

Ruth's Writings - (dad's sister Ruth Woodruff)

Ruth Notes

This is a chronological listing of Ruth's emails. You will note that the topics skip around, but that's how conversations grow. These emails -slightly redacted to take out irrelevant stuff like talk about my broken back- are in the order in which she sent them, a most remarkable collection of memories. They provide tremendous "color" -the NFL should hire her for Superbow!- and information about Leamington, the family the home, the community and the times.

Note that many of Auntie Ruth's (as she likes to be called says cousin Ray Vogel) topics involve SLC. She did not confine herself to Leamington, which was a wonderful thing. I never knew that she took care of me as a baby in SLC -said I was a fun baby (she's right about the 'baby' part....). I did not know that Wanda lived next to us, that Ruth lived with us, that mom's sister Mabel provided articles of clothing, that mom sewed for Doris and Ruth, that mom and dad helped pay for Ruth's chiropractor. Ruth was indeed young when dad left home, but her memories about life alone with Doris and her dad enrich my understanding of Grandpa Sam and his life after Grandma Dorothy died.

The dates are those on the original emails, and the language is hers. Excellent writing that creates images of what was going on.

May 5, 2004

Dear Jim,

First, what are UBW and BTW? I'm sure that they are parts of your autobiography on your web site. By the way, is the web site address the same as your E-mail address? I gave up trying for it on our old computer, but now we have a brand new Dell, so I'll try again.

I'm glad to know that there are six grandchildren in the Provo area and that some of them keep in touch with your Mom. She may not remember but I'm sure the phone calls and visits have to be good for her. Also, those keeping in touch will benefit by knowing that they did.

So Mabel died a year after your dad. I was so happy to meet her at his funeral because of something that happened in 1942. I had had rheumatic fever that spring and chorea (St Vitus Dance), and Dad didn't think I was getting better fast enough. He must have conferred with the family because your folks invited me to come to SLC and stay with them and take a course of 10 chiropractic treatments like Marie had been undergoing. I'm sure they paid for them. The Chiro noticed that my head leaned to one side. Anyway, after the treatments he didn't think I was straightened out enough so he gave 10 more free. Nice, huh?

As you may have suspected, you were just a sweet baby in a buggy at the time and I got to feed you once in awhile. Your folks lived in the New Sutton apartments on 3rd South and about second East--very close to downtown Salt Lake. The Chiro office was only two or three blocks away. I had to rest a lot on a single bed they had in an alcove. I would listen to the radio sometimes. two popular songs were, "The Jersey Bounce", and "One dozen Roses".

Okay, now for the Mabel thing...Marie could see that I didn't have enough nice clothes so she went to a closet and pulled out a box with several dresses in it. She said they were her sister, Mabel's. I tried them on and she made some adjustments and added a pretty belt to one of them, so I had three nice dresses to take home with me. (sigh)

She also got some little boxes, fabric and cotton stuffing and made some doll house furniture for me. She had fun making them. And that is why I was so happy to finally meet Mabel.

My Doctor in Delta said I wouldn't be ready to go back to school until after Christmas, but I went just before Halloween. Just before Christmas our whole class of five was sent to eighth grade at Delta High School. I participated in PE. and did fine from then on. I feel that all those treatments were extremely helpful to me.

In the next letter I'll talk about Dad caring for us after Mother died. And rentals.

Love, Auntie Ruth

May 28, 2004

Dear Jim.

Now for Alvin. I do have some photos around here in books about the family I'll see what I can rustle up for you and I'll write some of my memories of him

He was twelve years old when I was born, so by the time I was six and starting school he was nearly out of the nest--or out of his brooder coop. That is where he lived during High school since there wasn't a bedroom for him in the old homestead, and he had a bed-wetting problem up to the teen years. After he left Dad turned it into a granary, before we moved up behind Pete Nelson's house.

Alvin's House, as we all called it, was very interesting. A banjo, a guitar and a ukelele hung up on the walls and there may have been a horn, too, and other interesting items. Once, he paid me a nickel for a cigar box I had acquired from somewhere. He needed it to keep fossils in.

My first recollection of him, and I may already have told you this, was when I was about as tall as the mattress on the bed in the "Girls' Room". There were several of us going through this room and I was whining for bread (as usual), only, since I was probably about 2 or 3, I pronounced it, "bed". Alvin was very helpful, smiling and saying to me. "You want some bed? Here's some bed for you", and patting the end of the bed. I may have scowled at him, but I remember thinking--"Okay, so I don't know how to say bread yet"... and I realized it was funny.

One time he came home for a short visit when Doris and I were still in grade school and gave us each a beautiful bracelet with heart-shaped gems on it. He told us what each one was, ruby, emerald, aquamarine, golden topaz, diamond, and whatever. He said they were *Genuine Simulated Jewels*. They were beautiful. We wore them when we went down to Alpha's place. She thought they were pretty and

asked where we got them. I told her Alvin had given them to us and that they were Genuine Simulated Jewels. She laughed her lovely, musical laugh and said, "Oh, that Alvin!" So I thought that simulated meant imitation but I didn't care that they weren't real. They were a beautiful gift from my loving--but funny--brother.

May 28, 2004

Dear Jim.

Thanks for writing. It's too bad that your mom's memory does not work enough to hold memories that could possibly give her comfort and joy at this stage of her life. At least she does recognize those who come to visit--when they are there. So the home will be sold eventually. It is a wonderful and interesting home and the grounds are lovely. Has anyone been taking care of them? I remember Marie working in the yard and having lots of beautiful potted plants. She told us that after retiring from work she had made that her "work" because she needed something fulfilling to do. I'm sure you'll get a very good price for it.

I feel bad for you being in pain so much and having to fly to Utah and sell the place. Will you be able to drive a rented car from SLC to Provo and back, etc., etc.? Does that make you cringe just thinking about it? That will be later so maybe things will be better for you by then. It must be dreadful for you, having your life changed so in a split second.

Doris' E-address is jadcom@uswest.net. She will be happy to hear from you. She has had three heart operations beginning with one back in the fifties or sixties, which really gave her new life for around thirty years then she had to have another one and a few years later, the third. She keeps plodding on and she and John take care of each other. She has been doing Genealogy since she married the first time and she and John have been Stake Family History Specialists for a long time. I saw her recently when we were in Utah for a granddaughter's graduation from BYU. She had lost weight and was very thin. It gave me pause.

Raymond's E-mail address is raycmj@juno.com and at work: rvogel@nevpc.com. He works at Nevada Power Co since he retired from the military. He's a great guy. He

looks a lot like Dad did, very slender, only more healthy. His brother, Rex looks like his dad, Conrad, but not so stout. We saw him recently at Joe Zezulka's daughter's wedding reception in Huntington Beach. Now that I'm tossing cousins at you, Doris' son Norman, the audiologist, now lives in Bountiful within walking distance of his folks. Our son, Mark lives in Bountiful also with his wife and seven children. Actually, the oldest is going to BYU Idaho.

Bye for now,

Love, Auntie Ruth

July 5, 2004 excerpt

I know about Viola's going to another (odd) church and rejecting ours but know nothing of Mother doing the same. Apparently your Dad knew, but never passed it on to me. I doubt Doris knows about it either. I do know that the women in Leamington didn't really care for Mother. Like me, she was outspoken, and not tactful. Wilford has smoothed my rough edges a lot (and very nicely) through the years. I didn't realize the extent of their dislike of Mother until a few years ago when two or three of our daughters went to Leamington on Memorial Day and reported back to me. They think it's a neat little town and like to see the cemetery and the old church, and other spots we have shown them.

Jim and Marie happened to be there at the same time and, of course, the menfolk took Jim off so they could visit with this famous and illustrious local personage. So Marie was left with her grandnieces, who thought it was so nice to be able to visit with her. One thing she told them was that she NEVER wanted to return to Leamington because, as it happened that day, each time the men would get Jim's entire attention.... and the women would tell Marie how Awful Mother was. Marie had never met Mother, since she and Jim were married two years after Mother died. Conrad was the only future son-in-law Mother had the privilege of meeting. Mother got along great with the lady schoolteachers who came to town, and they loved her (they didn't know she was Awful). Fortunately, the women in town were very nice to me as I grew up. Also, Doris and I did not become "Public Enemies No 1", as Alvin did riding his \$40.00 motorcycle through town. I'm sure you've read this one.

July 10, 2004

Fifty Years Ago was written in 1985--for the 50th High School reunion of when he should have graduated but didn't have all of his points (or whatever they are). In 1936 he would have graduated because he did much better and was vice president of the Photography Club, He had a small photo album that included himself with lots of girls as a wagon wheel and several others. He did not graduate, though because the principal did not like him--told him he could not graduate. I remember that day when he came home and told Dad and Mother. They were all upset about it, but did not go to Delta to hash it out with the principal. No car, and they felt it was final. I have to confess now, but Doris and I enjoyed that album so much and I ended up with it and eventually took all of the photos out and used it for something else. I know I did not throw out the photos because they meant so much to me, but I do not know where they are. Someday when I am gone, maybe there will be a sifting of all my stuff and they will be found. I should have left them in the album.

July 16, 2004 except

(She promised to tell me about these topics:)

Scaring Mother.

Rebuilding the chicken coop when it was moved from the field by the apple cellar to behind our house, out by the corrals.

Singing in the Tabernacle Choir with cousins.

His dog, "Germ", and why he had to go.

Teaching Dad Slide rule when he was preparing for the Post Office civil exam.

July 30, 2004

Dear Jim,

It looks more like the New Sutton apartments where you lived. the Avalon was to the right, just out of sight in the photo and next to that and across an alley was a big Firestone station on the corner of 2nd East and 3rd South.

By the way, I distinctly remember his riding home on a motorcycle the year I was seven. He took Doris and me on separate rides behind him on the cycle. We went out of the lane and way down the road almost to the main street and back. Then he took the motorcycle over by a tree and began to take it apart, etc. I don't remember his becoming Public Enemy # 1 though. However, I do remember wondering why he was taking his cycle apart when it seemed to run just fine.

Wanda and Joe and boys lived in the Avalon. And divorced there in 1946. Wanda got custody of the two. The divorce stipulated that when the boys turned eight years old they could decide which parent to live with. When Joey turned eight, Joe came to visit them and took both boys to California to live with him and wife No. two. Wanda was terribly upset since she didn't know where they were. The boys wrote to her but the letters came from Fairfield, Montana, probably relatives of the second wife. Joey and Kenny were there for several years until Joe began to drink and be mean again. Wife #2 wouldn't stand for that. She took the boys back to Wanda and Wendell and went home to her folks. Joey and Kenny were there when Wanda died at age 37 in 1957. They then went back to their dad, who had sobered up and had his wife back by then, so it all worked out well.

Write you later and when the TOC is finished I'll send the whole thing to you.

Love, Ruth

August 1, 2004

Dear Jim,

No, the New Sutton Apt.s have not been massively remodeled. (funny question) The folks lived in an apt at the back so visitors just went around to the left and back to get to their place, although it could be accessed through the front door, too.

After Wanda was divorced she moved to TOD Park by Tooele and settled into a wartime housing area. There she met Wendell Dangerfield and his son, Wendell, who was about Joey's age. In 1948 she wrote and asked me to come and see her and meet Wendell before they married. I had just graduated Delta High School

and was ready for more work in SLC. I took a bus to Wanda's place and met Wendell. He looked me over and pronounced me a "buxom girl", which was because of all the eating I did the summer of 45. I liked him

Wendell had several different jobs but didn't seem to be able to keep a good one so they were rather poor most of the time. However, he was very good to Wanda and her boys. It was good for her to have him there since her health was not good. She had a bad heart from having had rheumatic fever about three times. She always looked pregnant because of water retention due to the heart problem. She had a good sense of humor though. Did you meet Wendell at your Dad's funeral? He lives in Mapleton. Doris and I were glad to see him again.

Aug. 3, 2004

No, the song wasn't Good Night Irene. That song was popular in 1950, the first time I got engaged, so I could sing you the whole thing. The song from the thirties is Tippy Tippy Tin. I just wanted the last part of the chorus, which Alvin was singing at the time I was writing about. We acquired a radio about 1936. I remember the aerial being strung up in a tree in back of our old house on the farm. Wanda used to listen and write down the words of the songs from the radio. Sometimes she had to wait until it came on again to finish it. She loved to sing, too.

Aug. 5, 2004

Okay, I am keeping my promise. The following are A. Some incidents concerning Alvin that I witnessed, and B. Events that Alvin or Viola told to me,

He could carry a tune and had a nice tenor voice. In his last year at High School he was in the operetta that was put on every year. Another family thing. Wanda had the main part in "her" operetta in 1939. Mother drove her, Doris and me to Delta to see it in the Model A Ford sedan that Mother bought with the money from uncle Chris's death. (He was hit by a car while crossing the street in SLC and Mother was his only close relative). Doris had a good part in the operetta in her Junior year. I sang in the chorus in the one in my senior year.

Alvin told me that about the only thing he remembered about his operetta was running backstage behind the cyclorama and bumping heads with someone else. It knocked him out, but he did survive

After his disappointing exit from High School, he took the train to Salt Lake to live with Aunt Lottie (Charlotte) and uncle Lew Stout at 966 East 13th South. (The first three Jensens lived with them for some time. Doris married Alvin's best friend, James Louis Greenleaf after her Junior year, and they moved to Clearfield. (Another story in itself). When I finally got to Salt Lake and started to "live", it was with Viola and Conrad, Connie and Raymond.

Soon Alvin was singing in the Tabernacle Choir with four cousins. I'm guessing Woodruff, Inez, Naomi and Alta Stout. Or one could have been Moroni Alvey, aunt Mary and uncle John's oldest son. I don't know how long they sang with that illustrious group, but they were in it for awhile. In the mid- fifties a family moved into Barstow Ward and the dad was from Delta. When he found out I was Alvin's sister he told how amazed those in his class were to find out about Alvin being in the Choir.

More about his nice voice: Sometime in the early 90's Jim and Marie invited Doris and me-and spouses- to their place for a small Jensen family reunion. Marie cooked a marvelous dinner (she was a super cook) and we all enjoyed eating and sharing old times, and just visiting with each other. After dinner Doris and I coaxed Jim to sing with us. I sang soprano, Doris, Alto and Jim, tenor. I wanted to sing on and on but it had to end sometime. I always loved to sing and have been able to sing in choirs and choruses throughout my life until a few years ago when congestion messed up my nice, choir voice.

One last item about his singing...When Dad could not farm or do RR Section hand work anymore due to poor health, he rented the ten acres of land to Caleb Dutson. Grandfather Jens Jensen had homesteaded 40 acres sight unseen. When he got to it most of it was hills, so he planted an apple orchard, which did well for a long time. Dad moved a chicken coop from below to up behind our house and also planted the vegetable garden in front of the coop, so Caleb could use all the space to farm.

Alvin came home to help with the chicken coop. I went out to see him and instead, heard him singing, so I stayed behind the railroad-tie coop and listened to him

singing."Tippy Tippy Tin, about a Latin lover, Manuelo and his object of affection, Rosita. The chorus went like this,

"One night when the moon was so mellow, Rosita met young Manuelo.
He held her like this-(thunk, thunk on a tie, with the hammer)
and gave a kiss" (thunk, thunk again)
He was a lucky fellow.

(Last phrase made up to rhyme) I got the biggest kick out of watching and listening to him that day. I suppose he may have sensed a presence, close-by which could have accounted for his goofy theatrics. Who knows?

About the time I started school-first grade-we had a dog named Germ. He was a nice pooch who slept in a dog house by the kitchen window and followed Doris and me around at times. I found out years later he was Alvin's dog. I have two pictures of him by members of the family, but they are old, xeroxed copies and aren't very good. Doris may have the originals.

One day Dad told us that Germ had begun chasing sheep....bad habit to start. Dad had to take him out far away and shoot him. We felt bad about this, but hadn't really been attached to him, so it was not as traumatic as it could have been.

Years later when I was a grownup I asked Alvin why he had named his dog "Germ". He told me it was because "Bacteria" was too long. Typical Alvin. Very subtle humor. Years later I saw him being interviewed on the David Letterman show, and he dropped some of his humor but Dave didn't catch it or ignored it. I don't remember what he said but I caught it.

One of the women in Jim's stake was a member of the Relief Society General Board who was on an official visit to our area with some other board members and we drove them to Las Vegas to catch their plane. One of them told about how Dinosaur Jim would tell people, "Now this particular bone is 70 million years old, give or take a week." Of course I had to tell her he was my brother.

One time when Alvin was visiting home we were outside with Mother and Dad and some others. Alvin reached in his shirt pocket and Mother said, "What have you got in your pocket?" He said, Snakes!"and threw out a handful of nails. Mother

squealed, turned and ran. He knew she didn't like the critters, especially when a big one would be hanging on the screen door at the bottom of the cellar steps as she opened it to get a bottle of fruit.

Mother had a sense of humor too. I was told that once when a grown up Alvin was giving her a bad time, she said, "If I have to, I'll climb up on a ladder and box your ears! (Inasmuch as she was only five feet tall).

That's all for now. There are a few more that I'll write later. Hope you are gritting your teeth and suffering without too much moaning and groaning,

Aug. 28, 2004

TRIP TO VERNAL, ETC.

Also Mother's bedspread, Dad's Civil Service test, and Jen, the flighty horse.

In 1948 while I was living with Viola and Conrad, your folks invited me to visit them in Vernal. Jim was driving the Deseret News truck to deliver papers to Vernal. He suggested picking me up early one day and driving me to Vernal where I could spend two days.

He picked me up one morning and we rode out there. I enjoyed visiting with him. Every now and then he would throw a paper to some isolated home along the way. I remember a two storey one with a door on the second floor, but no stairs or any way to get down. Jim said he was always afraid someone would come bounding out of that door just as he drove by. One of the small towns we passed was Fruitland. He said it was named that because the town wanted people to think there was fruit.

When we reached your home you and Dick were sitting at the kitchen table eating. I still recall both of you with spoons in your hands and Dick doing funny faces.

An electric train was set up on a table in the living room. I'm not sure who had more fun with it—you boys or your dad. I was allowed to run it a couple of times.

However, it made me somewhat nervous, being afraid the train would wreck during my run. I don't remember anything else about the trip, except that I slept in the far corner of the living room on a single bed.

About 1938 when Mother was ill, she stayed in the cot that was set up in our living-dining room. Alvin had sent her a lovely bedspread. It was of pale orange, silky, woven rayon-like material. She had it on the bed, but as she moved around it would sometimes slither down by the wall. One day Alvin came home to visit and greeted her and she was embarrassed to see it there, but he said he was glad it was there. It showed that she was using it.

In 1943 Alvin came home when Dad was studying to take the Civil Service test for Postmaster. I remember him in the kitchen, showing Dad how to use a slide rule and brushing up on algebra. Dad passed the test with a score of 96! After Wilford and I moved to Barstow in 1953, I took a civil service test to get on at Camp Irwin, 40 miles away, and scored only 83 (but I did get to work there.) And here I had gone to U of Utah for a year, and Dad had gone only through eighth grade. I should have called Alvin for a quick infusion of algebra and slide rule.

Jen was a very flighty, strawberry roan horse who helped Alvin to detest farming. "Old Dan", the other one of the team, had been a racehorse who was through racing. His owner had given him to Dad because he knew Dad would take good care of him. Alvin was good at farm work, a big help to Dad. At that time-mid'thirties-a lot of cats were living on the farm, multiplying and replenishing the earth. Many spent time in the alfalfa field, so when Alvin came driving the hay mower, which had a long arm with sharp blades protruding for cutting the hay, some of the cats would jump up in front of the team. This did not bother Old Dan, but it did Jen. She would run like crazy, taking Dan with her and she couldn't be stopped until she ran into a fence or a tree. When she was stopped by some impediment the mower arm would twist forward and cut her on the leg. (You'd think she would have learned the first time not to run, huh?). Alvin said that Mother would run down to the field with an enamel bowl of flour and throw it on the cut to stop the bleeding. Doris and I were not aware of the cat plague, but by the time we were nine and ten, the feline population had been eradicated. And Alvin had gone to partake of city life. I won't mention what happened to the cats that jumped up in front of the mower blades.

I keep remembering more little snippets of this time as I write. I'll write more later.

Love,

Aunt Ruth

Did I write about the pretty bracelets from Alvin and the time he stopped to see me at S.H Kress & Co. in SLC to let me know he and the family were going back to Alaska?

Also, I'll write about his best two friends in Leamington.

Sept. 16, 2004

Dear Jim,

Alvin's cousin, Woodruff Stout was born in Leamington and as he and Alvin grew they were good friends. When his folks, Lew and Lottie Stout moved to Oak City, Alvin felt lost. (I don't know how old they were).

There were other fellows in town around the same age but Alvin didn't care for them. They seemed to be a different species from "Woody".

Years later, a grandson of May Overson*, James Greenleaf, came to live with her and her son, Parley. Alvin was three or four years older. They liked to ride horses together. Doris may have sent you a photo of both of them on horseback in the front yard of our home, with her in the foreground as a kid wearing some grownup's boots.

James came to our place now and then. He played the accordion and would sometimes bring, and play it with Mother, who also had one. She could play piano "by ear", so could also manage the accordion. He would sometimes play his for Wanda, out at the end of the lane, on a tree trunk bench. I saw them there one day as I came home from school.

James and Wanda liked each other and Doris and I thought they would probably marry someday. He and his brother, Harry, joined the Civilian Conservation Corps. (the CCC's) in the late thirties, and so dropped out of sight. Wanda did have a boy friend in High School, Grant Workman, from Delta. He came to our place at least one time. Mother didn't like him. He was a very good person, but did not have a sense of humor. Mother called him, "Pussy sour". Wanda left to work in Salt Lake in 1938, after High School. In 1941 she married Joe Zezulka, which is how Joe and Ken Zezulka came to be.

Interestingly, Viola, Alvin and Wanda all married in the first six months of 1941. Meanwhile, in The Philippines, soon after The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, James and Harry were captured by the Japanese, along with the rest of the corps and marched to Baguio, close to Manila, where they were imprisoned until the war ended in August of 1945. Doris and I were excited to find out that James (and Harry) were coming home. Doris even got James' address from his Grandmother and wrote to him. He wrote back and they struck up a friendship. The former prisoners of war were given a gala homecoming for about a week or so. James' grandmother was flown back to participate in the celebration.

Wanda was divorced then and James visited her in the Avalon Apartments. They had a long talk and when they came out Wanda said it was over. Doris and I had gone to Salt Lake to see James. We went by train and coming home there were hordes of returning servicemen who made room for us. (Doris has lost a lot of her memory due to several operations and does not remember this incident at all).

So, Doris and James continued their courtship and married in June. She was seventeen. They moved to Clearfield, Utah so he would be close to Hill Air Force Base by Ogden, since he opted to stay in the service. After three years James died of bacterial problems, etc, from the prison camp. He was in and out of the hospital in the last year and was finally flown to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, DC. Doris flew back there before he died.

BTW, Alvin told me in later years that since he had a lot of back problems, he didn't get in the service but since he was such a strong, healthy looking person, lots of people would ask him why he wasn't in the service. It made him feel like a slacker, so he joined the Civil Service to help repair ships in Honolulu. I heard that Alvin, before he returned home, told his co workers he was going to hug his wife

so hard he'd break every bone in her body. However, only seven ribs got cracked.

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\*May Overson was such a kind, compassionate person and was one of the Midwives of the church who took care of the sick, and delivered lots of babies--like me. I decided to needed to get out before the Doctor came. She was there and did the honors. My birth certificate was filled out by Dad since no doctor was present, and May was the person who registered births.

James was also very kind compassionate and personable. His second son, Norman, is so much like him.

I think that is enough on that story for now. I apologize for sending it by e-mail. I meant to do it in WordPerfect but each time I came back to work on the story, I forgot that I was in Juno because it looked so good.

Love, Ruth

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Sept. 17, 2004

Dear Jim,

Alvin's cousin, Woodruff Stout was born in Leamington and as he and Alvin grew they were good friends. When his folks, Lew and Lottie Stout moved to Oak City, Alvin felt lost. (I don't know how old they were).

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James was also very kind compassionate and personable. His second son, Norman, is so much like him.

I think that is enough on that story for now. I apologize for sending it by e-mail. I meant to do it in WordPerfect but each time I came back to work on the story, I forgot that I was in Juno because it looked so good.

Love, Ruth

Sept. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

Thanks for your letter. I thought you would like to know why your dad ended up in Hawaii. It sounds as though he had become close-mouthed like his dad. He once told me that Dad never discussed things with him--just told him what to do, such as when the Bradfields "stole" one of Grandfather's trees. I had never heard about that incident until I read the story. As a sequel to that, all the trees along that field that Alvin had to "girdle" so they would die, were cut down and made into an extremely intricate, and strong fence. We could not climb over it to pick more

wild currants off the bush that grew in the middle. Dad called it a "bull fence", even though I don't remember seeing any bulls in the fields on either side. When I was older I asked Dad why that bull fence was there and he told me it was made from the trees that had been cut down, and explained that they shaded the field on the other side so the crops didn't grow well in that area. He did not tell about his furious kid demanding justice, and revenge, etc.

By the time I was the only one left with Dad, he talked to me a lot about incidents in his life and was very nurturing and caring. I never got angry with him, because there was no reason to. He handled me so well, never ordered me or Doris around. He never denied our feelings, as many parents seem to do naturally. As I was raising our children I would think back to how he treated me and treated them the same. We got along very well.

Doris and James... I did not know about their marriage problems. She kept them to herself all those years. I found out only when I read her book and I never discussed it with her since she had "told all" in the book. I felt bad for her and understood why she had their Temple sealing cancelled so she could be sealed to her second husband, John Mayfield. They are still married after fifty-five years.

Right after James' funeral Doris sold the house in Clearfield and bought another one in Salt Lake, out in the County, a few blocks from Viola and Conrad. By this time she had another baby, Norman, who was several months old.

Doris' second husband sort of came with the new house. He was learning to be a real estate salesman on the GI bill. Doris looked a lot like his mother and he took to her right away. He went over and mowed the lawn for her and found other things to do. Eventually they were married. Later they had a son, Robert. After his birth the doctor told her that she could have other children, or she could live to raise the ones she had, due to her heart condition. She took his second option.

Incidentally, Doris' second husband, John, spent his military time in the navy in the South Pacific while James was in the prison camp in the Philippines. After James died, Doris called James' father in Montana and told him. She also asked for financial help with the funeral. I think he paid for all of it. The casket was glassed-in, and extremely nice. I cried a lot at the funeral because I felt so sorry for Doris, and James was special to me.

When their first baby, David, was born in 1947 I had taken the train to Salt Lake and the Bamberger to Clearfield and helped her for a week or so. James was very kind and attentive. I was paid fifteen dollars for my help, and when I got back To Salt Lake I bought a new winter coat with it. While I was still there his brother, Harry, came to visit. It was interesting to meet him but he was so different from James. For one thing, he insisted on sleeping on the sofa so I had to bed down on the pool table in the basement while he was there.

While James and Harry were prisoners, Harry made himself a rope, (I'm sure ropes are not issued to guests at these places), and he'd practice lassoing. One day a cow wandered by and He was able to lasso it and the camp had beef for awhile. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker told about this in his book about being a POW. He said the cow was lassoed by a fellow named Greenleaf from the cow country.

At the same time, James practiced acrobatics in the camp to keep in shape. He could walk on his hands, in or out of water, do back-flips, and several other routines. When he was back in Leamington he had his beautiful accordion and played such great music. In Sacrament Meeting he played two selections and also told about being a POW. To begin, he said he would tell some of his experiences there, and then he would never talk about it again.

Both Alvin and James did very fancy cursive writing, and could sing and play stringed instruments. While he was married, James even had a record made of himself playing his guitar, singing a song about an 'ol crawdad hole. He played it for us one time. I still remember it:

"You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole and
we'll go down to that 'ol crawdad hole.
Honey, oh baby, mine".

That's all, folks !!

Love,

Auntie Ruth

Oct. 11, 2004

As I read through your lengthy "Angry Alvin" episode again, I wrote down several topics to write about and will probably find more as I proceed to write about them.

One episode is "the cider press explained." Okay, when Doris and I were still quite young (before Mother died in 1939), I recall seeing this object parked out between the end of the horse corral and the pigpen on a sled-like platform. Doris was already out by it, and told me that it belonged to George Evans, who had made a barrel of cider. It smelled so good--whenever I encounter apple cider I think back about that but the present cider does not compare to the George Evans cider press "bouquet". since the cider soaked press hadn't had time to age, it hadn't become sour. I've always wondered what the rest of the story was, and now I know some of it, undoubtedly an earlier episode. Later, the press had been taken away. I never asked Dad about it, since it seemed such a sinister thing.

Another topic is why Alvin left Harvard. It was not anything that happened there. BYU had invited him to come and build a geology museum. Alvin had big plans for this, as I'm sure you know. A lot of it was to be a "Hands-on" type learning experience. BUT, when he met with some of the General Authorities to discuss the museum, President Ezra Taft Benson gave it a thumbs-down because it would have EVOLUTION in it....A dirty word to those who don't know the difference between Darwin's theory of organic evolution, and the natural evolution of the earth. So Alvin's efforts)were defeated. (President Kimball may have been still alive when Alvin was hired). Counselor Tanner was not against it. He even asked Alvin what to tell his grand children when they asked about why there were dinosaurs. His answer was that dinosaurs were on the earth when it was being prepared for man, which I'm sure you were told, too. Alvin felt that he could obtain outside funding for the project.

I also know something of his extreme problems at BYU. Marie told me a lot about them, and how she did all she could to help him.

I need to get into my day now, so I'll say adieu,

Love, Ruth

Oct. 13, 2004

Dear Jim,

I am so happy to be able to "visit" with you, give you my input and am delighted to hear that your pain seems to be easing. I do intend to write more as time permits. Also, know that you have not offended me in any way, and I accept everything you have told me because I know that is your reality. It isn't a matter of being right or wrong--you feel what you feel, period. When one can unload bad feelings the burden is lightened.

There are so many items in your long letter that I couldn't comment on them all, so I made a list of the topics so I can manage them and remember which ones I have written about. One of them is "the unspeakable" which I am not ready for yet, but I will be soon enough. in the Book Of Mormon, which I am teaching in Primary this year, when the Savior visits the people in the Americas, he gathers the children, blesses them and angels come down and minister to them in the midst of (holy) fire. and the people hear things that are "Unspeakable" and cannot be written down because they are so marvelous and holy. That is a good kind of unspeakable, and then there is the Bad kind, which we'll get to later.

Okay, now for your folks in the 40's. When I stayed with them in the New Sutton apartments after my illness in '42, they were very nice. Alvin was working at the Small Arms plant so he was gone most of the time. One day he came home with one hand all bandaged up. He had got bitten by a machine, but it healed up okay. Marie made wonderful meals and I enjoyed them thoroughly. They seemed to get along together nicely. She took very good care of little Jimmy and gave me advice now and then about caring for babies. Once or twice they went out to a movie or something else and I was the baby-sitter. All I had to do was sit, because you had been fed and slept very well.

I admired Marie, her energy, her clothes, and her business-like way of doing her work. When she decided that my wardrobe needed augmenting and pulled out

the box of Mabel's clothes she seemed to have fun doing the remodeling. After they were all done she decided to make doll house furniture. She rustled up some boxes, Wheaties, or something like that, and found soft brown fabric and cotton, and when she was through, an upholstered sofa and chair were ready for me to take home.

Since I was there for chiropractic treatments at Marie's chiropractor, two or three blocks away. I walked there and back about three times a week. Dad sent me a partial book of stamps from County Welfare. each one was for 25 cents so I could stop at a store and buy goodies while I was out. While in the apartment I mostly just lay on the single bed in the alcove by the front door and read. It seems like I read magazines. They were difficult to hold while lying down. The treatments and rest were good for me. I appreciated them doing that for me.

Wanda and Joe were living in the Avalon Apts. next to the New Sutton. I visited with her briefly at the beginning of my stay, but I don't remember her coming over to visit. She seemed to be intimidated by Marie, who had told Wanda that she had worn a girdle after you were born to get her muscles back into shape. I know Wanda was rather put off by that. (after having had babies, I think it's a good idea. I wish I had worn one after all of mine).

This isn't a lot about your folks in 1942, but I'll tell about the three of them visiting us on the farm later that year.

Love, Auntie Ruth

Oct. 15, 2004

Dear JJ,

Continuing with your life, later in your first year your folks brought you down to Leamington for a couple of days while we were still on the farm. The main thing I remember is that you were installed in a contraption that may have been called a "jumper". It was hung in the door jamb, you were put in it so your feet would touch the floor so you could push yourself and jump up and down. I would crouch in front of you and smile, then you would get to laughing, and I would laugh, too.

This was a good experience for me since I was not used to babies and felt a bit strange around them--inadequate. Strange, considering that lots of children love babies from the first time they see them and don't have to get used to them. Doris said she felt the same way. It was good for me, and when Viola visited us in home #3 (two rooms), Raymond was about five months old. Viola laid him on the cot in the kitchen and he'd look up at me and smile so big. I decided then that I probably could handle being a mother eventually. Eventually I became a grandmother and learned to talk "Baby-talk" and get babies' attention so they would smile and laugh.

Another event: In 1943 or '44 we had moved to town, close to the church in Dad's cousin, Pete Nelson's two room railroad-tie house in back of his home. Your folks visited us again. They stayed at someone else's place and I don't remember you boys being there. Marie wanted to roast a chicken but we didn't have a pan large enough. They hunted around the place and found a little galvanized tub that was the right size but needed a good cleaning, so they drove to Delta and bought a bottle of muriatic acid to clean it. The dinner was most delicious, We all enjoyed having someone come and cook a good dinner for us.

It was Friday and they had heard of a dance in Oak City that night and wanted all of us to go. So we went but first, Doris and Ruth needed nice, clean dresses to wear since Washday was on Saturday. Marie happened to be our size then, so she brought out two dresses we could wear. They fit well and we were so happy about them. We all went to the dance and had a good time. There was ballroom dancing and square dancing, and also a Quadrille, which Doris and I soon learned. Dad always danced with Doris and me a couple of times at all the dances we attended at home. Jim was able to see some of his High School friends there, introduce his wife and visit awhile.

I'm sure this was when Marie realized how few clothes we had and must have resolved to do something about it in the future. Hurrah for Marie! Early in 1945 she wrote and asked Doris and me to each buy a dress pattern in our size and send it to her, so we did. Later on she sent three dresses to each of us. I remember wearing them when I went to town, while working for the Bowens. Marie was the greatest sister-in-law we ever had. Like Mark's wife, Mary Anne, is the greatest daughter-in-law we ever had. Mark once said, "But Mom, she's the only one!" and I told him, "Yes, but she could have been the worst".

Oct. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

Sorry, the blue and green sections were a good idea, but they didn't work on Juno. If they had been just e-mail it would have worked. I could have clicked Forward, and added where needed, but since it was an attachment, I'm not allowed to do anything with it, except Close or Print. So I printed, and will work from there. I may use the Drafts function and work that way.

BTW, you did mention "the unspeakable". You said that you cursed your mother when she told you. I don't remember any instance of him abusing small animals, unless the letter he wrote to cousin Naomi, "Ole Cat", was a true story.

Now for the New Sutton Apartments. You were just two or three months old when I was there, and I fed you only milk from a bottle. Also, I don't recall any time that you hid back under the bed and sulked.....

Rheumatic fever was my affliction at age 12 going on 13 in August. I also had Chorea, or St. Vitus dance, but I think that came a bit later because I remember lying on the lawn in front of our house (on the farm--Dad sold the farm and moved to town in August of 1943), and trying to keep MY arms and legs still, while waiting for Dad to get ready to take me to Delta to see Dr. Bird. I was wearing one of Mabel's dresses at the time. It had a crepe skirt in Navy blue, with a jersey top in paisley--you know, the design that looks like fancy, colorful paramecium. (I always thought that way after we learned about amoebas and other teeny tiny critters). The Doctor looked at me and prescribed arsenic drops. I think I told about this earlier. I thought they were Wonderful! I felt normal, and could say my R's without turning them into L's. Dad told me what the drops were. He was good to give out information. He also told me he felt bad having to give "poison" to his little daughter. His little daughter felt like saying, "Bring on the poison! It works! I love it!!" don't remember how many months I took it, but it was so great to be in control of myself again. I've heard the Doctors don't prescribe that anymore.

When your folks offered to have me come to their place and pay for chiropractic treatments, Dad thought it was a good idea, and when the chiro saw me he noticed

that my head tilted to one side, so he worked on that, and did other adjustments, etc. When the ten treatments were over, he wasn't satisfied so he did ten more free. I must have been "with you" for about a month or more. It seems like I had three treatments a week.

Yes, Mabel was in Alaska, and I assume she had grown out of the dresses. I was very thin at the time. One of them was the kind where the top right side crossed over the left in one half inch blue and white stripes. The third one was quite fancy--pale green, of fabric like a cross between organdy and batiste, with pieces like leaves overlapping with little holes in between. When Marie finished redoing it, she went out, bought some pink organdy and made a sash. It was delightful. Someone even took a picture of me wearing it, with my hair curled nicely (I don't know how that came about), and thin legs sticking out down below. I saw the picture years ago, but never got a copy of it.

During our High School years during the war, Marie sent Doris and me skirts made from pretty tablecloths. Fabric was a scarce item then. Early in 1946 she sent me a green dress with initials, RJ, in an artistic design on the left side, (silk screened) Then she sent me a dress for Christmas, a white wool fabric with nice long sleeves, and the next year it was another one of the dresses that she made and Alvin painted by silk screen method. It was light blue wool and had pretty fishes (I researched them as Mongol idols) around the skirt and two smaller ones on the top. I loved these dresses and appreciated them.

Oct. 21, 2004

Dear Sponge,

I assumed that your dad worked on machinery making things like guns, bullets and related items.

No, I didn't ever go to the Arms plant. I don't think Alvin thought of inviting me.

I don't remember him talking about his day, except for the accident day, and it seems like he rode with someone else.

What is a "Tool check"?

Meals...I don't remember anything Marie cooked, but I know there was meat now and then which we rarely had at home. I thought they were good, well balanced meals. The only item I remember is the canned fruit cocktail. I had never seen it before. It was such a great thing--lots of fruits together, including pineapple, grapes and maraschino-like cherries. We had lots of bottled fruit at home, but none of those. Sometimes, now, when I'm making ambrosia--fruit cocktail, bananas, mini marshmallows and whipped topping, yummy--I think of the fruit cocktail at the New Sutton Apartments.

I didn't do any shopping or cooking there, or at home, at that time. Doris and Dad did the cooking. The year before Mother died she taught Doris lots of helpful things, as if she felt she might not be with us much longer.

I doubt Marie shopped at ZCMI. There were stores much closer, right on 3rd South, like IGA and Crystal Palace.

I don't remember them expressing affection, or having disagreements while I was there. However, a couple will usually be on their good behavior when someone stays with them. By the way, they asked Doris to come and help after you were born. I'm sure she did a good job.

Viola was undoubtedly in Paso Robles while Conrad was at Camp Roberts before he went overseas, to France and Germany. I didn't see her at all that summer.

I recall Alvin holding you sometimes when he got home from work, but not "taking care" of you. Guys did not do that then. Not until our children were married and had children. Then Daddies took care of their little babies. T'was a great thing to see.

You waved your arms and kicked your feet and cried occasionally. That was the extent of your repertoire. Now that I remember Doris being there for Marie, she was there when I came to stay, so you must have been about two weeks old or more. In those days new moms stayed in the hospital for ten days. By the time I began producing it was only three days.

Now, more about page three. I cannot remember what kind of sewing machine Marie used. It was probably electric. I'm sure I would have noticed if it were a treadle type, like our Singer at home.

I walked west on third South to the chiro's office. It was on the North side of the street, on one side or the other of Main Street. He was Marie's Dr. One time a different chiro did the adjusting on me and called me "Mrs. Jensen". I did not correct him, but thought it was silly to think I was married.

The welfare stamps were from Millard County. People on welfare got them. They bought food with them I bought candy with them. (Really nutritional candy). Ration stamps probably Candy bars were a nickel. All day suckers were one cent, butterscotch suckers were two for a penny. One could get regular candy bars in a smaller size for a penny. If I bought a candy bar I would get change as though I had handed over a quarter.

The magazines were some that Marie already had. They had stories in them. That's all I remember.

About Wanda being intimidated by Marie, It could have been the way Marie told about the girdle. She had an air of authority about her. Wanda was undoubtedly easily intimidated. Her husband, Joe, would sometimes beat her when he came home drunk and then try to make her think it was her fault.

It's almost midnight. I'd better stop before I turn into a pumpkin.

Love, Ruth

(I can't find where this came from but it refers to an important project that I remember taking place in Vernal. I didn't know it got into the paper or ZCMI:)

having such nice gifts from Jim and Marie. That was when they were in the "painted" dress business. The Deseret News had a big article about their business, and ZCMI had a display of some of the dresses.

Okay, that's all for now.

Love,
Auntie Ruth

Oct. 19, 2004

Dear Jim,

In the letter where I was telling about food stamps from welfare, I started to say that since the war was still new, Ration stamps may not have been distributed then. the thought was not finished. (I appreciate the "Sent Items" feature so I can go back and check things out).

When I lived with Viola & Conrad I still had my ration book. During the war a song had a line in it, "When a ration book is just a souvenir". That's when I decided to save mine. It was in my suitcase at Viola's with some other items, and after I had married she called and asked if I wanted any of the items in the suitcase. I said, No, Instead of finding out what was in it. So the book was thrown out. I'm so sorry I forgot about my souvenir of WWII.

Now about Mother. Grandmother Hansene Jorgensen had been taken advantage of by the Baron she worked for in Denmark, and had a baby, Hans Kristian Jorgensen. This was terribly distressing to her. Aunt Lottie said that her own mother, Hansene's sister, Maren told how upset Hansene was, all through her pregnancy. Of course she didn't want the baby, but nevertheless, accepted and raised him. Mother knew all about this, and was told many times to avoid such situations. She passed this on to Alvin in no uncertain terms. He told Doris and me that he fearfully avoided them.

When Grandfather Hansen moved to Abraham, Utah to begin farming on raw land that President Wilford Woodruff had bought for the purpose of providing a place for this very purpose. He took Maren and Hansene and the children they had at that time and lived on the land in the wagon box until he could build a house. They had been living in Riverton, Ut. with his first wife and their nine children. I'm sure

you have heard about your polygamous ancestry. It was a tough life. The girls had to help with the farm work, along with Kris, so they learned to be useful.

I remember uncle Kris coming to visit Mother when I was about seven. He was a short, quiet man and kept peanuts in his coat pocket and shared them with us. Mother was always nice to him but some of the family was not. He was her older, half brother and there was a younger brother, Hans C. N. Hansen, but he died when he was one year old. Hansene died at age 37, when Mother was three, and Maren raised Mother, along with her children, Martha, "Lottie", Maren and Hans.

Wilford sometimes complains that I go into detail too much, as you can see. I do have a lot of early memories, and Family History information that others have gathered. When I first married I did not go on and on and on. I had a tendency to abbreviate. However, the computer age has freed me from that. I like to see things I write, printed out nicely and neat.

Next time I'll write about my view of "The Depression".

Love, Auntie Ruth

Date: Thu, 21 Oct 2004 23:59:38 -0700
From: Ruth J Wiseman <mom_ruth@juno.com>
To: jrjensen@riskmanco.com

Dear Sponge,

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Love, Ruth

From: Ruth J Wiseman <mom_ruth@juno.com>

To: <jrjensen@riskmanco.com>

Subject: Fw: Re: Alvin's anger

Date: Fri, 29 Oct 2004 20:50:16 -0700

Dear Jim,

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Next time I'll write about my view of "The Depression".

Love, Auntie Ruth

BTW, This letter accidentally was sent to me, so here it goes to you.

Nov. 20, 2004

Dear convalescing JJ,

I called Dick the other day to find out how you were. It was nice talking with him. He remembered us dropping in on him, Janet, and family one day after we had been to Exposition 86 (or whatever it was called) in Vancouver, BC. We had a great visit and they gave us one of the family photo Christmas cards with all of the Jensen family in it and the message cut off. I had it enlarged to 5"X7", framed it, and still have it in our living room.

Dick told me you were home and had Thanksgiving dinner there instead of at his home. So I called Doris to let her know. She was grateful for the message since she had been worrying, too. We look forward to hearing of your recovery.

The Depression years...Since Dad farmed and was Secretary of the Federal Land bank in the Western states, we were not pinched then. It came after Dad couldn't work anymore, and Mother died. 1938-39. We didn't ever go hungry but growing

girls need clothes now and then. A lot of our clothing came from aunt Lottie. Every once in awhile there would be a box of clothes from her. I don't know how they got there, and everything didn't fit us, but some of the clothes were very nice, as long as they lasted. If Mother had been alive and well she could have made dresses for us out of castoffs.

Even though there was very little money then, I don't remember any penny pinching sounds from Dad. He was thankful for County Relief checks. Those were the years that he sent to Sears for some games for the three of us to play. It was so cozy playing together in the living/dining room. Sometimes a friend would come and join us. They all liked Dad, and it was helpful that he couldn't work. He was there for us, and he was so kind and loving. He never said he loved us but there was no need to. He showed us all the time.

Viola sent us a jigsaw puzzle now and then and we learned how fun it was to put puzzles together. She also sent Dad an upholstered arm chair and ottoman. At night Dad would sit in it and Doris and I would sit on the arms, or the ottoman or in his lap, while we watched radio programs, and we would change around at times. There were the Lux Radio Theater, The Little Theatre off Times Square, Bob Hope Show, Red Skelton, and others, also Your Hit Parade. It was so wonderful having that nice chair and ottoman at that time. It was like a gift of love for us. Otherwise we would have had to sit separately on the kitchen chairs (made by Dad).

Wanda had a good sense of humor and was very loving to the family. She sent me a humorous letter during her last years. Said she had taken a dressmaking course and was told to use anything to make an outfit, so she used flour sacks. She drew a picture of herself in the outfit, with the words on the flour sacks. I sent a copy to Joe, but he never did acknowledge it. Maybe it was too sad for him to remember.

I hope you somehow appreciate my rattling on about things. At least it's a letter from your loving...

Auntie Ruth

Dec. 09, 2004.

Long Ago Christmases

Dear Jim,

First, I want you to give your "Queen" wife a big hug from me for taking such good care of you in your misery. I just reread your 12-1 post telling about your last stay in the hospital, checking yourself out of the hospital, and then the problems you had later and how she finally got your attention. Wow! What a gal!

Since this is the Christmas season I decided to tell about a Christmas time at home.

Dad usually went out and cut down a Juniper tree for Christmas. Then he would roll in the iron train wheel and set the tree in it. It was a great tree stand. After Mother died and Viola, Alvin and Wanda were living in Salt Lake, Dad brought out the box of Christmas decorations and handed them to Doris and me so we could decorate the tree. We had a wonderful time putting on the beautiful, shiny balls, and the two birds that had come from Denmark. Later on, we found some red, white and blue crepe paper streamers and put them on. The next day we took them off and did something different. The whole time Dad just watched us, enjoying our happiness, letting us do whatever suited our fancy, redecorating whenever we felt like it.

On Christmas eve we went to the Christmas program at the church and Doris and I wore new dresses that Viola had made for Christmas. Mine was a green jumper with two pockets and a green plaid blouse. I don't remember what Doris' looked like, (and neither does Doris). After the program Santa came and passed out bags of candy and nuts to all the children. Joy, Joy.

Then back home where Dad built up the fire in the potbellied stove that was in the living/dining room. I'm not sure, but we may have decorated the tree some more. Then to bed and in the morning we went out to see what Santa had brought. There were other presents, but I don't remember them. However, there was a grocery type box on the floor, away from the tree, and upon opening there were a lot of

toys and a rubber doll that was sort of like the one Santa had brought me the year before. None of them were new, but it was exciting to have them. Doris and I decided that the doll was hers, since I already had mine. Dad didn't tell us who had given the box of toys, but later on he told Doris. It was a former schoolteacher, Bertha Ballstaedt, who was really friendly with Mother.

On this merry note, I bid you adieu,

Auntie Ruth

Thu, 24 Mar 2005 00:10:36 -0800
Subject: Re: Your emails
From: "Ruth J Wiseman"

Dear jr,

I did it again on today's letter to you. I just don't understand how I can be so great at deleting my thoughts.

So you are a feline aficionado. So am I. We now have another one of Bonnie's cats. We just get one at a time. I like him. he does not run and hide when someone comes in, like the last one did, but that is all I am going to say about cats (I could go on and on). How many do you have?

I always write to you on Juno because I like the way it stays in the Inbox if I don't move it somewhere else.

I shall e-mail all the family about Alvin's history and let you know.

About his paintings--I imagine there are a lot of them left after the family took what they wanted. Some of our kids have expressed a desire to have one of them.

I have a confession to make: I gave you Joe's e-mail address awhile before he changed it, and didn't think to send you the next one. I called Zezulkas tonight

and talked to Gaye. She wondered why you had not gotten in touch with them, so It is all my fault (so you didn't need to confess about having been an adulterer). Sorry about that. Joe is now in Arkansas on business, but I had a nice visit with Gaye. He or she will get in touch with you. His e-address is jezezulka@linkline.com. (No signature)(she was busy)(?)

Fri, 1 Apr 2005 22:54:44 -0800

Subject: Re: Bathz!!!

From: "Ruth J Wiseman" <mom_ruth@juno.com> [View Contact Details](#) [View Contact Details](#)

My dear metaphysically-minded nephew, I'm so glad to "hear" that you love cats. Makes you seem almost human.

Now for the Saturday night baths in our home:

Oh, by the way, did you and your dad ever stand out behind the coal shed in the cold winter and write your names in the snow?? I heard about a fellow on TV who said he took great pride in doing that very thing.

My first memory of baths was of Mother bathing Doris and me in front of the kitchen stove in a wash tub that was up on two chairs. It was so nice and warm. We were probably two and three. Another one is when Dad walked through the kitchen shielding his eyes--on the wrong side--as Mother was bathing us while kneeling on the floor. She said, "Don't look, Sam!" He said "I won't", and continued through the kitchen.. We were somewhat older then. We thought it was funny.

When I had scarlet fever at age five Mother gave me a bath and an alcohol rub every day for about five days. I realized what a chore it was for her, when I wasn't feeling sick. I remember the morning I woke up in my crib, not feeling well. Mother and Alpha Neilsen were standing by it. Mother asked me to stick out my tongue, which I did. They both said, somewhat in horror, "A strawberry tongue!!" From that time on It was "take care of Ruth" for Mother. The day I was well enough to take a walk outside, Wanda walked with me out by the horse corral and along the ditchbank for awhile. It was spring and a lot of leaves were on the trees.

The next bath I remember must have been soon after Mother died, because Viola was there helping out. Doris and I had been playing outside in the sand hills with friends and when we came in at evening time, it was summer so it was still light outside. Viola had a tub ready for us in the girls' room--A red letter day! Imagine--bathing in a bedroom on a weekday!. Viola put nice night gowns on us afterwards and tucked us in bed. Having her or Wanda at home then was so wonderful. They were so loving and kind.

From that time on. Doris was the first one to have a bath, then me, and Dad would empty the tub, put in fresh water and have his bath. While we were bathing, we were all listening to radio shows. The one I remember was "Abie's Irish Rose".

I don't recall anyone else's baths, probably because Doris and I bathed first, went to bed and slept through the others' ablutions.

We washed our hair with a bar of soap until Doris discovered Drene shampoo in Johnny Anderson's store and bought it (put it on the bill, that is), and tried it. we both used it after that. It was great stuff. Eventually we tried Halo shampoo. It had a nice song, "Halo, everybody, Halo! Halo is the shampoo that glorifies your hair, so Halo everybody Halo.....Fade out.

This ends the saga of the Jensens' Saturday night baths in Leamington, Utah. Oh, and I didn't think life was crappy--for me--although for many it is, like my friend, Elaine.

Love and hugs,

Auntie Ruth

Subject: Mother's death
Date: Mon, 25 Apr 2005 10:37:07 -0700
From: Ruth J Wiseman <mom_ruth@juno.com>
To: jrjensen@riskmanco.com

Dear Jim

Mother's death

I recall her lying on the cot in the living/dining room, not feeling well, and at night, having the light shielded by a newspaper so it wouldn't bother her eyes. I was told later, that she would hemorrhage, and then she needed to "build her blood", by eating a lot of liver and taking iron, and liver extract. Her blood would build up and then another hemorrhage. She was going through menopause. Seems like Drs. do D&C's for that now.

She went to Dr. Bird in Delta every two weeks and followed his recommendations and seemed to get better, but would lose blood again. Not being satisfied, she then went to Dr. Warenski in Nephi. He told her she had a fibroid tumor and a heart murmur. He thought it would be advisable for her to go into a hospital and take a radium treatment to bring her speedily through the menopause. I am taking most of this information from the book, "Histories of Samuel Peter Jensen and Dorothy Hansen Jensen" that Doris printed for the '89 Reunion. This is what Mother told to Dad for him to write down so she could state her condition to Dr. Pyott, who had a chiropractic clinic in Salt Lake.

Going back to my memory, Aunt Lottie had been sending little pamphlets to Mother from the Pyott Clinic. I would see them and read some of the information in them. I was eight years old, and could tell that they stressed "natural foods and chiropractic manipulation. Eventually Mother decided to go to SLC and try the Pyott clinic.

Dad was home all the time since he couldn't do strenuous work like farming and RR section work anymore, and had been on County Relief since early 1937. He accomplished a lot around the place, though, carpentry, planting a vegetable garden, and a lovely flower garden and a lawn for Mother.

Dad drove Mother, Doris and me to Lynndyl so Mother could take the train to Salt Lake, I remember her and Dad getting on the train, and then Dad getting off. As the train pulled out, Mother waved to us and we waved back.

I don't remember how long she was at the Clinic. It could have been two weeks or less when Viola sent a message to Dad via the Dutsons, who lived "across the street" (plus two lanes), that Mother was worse and he should come at once. He packed a few things, got someone to take him to Lynndyl to take the train to Salt

Lake City. Doris and I were to stay home by ourselves, which we thought was just fine. The Dutsons had invited us to come over for dinner after Dad left, so we ate with them. They wanted us to sleep there, too, but we insisted that we wouldn't be scared. and would rather sleep at home, so we did.

The next day was Saturday but I don't remember what we did. It was probably just another ordinary day except Dad wasn't there. Well, somehow we ended up at "Uncle Ben and Aunt Millie Lovell's place, half a mile down the road and across the tracks. That night we slept out on the lawn with their daughter, Fern. Fern was two years older than Doris and we were comfortable with her and the family, since we visited there now and then. "uncle" Ben was a shirt-tail relative through Dad's aunt Lena. (Kristina Paulina Maria Jensen Nelson, sister to grandfather, Jens Jensen)

We woke up early Sunday Morning and ate with the Lovells then started to walk home so we could get ready for Sunday School. The first house we passed was Caleb and Christianne Dutson's, an old couple related to all the other Dutsons in Leamington. Christianne stepped out the door, holding a newspaper in her hand and said, "It says in the paper that your Mama died on Friday. (Christianne was not known as a tactful, kind person). Doris started to cry, but I didn't. I couldn't accept it. until after we got home. We went on our way, stunned. After we'd been home awhile hunting dresses to wear to church, two of our cousins Alvin's age, Archie and Marwood Stout, knocked on the door. I answered it. They asked for Dad and I told them he was in Salt Lake, so they left. I never did find out why they came and I never saw either one of them again. so I could ask.

Soon, another knock. It was Roy and Alpha Neilson, close neighbors who lived down the road from us. Alvin had worked for Roy when they lived out on the "plains" between delta and Holden. We played with their girls a lot. The oldest was my age. By the time they arrived I was weepy. They had come to tell us the bad news, but could see that we already knew. When they found out who told us, they were most indignant. They took us to their place and let us take baths--in the kitchen, of course. They were such nice people. Alpha had a most musical voice. We went to Sunday School with them.

(To be continued)

Subject: Mother's Death (Part two)
Date: Sat, 7 May 2005 22:14:32 -0700
From: Ruth J Wiseman <mom_ruth@juno.com>
To: jrjensen@riskmanco.com,jadcom@networld.com

Dear Jim,

It was good to be at church with Doris and our friends. The practice song was, "Precious Savior, Dear Redeemer". We had practiced it before and one of the girls complained about it to the others. I found comfort in it, especially the third verse. This song has always been special to me. I still remember two other songs that we sang that day, "Oh What Songs of the Heart", and "Let Us All Speak Kind Words To Each Other". There was a fourth one but I haven't been able to bring it up on my mental PC screen. I think Doris and I spent the rest of the day with the Neilsons.

Dad was still in Salt Lake. A funeral was held for her at the Deseret Mortuary since there were so many relatives and friends in the city. A man who sang for funerals at the mortuary was Harry Clarke; he sang at the service. When I was younger we used to hear him sing gospel songs over KSL. Mother really liked to hear him. I later learned he was Wilford's Uncle and became acquainted with him and Aunt Bertha.

A few days later, Dad came home. We were at the Lovells' place. He sat on a chair, looking so sad. Doris and I kissed and hugged him and he brightened up. It was good for him to have children to love and care for.

When we went back to our home, it had been cleaned and tidied up. It seems like the funeral was held in Leamington the next day.

Viola and Wanda came a day or so early and saw that we had baths, and then curled up our hair in rags, which we slept with, and they undid them the next morning and combed them out and made nice curls for us. Viola had bought a new dress for each of us. Having them with us was so comforting. Neither Doris nor I remember Alvin being there, but, thanks to Jim Jr through e-mail, I just found out he was up on some mountain, logging with Darrell Moulton so he could not be reached Other

relatives traveled from Salt Lake; Aunt Lottie and uncle Lew, Woodruff and Louise and their first child, Aunt Mary and uncle John came too. They were both deaf, but had raised a family of five. When Aunt Mary cried, she made crying sounds. I thought that was remarkable. There was a lot of crying. The casket was in the living-dining room in our home. I was crying, too and needed a handkerchief so I found a doll blanket Viola had pieced for me when she came for a visit one time, and used it as I wandered outside in the back where the summer bed was under the tree. My friend, Colleen Neilson was there. She said, "you've been crying". I denied it, and she said, "I'd cry too, if my mother died". I felt better then.

Soon it was time for us to go to the church for the funeral. The family were put in the big black limousine that was parked out by the garage and we rode to the church.

We sat close to the front on the North side. One of the songs was "When You Come to The End of A Perfect Day." it was one that Mother especially liked. Fourteen years later, it was sung at Dad's funeral. There were a lot of people there--but when Dad's Aunt Lena (Paulina Kristina Maria Jensen Nelson) died the next year, it was packed.

I don't remember the rest of the funeral. There was a book with both funerals in it, those who attended the visitations and funerals, but I don't know who has it now.

When we arrived at the cemetery, the grave had been dug next to Virginia's and Ivan's graves and close to other Jensen graves: Jens and Matilda and two of their sons, Joseph and Noble. Finally, the grave was dedicated and filled in and we all got in cars and wended our way home. A lot more food had been brought in since early morning, when food had first appeared in the kitchen. It was very comforting to the family, and we all ate.

I remember being in bed that night, feeling sad, and wishing that Mother could come driving down the hill to our house. After Viola and Wanda went back to Salt Lake and Dad, Doris and I settled in, Dad said, I guess you girls will have to do the washing now. That disturbed me somewhat, but when washday came, Doris and I knew exactly what to do because we had spent every washday with Mother when

she was doing the wash. Dad would heat the water and fill the washer so we could just go to work, together. We enjoyed it, especially since the wash house was so nice and functional. Doris had a bigger share of washing to do when I had rheumatic fever, and the time I spent with Alvin and Marie when Jim Jr was a baby.

Since Dad was home all the time we were not left alone. We did a lot of things together, and Dad was so caring, and did whatever he could for us and we loved him for it. Doris and I often played in the sandhills and along the irrigation ditch where a lot of Grandfather's trees were. The silver maples had multiplied and made a nice area that we called "The Canyon". We often played with Colleen and Roberta Neilson, either at our place or theirs, which was down the road, about the length of a city block.

Dad began to translate stories from some of the books he had brought home from the Scandinavian countries when he was a genealogical missionary there as a young man. He did this to keep his mind busy so he wouldn't dwell on his sorrow. He spent a great deal of time doing this, sitting at the secretary desk he had used while he was Secretary of the Federal Land Bank for the Western States during the depression.

Some of the stories he read to us after completing the translation., such as "The Corals", and "The Cuckoo". The stories are very interesting. Doris copied them into books for the 1989 Jensen Family Reunion. I have read all of them, even "Part of The History Of Mexico" that he got from a Mexican who was in Leamington for awhile. He had traded another book for it.

Our life continued with the three of us. It would have been much more difficult if there had been only one girl. I read somewhere years ago that children need other children as much, or more than they need their parents. We did enjoy our lives together. We felt safe and cared for.