprised.

I went back to B.Y.U. for winter semester. While there I didn't date much although I did come in contact with a few young ladies. I took out a nice girl named Dana Shirts, a college senior, who was looking for a husband. This time I declined. I continued writing to Nancy and her family. I also received an occasional phone call which I willingly and frequently returned. The Baileys came out to Utah a few weeks before school was out to check out jobs and a place to live making plans to move. They were there a week during which time I took Nancy out. At first I was afraid to ask her for fear her mother would think I was interested. So I invited the whole family. They all declined but Nancy so off we went to the show. Nancy was quite surprised to find that I was a perfect gentleman and not like one of those California leeches. They all returned to California and I was left quite lonely for I had been privileged to share most of their time.

Jean Bailey called me early one morning and told me that her daughter was in love with me. Boy, did I float on the clouds that day. I felt the need to go to California to see if there was any substance to what I'd been told. It was a good trip. A king couldn't have fared better. Due to my patience and experience with fickle young ladies, I waited for the outcome, not with high expectations, but rather with high hopes. I must admit that Nancy was quite a girl. Not only was she fair to look upon, but her beauty emanated from within. To hear her sing was to hear the angels. The only bad part of the trip was on the way home in Nevada, I got a ticket and my license had expired.

After I returned home from school, Nancy came up for a visit. The first day I thought this was going to be another hopeless visit. So I invited her to go back home. I didn't want anyone there who didn't want to be. She refused to leave and we got along well after that. In fact, I didn't want to see her go to bed at night. I kept her up as long as I could. I went to town a few days later and picked out an engagement ring. She went home and I went out to her graduation in June. She again acted strangely and I began to wonder if she hadn't changed her mind about me.

Nancy went back to B.Y.U. and I stayed home and farmed with my brothers. During one visit to Utah, she gave my ring back. What a big blow! I thought it was the end of the world. I called and talked to her mother, who had moved back to Utah, and she kept me hanging in there. We didn't communicate for 2 weeks when I happened to call Jean one night and Nanc answered the phone. At first I was dumb struck and didn't know what to say. I think she was too. During the course of the conversation, she asked for the ring back.

Two weeks before the wedding, she came up for a "make positively sure" visit. I guess she was for we were married on the 18th of November, 1976 in the Provo Temple. Boy, was I relieved when I walked through those doors and found her sitting there waiting. As she walked into the Endowment room in her white gown, I thought how could anything be more beautiful. I sat through the endowment for the first time feeling complete.

We settled in Burlington and had quite an adjustment. I think we argued the first two months we were married. I guess I had too many expectations. My love for her still continued to grow with each passing day. We were only married 3 months when Nanc went home to visit for a week. Boy was I lonely. How I missed her. How I'd grown to love her in 3 short months. She has brought an undescribable happiness to my life.

Just 11 months since our marriage and sealing and the Lord sent us a little bundle of joy. She was born October 14, 1977. We named our little angel, Emily Jean. I continued farming through the next summer and that winter on February 5, 1979, we received another special gift, a new little angel. We named her Alicia Michele.

THOMAS AAGARD DAVIDSON

I was born June 1, 1956 at Greybull, Wyoming the 5th of 11 children born to Dennis W. Davidson and Beatrice Aagard. I have good memories of growing up in the midst of my fine brothers and sisters. Memories of working a lot together and playing also are part of my past. I'm glad to belong to a large family and I know it must have been very hard for Dad and Mom to make ends meet and raise us, although they don't talk about their hard times. I respect my mother and dad more than any other people I know upon earth. I'm thankful my parents raised me up in the church. I'm sure if it hadn't been for early training at home and in Sunday School, I'd not have an active testimony now. I am thankful to have had an Aagard for my mother; I have benefited I'm sure. I remember Grandmother Aagard always insisting we be paid whenever we'd come to work on the lawn or other little chores. Even if we didn't want the money--we had to take it. I remember clearly sitting down at their home and the way things tasted different, but in a good way. I remember she had a very nice smile. In my memories of Grandpa, he was always working except for the memory of hometeaching with him and how he enjoyed shouting back and forth with Mrs. Tucker who was hard of hearing.

I respect all my Aagard uncles and aunts a great deal.

I went through the Burlington schools, elementary and high school, graduating in 1974. During high school, I met Patty Lepper, daughter of Joe Lepper and Elizabeth Staley. Patty was born the 17th of March, 1956 in Newark Licking County, Ohio. We courted for about 3 years and after getting home from one year of college at Laramie, we were married July 31, 1975 and sealed July 13, 1977 in the Salt Lake Temple. That's the the best or second best decision I have made so far (the first best being the slow decision to find out for myself about the Church of Jesus Christ.)

I've enjoyed being close to farming most of my 22 years and now Patty and I are the proud parents of two boys, Aaron Skip, born January 29, 1977, at Powell, Wyoming and Michael Paul born June 30, 1978, also at Powell, Wyoming. My families have been the source of most of my happiness in this life.

KENNETH MARK DAVIDSON

As is often the occasion, parents can think of their children in many different ways, especially their babies. I am no exception. My dad thought of me as a string bean and my mom thought I had bird legs.

Much of my younger life is not well remembered, although there are several events that do stick out.

One of the earlier highlights which I remember is when we lived in our old log house about a quarter of a mile west of Burlington. Mom had settled Carol and I down for an afternoon nap, but she had dropped off to sleep instead. We proceeded to look around the house until we came upon some matches which we decided to play with. Straw bales outside the house were a perfect place to play with our matches. We were amazed when the matches soon had the straw blazing with fire. I believe we then ran in to tell Mom, but by then the walls were on fire. The fire department was called, but the little engine they pulled behind a pickup wasn't working right and by the time they

got it working and water in the tank, the house was pretty much gone.

When I was 5, I had my appendix out only a month later than my mother had hers out. For about a month I sure was stiff and didn't do much moving around.

I think one of my most frightening moments was when I was about six years old and my mom got upset or something at us younger children and threatened to run away from home. Well she went out and got in the car and drove off down the road. I thought I'd seen the last of Mother.

Around the age of 12, I had the misfortune of having a small farm accident. I stepped on a rusty nail which went through my foot above the toes. The foot got extremely sore and Mom decided to try one of her remedies. She went down to the barn and got a fresh cow pie and put it around my foot and wrapped it in a diaper. Needless to say, it was rather a gooey mess.

High School was a time to be involved in sports with basketball being the most enjoyable. Football was also enjoyable, but the mosquitoes were especially bad during the morning and evening practices.

I think I liked most of my classes in high school with history being perhaps my favorite, especially with current issues as a topic.

Time was also spent in church activities in fulfilling callings in the Priesthood, attending seminary, etc. This was a time of increased knowledge when the effort was put forth.

Occupational development was mostly in the area of farming. As I spent most of my time working at various jobs on the farm, this is what I have come to know.

I was able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family during this time of life.

With the passing of high school, decisions had to be made for the future. I think this is one of the harder times in life as you are about to embark on your own life. I chose to attend Brigham Young University for a semester. I roomed with Roger Michaels in Hinkley Hall. We did a lot of studying to try to get some good grades.

On January 11, 1977 I received my mission call to the England Leeds Mission. England was quite a learning experience and a time to always remember.

Here it is July 1979 and the sun is plenty hot with me working away on a farm again.

CAROL AAGARD DAVIDSON

I was born July 14, 1959. I had wavy, black hair and blue eyes. I went to Burlington grade school and high school and received an award for the outstanding eighth grade student. I played girls' basketball for four years on the main five. My junior year I was chosen on the all-tournament team and my senior year we went to State Basketball Tournament. I was in pep club and was a cheerleader for 2 years. I was also editor of our newspaper my junior year and I was on the yearbook staff. Throughout school, I pursued equal rights for the girls' athletic system. My senior year, I was chosen to be valedictorian of my class. After graduating, I went to Northwest Community College in Powell, Wyoming for one semester and then transferred to Brigham Young University.

My interests are horses and reading. I enjoy doing work outside. I come from a big family of 8 brothers and 2 sisters.

JOHN AAGARD DAVIDSON (Written by his Mother)

John was born at around seven on June 7, 1961. He weighed 8 pounds 1

ounce and was the son of Dennis and Beatrice Davidson.

Denny was off working so I had Geneva Cook take me down to the hospital when John was due. We just about didn't make it. About ten minutes upon arrival, John was born. (Geneva kept driving faster and faster the whole trip until we were going about eighty.)

When John was in the second grade, he fell on a nail and ran it in his knee. He had to go to the hospital for a couple of days.

By the time he was in the seventh grade, he was growing so fast, he had some sort of growing disease and had to rest most of the summer. He is now six foot three.

John really enjoys basketball. He was on the main five from his freshman year on. He got on the District and State basketball team. He also got to cut the strings on the net of the basketball hoop at tournament. He is the seminary president and does very well at it; he was one of the two in his class who graduated from seminary.

John took home economics in high school and one day he came home with this green, goose down vest that he had made and said, "I made this for you." He had really done a great job of sewing it and I sure appreciated it.

John likes to work on motors and mechanical things and is good at it. He bought a big, blue car which he drives with the greatest care.

John always pays his tithing, etc. and generally does everything we ask him. He's a good son.

PETER AAGARD DAVIDSON
(Written by his Mother)

Peter Aagard Davidson was born August 11, 1964. He weighed 8 pounds 9 ounces.

Peter likes all kinds of sports and to fish and hunt. His dad gave him a 4-10 for Christmas when he was ten and the ducks kept coming into Grandpa's so the Dad took Peter and John to bring home some. The Dad and John got some, but not Peter. He felt really bad and so one night Carol went with him and he came home with a great big duck he had shot. He was proud as punch of that duck. He plucked the feathers and made me a feather pillow which I still use.

He caught a fifteen inch trout down in the drain and did he think he was a fisherman! Denny said he heard him yelling and he looked around and there was Peter with this big fish.

One year he won a basketball trophy for making the most baskets.

One day Peter was playing with a match while he was filling the gas tank of a pickup and caught the gas on fire. Matthew came running in saying the pickup was on fire. We all tore outside and the whole side of the pickup was on fire and the gas hose, while Peter was sitting in the pickup trying to start it. It was a wonder it didn't blow up.

Peter has always been very faithful in his church and paying his tithing and going to seminary. His teachers told me he was the best in his class.

He has always enjoyed the temple excursions to the Idaho Falls Temple.

MATTHEW AAGARD DAVIDSON
(Written by his Mother)

Matthew was born in the Powell Hospital on March 9, 1967. He had lots of dark hair and at five and one half months, he had his first tooth.

Matthew really likes horses, even when he was small, he could ride his dad's little colt. He really thought he was a cowboy. He and Carol go riding

as often as possible and they are training some colts this summer.

Matthew is also a very good student. He read one hundred eighty books in the first grade and his report cards are always As.

He took swimming two years, but didn't do very well. He just couldn't learn to swim.

We were chasing cows up to Mable's and a small tree limb struck him in the eye. The next morning his eye was really bad. I took him right over to the doctor and he said, "Get him over to Cody to a specialist as fast as you can." They put him in the hospital and ran some tests; they thought he'd lose his eyesight because of the kind of infection he had. The doctor said no one had ever saved their eyesight with that particular infection. We prayed and fasted and had him administered to and his eye was saved.

At the present time he is a counselor in his Priesthood class and is very faithful in going to his meetings and collecting fast offerings.

CHRISTIAN AAGARD DAVIDSON
(Written by his Mother)

This son of Beatrice and Dennis Davidson was born on February 24, 1970. He had big, blue eyes and broad shoulders with short legs. He also had a good disposition and everyone likes him.

He has had two cats which are really special to him--Mrs. Poppy and Dutchess. Dutchess sleeps on his bed at night and in the winer if she isn't in, we have to go calling her.

March 4th was a big day in Chris' life because he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Chris' dad baptized and confirmed him. When Chris was interviewed by the Bishop, he knew all the answers to the questions asked except one!

No 12

Nadine Agard

and

Arthur Ray Keeley

No. 12

Nadine Aagard

27 October 1930



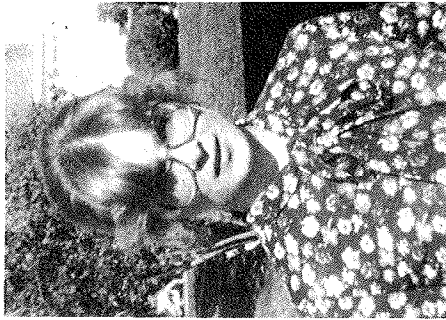
Married
Arthur Ray Keeley
3 August 1954
(Nov. 1953)



*Love
L. A. Aagard
Dean*

"Dean"
February 14, 1952

Children of Nadine AAGARD & Arthur Ray KEELEY



Claudia Rae
1 November 1955
Stuttgart-Bad Cannstatt, Baden-Wurtemberg
West Germany



David Scott
9 July 1957
Logan, Cache
Utah



James Daniel
2 August 1958
Lovell, Big Horn
Wyoming



Lisa Kaye
23 October 1959
Lovell, Big Horn
Wyoming



Kevin Mark
10 May 1961
Lovell, Big Horn
Wyoming



Elizabeth Ann
born & died
20 July 1962
Lovell, Big Horn
Wyoming



Karen Christine
6 May 1964
Lovell, Big Horn
Wyoming



Marianne
21 June 1968
Logan, Cache
Utah



Arthur Paul
5 May 1970
Logan, Cache
Utah



Rebecca Jo
1 January 1973
Logan, Cache
Utah



Christopher Aggard
11 September 1974
Logan, Cache
Utah

ARTHUR RAY KEELEY

Arthur Ray Keeley was the second child and first son of Alfred Charles Keeley and Jessie Agnes Busby. He was ushered into the world on March 30, 1926 at the home of his grandmother Keeley, 816 East 7th South, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. He was the only boy in a family of four, his sisters being Helen, Beverly, and Jolene.

He lived in the upper apartment of his grandmother's home and in 1930 entered kindergarten at the Hamilton Grade School. Because the family was growing, his father built a new home at 617 Tenth Avenue in Salt Lake and in September 1931 they moved in. Arthur then began first grade at the Ensign Grade School and finished his elementary schooling at Ensign.

It was here that his friends began taking him to Primary and Sunday School and through this association and graduating from Primary that he came to know the Church was true and was baptized a member on April 30, 1938 in the Tabernacle Faunt on Temple Square. On May 15th of the same year he was ordained a deacon. He belonged to the Ensign Ward at this time. He was the first member of his immediate family to join the Church and has since baptized all his sisters and his father (who was 72 years old at the time) into the Church.

His schooling continued at the Bryant Jr. High School and East High School where he graduated in June 1944. During this period he was active in the Priesthood quorums (Deacons and Teachers) and the scouting program of the Mutual Program. He was ordained a Priest in 1943, and with World War II in full swing he enlisted in the U.S. Navy on March 29, 1944 and left for basic training two days after graduating from high school. He was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood on June 7, 1944 and left for Basic Training at Farragut, Idaho on June 10, 1944. On completion of "Boot" training he attended the Electricians Mate School at Farragut. He left for overseas duty in May 1945 and ended up in the Philippine Islands, serving first at a Naval Supply Depot on Calicoan Island (just south of Samar Island) and then later was transferred to the United States Ship Y.F.D. 64 (Yard Floating Dock) which was anchored in San Pedro Bay, between Samar and Luzon Islands. He ended up his naval duties repairing damaged ships until his discharge in May of 1946, having attained a rating of Motor Machinist Mate 3rd class (Diesel).

On returning to civilian life he entered Utah State University, then Utah State Agricultural College. He graduated in June 1950 after four fulfilled years playing football on the Aggie football team and belonging to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

On graduation from college he received a commission in the U.S. Army Reserves as a 2nd Lieutenant and on July 3rd was given a regular army commission and orders to report to Fort Hood, Texas, the 67th Medium Tank Battalion of the 2nd Armored Division. Before going to Texas he felt a need to obtain his temple endowment and went to the Logan Temple and received them on July 20, 1950.

At Fort Hood he was given a rush course in armored warfare and then was sent to Korea to join the 6th Tank Battalion, 24th Infantry Division, Far East Command to help out in the "Korean Police Action?". He was wounded in January 1951 but remained in Korea (being promoted to 1st Lt.) until 14 months of combat duty were completed. He then received orders to report to the armored school at Fort Knox, Kentucky in January 1952.

It was in January 1952, on his way to Fort Knox, that he stopped at the East Central States Mission, 1466 Cherokee Road, Louisville, Kentucky and met a beautiful, young lady missionary from Burlington, Wyoming named Nadine Aagard. A courtship by letter ensued as Arthur was sent from Fort Knox to Camp Cook, California (747th Amphibious Tank Battalion). Then to Fort Lee,

Virginia to the 596th Petroleum Depot Company as its Commanding Officer and school at the Quartermaster School. From Fort Lee the army sent Arthur to the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah where he awaited Nadine's completion of her mission, driving Mom and Dad Aagard back to Kentucky to get her in the fall of 1953.

In July of 1954 a promotion to Captain was in order and also orders to go to Germany. This meant an end to the courtship and engagement to Nadine and a marriage for "time and all eternity" took place in the Idaho Falls, Idaho Temple on August 3, 1954 for Nadine and Arthur.

September 1954 found the newlyweds separated with Arthur in Schwaebisch Hall Germany as the Quartermaster officer and Nadine in Burlington. They were reunited in December 1954 when Nadine joined Arthur after a stormy, seasick crossing of the Atlantic Ocean.

Their first child, a daughter named Claudia Rae, was born at the Army Hospital in Stuttgart/Bad Cannstatt, Germany on November 1, 1955.

Arthur served the Church and had been set apart as the Stuttgart Area Serviceman's Coordinator and the Schwaebisch Hall Group Leader. He had many spiritual experiences with the L.D.S. Servicemen, all of which helped his testimony become stronger.

Acting upon the casual advice of three Apostles of the Lord--Elder Spencer W. Kimball, who also ordained him a Seventy, Elder Adam S. Bennion, and Elder Richard L. Evans--to resign from the Army, he tendered his resignation and on July 3, 1956 was honorably discharged. In the fall of 1956 he returned to Utah State University at Logan, Utah to do graduate work. It was here his second child and first son was born on July 9, 1957. He was named David Scott.

In September 1957 Arthur began teaching Seminary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was sent to Cowley and Lovell, Wyoming. He moved to Cowley and lived for one year in the Lyman home on Main Street. His second son and third child was born at this time at the South Big Horn Hospital being born on August 2, 1958 and named James Daniel. The family moved to Lovell this month also but Arthur continued to teach at Cowley and Lovell.

Lisa Kaye, his second daughter and fourth child was born October 23, 1959 and in the fall of 1960 Art was appointed Coordinator of Seminaries for the Big Horn Area (Casper and Lander to the South, Livingston, Lewistown, Billings, Miles City to the north, Sheridan to the east). The family lived at 214 Kansas Ave. in Lovell and remained there until August 1966. The following spirits were allowed to join the family group: Kevin Mark, May 10, 1961; Elizabeth Ann, July 20, 1962 and only lived a few hours and was buried in the Burlington Cemetery; and Karen Christine, May 6, 1964.

In August 1966 Arthur was sent to Hyrum, Utah to continue his Seminary teaching at the Hyrum Seminary. He purchased a home at 685 Park Drive, Hyrum. In January 1967 he was ordained a High Priest by the Hyrum Stake President, Earle W. Allen, and also sustained as a High Councilman in the Hyrum Stake of Zion. A calling held for over 8 years.

The following spirits were allowed to join our family circle here, all being born in the Logan L.D.S. Hospital in Logan, Cache, Utah: Marianne, June 21, 1968; Arthur Paul, May 5, 1970; Rebecca Jo, January 1, 1973, and at last, Christopher Aagard, September 11, 1974.

The first wedding was Claudia Rae, who waited for a returned missionary, Reed Leon Webb. They were married January 14, 1976 in the Logan Temple. They presented the first grandchild, Rita Suzanne on October 30, 1976.

David Scott received a call to the Arcadia California (Spanish) Mission in August 1976. James Daniel received his mission call to the Amsterdam, Netherlands Mission in October 1977.

David returned in August 1978 and our second wedding occurred in the Ogden Temple on January 19, 1979 as he married Joyce Ballard, a choice girl.

Art is a lover of sports and of the young people of the Church. He is the father of eleven children, 6 girls (one deceased) and 5 sons. He enjoys working at genealogy and stamp collecting, but most of all his work in the Church.

Arthur has a testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, knowing it to be "the only true and living Church on the face of the earth." He knows that God lives, Jesus is His Only Begotten Son and is the Christ and our Redeemer and that Jesus Christ leads this Church through his living prophets, beginning with Joseph Smith Jr. down to and including Spencer W. Kimball, who is the living prophet today (February 26, 1979). He knowing this, leaves his testimony as a witness for all to read and as a call for all who do read this to come unto this Jesus and feel the joy and happiness that comes through serving Him.

NADINE AAGARD KEELEY

I was the 12th child of James and Annie R. Aagard. My earliest recollections of home are of a white house on a hill filled with many brothers and sisters and a great deal of love. Near the house was a giant tree and I can remember playing there. I can remember walking through "the field" with my mother and my brothers and sisters to church, which was a mile away.

I began school when I was 6 years old in the Burlington School. My first teacher was a Miss Foley, a disciple of stern punishment. My parents never spanked their children and when Bob McIntosh, the boy who sat next to me, was spanked by Miss Foley, I decided that I had had enough of school and refused to go anymore.

During this year, my father bought a ranch over across the river and we moved. I can remember the empty house with the old-fashioned telephone hanging on the wall and the fun we had listening to our neighbors, whom we had never met yet, talking on the phone. The phone didn't last long. . . so many children destroyed it.

School started and I went. This time it was to the St. Joe School, which was very close to my home. It was a small one-roomed school and grades 1 through 8 met in the same room. It was a good thing that there weren't many students. My first teacher was a Miss Bernice Moon who was living at our home. She later married my brother, Bob.

I enjoyed living on the farm. I liked herding the cows, then I could read and tromp over the hills behind the farm. It was great fun at shearing time when the sheep were brought to the corrals and were sheared. I'm sure it was a lot of work for my mother who had to do the cooking for the shearers and my father. Harvest time was memorable. It was then all the farmers would gather on each other's farms and work together to harvest the wheat and grain. Then my mother would cook delicious meals for as many as 16 men who had come to help.

We had a pond on our farm and in the summer it was a place of enchantment because we had a boat that my brother, Morris, had built and in the winter it was a place to skate. We had an old bunkhouse on our ranch and there my two older sisters had dances. I used to watch through the windows as they and their friends made merry.

I attended St. Joe School until the 7th grade and then went to Burlington until I graduated from high school. Going to school with so many children was a new, frightening experience. My brother-in-law, Happy, drove the old orange bus over the hills. I shall never forget that bus because he had cut a hold in the top and installed a wood burning stove to keep the kids warm. When it rained and the roads were very muddy, we planned on a holiday from school and stayed home.

During my senior year, my father bought a farm in Belgrade, Montana and he and my mother and sister Beatrice moved there. I remained in Burlington with my sister Ann to finish high school and then also moved to Belgrade. I loved this part of Montana. It was very beautiful. It was here that I started college. After my second semester, my parents returned to Burlington and my father thought I should quit school and return home. I worked on the farm with him until I obtained a job in Basin working at the REA. I moved in with a Mrs. Clara Burns and worked there for 1 1/2 years. It was a lonely place. The only people I knew were at the office and so I decided to quit my job and seek employment elsewhere. I found a job at Cody with the Bureau of Reclamation and moved in with some other girls from Burlington and it was much more enjoyable. While I was working in Cody, I received a call to go to the East Central State Mission and so quit my job and prepared to leave for the mission field. I was taken to Salt Lake by my parents and Morris and Mona. The Mission Home was a great experience. I met so many new people and learned so many new things.

I traveled to Louisville, Kentucky (my mission headquarters) with a group of Elders by train. They took good care of me and we were met at the station by President Matheson and Elder Dewsnap. I worked in the Mission Home for 14 months and it was while working here that I met Arthur R. Keeley, who later became my husband. After 14 months of being in the Home, I was sent to Tenn. East District and labored there for 7 more months. I found knocking on doors extremely difficult and wished often for the comfort and security of the Home. I became the Ladies Supervisor and that was hard for me. It was difficult to give advice and direction to others, especially those who were older than I, and most were. It was a great day when the Arnwines were baptized. I was released in October and my parents and Art came to get me and we all drove home together over the Mormon Trail.

It was difficult for me to adjust to being home and my mother once remarked that she wished she had left me in Kentucky. I often wished so too. I left Burlington in the autumn and went to Salt Lake City where I obtained employment at Graybar Electric Company and worked there until I was married in August 1954. Art was in the service and we went to Germany. I loved being in Germany. There were so many beautiful things to see and the country was so clean and well-kept. Our first child, Claudia, was born in Stuttgart, Germany. When Claudia was about 15 months old, we returned to the States. One of the highlights of being in Europe was to go to the LDS Conference in Berchtesgaden and listen to Spencer W. Kimball. He invited us to visit him and his wife when we returned to America and it was a special occasion to visit them in their home in Salt Lake City. Another spiritual experience was to travel to Switzerland and go through that Temple.

After returning to America, Art decided to finish his schooling, and we moved to a small apartment in Logan. David was born while we lived in Logan. Art had secured a position with the Seminary and was to teach in Cowley, Wyoming and so we had decided that I would go home and stay with my parents and have David in Wyoming. Well, "the best laid plans o' mice and men go oft' astray" and it was the year of the big rain and floods and after upsetting my folks and staying endless nights with Mary and Hap, I decided to return to Logan, which was providential, because David had a difficult birth and it was nice to be closer to the hospital.

Life in Cowley was very lonely. Most of the people there were unfriendly and we were glad to move to Lovell the next year. James was born in that year and we moved 3 weeks after his birth. Our neighbors were kind and helped us unload our furniture. We all enjoyed living in Lovell. We got to see my family often and I really missed them when we moved away 10 years later.

We moved to Hyrum in 1966. Hyrum is a very beautiful place to live, but it took us a long time to make friends and get acquainted. It was especially difficult for Claudia who was our oldest child. Four more of our children have been born while we have lived here making a total of five children born in Logan. The other 6 were born in Germany and Lovell.

During my lifetime, I have felt the guiding hand of the Lord and enjoyed many blessings. I have enjoyed serving in the Church in the Primary, Sunday School, MIA, and mostly in the Relief Society. Perhaps the greatest learning experience of my life has been to be the mother of ten living children--one of those children has brought a special love into our lives and required a great deal of care, but she has blessed our lives and taught us many things about God and love. We have rejoiced to see David and James go on missions and to have David and Claudia married in the Temple. Life has been good. I shall be ever grateful for kind loving parents who taught me the value of work and the importance of having faith in God, for brothers and sisters who took time to give a helping hand. . .for each person who makes up my present family.

CLAUDIA RAE KEELEY WEBB

November First, a day known to many as "All Saints Day", should be a day when the saintliest of earthlings are born.... And, in the year of 1955, I entered earthlife on that very date shortly after 1 p.m. (Perhaps the hour of my arrival explains how a bit of devilishness is inevitable in me -- thirteen hours after Halloween must have a bit of witchery left to it!)

I began life as the first child of an American serviceman, Captain Arthur Ray Keeley, and his wife Nadine Aagard. My first view of earth was in the army hospital at Stuttgart, West Germany. Before I was 2, we returned to the States where Dad located us in Logan, Utah, so he could resume his studies at Utah State University. There I showed my "saintliness" whenever threatened with a spanking by softly saying, "But I'm just a little girl..." or whenever trying to endure a lengthy prayer by calling out, "Say 'Amen', man! Say 'Amen' !". There my devilishness showed up, too, whenever I'd tip baby Dave out of his stroller or run away wearing just my cowboy hat. (Our family had grown on July 9, 1957 with the addition of David Scott.)

After Dad's graduation, the Church Education System sent him to Cowley, Wyoming, to teach Seminary. Pudgy, roly-polly James Daniel joined us there on 2 August 1958. I began to feel outnumbered and had to defend myself against two brothers. I tried everything -- even stuffing caterpillars down Dave's training pants -- but nothing worked. I began praying for a sister. The summer of 1959 came and we were transferred a few miles to Lovell, Wyoming, before my prayers were answered. On October 23, Lisa Kaye evened out the family.

The big house at 214 Kansas Ave. had lots of trees, lots of open spaces, and lots of neighbor kids (mostly boys). We spent hours climbing trees, playing Cowboys and Indians or Army, and exploring. Sometime in the middle of all this growing up (May 10, 1961), Kevin Mark became part of the neighborhood and part of our home. By now I was big enough to be Mother's helper and old enough to leave the neighborhood and to start kindergarten.

I loved school from the start, and I enjoyed helping Mom with all my brothers and sisters. I wasn't much help however, when the summer of 1962 brought the birth and death of little Elizabeth Ann on July 20. Nobody could help like our aunts; they came to stay and be Mother's real helpers. As summer drew to a close, life seemed to return to normal.

First Grade passed quickly. Second grade went much slower. I had broken ear drums off and on until the doctor decided a tonsilectomy would cure me. At Thanksgiving vacation, I had my tonsils out. Unfortunately, having no tonsils didn't cure my ear aches. Nor did it alter my spelling ability -- I won my first spelling bee with the word "marionette". I spent a few recesses indoors, not for ear aches, but for stealing a certain boy's shoes and throwing them into snowbanks and over fences.

Two good things happened in the spring of 1964. Karen Christine was born on May 6 and my parents traded a china cabinet for a piano. Piano lessons became the big excitement of my life. I'd practice until my fingers hurt. (Learning to play has served me well in church and school and as a teacher.)

Fourth grade was a year full of devilishness. I blindfolded Dave and let him walk off a tall haystack. I wrote "poison pen" letters to people I didn't want for my friends. I chased boys until my teacher had to have a "conference" with me. Then we moved.

685 Park Drive, Hyrum, Utah, became our home--but for months my heart was still in Wyoming. The kids at school seemed as snobby as I had been--so I learned my lesson the hard way. By the time Marianne was born (June 21, 1968), I had found some good friends and we were excitedly awaiting junior high's opening day.

My three years at South Cache Jr. High were exciting! Samplings of those years follow.... The first day a boy nicknamed Hoss asked me for a date. (I didn't go.) At a pep rally I nearly crawled under my seat when Dad came down the aisle dressed as a cheerleader. During a band clinic with North Cache, I was assigned to play my clarinet next to Reed L. Webb, someone I'd later know better. My girlfriend and I, along with some boys, were left up the canyon for part of a rainy day when we missed the return field trip bus. I held my first LDS church position as Primary pianist. I gained another brother on May 5, 1970, when Arthur Paul was born. My last year, I was chosen as one of the school historians. Under some mistletoe, I stole my first kiss. I grew into nylons, make-up, and sitting by boys at school movies. In spite of myself, I was awarded trophies for citizenship and scholarship.

Sky View, a large Cache County high school, played a larger role in my life than just education. It was a meeting place, a starting place for the future. My sophomore year I was scheduled to be in Honor English, a special class taught once a day only. I had chosen English over Honor Band, also taught once a day at the same time. The band leader pestered me until I transferred into Honor Band. It turned out to be an important switch. One of the senior clarinetists was Reed Webb. At first he was the last fellow I thought about. I was busy trying to get a date to Homecoming out of the guy I'd been after all summer. Around Christmas when Reed asked me out, things must have gone okay for he asked me again and again. He soon became the only guy in my life, my high school sweetheart. He went on to a year of college, followed by a mission to Florida in 1973. I was still in high school. I had dreams of becoming a journalist or a medical lab technician and of marrying Reed. I graduated with honors in 1974. With 2 scholarships to USU and a missionary who needed me, my future looked secure. Before I could use my scholarships, I had an emergency appendectomy and played Mother's helper one last time when Christopher Aagard was born Sept. 11, 1974. Since Rebecca Jo had arrived early New Year's day the year before (Jan. 1, 1973), we were eleven in all.

Before beginning my second year of college, my missionary returned. Our reunion took place on the Logan Temple grounds. A few months later, Oct. 15, Reed proposed there, too. Three months more (Jan. 14, 1976) and we were married across the altar in the Logan Temple. We settled in Smithfield, Utah. I tried to keep up with my schooling and part-time job as well as become a good wife but when signs of motherhood appeared, my other careers ended. My husband babied me through 2 months of lying in bed at home and one week in the hospital. He was there to call the doctor in from trick-or-treating that October 30, 1976, to deliver our little Rita Suzanne.

With Rita's arrival just nine months after being married, it seems we have always been three. The three of us have been through a lot in the past three years.... Three moves, bringing us to our second owned home. Reed's acceptance of a position as an advertising account executive at the local newspaper. My becoming a seamstress-piano teacher instead of a medical lab technician. Rita's being attacked by a dog and flipped from a moving car (with very few scars to show for her adventures). And more. Whatever the future holds we are ready and waiting, with a little bit of saintliness and a bit of bewitching devilishness.

