

Anna Ireta Wood Nybo

Personal History (Updated January 1, 2000)



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They've asked me to tell my story and I guess maybe there is a little bit I can tell that would be interesting. Since I am 89 years young, I've lived in times of walking, horse and buggy, hand and horse drawn farm equipment, wagons, ponies, automobiles (which were crude at first and luxurious later on), airplanes, space exploration (including people on the moon and space probes) and satellite communications. I have walked, ridden on horseback, horse drawn contraptions, bicycles, cars, motorcycles, trains, busses, snowmobiles, boats, ships, a helicopter, airplanes and many other modes of travel. I have also lived in days when the life style was much different from now.

I was born in a little wooden frame house in the Spanish Fork "River Bottoms." It was probably a cold day because it was the thirteenth of January 1910, a Thursday that I was born. A midwife whose name was Anna Poulsen delivered me. She was a close friend of my mother and dad and that's where I got my first name. My second name was given in honor of a lady who was kind to Dad on his mission. Her name was Ireta Hall and so my chosen name was Anna Ireta.

I am the middle child in a family of nine children. I'm the third daughter of Wellington Wood Jr. and Elizabeth Lavina Ferris, there being Merrill Wellington, Mary Susanna, Willis, Syrenus, Laverne, then myself (Anna Ireta), Vernal, Ferrin and Ferris.

At age three I had pneumonia and almost died. We had all kinds of diseases being a large family and when a serious disease struck, the whole family was quarantined and not allowed to go out. We stayed home until we were sure everyone was over it and would not pass it on.

I was so afraid of strangers that if Ma didn't catch me, I would run and hide until they left. Ma didn't like this and would stop me and make me stay. We had lots of people calling on us and often. The other kids in the family made fun of me because I was so afraid to talk to people.

Our house was a five room, one story frame structure (see the floor plan drawing). The front faced north. There were three large rooms running from east to west. On the north side of the western most room, there were two smaller rooms only large enough to hold a bed and a dresser. If you wanted to turn the bed around, you had to take it apart. The two little rooms both opened from the big master west bedroom. At the end of each was a row of coat hooks where we hung our Sunday clothes and coats. There was one window in each of these rooms. On the south side of the house, opening into the middle of the large room, was a screen porch used for cooking in the summer. The middle large room was the kitchen.

We never did have a bathroom. We had to go outside to a privy. We bathed in a tin number three tub and we had to kneel down to get into it. The water was heated in a wash boiler on a coal-wood stove. We had a curtain, which we pulled across part of the kitchen, near the stove, for a bathroom. When we saw the curtain pulled shut, we didn't go into that part of the room because we knew someone was bathing. We had to go outside for water, which we had to pump from a well. After many years, we finally purchased a gasoline motor driven pump and water was piped into the house.

We didn't have mattresses like now days. We slept on straw or feather ticks. In the fall when the straw was new from threshing we emptied our ticks, washed them and put fresh straw or feathers in each one.

At home I was always happy and had loads of fun because my brothers were so fun to be with. Mealtimes were especially fun because the brothers and Dad were so witty and kept us in stitches.

My brothers were very creative. They invented all kinds of kid games. Willis and Syrenus made slippery slides in between the first and second crops hay and we would slide down these from the top of dad's high barn to the floor. Sometimes we would come down in the dark barn and land on the backs of pigs, which often slept below, in the soft hay. Each summer, they took the beet rack box off the wagon and set it on four posts about four feet above the ground under the big cottonwood trees then placed a mattress and bedding in it to make a bed. They sometimes let us younger kids bring friends and sleep there. That was a real treat. We also had fun riding pigs, sheep and horses.

I especially enjoyed being with my brothers. In summertime, I went fishing, hunting and camping with them. Pheasants and quail were very plentiful and it was fun to flush them out for the brothers to shoot. I also went to motion picture shows and dancing with my brothers and my friends.

We had lots of nice friends among the neighboring families in the river bottoms, the Spencers, Warners, Adams, Hinzes, Poulsens, Holts, Vincents, Sorensons and many others. We loved these friends and often spent whole days with them. Sometimes Dad

hooked up the horses and wagon (or a bobsled in the wintertime) to take the family visiting the neighbors.

For fun and recreation with our friends, the games we played were Run Sheep Run, Kick the Can and Ginny. We also went swimming in the Spanish Fork River in a place we called "Skunk Hole." The river made a big turn, forming a large deep hole that was sheer pleasure to swim in. Many times, we would take wieners, corn and potatoes to roast over a fire in the dry riverbed near the swimming hole. In wintertime, our fun consisted of sleigh riding, skiing on barrel staves and shoe skating on the millrace ice. We made fudge, honey or molasses candy, and popped corn. We often had friends staying overnight with us.

Almost as soon as we could walk, Dad would set us on the workhorses and lead them around to teach us how to ride, so we learned to ride horses when we were very young. Riding horses became one of my favorite things to do along with reading. Eventually, it became Vernal's and my job to herd the cattle. For that job we usually had a pony and I had time to read in between chasing cattle, so I had it made. We were the cowboys of the family especially when they were planting beets and other crops in the spring and also when they brought the cattle in from the canyons in the fall. Dad had about 100 head of beef cattle, which grazed in the canyons in summertime. He also had 10-12 milk cows, which we herded while the boys and Dad worked in the fields. In the spring or fall when all of the cattle were at home, we had a much busier job herding them. We always had a pony for the big herd and it was fun to ride fast and jump ditches and teach the pony to rear and do other things. The faster they ran, the more fun it was.

Other work we did consisted of helping to plant the crops and many other different chores. We helped block and thin beets and hoe beans, beets, corn, potatoes and garden plants. We also topped beets, helped harvest potatoes, pick beans, raspberries and haul hay. It was usually my job to tromp the hay on the wagon so it wouldn't tip over or slip off. The guys on the ground pitched hay to me with their pitchforks. I used my pitchfork to move it around to the place that best balanced the load. When we got it home I usually led the horse hooked to a pull rope on one end and a derrick or barn fork on the other end. This was used to hoist large piles of hay from the wagon to the stack or barn loft.

My routine tasks in the house consisted of washing dishes, dusting, turning the butter churn and washing. Usually Vernal, Laverne and I did the churning. This was quite a task. We'd take about fifteen minute turns on the churn and keep trading off until the butter formed. We also had to take turns on the washing machine. Ma, had a little washing machine that had a stick that you pulled back and forth to make the dolly, a flat round piece of wood with wooden pegs pointing downward, to turn and agitate the clothes. We usually took about fifteen minute turns with this. Before that, Ma did all of the washing by hand on a washboard. The next washing machine Ma, had was one that you cranked. We also cranked that machine. After that, Willis got mother a gasoline motor-powered washer which was a great improvement and a big savings in time and

labor. After the gasoline washer, we finally got electricity, electric lights and an electric washer. Prior to that, the house was lighted with oil lamps or gas lights.

My dad owned a threshing machine and for a while each fall, he and the boys traveled from farm to farm threshing for others. The equipment consisted of the threshing machine and a tractor, which supplied the power, by belt, to operate it. The machine was on wheels and was pulled from farm to farm by the tractor. At first, the tractors were steam powered then later on, gasoline. Threshing with the old machines required a rather large crew. One or two men maintained the machine, one operated the tractor, one or two stacked the straw, several pitched bundles into the front of the machine, some sacked the grain and others carried or hauled the sacked grain to the granary. Neighboring farmers often traded work. Others followed the machine, hiring on with each farmer that needed them. In the house, threshing time was a very busy occasion for the women. It was tradition that the women, at the farm where the threshing was being done, provide a meal for the entire threshing crew. The girls and Ma had the task of literally putting on a banquet. Meat had to be cooked, potatoes and other vegetables were brought in from the gardens, prepared and cooked, and deserts were made with lots of thick whipped cream and other goodies. Dad would bring in two sawhorses and put them in the big kitchen. Over these, we placed long wide boards to form a table. The table was then set with our best tablecloths and dishes. The number 3 tub was placed on a bench near the pump so the men could wash the chaff (fine particles of straw and grain hulls) and grime off before dinner. There was always a broom placed near the tub for them to use to brush the itchy chaff off. The men always got covered with chaff that filled the air in a cloud for at least a half block around the machine in all directions. We kids loved threshing days because we not only got a good meal, but later on, we would go into the granary and play barefoot in the warm new grain.

We were a fairly religious family. Dad always had us bless the food and we had family prayers each morning before we ate breakfast. Dad would not allow anyone to speak disrespectfully about any church officer. My parents attended church regularly and I attended with them.

We didn't have a lot of money. Not many farmers did in those days. We had to be very careful with our money but we never wanted for food or clothes and we were a very happy family.

My parents, though loving and kind never told us they loved us or hugged and kissed us as some parents do, but one thing that stands out very clearly in my mind is this. When we were quite young, in the evenings when supper was over and the evening chores finished, dad would put all four of us younger kids (Vernal, Ferris and Ferrin and I) on his lap and sing songs to us, songs of love and hymns that he'd sung on his mission. I think this was his way of telling us how much he loved us. To me, this was very special and I believe this is why both Vernal and I developed an unusual ability to memorize songs. I can still sing many of those songs, especially church songs, from memory.

Later, I loved going to musical picture shows. I could watch them through twice and commit the songs to memory.

When we grew a little older, we had a family musical group for a while. Laverne played piano, Syrenus, mandolin or banjo, Willis, guitar and Vernal and I either guitar or ukulele. Neighbors miles away used to tell us how nice it sounded especially in summer when doors were open and the sound carried out on the breeze. We all loved it.

I started school at age six but I did not like it very much. I was terribly bashful, afraid to talk to strangers, and I was deathly afraid of the teachers. At first, I secretly cried almost every day and wanted to go home. My parents were not aware of how bad this situation was. I was especially good in art and handwork and it was a joy when the teachers praised me for it. I kept very little of my art and handwork because the teachers would ask for it and I was too frightened to say no. It made me happy to think they wanted it and it helped compensate for my timidity. I attended Thurber and Central Elementary Schools in Spanish Fork, Spanish Fork Jr. High School and Spanish Fork High school. Of my brothers and sisters, only Vernal and I graduated from high school. Because of my shyness, I did not participate in extra curricular activities except singing. I sang in the High School choruses when I could.

For transportation to school, we were first taken in a “school wagon or hurry up wagon.” It was a covered wagon with both ends open and boards placed along each side of the box to be used as a seat. We dreaded riding in the school wagon, especially in cold weather. In the dry seasons, the horses' hoofs would kick up clouds of dust, which came back into the wagon and almost choked us to death. In winter, it was so cold that we almost died of cold and our feet nearly froze. Our next mode of transportation was an old one-horse buggy with a little dashboard in front. This was also cold in cold weather but we could wrap a blanket or a quilt around our legs and take a hot rock along with us to keep our feet warm. After the buggy, we rode in a “surrey with a fringe on top” with our neighbors, the Vincents. It was a two seated buggy pulled by two horses. It was a little bit warmer because the padded seat backs kept the cold off our backs. We still wrapped our legs and feet in blankets for warmth.

In the spring and fall Dad let Vernal and I ride horses to school. This was an extra treat because we raced with the neighbor kids, Beth and Ford Lucas, who lived up the road. One day, the neighbors down the road told Ma that we were riding so fast that we would surely be killed if we didn't stop it. Ma didn't know until then that we had been racing and we were told to hold it down. After that we did our racing in the lane where no neighbors could see us. Vernal and I usually won!

When I was about thirteen years old, Dad rented two rooms, in a little house in Spanish Fork for us to stay in during the week so we would not have to make the long trip to school every day. Aunt Ann Wilson owned it and we used it for two or three years. We called it “Aunt Ann's.”

We had great fun there. I was able to attend primary and religion classes, which I'd never before been able to attend to any degree, although we had a small primary in the river bottoms for a while. I thought this was the greatest thing I'd ever experienced because the ladies in Primary always treated us with popcorn balls, candy or cookies. I remember some of the girls making fun of the teachers but to me those teachers were just like angels and I wouldn't have dreamed of making fun of them. I loved them too much.

My friends then were Helen Warner, Edna Holt, Ruth Sorenson, and my cousins, Mary Huff, Lillian Carter and others.

For winter in our school days, we dressed strictly for cold weather. First, we wore a pair of long legged and long sleeved fleece lined knit underwear. The girl's underwear had drop seats, a square opening that opened across the waistline and down each side. It was reinforced and buttoned across the waist. The next item was a harness like hose supporter made of inch wide tape twill that went over the shoulders, crossed in back and fastened to about a three-inch width band on the waist. Four adjustable elastic garters hung from this, two in front and two in back. Next was a pair of black cotton knit long stockings. These came over the underwear. Sometimes in extreme weather we wore two pairs of those or a pair of woolen ones. Then we put on several shoulder to hemline petticoats, a school dress and maybe a slip apron or pinafore, a pair of shoes with tops that came up over the ankles either laced shut or buttoned and a pair of heavy overshoes that buckled shut. A knit cap and sometimes a scarf and a heavy coat completed the outfit. Remember, we traveled in open buggies, wagons or sleighs. These clothes were very bulky and uncomfortable.

After I graduated from high school, I moved to Arizona, then on to California. My sister Laverne and Marcus, her husband, came home one summer for a visit. They were living in Arizona at the time. They persuaded Ma and Dad to let me go back with them. I spent a month with them in Arizona and we had a ball. Marcus and I would go out on the streets in the evening and play Run Sheep Run, Kick the Can, Baseball or other games with the neighbor kids. Occasionally, we went roller-skating in an old warehouse. I wasn't a bit good at skating. I felt ashamed to go because of young boys there that I liked and I didn't want them to see how poorly I skated. We also went on picnics down on the Gila River with some Methodist church members. The Priest had a guitar and we had great fun singing songs with him providing the accompaniment.

Laverne had a friend in California, Mrs. Walter Johnson, who had a new pair of twin babies and wanted a girl to stay with her to help take care of the babies. Somehow, Laverne managed to persuade Ma and Dad to let me go. I spent three months with them. While there, we enjoyed singing together. I sang soprano, she sang alto and Walter sang bass. One Sunday, we went to the prison with members of the Church of the Nazarene choir and sang to the prisoners. That was my only visit to a prison. I also had my first view of the Pacific Ocean and my first ocean swim while I was there. Mrs. Johnson persuaded me to enter training as a nurse. I left her home and began nurse training at the Orange County General Hospital in February 1933. That was the year of the big

earthquake that wrecked Long Beach and much of Orange County. It left about a six-inch crack from the basement to the third floor of the hospital. I was in Ward Six with the elderly people at the time. That was the most frightened I have been in my entire life. The beds rolled back and forth and chandeliers swung and fell from the ceilings and many were broken. The noise was almost unbearable. I tried to tell the patients that it would soon be over and then everything would be ok but I'm not sure that I believed that myself. This was one of the very few times that I received praise from the assistant superintendent of nurses for keeping calm and performing my duty while others panicked and ran outside. Class work was suspended for two weeks and we were allowed to socialize with each other and stay up late, which was unusual. We had fun on those nights after that initial first shock was over. We were all moved out of the dormitory at nighttime because of a large water tank that stood high above the dormitory that could potentially come crashing down on the dorm if so provoked by an aftershock or another earthquake. We took blankets and pillows and slept out on the lawn. The first night, two girls, Miss Stevens and Miss Harris, asked me to put my blankets with them so we would all sleep warmly. Both of them were quite heavy and I thin so they gave me the center of the bed. Most of the girls there had difficulty sleeping because of the cold and hard ground. I kept warm and slept like a log and even snored. After that, everyone teased me about my snoring.

I enjoyed working as a nurse very much. I also enjoyed the studying. I loved the people that I worked with, the patients that I helped take care of and the work, except for the assistant superintendent of nurses who was a regular she-devil. She was always on my back. She got after me one night, accusing me falsely, so bad that I quit and decided to come home. At that time, I had been writing to a boy back in Utah whom I had gone out with before I left. We had gotten serious enough that I planned to marry him.

After returning home from California, I accepted a job with a chaperoned group of young people who stayed at the Provo bench (which is now Orem) to work in the fruit. I first worked in the strawberries, then raspberries and later cherries, apples and peaches. I earned enough money to pay for my clothes and permanents.

My girlfriends there were Ilene Jones, Leona Nelson, Pearl Beck, sometimes Helen Warner and others. I used to go to Spanish Fork (from the River Bottoms) and stay overnight with Ilene or my brothers Merrill or Willis who also lived there. I loved staying with my brothers just because it was so fun to be with them.

Dad did not like any of us to be away from home so he went out seeking a job for me closer to home. The Nybo family was renting an orchard about a mile and a half from our house. Dad talked to them and tentatively lined up a job for me working in the cherries. So, when I came home from the Provo Bench for a week or two in between fruit harvests, Dad asked me to go and talk to the Nybos and see if that job was open. I walked over and visited with the lady who later became Grandma Inger Nybo. She sent me down in the field to talk with Carl, who was going to be the boss over the cherries. I had a good visit with him. I thought he was a nice guy but he didn't particularly impress

me at that time. This was my first meeting with the man I would someday marry. He seemed to be a lot older than I and our visit was a friendly one. I found out that the job was still open and I accepted it. While working there, a group of us including several neighbor boys and girls, some of my brothers and Carl, socialized with each other by going on evening walks. I was still going with Erwin Brimhall the boy I came home from California to marry, at that time.

At Thanksgiving time that fall, I didn't have a date for the Thanksgiving Dance in Spanish Fork, so I went to the dance with my brothers. Carl Nybo was there. Of course he'd been my boss most of the summer and I knew him quite well. He asked me to dance with him and I accepted. He was a super dancer and it was a treat to dance with him. I danced several dances with him and at the end of the dance, he asked to take me home. I again accepted and he escorted me to my home. We had a really nice time. We didn't go on another date until nearly spring the following year but I saw him almost every week day because I sorted apples at the Nybo orchard all that fall and winter. We began dating almost once a week that next spring, dancing, riding, attending picture shows, picnicking, etc., all very exciting to me. He often gave me candy, fruit or something nice. It was late in the summer and after having had continuous ups, downs and quarrels with Erwin, I decided I liked Carl best. I gave Erwin's ring back and said goodbye. From then on Carl and I dated once or twice a week the rest of that year. One night when we were in our yard at home talking and enjoying visiting, Carl did a strange thing. He pulled me close and kissed me and told me he loved me and said, "will you marry me, when I ask you to? I'm not going to ask you until Thanksgiving because that's the anniversary of our first date." I accepted him and we planned our wedding. We became "officially" engaged on Thanksgiving Day 1934 and married on Jan 10, 1935.

Our first home was on the Nybo orchard. It was located about a mile or two below the Spanish Fork power plant and is now owned by the BYU. It was a small, brick, two bedroom, home. It was there that I had my first child, a four months premature baby girl who lived only a few minutes, and it was also there that we buried her. I have some fond memories of the old orchard. Sometimes, I think it would be nice to go back and live there again. The second house we lived in was in Spanish Fork by the Del Monte canning factory (an old brick house that belonged to Carl's parents). We next moved to our home in Salem where I'm presently living.

Ronald, our first son, was born at my father's home in the River Bottoms. He was the only grandchild ever born in that house. Ma and Dad enjoyed him a lot. Lamar and June, my next children, were born in Salem, in the house that I'm now living in. Cheryl Ann and Rodney were born in the old Payson City hospital. I could include a whole book in this history telling stories about my children but I have chosen to write a history on each one separately and include them as future add-ons to this history. I love my children very much.

The following incident happened to me one summer when Ronald and June were still quite young. I had become very ill. I'm sure now that I must have had a high fever.

I was weak as a cat and unable to carry on my home duties including care of the two kids. Looking back now I believe I had undulant fever because before I fully regained my health again, we had to get rid of our pet Jersey cow because she was found to have Bang's Disease which caused undulant fever. One morning when I was unable to get out of bed, Carl was in the kitchen fixing breakfast before going to get his mother to come and spend the day taking care of the kids. I could hear both kids crying like their hearts would break with Carl trying to quiet them. I couldn't stand it any more so I started to raise up to go help. I then heard a quiet voice say "Lay down mama, the kids are all right, rest and get well." Then as if the wall was not there between the kitchen, and me I saw Ma with a hand on each child's shoulder walking behind them. The crying stopped. I lay back in my bed and was soon asleep. Later, during that sick spell, Carl's mother spent several days with us to tend the children. She was almost 80 years old. People banged in and out of the screen door and flies came in in droves. I couldn't stand flies crawling all over me and swarming all over the house and the kids so I told Carl we had to have someone who could handle the house and kids better. Grandma just wasn't strong enough. My sister-in-law, Agnes Wood, sent us a girl named Louise Wilden whose dad had been a friend to Merrill on his mission. She was very good with the kids and house and her brother, Bud, also came and helped Carl with the farming. He was the boy that wound up the tire swing with Ronald when he fell out and broke his collarbone.

I have enjoyed church work immensely. When my children were little in 1941, I was called to work in the primary by President Bernice Hanks. I taught the Zion boys and girls who were the eight-year-olds. They were a very tough class then. I was the co-teacher with Winnie Horrocks until they divided the class and gave me the boys. It was quite a challenge because I was a timid, shy person but we got along well. One day that year, as I sat with my class in the preliminary exercises, I was looking at the counselors and particularly the first counselor who was Anna Gardener. I wondered how it would feel to have to have to sit up there in front of everybody. I was still afraid of being in front of people. At the beginning of the next year Crystal Baker, a friend of mine was called to be Primary President, and who was called to be her first counselor, but myself. This was one of the greatest thrills of my life. In fact, in all the Church callings that I've held since then, I've never been more thrilled than with that one. I was such a greeny and to think that I would be chosen was a real thrill to me. I served in that position for two years working with a lot of different teachers. I went on to serve in many positions in the primary, serving 27 years in all. I held many teaching positions including that of a handwork leader for three years in which I taught girls to knit, crochet and embroidery. I alternated from one class to another of the three oldest girls' classes. I enjoyed this very much since I've always enjoyed handwork. I held almost all of the positions in the Primary presidency including President, both counselors, Historian and Assistant Secretary. I also served on the stake Primary board. I received my 20 and 25 year Primary service pins of which I am very proud. In addition to working in the primary, I have served as Sunday School Teacher, Relief Society worker, Visiting Teacher (almost all my life), counselor in the Relief Society presidency, Ward Organist (for three years), girls advisor in the YWMIA and Carl and I served together in the MIA as dance

directors. I have always loved to sing and I sang in the Ward choir for many years. I also sang with the Relief Society Singing Mothers.

One day, the County Home Demonstration Agent came and asked if I would consider taking a 4H club. A lady by the name of Laura Pennypacker had sent her to talk to me. It sounded like a lot of work to me. I had several children and was quite busy bottling vegetables and fruit for winter. She looked very tired and discouraged that day. She had a meeting scheduled in Spanish Fork and asked if I would come and see what it was all about. I told her that I would come, because I felt sorry for her, but I had no intention of helping them. I attended the meeting and they nailed me with a club. At that time, I was teaching handwork in a Primary class in which the regular teacher was a young woman, whose name was Zina Hanks. I talked to Zina about sharing leadership in a 4H club with me and proposed that her primary aged girls be members of the club. She said "No, these girls are too ornery and hard to control." She said, "let's take the third oldest Primary age group." That was the class that my daughter, June, was in. So, we organized our first 4H club in 1948. We had really good luck. The girls all made dresses and sent them to the county and state fair and won first place ribbons. That success peaked our enthusiasm and excitement. So we began to organize more clubs and participate in a variety of different projects. Projects included Clothing & Tailoring, Foods, Home Improvement, Canning, Entomology, Horses, Fishing, Rocks & Minerals, Gardening, Electric & Electronic and others. The clubs included both boys and girls. During my years as Community Supervisor, the number of 4H clubs in Salem grew from 1 to 15. I ended up serving 26 years in 4-H as Leader, Community Supervisor, Fair Judge and Judging Instructor. To me, my crowning achievement was in 1968 when I represented the state of Utah at the "Western States 4-H leader Convention" in Tucson Arizona and was honored as "The 4-H leader of the year in Utah" and received the Utah Beehive award. I also received five, ten, fifteen, twenty and twenty-five year 4-H service pins, which I cherish very much.

My hobbies over the years have been crocheting, tatting, knitting, netting, macramé, quilting and rock hounding.

Carl loved the Lord and loved to read and study the Gospel. He did quite a bit of studying. In our early married life, we weren't very active. He worked so hard on the farm that very often on Sundays we just rested or irrigated but we always had family prayer and we always had a blessing on the food. Later on, we became active in the Church and enjoyed the Ward a lot. Carl's first church calling was secretary of the Elder's Quorum. After that, Carl held many church positions including MIA Dance Director with me and YMMIA President. He was called to be Genealogical Chairman in the Ward when he was not very active on his own genealogy. He did everything he possibly could to stir up genealogy interest in the Ward. There were many weeks on his day off that he drove a carload of ladies to Salt Lake City to the Church Genealogy Society archives to do their genealogy work. During this same time, he tried to interest and activate people in attending the temple on a regular schedule. People who accepted his invitation included Clifton Carson, who had served as bishop, his wife Ruth, Merrill

Koyle and his wife Mary Dee, and John and Mabel Koyle. Going to the temple with them proved to be so pleasurable for us that we continued doing it for six or eight years afterward, whenever Carl was able to spare a day or two off. We'd go to Manti and do two or three sessions each trip. The couples not driving paid for the lunch to offset the gasoline expense. While this was going on, Merrill was called to be Bishop of the Salem Ward and Carl was called to be his First Counselor. That proved to be a wonderful experience for Carl and it was good for both of us. At the time of his call, I was serving on the Spanish Fork Stake Primary Board.

Carl and I were really fond of dancing and we danced a lot especially in those days when many Ward dances were held. Everyone was friendly and we had plenty of partners to dance with. For a while we were members of a little dance club made up of about 30 couples. We danced in the Salem schoolhouse. At a New Year's dance one year, Carl and I won the prize for the best waltz. About that time, we danced in our first Gold and Green Ball and over the next few years, we danced in many Gold and Green Balls, both at the Ward and Stake levels. One year, Carl and I led the grand march of stake dancers into the ballroom. Another year we had the privilege of dancing in a Gold and Green Ball with two of our children, Ronald and June and their partners. That was a real treat for us. It was there that we learned to like square dancing. We liked it almost more than any dancing we'd ever done. We became so interested that a group of us from the Ward joined a square dance club in Spanish Fork. We danced there for about two years until the caller couple moved away. We then went to Provo and took formal square dance lessons. Oh, how we loved it. At the peak of our interest, we were square dancing about four nights a week. I could stay and swing with anybody and as long as they had any puff, I never seemed to run out myself. Part of the fun was that Laverne and Marcus and my twin brothers, Ferris and Ferrin, and their wives danced with us.

We went on many vacations and fishing trips, which always included our whole family. We visited most of the National Parks and Monuments in the Western States. We traveled from the northern edge of Mexico to Canada and Alaska. We visited places in the Central and Eastern States, including the Hill Cumorah Pageant and Niagara Falls. After the older kids were grown and we had only Rodney and Cheryl left at home, we traveled to Europe with some Explorer Scouts. We also made many trips to find and collect rocks. Many of the Rock hound trips were made with Vernal and Sally (Vernal's wife) and friends who were fellow members of the "Timpanogas Gem and Mineral Club."

On December 22, 1971, Carl suddenly died. A lot of the activities, trips and things I was accustomed to with him, were now gone. As much as that hurt, I have not let that stop me from enjoying a reasonably good life alone. The hardest part has been the loneliness and missing him. I have worked very hard because a lot of the work we used to share, I've had to do myself including; keeping up the garden, lawn care, yards and things of that sort. My children have been good and have helped me as much as they could but it was never the same as when Carl was here.

Although I've been alone, that has not stopped me from traveling. I have been on many wonderful trips, but I would like to have traveled even more.

When Rodney finished his mission in south Argentina, Cheryl and I met him in Buenos Aires. We visited Argentina then traveled south across the Strait of Magellan to an Alpine like village, one of the southern most settlements in the world, and stayed there a day or two. On the way home, we stopped in Brazil, Paraguay, Peru, Panama, Guatemala, several other South American countries and Mexico. We saw the Book of Mormon ruins, big pyramid lands, Machu Pechu, the big Iguasu Falls and much more.

I've also been on several nice trips with my children. I've attended two world fairs and traveled to Yellowstone at least four times, once with June's family, twice with Cheryl's family and once as part of a trip to Canada with Ronald. Ronald, his wife Jean, and I traveled to Japan about three weeks to be with Mike after his mission. That was really choice. In 1987, I traveled to Canada again with Ronald and his family and in 1988 I accompanied June and Dick and family to Japan, Korea and Hong Kong to bring Mark home from his mission in Japan. I've been on many other shorter trips with the children and I have enjoyed every one of them. I'm in the process of making a trip book to tell these stories in more detail along with pictures.

Many of my lady friends I'd liked to have traveled with were in such poor health that they could not travel long distances. I found new friends when I went to work at the Provo temple in August of 1972 after Carl died. I worked in the temple laundry for seven years, two of which I spent mending temple clothing. It was during this time that I met two nice widows, Ima Wild and Gwen Mellor. We made a trip to Hawaii, which proved to be a really fun experience. It was so beautiful down there. We made a second trip to Canada in the truck and camper that Carl had purchased four years before his death. Leola Johnson, a neighbor of mine, and I took a cruise trip to three Caribbean Islands. That was a very nice trip and I've always cherished having been able to be with her. She was a lovely companion. We were somewhat disappointed because we expected to go to a forth island that was supposed to be more primitive with economical places to shop. In March 1983, I again traveled to Europe with Zina Hanks and her sister to meet Zina's daughter, Joy Lynn, after she concluded her mission in France. We met her in Paris, then traveled Europe by rail.

I traveled on a BYU tour to Israel and Jordan. My boss at the temple and his wife were on this tour also. We saw the Holy Land and the places where Jesus had been. This was a really thrilling experience.

At tithing settlement in 1984, Bishop Allen Woodhouse called me to serve a full time mission. I told him that I had just read in the Church news that the Church was no longer calling people older than 70 to go on missions because of the health problems they were having and that I was 74. He said that was correct but with the good health I was enjoying that would not be a problem. I then accepted and served a thirteen month proselytizing mission from 1985 to 1986 in the Nevada, Las Vegas Mission. I enjoyed

my mission and full time service to the Lord and I had experiences, which will last for eternity. One of the greatest thrills one can enjoy is being an instrument in the hands of the Lord in bringing someone into His true church. I enjoyed working with the Elders and Sisters so very much. The details of my mission are written in my missionary journal.

Immediately after returning home from my mission, I was called to serve in the Family Record Extraction Program. I enjoyed working with some of my friends from Salem and meeting other lovely people while serving there. After about eight years I was released from this position.

About a year or so later I was surprised, one day, to receive a call from the Provo Temple asking me to come in for an interview to serve as an ordinance worker. I accepted the call and went on to serve four and one-half years up until December 1999. I worked two shifts a week and I drove my own car to the Temple, which was about 32 miles one way. Of all the Church positions I have held, this one was the one I enjoyed most. I was about as near to heaven on earth as I could get. I never in all my life worked such loving and dedicated people. They gave me some of the highest compliments of my entire life when I left. They were so sweet. I do not intend this to be the end of my temple work. I plan on visiting the Temple often as a proxy but I will do it when weather permits.

My childhood home and many of the surrounding buildings are long gone. I occasionally go back to visit and reminisce. Each time I do that, it brings back a sacred, longing feeling to my heart. The corrals, barn and granary are all that are left but the memories linger on. The following is a poem and song that I love so much because it accurately portrays my situation and feelings:

Longing

It seems I need but close my eyes
And let my memory roam
My eager feet go skipping down
That dear old road to home
The house is gone, the fences too
The barns are hauled away
But I can see them just as plain
As though 'twere yesterday

The kitchen step where as a child
I sat and grew so fond
Of that quaint melody of frogs
Down in the meadow pond
At twilight when all else was still

With joy akin to pain
I listened to the silences
And smelled leaves wet with rain

The towering trees that lent their shade
In summer's sweltering heat
The laughing stream which beckoned me
To cool my dusty feet
A hill to climb and scamper down
And walk the old rail fence,
And over all - in deepest blue
A sky to shout against.

I see great stacks of new-cut hay
And fields of yellow grain
And row on row of waving corn
That must be hoed again
The orchard and the garden bed
Poured forth their luscious food
Mute evidence of endless work
To feed a hungry brood

The cows are coming slowly home
Me, trudging at their heels
I've watched and guarded them all day
To keep them from the fields
How can these irksome tasks of youth
That tied my wandering feet
Leave memories so filled with joy
And lingeringly sweet

By Delsa Michie - Washington City

The House at the End of the Lane

Every night as I lay on my pillow
There's a vision of home comes to me
Far away 'neath that old weeping willow
Is a place I am longing to see

By the door sits an old gray haired lady
Who hums as she rocks to and fro
And I pray I will soon be returning
To that land of the sweet long ago

Chorus:

I know there is somebody waiting
In the house at the end of the lane
I know there is someone who loves me
And there I'll be welcomed again
For someday my footsteps will lead me
To the place I am longing to see.
And I know that a light will be burning
In the window back home for me

Oh how often I dream of my childhood
When she held me so close to her breast
When the trials of the day would be over
And she lulled me to sweet peaceful rest

And now as the long years roll onward
I long for my home in the lane
And I know I will soon be returning
To that sweet peaceful home once again

In conclusion, I want to leave a few thoughts about my family and others. I now have 10 children counting spouses, 27 grand children and 18 great grandchildren and I'm still counting. I've got a good-sized family and I have been blessed to be able to be here to see them. I feel like a little lady I was talking to one day who said "-- and to think I helped start all of this." I have lived to discover that the things in life of most value are the family and people that helped in a constructive way to make my life what it is now and what I expect it will be in the eternities to come.

Finally, I want to leave my testimony of the Gospel for all who read this history. The Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is true. God lives and answers prayers and Jesus Christ is his son and our Savior. Joseph Smith was and is definitely a true prophet of God and the Book of Mormon is true. The Presidents of the Church that have followed Joseph Smith are also prophets of God. Of this I am very sure. My wishes and prayers for you are that you will always follow the teachings of the Church and remember our Heavenly Father and the Savior, Jesus Christ, and strive to be like them.

A FEW STORIES AND OTHER THOUGHTS

Alone in the Milk house

One morning as we were sitting down to breakfast, Ma asked Merrill to go out to the milk house and bring in a pound of butter.

In those days, we had no refrigeration and a cool place was needed to keep our perishable foods. The milk house was a small building that stood some distance from the house. It was painted white and had high-screened windows and was kept cool to keep the milk, cream, butter and other perishable foods from spoiling.

Merrill picked Vernal up and started to leave. I said, "Oh, let me go too, Merrill." He told me, "no, stay there." He didn't want me to go but I tagged along anyway. When we reached the milk house, Merrill opened the door and I followed them inside. He grabbed the butter, picked up Vernal and hurriedly left, slamming the door behind him and deliberately locking me in. The fastenings on the door were too high for me to reach and I called out, "Please don't leave me here alone, Merrill, please let me out." The milk house was far enough from the house that no one could hear me call. I tried to reach the lock but no way could I reach it, so then I sat down on the floor and cried, stopping now and then to call out, hoping someone would hear me.

Before long I got mad. The more I called, the angrier I got. Next, I banged and rattled the door as hard as I could. This did no good, so I kicked it. The door was made with four panels, two being at the top with a wide strip in the middle and two at the bottom. I hauled off and kicked a panel as hard as I could. It started to splinter. I continued kicking until the whole panel was broken out. I then squeezed through to the outside and was free.

When I came into the house, Ma asked where I'd been all this time. When I told her where, and how I got out, well, I didn't get a licking, but - guess who did?

A lesson in Obedience

The church used to hold Relief Society Conference on the Saturday before stake conference. On the day of this story, the boys and Dad were harvesting the wild hay which grew in our pasture a mile or so from the house. It was my job to herd the cows on the part of the pasture where the hay had already been harvested and keep them away from the new dry hay, which was being hauled home to the barn. For this job and many like it, I was given a good pony to help me. I loved to ride horses so much that this job was more of a pleasure than a task. On this particular Saturday, Ma wanted to have one of the boys take care of the cows and free me to go into Spanish Fork with her to the conference. Merrill and Dad were shocked at her request and Merrill protested loudly. "We can't spare any of us to watch those cows. We need everyone here to help put up the hay!" I readily agreed with them thinking (I don't want to give up my fun rides for any boring old conference with a bunch of old hens). They won the argument and Ma left in the horse and buggy. It was as though she had a premonition because as she was leaving she told me to be sure and not ride the bicycle that day.

The morning went very well. The cows all fed quietly and I was able to ride and enjoy myself as I pleased while keeping a careful watch on the cows. At noon we went in for dinner and I ate and rested. Having finished quicker than the rest, I walked out to

the shed where the bicycle was kept. I was still learning to ride it and I loved it. I thought to myself, "I'll just take a little short ride while the rest are still in the house. I'll have the bicycle back in minutes and no one will ever know." Taking the bike from the shed, I headed down the road going as fast as I could pump with the breeze blowing through my hair. My, it was fun. Then, mentally timing myself, I turned around and started back still going as fast as I could. Near the stack yard gate, there was a ditch crossing the road in front of me. My front wheel went into it, caught solidly, and I was thrown over the handlebars with the bike following me and landing on top of me. I lit headfirst and was knocked out. I don't know how long I lay there, but when I came to, I was totally blind. I could not see anything.

Feeling my way, I managed to take the bike across the Millrace Bridge and into the shed. Then I slipped quietly into the house and into my room where I rested until the boys called me to take the cows out again. Oh what a headache. I didn't dare tell anyone I was hurt and Willis helped me drive the cows out of the corral yelling at me when I missed one. Pete, our cow pony was very good at driving them and once in the lane, he would completely drive them. I mostly sat in the shade that afternoon while the cows fed. By mid-afternoon, I was beginning to see the white spots on the spotted cows. About then the cows began to get breachy and started to break past me toward the new hay. Old Pete did the best he could but without my help, he was having a hard time. Finally, Willis yelled, "You dummy, can't you keep those cows under control. I'll help you get them in the lane and you take them home." After the cows were in the lane, it was no trick at all for old Pete to drive them home and I was soon able to get them in the corral and shut the gate. After taking Pete's saddle and bridle off and putting him in the barn, I went into the house and rested until suppertime. By then, I was seeing fairly well again.

A few days after that experience, a big 4 X 4 pole fell from a distance, hitting me on the head. So with this goose egg, nobody questioned the headaches and much resting. It was very terrifying being blind. One can't even imagine how it feels unless they experience it. I've never liked twilight since. It feels too much like I'm losing my sight.

I have kept my secret well. I never told this story to anyone until after I was 70 years old. I imagine Ma guessed something had been wrong because I did a lot of resting and I never rode the bike again. She never asked me about it.

A Sewing Surprise

About the time I reached high school age, I was sewing most of my dresses. It was common then for me to make up my own patterns, so it was necessary to do more trying on of the clothing being sewn to ensure a good fit. Sometimes while sewing a dress, I wore a slip with nothing over it to avoid taking off and putting on clothes so often. My dad never liked seeing me in my slip when I was sewing. He said it was not modest and that I would be sorry sometime if I didn't quit. One day, when I was busily sewing in my slip, there was a loud knock at the door. The bedroom doors were on each

end of the room, too far away for me to exit without being seen through the glass of the front door. In the center of the kitchen on the east stood a large range (cook stove) which had a warming oven almost as high as my head. At the back end and behind the stove near the back door was a row of hooks where we hung our everyday coats. I made one great running dive for the longest of those coats and put it over my head and upper parts of me as far down as it would reach while hoping the stove would hide the rest of me. Dad joyfully rushed to the door and opened it quickly. There stood a neighbor boy, Willis Vincent, who was a couple of years older than I was. Dad was a friendly talker and he did his best this day, talking about every thing he could think of to keep him there. Every time Willis said he had to go, Dad found a dozen reasons to keep him there visiting. While this was going on, I was standing like a statue, not daring to move and hardly daring to even breath lest I give my position away. After what seemed an eternity, Willis finally succeeded in getting away from Dad. I was the most relieved person you can imagine. Dad closed the door grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary and said; "I told you you'd be sorry some day."

Our Sleigh Riding fun

It was a very cold day in winter when Vernal and I took our sleds out of the shed and carried them over to Vincent's dug-way to have some snow fun. The snow on the dug-way was partially packed and we each made a few good runs, slamming our sleds down, landing belly-booster on them.

Our Sleighs flew down the dug-way and the wind whistled past us as we glided swiftly down the hill. After riding for quite a while, we decided to call it quits. On our way to the house, however, Vernal suddenly had an idea.

“I know how we can make our sleighs go twice as fast and a lot farther down the road,” he shouted.

“How?” I asked.

“Let's go and get buckets of water and pour them on the hill. As fast as it's freezing, we can make that old dug-way icy and then watch or sleds go.”

So, a while later, we went out and painstakingly carried bucket after bucket of water and poured them on the dug-way. It started freezing and was soon a very slick, shiny, track.

The next morning when we came out with our sleighs, the track just glistened with ice. Those sleighs flew like bullets down that hill and on down the road below, almost beyond the old pea vinery (a distance of about two blocks on the level road below the dug-way). Fun! You'd better believe it! The old wind just whipped our faces and clothes as we flew.

After spending the best part of the morning in sleigh riding, we went in to have lunch, and afterwards, made and stretched honey candy.

Soon, we heard old Mr. Vincent outside talking very loud to Dad and just hopping mad. Dad came storming in and gave us one big lecture. Mr. Vincent had come down that dug-way with his team and bobsled and his horses had fallen several times and slid down that icy hill with the bobsled precariously near the edge. It had scared him near to death. Boy, was he ever mad, and his threats nearly scared the life out of us. He had not enjoyed his sleigh ride at all! We didn't dare do it again, but that was surely the ultimate in sleigh riding for us.

Ginny

Ginny was played with a stick sharpened like a pencil on both ends, the stick being about a foot long and two inches in diameter. It was placed down flat in the center of a circle about 18 inches in diameter. One tapered end was hit with a round or flat bat

in a chopping motion. When the Ginny flew up, you batted it as hard as you could. Then you gave an opponent so many running jumps from the middle of the ring to the Ginny. If they couldn't get there in that many jumps, you scored. If he made it, it was his turn to hit the Ginny and you did not score. The score was the number of jump steps you set.

One Special Christmas

One year after we were out of school for the Christmas holidays, I went looking for my younger Brothers: Vernal, Ferris, and Ferrin to go sleigh riding or do something else fun. After looking a long time I finally found them over next to the stack yards across the millrace. They were busy pounding and working on an old touring car body. They first took the upper back off with the back seat and sides still intact up to the back edge of the two back doors. It was in a sort of U-shape. Then they got a pair of runners, and mounted them to a sort of low platform that nailed it to the bottom underneath the seat. Then they fastened an old buggy dashboard to the front. Then, with the addition of a pair of buggy staves, it made a nice one horse sleigh.

The day before Christmas, the four of us bundled up and hitched Old Dan to the front of it and went all around the upper half of the River Bottoms singing Carols and wishing our neighbor friends Merry Christmas. Though many Christmases have come and gone since then, the memory of that special Christmas still lingers with me. It was those dear creative and caring brothers that made that such a special Christmas.

Vernal

In most families the kids enjoy a special closeness with each other and with the parents. It is not unusual for each family member to form a tighter bond with one or two family members than with the others. This happens because of age, gender or other reasons. For me that was the way it was with Vernal and I. In addition to being a brother, he was also a very close friend. We played together, quarreled and fought together, shared news and secrets, and even worked together. Sometimes, Laverne was with us too, but because she was older and preferred working in the house with Ma, it was usually just Vernal and me.

We spent many hours together herding cows during the day or playing with each other or singing songs together when we were not working. Even when we were working chasing the cows, we both had flippers (slingshots) and loved to shoot rocks at cans, sunflowers to cut off the blossoms or whatever else we chose. We killed many frogs and snakes along the streams and reduced the population greatly. We also played games together when the neighbors came to visit.

Some of the Games we played during summertime were Run Sheep Run, Kick the Can, Barnyard Golf (Old Sow), Hide and Go Seek, different tag games, Baseball (or softball), Ginny, Marbles, Hopscotch and Jump Rope. We spent some time riding sheep, pigs and horses and swinging on ropes hanging in the barn or on trees.

One fun thing we did together was take advantage of Syrenus and Willis's inventions. They were always inventing something new to do. For example, after the first and second crop hay had been put in the barn, they would make a long slippery-slide from the top of Dad's barn to the floor. When you went through this you were in total darkness from start to finish. It was really scary and exciting. Vernal and I were always in the middle of these things.

Our indoor fun in winter was Checkers, give away Checkers, Crocinol, Pit, Rook, Old Maid, 500 and many other parlor games now forgotten. Vernal became exceptionally good at these games, especially checkers. To the amazement of all, he often beat grown up people who were almost experts.

Vernal was gifted with a wonderful sense of humor. He always had a good comeback to any remark that was thrown at him. This helped make him very popular with kids and grown-ups alike. It was not uncommon to hear ladies say how "cute" he was.

We still remember each other on birthdays and other special occasions and get together whenever we can. He fixes things for me around the house and we still feel that closeness that has existed since our childhood.

Ma and the Root beer

During the summertime, I sometimes brewed home made root beer, which was made up of root beer extract, sugar, yeast, water, etc. On this occasion when I was brewing it, this particular batch seemed a little on the weak side so I left out some of the water called for in the recipe to give it a little more "kick." Shortly after I finished making it, Ma came for one of her rare short visits. We chatted for a while and during the visit she asked if she could have a bottle of my root beer.

"You are welcome to all you want, Ma, but please open it outside because it gets pretty wild sometimes." I told her.

She got a bottle and brought it in saying, "Oh, I can open it in here easy enough. I will be really careful."

"Please take it outside Ma. I've worked hard scrubbing and cleaning because I am holding a Club meeting here tonight. Please take it out," I told her.

She took the bottle in her hands and had barely started to lift the cap when - Bang!! That cap took off for parts unknown and the whole room was engulfed in a cloud of root beer. Little streams of it were running down the cupboards, walls and every exposed surface in the room. Droplets were even falling from the ceiling. Our feet stuck to the linoleum floor and everything we touched was terribly sticky. We were soaked with it. Ma was shocked and very sad over what she had done. She took a wash rag and

tried to sponge some of it off the ceiling and elsewhere but it was no use. It quickly became apparent that a major cleaning job was required to clean it up. She felt so bad that she almost cried. As she left I told her that Carl and I would soon have things back to normal. Looking back, that was a really funny experience but at the time it happened, it surely was not very funny to me.

Old Jeff

Once we had a black and white bulldog named Old Jeff. He always hung around the kitchen door as if he were begging for more biscuits. He was under foot so much that I hated him and thought he was the dumbest dog I ever knew. I sometimes gave him a kick to get him out of my way.

One day, a neighbor, Mr. Vincent, came to our house when I was there alone. As he approached the door, Old Jeff sprang up growling and positioned himself between Mr. Vincent and me. There was no way that Mr. Vincent could have gotten to me without first contending with Old Jeff. I gained a new respect for our lazy old dog that day. He had proved to me that he was a good watchdog. From that day on I stopped kicking him and treated him with much more kindness.

Money Laundering

The other day while I was talking with some of my grandchildren, someone mentioned "money laundering." I turned to them and said, "Did you know that I did some money laundering once?"

"Oh, when" came the reply.

I told the following story:

It happened a while after we moved to Salem from Grandpa Nybo's house in Spanish Fork. Carl bought me a new Dexter washer and a pair of twin rinse tubs. Before then I had gone to my parent's home and used Ma's washing equipment. With this new equipment, I volunteered to wash Carl's parents clothing along with ours. On this occasion, I had just sorted the clothes for lights and darks and how soiled they were and dumped them into the washer. When the time came to take the clothes out for the rinse cycle in the tubs, I opened the washer lid and, wow, to my amazement, there was a most beautiful sight. Dozens of lovely clean greenbacks were floating on the water churning back and forth as the dasher moved. Oh, was I ever surprised! Well, I went ahead and run them through the rinse cycle, through the wringer and placed them on the table to dry. But then, as I neared the bottom of the load, I got another shock. An almost new leather purse about a foot long and several inches wide floated to the surface. This I recognized as belonging to Grandpa Nybo. Actually, the washing had not hurt either the greenbacks or the purse, but Grandpa's purse had also contained several checks that had been reduced to little pieces of paper floating among the clothes in the washer and we

had no way of determining how much was lost. Grandpa and Carl were pretty sore at me and I learned, then and there, to do a better job of checking the pockets before putting clothes into the washer.

Music

I have always loved music. One of my wishes was to learn to read music and play the piano. When Ronald and June were about 8 to 10 years old, we got a piano so they could learn to play.

It was my happy job to take them to a teacher in Spanish Fork. I always stayed and listened carefully to the lessons and then practiced the lessons on my own along with the kids. I was so thrilled to be able to read notes because before this, I thought I was too dumb to do so. I never told the teacher, Mrs. Brockbank, that I too was practicing the lessons. After we had completed a grade or two and I had convinced myself that I could learn to play, I asked her if she would teach me along with the children. She accepted and I loved this very much.

Later when I began taking lessons from another teacher, my lessons were given in a Stake Center and there was a pipe organ there. One day, she asked me if I would also like to study organ along with piano. I told her I would love to. So, after that, I had a one half-hour lesson on both the piano and the organ. I had always dreamed or imagined how it would be to play a pipe organ. In this way, I was able to realize my dream while I studied under Sr. Barnet. To this day, I still love to play and enjoy music. I have always been so grateful to Carl for his encouragement in this. One Christmas, he bought me an organ which I love so much. I have spent many happy hours playing it.

Music speaks to my soul more than any other thing I know. I get busy and don't always play or practice. When this happens, I feel a sense of something missing in my life.

After a number of years, something went wrong and the organ would not play. One day, I mentioned it to Vernal. He checked it and found that the problem was just a simple switch and he fixed it. I am so grateful to him because now I can play again. One thing though, I have either forgotten how to make certain sounds on it or that part of it is still not working but you can't imagine how much I still enjoy playing my lovely organ and piano.

How Carl Almost Caught Our House on Fire Story told & written by Ann Nybo in May 1997

When we were newly weds, we lived in a small house up on the orchard, which is now part of the BYU farm. That orchard belonged to Carl's dad who lived in a larger house on the same property. The range (a coal stove that was there) furnished our heat, served as our only source of hot water, and was a cook stove.

The drafts to the stove worked very poorly, so black soot built up very quickly. By the end of the week, it was my job to not only take out the ashes and empty them, but also to scrape out the soot which had formed in long strings from the fire box back to the reservoir in back, and under the oven where heat circulated. I had a small tool to do this with which looked something like a tiny hoe with a handle long enough to reach across the stove.

I hated this job with a passion because it was so dirty, left black dust on everything near the stove and made my hands just awful. One day, I expressed my frustration to Carl in very strong terms. Carl said, "I know how to clean it a lot faster and you won't have to scrape. It will only take a few minutes."

When he came in from outside, he had a soup can full of gasoline in his hand. Guessing what he had in mind, I begged him, "Oh please Carl, don't do that. I'm scared to death of gasoline. The only house fire I had ever witnessed was one where a woman was burned to death when she had tried to start a fire with gasoline."

"Well, the fire is dead out here, and she probably had some fire left in her fire box," he answered.

Then going to the stove, he opened a lid just back of the firebox and before he hardly started to empty the can, BOOM - BANG - WHISTLE! That can flew out of his hands and across the room and hit the cabinet like a bullet. Small fiery balls jumped and flew around the stove and across the kitchen. Some landed on Carl's clothing. He began to dance around and slapping the flames to stop it on his clothes.

The flames around Carl and the stove got about as high as my waist in a flash. I was scared to death and knew something had to be done and done quickly. So thinking of quilts, I dashed into the front room and headed for the bedroom, but on the couch, lay a large heavy piece of tapestry. I grabbed it and ran back into the kitchen, threw it over the biggest fires by the stove and then began beating and stomping out flames as fast as I could.

By this time, Carl had gotten the fires out which were on his clothes and he helped me finish getting the rest of the fire out.

The fire had burned through the linoleum around the stove and even blackened spots of wood underneath. There were several spots on the floor that were badly burned. Our kitchen was blackened and a dirty mess. We hurried to clean it as fast as we could, hoping that Carl's parents wouldn't come in and catch us. Carl really didn't want his parents to find out about the fire. He asked me to promise never to tell them. As soon as he could go to town, he bought several linoleum throw rugs, which he nailed over the worst holes.

After all of this and the fire was over, he bawled me out for ruining Annie's (Carl's sister) tapestry saying, "Why did you take it?" My answer was, "Because I wanted to save our house! Besides I hated that ugly thing."

I never did ask Carl if he sustained any burns and he never told me. But looking back now and remembering how his clothes looked after, I would guess he did have some burns on him.

The Honey Bees Legs By Ann Nybo

Willis was always finding fun things for us to do -- sometimes even dangerous things. One day, he came up with the idea that if we killed honeybees we could lick the honey off their legs.

Vernal was the first to try. It worked pretty good for 1 or 2 bees, then he got -- guess what? The stinger! After we got that stinger out of his tongue, it swelled about twice or three times it's size and Vernal had soda packs put on his tongue and went around for a day or two with his tongue hanging out.

The Mice in the Granary

Our old log granary had cracks and several holes here and there in the floor. After the threshing had been done a few days, LaVerne, Vernal and I went into the granary each morning and night to get wheat to feed the chickens.

One day we moved some sacks filled with grain which stood in the front part of the granary. Lo and behold, behind those sacks were several fat mice gnawing holes in the back of the sacks and feasting on the grain.

LaVerne said "guess what, I'll bet we could catch some of those devils and kill quick yank the sack out and Ann, you grab one and we'll kill it."

I was gullible enough and brave, so when she pulled the sack back, I grabbed a big fat by the tail. I was scared to death by now and didn't know how I was supposed to go about killing it.

The mouse however had different ideas. He turned around on his long tail, curled his body and reaching up, and caught my little finger in his long sharp teeth. He bit two deep holes in my little finger about as big as a large darning needle and about to the bone. I did a great big high step dance and threw Mr. Mouse about as far as I could. That ended

that method of mice catching. But LaVerne bawled me out and said I should have dashed him against the wall. What would you have done?

Something In My Coat

Our coats were always hung in the big kitchen back and to the right of the old black cooking range. When we went to school, they were always warm. One morning, I heard the honk of the school bus and so had to make a quick dash to get my coat on and make it to the bus before being left.

I ran in and grabbed my coat and books and made a hasty dash to the bus slamming the door as I went.

After sitting down on the bus I felt a funny wiggling or vibration almost on my shoulder and as we rode along I'd feel it first in one place and then in another. When I touched it, it didn't seem to be there. I began to wonder if I was going loony or something.

When we got to school, I pulled my coat off and gave it a quick hard shake. Out jumped a big fat gray mouse!

Our Leaky Gas Tank

On one of our trips, down in Arizona, we decided to swing out off the main highway and see Sunset Crater. Its location was quite a few miles away from any town and the road was unpaved and built over lava rocks and gravel. There were also some quite larger sized lava boulders on the road.

We had an Oldsmobile car at that time, large and heavily, loaded with camp gear and us. (There being about 8 of us including food, clothes, bedding, etc. for all.) The rear end of the car was weighted down and the gas tank was riding close to the ground. As we went along the road, we scraped bottom over some fairly large rough lava rocks. We were nearing the stop below the path to the crater when I happened to look back on the road (I was seated in the back seat). I saw a line of wet trailing behind the car and the farther we went, the more I could see that something was leaking out of the car. I called to Carl and told him about it. He quickly stopped the car, got out and looked under it. What he saw made us all sick. Here we were way out of town and away from anyone who could help us and gas was pouring from a hole in our gas tank.

Carl crawled under the car and put his finger in the hole to momentarily stop the leak. I said, "Is there anything we can do to help you?"

He called back, "See if you can find something to cork up hole up."

It happened that, that very morning as I stood by the campfire I had spied a medium sized cork laying among the rocks. It was clean and new so I had put it in my pocket figuring it might be handy to have. When he said, "Cork," I said, "Cork! I picked one up this morning by the camp fire." So I dug it out of my pocket and handed it to him.

He tried it and handed it back saying, "Get Con (Carl's Brother who was with us) to take a sharp knife and cut it to a triangle shape." So Con cut some off and handed it to him. Again he had Con cut it.

When it finally fit the hole, he said, "Get something to stick on it so it won't fall out." I had stowed a large pack of Double Mint gum in the glove compartment. I had each of us take a stick of gum and chew it as fast as we could. We then handed it to Carl and he pasted it all around the cork.

When this was done, he asked if we had any tape of any kind. This I didn't have, but I did have a small first aid kit with lots of Band-Aids in it. We peeled off the covers and handed them to him and he positioned them over the gum to hold it in place. We then hurried back to Flagstaff and found a garage where the tank could be repaired.

Luckily, there was a campground right across the street from that garage. We were able to unload our gear and set up camp while the car was in the garage. We stayed the rest of that day, over night, and part of the next day waiting for the repair to be completed.

When the man got ready to repair the tank, he ask Carl where the place was to open and let the gas out. Carl laughed and said, "Pull the plug out where the hole is -- you won't need any other drain."

The man got under the car and pulled out the plug. Out rushed a steady stream of gas. He was amazed and said, "I cannot believe that you got this far with a hole that big. I once had a hole in my gas tank half that size and stood there and watched the gasoline drain out on the ground and had to call a wrecker to get back home."

Edited and typed by Ronald C. Nybo