



CHAPTER 3

“LUCILLE”

MARY LUCILLE FARLEY COLLINS

I was born July 4, 1912 on Provo Bench, Utah County, Utah to Mary Jane and Carroll Farley. Everyone had gone to a celebration in the walnut grove back of the old Timpanogos Ward meeting house, except my mother, who was not feeling well. The name of the stork who brought me was Dr. Westwood. Home delivery service was not only customary, but mandatory in those days because there was no hospital for maternity patients. My cousin Merle Kelly was born July 24th and she could never understand why my birthday celebration was bigger than hers.

”As she grew, I can see those big round hazel eyes looking out from a serious little face,” Melba recalls. “Her hair was a soft light tint of brown with a slight curl. She was easily upset and Uncle Dick delighted in catching her bit of a nose between his two fingers and tossing it into the kitchen stove. She was practically in hysterics until he mercifully went through the gesture of retrieving it and restoring it to the proper place on her face.”

As a child they called me "Mamie." Now I wonder why? I can remember hearing the meadow larks sing as Mom brushed and combed my hair, "Mamie's a pretty little girl", or it could be "Mamie's a naughty little girl" if that fit the circumstance of the moment.

FAIRIES

When I was a little girl I had good reason to believe in fairies. My sister Jessie was three years older than I, and Zenda Wentz, our cousin, was the same age as she. They played together and sometimes, well frequently, I tagged along. A favorite place to spend summer afternoons was out in Uncle Frank's old cherry orchard across the road from our place and it extended deep into the area back of Uncle Frank's barn. The ground was grassy with lots of bumps and long tufts of orchard grass grew beneath the shade of the old trees. It was an ideal place for fairies. We even found umbrella-shaped toad stools at the trunks of some of the trees, which the fairies sat upon when the sun shone and under when it rained—so Jess and Zenda told me.

They saw and talked to the fairies all the time, and were personally acquainted with the Fairy Queen! I could hear them talking to these tiny little people, but the fairy voices were too high pitched or too soft for me to hear, and whenever I approached close enough to see, they darted out of sight behind the tree or into its gnarled trunk, or hid in the grass. Jess and Zenda even talked to them by telephone, they would pull off the top of a dandelion and then speak and listen through the hollow stem which extended down into the ground and the



Melda, Lucille and Jessie

fairy passages below. It was wonderful, and I BELIEVED! But it was frustrating and a little maddening that Jesse and Zenda were their friends and they always turned silent and disappeared when I came near. I was told the fairies didn't trust me to keep their secrets--or that I was too young.

This went on for a long, long time, and then one summer afternoon, after much pleading and making of promises and pledging myself to do many things for my sister and my cousin, they announced that the Fairy Queen had decided to give me audience. At an appointed time at the trunk of a particularly majestic old cherry tree in the middle of a grassy dell they would take me before her. I was excited and ecstatic as days of preparation went by. I believed implicitly at last I would be able to see and talk to the fairies Jess and Zenda knew so well. When the time finally arrived they went ahead to prepare and make certain my welcome.

To this day I cannot forget the feeling of disillusionment and utter disappointment! As I reverently approached the royal mound I saw and recognized Zenda's kewpie doll in a fairy costume designed and painstakingly stitched by the dear friends of the fairies, Jess and Zenda. Who even then thought I might be gullible and dumb enough to still believe. But the magic was over!

Too bad they talked the Fairy Queen into giving me audience, or to this day I should probably still think fairies used to dwell in Uncle Frank's cherry orchard. Even now as I see and dislike the rows and rows of houses that fill the view across the street from "our place", I think what a sad ending for a Fairy Kingdom and wonder if maybe the fairies also are grieving for their old home. Sometimes I still wonder--was the real fault with me

CARROLL

I can actually remember the day Carroll, little brother number one, was born on December 1, 1914. Dad sat me in the high chair and let me write on paper with a dip pen and ink to keep me quiet, he very carefully held the ink bottle while I dipped. It always amazed me that Dad not only tolerated, but actually loved me, a third daughter--and love me he did! They named their first son Carroll Milton (for Dad and both Mom and Dad had brothers named Milton).

I remember the Christmas when Carroll had the chicken pox and I sat and shelled nuts for him, poking them into his swollen mouth. Carroll with the white hair, and a solid, beautiful little body, Carroll who pressed his nose against the window pane to look in at us when we all had the flu, and then sang wildly, "Dessie eat d' boney-bone, Dessie eat d' boney bone" after Grandma Terry made a chicken dinner and others of us who were too sick to swallow.

Carroll hammered board steps to the top of our steep barn to climb up and plant a windmill on top. He delighted us with his stuttering and he helped Grant Wentz cut the tops off burdocks and sprinkle salt on them to keep them from growing back. Grant used to pay him quarters for saying "Hoot Gibson" because he had to hoot for half an hour before he could get out the Gibson. Carroll cried when Stan was born, sobbing, "But I wanted a pony." Some years later he got the Shetland pony through a somewhat different procedure, although actually the source was the same. (Of course he didn't know at the time that the Stork and Santa were one and the same.)

I love my brothers fiercely, and it has always been so. I remember a long ago day I was supposed to be tending my little brother Stan, but got too involved in my own dirt-digging and castle-building and let him toddle out and fall in the ditch that ran in front of our place--a swift flowing ditch that would have swept him quickly away had not Jess been there to swoop in and scoop him out. It shames me now to remember that even stronger than my guilt was the feeling of jealousy for the praise she got for saving his life. I don't recall even a scolding, when actually I should have been whaled--I guess everyone was too involved in being thankful... If Jess hadn't been there, I would have done myself out of a lot of pleasure and good times later on when Stan grew up.

In spite of our age difference Stan and I had some fun times together--Gold and Green Balls, Salt Air, Catalina Island and the San Diego World's Fair. Brothers like Stanley T. (The T, I think, was for Grandpa Theodore Farley) happen only once, although others in their own way are just as good. I love Stan and was so thankful he did not leave us in April of 1977 in that nightmare accident at Geneva Steel. Dear, gentle, easy-to-get-along-with Stan--handsome, generous, with Dad's twinkle in his eyes and a special gift for thinking things out and saying them in a different and original way....fun-loving, Ora-loving, dance-loving Stan.

Then there was Merrill 'A' (the 'A' stood for Adolphus which they would not pin, in its entirety, upon any child.) I remember the day I pressed my forehead against the cold window pane of the kitchen door and prayed with all my might Merrill would get well when Dr. Cullimore told us he had pneumonia. In those days people died of pneumonia and I was sick with fear. I think I started loving Dr. Cullimore that year, because he pulled Merrill through. I remember the thinness of Merrill's body in that old plaid bathrobe during the weeks of recovery. I spelled Mom with holding cold packs to his head, and spooned warm soup into his mouth. I'd read to him and played gentle games.

With shame I remember my bitterness at having so much money go for doctor bills when already I'd had to quit school at the "Y" because we could not afford it that year. I think Dad borrowed money to pay the doctor, and bitter or no, at any price, Merrill was worth it. He always had this dry, ready wit that just tickles the socks off me... and strength and dependability to make me proud---and an impatient wit which I can identify. Generous, kind, and tough! But he drives himself too hard. Sometimes even now when I see those tired blue eyes I'd just like to put my arms around him and hug him. I still remember the Christmas Merrill announced he would give 10% discount for cash gifts but buying for him was so much more fun.



Dad, Mom, Melda, Jessie, Stan, Merrill and Wes

And Wes--Weston LeGrande was born January 27, 1928. We concluded he must have been named for the Western Rio Grande Railroad! Wes was the little brother we could play Santa Claus for, taking hiking and camping with us when we went on dates--Wes, who never took naps, even when he was a baby, and has learned how to do without sleep ever since--even when he needs it. Dear Wes, who grew up too fast and works too hard...the most genuinely good person I know, unselfish, giving all the time. When I think of all the trees he sprayed for us--his work, equipment, materials, on our puny piece of property. He gave us potatoes from his cellar, tomatoes from his garden, fruit without charge--but it's the way with all the boys.

These brothers outdo me all the time in material giving, but I'll never be outclassed when it comes to loving them. I wonder if I was conditioned to love them because when they came, we already had three girls? Also, when they grow up and go to war, and come home safe, then there is an added dimension of awareness and thankfulness and deeper love. I am glad for these boys for whom money was so scarce in their growing up years, now have sufficient yea, even abundance; but back to my story.

My Dad was a fruit farmer and he needed those four boys. We started out in the Spring planting things, then in May we began picking strawberries, and then raspberries, and cherries, apricots, peaches, pears and apples. There were tomatoes, cantaloupes, watermelon, and hay and potatoes and corn. We grew just about everything--not on a large scale--Dad had ten acres, and then twenty; but it was enough to keep us plenty busy. These were the days before large acreage of fruit orchards. Migrant workers did not even exist at that time. Dad did the selling himself, either locally, to fruit buyers, or he'd take a load to sell on the Salt Lake market, or he and the boys would go on peddling trips to Sanpete County and the little southern Utah towns.

Can I create a word picture of Carl Farley? I'll try! Think of Clark Gable. In my eyes, and in the eyes of my mother, I'm sure he was every bit as good looking and the physical resemblance has caused others to comment. Masculine, dark complexioned, brown eyes, dark hair with a cow-lick about the left brow, so that the hair swept back naturally and seldom looked uncombed, substantial looking ears that did not lay close to his head. He died at age sixty-seven and there was no sign of any baldness. That must have been a family trait, for his brothers all had full heads of hair. So did my Grandpa Farley.

I always considered Dad to be fairly tall, and he was for that time. He was just a tad under six feet; his grandsons have all surpassed him in height by several inches. He was well-built and well-proportioned and never had to worry about being fat. He always took pride in the way he dressed, especially on Sunday--not vain, he just wanted to look right. For work he wore blue bibbed overalls, and foreign to the custom today, once they'd been washed, he would not wear them. I guess there were exceptions to this because Dad liked clean clothes--but he did not want Mom to wash his overalls.

People thought I chose Fram because he resembled my Dad. (Not so; it was just that I was desperate!) They were both good looking men and I loved them dearly, each for what he was and what he meant to me but on with my story.

We worked hard, but we had a lot of good times. We swam in Utah Lake (before it was polluted) and in Provo River--then skated on them in winter. Provo Canyon was our playground. I've climbed to the top of Mt. Timpanogos more than once, and danced in the old pavilion at the foot of Bridal Veil Falls. We knew about Stewart's Flat and the Cascades long before Robert Redford ever dreamed of Sundance or thought of solar housing in North Fork.

THE BOYFRIEND

Ken Carroll was my special beau all through grade school, and it wasn't until a long time later in looking back that I realized what a terrific lift to my moral and boost to my ego he must always have been. At school Christmas parties there was always a special gift from him, and on Valentines Kenneth sent me the biggest and most affectionate ones received by any girl in our class. At night there would be the enormous kick at the door, and another Valentine left on my doorstep. In fact, there would be two enormous thumps late on Valentine's night--our choicest Valentines were from dad, but it set a girl apart to get a special Valentine from a boy.

Ken could be depended upon at parties to call me first for the inevitable kissing games, and my first date in a car was with him. He and my cousin LaMar were best friends. LaMar dated Emma Stubbs that night and drove his dad's Ford to a party we were invited to at Fay Monk's over across the river. All of the other boys in our crowd had deserted their childhood girlfriends to "step" the more glamorous girls from East Bench who had newly come into their lives during the eighth grade at Spencer School. But that time Ken was true to me, and we doubled dated with LaMar on that long remembered party.

It hurt a little, I must admit, when in high school Ken got over his "love" for me and transferred affection to Alene Holdaway from Vineyard. But he danced with me at high school dances, and we remained good friends. I have always felt the residue of that childhood sweetheart relationship, and I believe that we have a genuine liking for each other even today.

I reflect sometimes on why it was that I did not take the wayward path with some of my dearest friends. Certainly I had ample opportunity. In our Senior year at high school, Ruby started going out with a wild group from American Fork, and Maurine widened our acquaintance with fellows from Provo High. Many times we doubled dated with Jim Hunter and Tom Reams, and while everything was strictly moral between Tom and me, we were not unaware of what others were doing. Elva Cox looked snootily down her nose at my going out with him (she loftily dated Frank Harris - BYU President - that year) and I finally talked Tom into asking her for a date, just to see if she'd go. Of course she accepted, and subsequently let it be known to one and all that he "treated her like a perfect lady". Well, that's the way he always treated me, but I was not so naive that I didn't know it might have been quite different had I been inclined. Ruby really cut loose, and became the mother of an illegitimate child; Maurine's Dad was made Sheriff, and they moved into a house down by the County Jail. She got involved with a fellow there, her folks sent her to California, and when next we saw her, she'd had an abortion.

About this time I caught the fancy of Richard Knight, one of the Knights from Provo. He pursued Nedra Reese and me all over town one night after a basketball game with B.Y. High, shouting, "Nedra" at every stop. I didn't know until the next morning when he called me on the telephone for a date that it was my attention he'd been trying to get. Someone had told him our names, and for one full evening our identities were reversed, so far as he was concerned, I was Nedra and she was Lucille. He was the owner of a classy convertible, a part of its special equipment was a "smooching" pillow, which while parking, could, he explained, conveniently cushion the steering wheel. He was really a nice kid, and we went a lot of fun places that summer. A favorite spot was to drive up on the mountainside East of Ironton Steel Plant and watch the hot molten slag spread live lava down the hillside as it was dumped from the cars. One night we took Jessie along as a double date for his friend, Richard Gunn, and introduced her as Jessie Terry, a friend. That was really fun. It's too bad I couldn't become enthusiastic over Dick, for it would have assured my social success as a Freshman at BYU the next year had I been his steady date. Unfortunately, I was not that far-sighted, but we did end up good friends. Little William Martin took me to a number of Social Unit parties

that year, but he did not have the 'in' that the "three Dix's": had--cousins Dick Knight, Dixie Mangum, and Dix Jones. We doubled dated with Chauncy Harris and Edith Young at Viking parties, but with them, I never felt like I was having the perfect good time.

College for me was the same time a pleasure and a heart-ache. I knew and was friendly with a lot of the "right" people, but I didn't have the money, the clothes, or social status, and I was much more on the edge than "in".

I took a business course and enjoyed it thoroughly. I loved English, and did well. Carl Young, a Rhodes Scholar, was in his beginning years as an English professor, and he sparked his class with enthusiasm and interest. In my Banyan at the close of the year he wrote, "Don't get married too young, you're worth educating." My Spanish class was a true enjoyment, and in it I made many good friends. Today, in Spanish, I can do two things--say the blessing on the food, and say "I love you", but I find it exceedingly difficult to work either of these into a normal conversation. I loved shorthand and business English, and Bertha Roberts was for a time my inspiration

Reva and I later conceded that we had missed the true purpose of going to college--that of finding a husband. But I did learn the rudiments of being a good secretary.

That year while going to school, we'd ride the Interurban. We walked from home to the station, from the station in Provo by the old Tabernacle up to the Education Building on the lower campus at the Y, and then would make a couple of trips up Temple Hill and back to classes on the upper campus, walk back to the station in Provo in late afternoon, and return home the same way we started, via the Interurban. Melda was working for Superintendent Moffit in Provo, Jessie for Dixon T. Russell and Co., and I was going to school. The way we caught the train in the morning was typical of the way things have been all our lives--Jessie would be there before the train came in, ready to flag it to a stop, I'd be up the street about to Aunt Pearl's and Uncle Frank's place, while Melda was barely leaving home. Jess would stop the train, I'd get there just about right, and we'd hold it until Melda arrived. After they (Jess and Dean) were married, I'd make a stop at Jess' office in the morning located in the old Knight Building, borrow her new coat, and sometimes her glasses if a test was coming up, and go on up to school. In the afternoon I'd stop off at Melda's office to study Spanish for a while before going home.

Jess was so good about loaning her clothes; many times I draped her dresses about me, put a safety pin to take up the slack, and went off feeling well-dressed. Mom had given me a beautiful new temple robe and veil for Christmas. For once, I had something Jess could wear, and it comforts me that she was buried in my robe and veil.

I joined the Beaux Arts Social Unit, and was elected president but did not return to school the following year. And it was that year, I think, Beaux Arts expired.

Growing up on the bench among cousins, grandparents, uncles and aunts and neighbors close as family, living the life of a fruit farmer's daughter, was an experience that grows in richness with the passing of time. Those are times past, but it was our good fortune to be part of them, and the friendships of youth are precious strengths of today.

GRANT WENTZ

Fram has been busily writing his life's history these past few weeks, and I ought to get going with mine. Quite strangely though, the bit I feel like writing now is about my cousin--something I doubt has been or will be recorded by anyone, because the remembering brings too much hurt.

Grant was one of three children, the only son of Dad's sister Pearl and Uncle Frank Wentz. He was about the same age as my sister Melda. Myrl was a year or two older and Zenda the same age as Jessie. We grew up on the same street and had the same association most cousins did at that time with our parents and grandparents. Grant teased us younger children, tormented Zenda's cat, and took quite an interest in my little brother, Carroll, who liked to tag after him through the orchards helping him cut off the big burdock weeds and sprinkle salt on the roots to keep them from growing back. It was Grant who gave Carroll the nickname of "Hoot." Little Carroll

stuttered, and Grant would pay him a quarter just to get him to say “Hoot Gibson” because, as he said, Carroll had to “hoot for half an hour to get out the Gibson.”

Grant had every advantage. Uncle Frank was a civil engineer with an income far above that of most fathers in the area, and he had high hopes for his son. But Grant was not really scholastically inclined. After high school he joined the Navy, and Uncle Frank pulled strings to get him released, provided him with a new car (a sporty little red “bug”), and enrolled him in school at the State Agricultural College in Logan. Winter weekends spent in Orem were livened up by taking his “bug” down on frozen-over Utah Lake, accelerating to a high speed, then slamming on the brakes to see how many spin-arounds the car could make on the ice. He was a wild, crazy likeable kid, but college was not for him and he did not last long at Utah State.

He married a shy, sweet little brown-haired, dark-eyed girl from Provo, who was very much in love with him. Uncle Frank built a little white frame house for them on our street, not far up the road, and he set Grant up in the chicken business with fine new coops filled with baby chicks that soon turned into laying hens. Grant had a good thing going and the business prospered. Three beautiful children were born—Dalene, blonde and blue-eyed like her dad, Marie like her mother, tiny, dark-eyed and vivacious, and sturdy little Barth, ages in the neighborhood of 5, 4, and 2½ or three. (Stephanie, Jannie and Jeff at that age have reminded me so much of Grant and Afton’s children.)

They often came across the street to visit, and delighted me with their soft, high-pitched little voices as they chattered. Barth did not say much, but was always along. Dad and Grant were friends and there was good rapport between them. In deer seasons they often went hunting together, having a few things in common, one of which was the fear of getting shot by a stray bullet, and the tales and antidotes they told afterwards of the great adventure outdoors were hilarious and greatly enjoyed by us all.

But to get back to the story, although the chick business prospered, Grant became discouraged and wanted to try something else—quite understandable because he developed an allergy to the chick dust which caused his skin to break out in watery blisters and made it difficult for him to breathe. Uncle Frank was reluctant to have him abandon the business, but a hot shot promoter talked Grant into closing the coops, liquidating his assets and taking over a vending machine franchise that never paid off. He then put his dwindling funds into an eating establishment or road-house in the South of Salt Lake. When Grant left Orem, Uncle Frank made it clear he was through subsidizing his efforts and he was not to expect any more help from his dad; Grant was not to “come crying back to him with a wife and three children to support.” Well, the road house didn’t do well, either. I remember many times stopping there with dad to see how Grant and Afton were getting along. Dad would take to them potatoes, fruit, vegetables—whatever he could to help.

Then came the morning the radio blared forth the shocking news of the ending of the lives of that little family. The children had been strangled in their beds (“garrotted” was the word the newspapers used). Evidence was found of the struggle with Afton as he put an end to her life, and then with the gun barrel up his nose, Grant had blown away his own. I try not to remember the details. These were people we knew and loved, and the horror was almost too much to absorb. That night Mom had to go to Lakeview to take care of Jess who had just come home from the hospital with new baby Corinne. I could not sleep, so went down stairs to the sleeping porch to be with Dad, and we sobbed aloud together.

Shielding her dad and her invalid mother as much as was humanly possible, Myrl, the older sister, was the one who went to Salt Lake to face and cope with the situation alone. Stoically she handled the situation. It is one of the dimensions of my admiration for her. It was she who made arrangements for the multiple funeral services. Because of the murder and suicide angle, use of our ward chapel was denied. (For the record, Myrl was at that time a teacher in the LDS Seminary at Lincoln High School; she had filled an honorable mission to the Northwestern States, and taught an adult Sunday School class in our ward. Grant and Afton had been members of the ward, and Grant tended the children while Afton taught a class in MIA. (That Myrl later gave up Seminary teaching and disassociated herself from Church activity, I find not too difficult to understand.) Bishop R.J. Murdock of the Provo Fourth Ward offered his chapel for the services, but they were held instead at the Berg Mortuary in Provo. The curious streamed through to look, and the bereft came to mourn. I shall never forget the sight of those five caskets—the three beautiful children looking like stiff little Christmas dolls in their boxes in a row. Five

black hearses drove to the cemetery. Now, if you know where to look, you can find the five graves with markers, stating simply the names, dates of birth, and the death date of all, on the same day. That was November, 1939.

Today is Easter Sunday, April 6, 1980, and why does it come to mind? Even now my heart aches to think of Uncle Frank and Aunt Pearl, of Afton's parents and the anguish they knew. The atonement and the resurrection? I have so many questions. It's true, I guess, "a religion small enough for me to understand is not great enough for my needs." But I do understand my love and concern for my family. It is an awesome thing having to entrust your daughter's happiness and physical well-being into the keeping of a young man who professes to love and cherish. I know that people do not just marry and then automatically live happily ever after. I am sure Marilu and Carla will have heartaches and moments of wistful thinking, but I am secure in the knowledge that they are in good and dependable care, and I am grateful from the bottom of my heart for Mike Buck and Reid Cuthbert. And I do not fear for my grandchildren. (1987 - Are Mike Buck's actions less cruel than Grant's?--I wonder.)

It has been a pleasant Easter having them here and I wallow in their love. But I do have concern for Marilu and Mike in the job decision they have to make...and I am concerned for Carla and Reid. I want for them a happy, satisfying marriage, and I hope their understanding of each other's needs and consideration for each other will improve. She is so generous and kind; I cannot bear for her to be unhappy.

Melda writes: About the end of our first year of married life, Reed and I were living in Reno where he was working as a salesman for Utah Woolen Mills. I was hospitalized for a ruptured tubal pregnancy and Lucille came to stay with us during my recovery. We demonstrated and sold Charm Cosmetics there and also in Carson City where we gave facials and even sold cosmetics to the Governor's wife and other important people.

The Manager of the Piggly-Wiggly Grocery Store, Ernest Whitehead, became enamored of our very attractive stylish young sister, Lucille. We called him "Piggly." He pursued her and would have liked to make her his own!

I remember Reed was in the Reno Branch Presidency, and I played the piano. We had a pretty good branch, but it was difficult to get the people out to church on time. Reed was a stickler for starting on time and on this particular day he was in charge, with one brother at the Sacrament table, me at the piano, and Lucille and Sister Hoomes sitting in the audience singing alto! Our Sister Hoomes, by the way, liked to play the slot machines, and then paid tithing on her winnings!

Lucille continues, The people I met and some of the experiences I had made me wonder to this day how it could have been. As I told Reed, I didn't mind having my eyes opened, but I hated to have dirt thrown into them. We lived at 651 Elko Avenue, and our landlady was Mrs. Shea. Our Church was held in the Elks Lodge, and before I taught my Sunday School class, I'd have to gather up cigar butts and empty liquor bottles. It was a good experience to be away from home, and I learned to appreciate my family. I also learned to appreciate the Church and the closeness of its members in a Branch away from home.

Reed was selling for Utah Woolen Mills, as well as dabbling with Charm Cosmetics, and we'd make trips to Susanville, Carson City, Trona, and Mojave. I remember the thrill of being in Los Angeles and Hollywood, driving down Hollywood Boulevard at Christmas time, and the trip home with the car full of gifts. It was the first time I'd ever had money of my own to spend for Christmas, and I had a ball, but going back to Reno after the holidays was not as easy as it had been to leave home the first time. I spent nine months there, in all. Earl and Retta Brown came out from Spanish Fork and lived with us, and I loved them. Melda and Retta and I had a good time reading aloud to each other, and I relish the sound of our reading David Copperfield and Jane Eyre. We sang in a trio (believe it or not) at church programs and funerals, and we practiced as we drove from Reno to Carson City and return. Willys Presnell from Ogden was in Reno for a while and I went out a few times with him. Ivan and Marietta Call were our special friends, and Ivan promised me second place on his coat tail after Marietta, when it came time for seven women to cleave unto one. Then Ernst Whitehead came to Reno to work for Mr. Sewell in the Piggly Wiggly Stores.

I went back to the Y and concentrated on classes in English, shorthand, bookkeeping. Then I went to San Diego to help them again.

Melda writes: Lucille and Stan and I enjoyed an exciting trip to the San Diego World's Fair, and we included a visit to Catalina Island. There we had a handsome young guide who drove us all to many scenic places. For some reason he seemed attracted to me, a married woman traveling without my husband. When we arrived home, there was a sort of "love letter" for me from him.

Our trip was about over and we were planning to ride back home with the parents of Chick and Tony Rohbock. Lucille received word that she was to be back for an interview for a secretarial job with Judge Arthur V. Watkins, which couldn't wait. We pooled the limited funds we had left and sent her home. Instead of getting an early start and driving straight through, the Rohbocks stopped at a motel in Las Vegas. As I recall, Stan and I had a dollar and a dime. We found a hotel room for the dollar, with one double bed. He said he would sleep on the floor, and I could have the bed; but I ingeniously made up a couple of single ones by doing a re-making. I took the blanket and the sheets, folded them lengthwise with the folds in the middle so that we were separated, and we had fairly comfortable individual beds. I don't know what the maid thought when she came to make up the room for the next guests. We used the dime and bought a couple of bananas!

Lucille and I had many choice experiences together. We were both Secretaries professionally, but she was much faster in shorthand with her Gregg than I was with my Pitman. We sometimes took notes at funerals, and often conferred in transcribing them. We enjoyed our work as School Secretaries for the Principals -- Richard Robins and Thorit Hebertsen at the Geneva Elementary; and I with Fenton Prince at Westmore and Cherry Hill schools.

One of my wonderful memories was when we participated in the M.I.A. Spring Festival in the dance contest at Salt Air. Eight of us danced the Waltz Quadrille in beautiful dresses and tuxedos rented for the occasions. Tom Biggs was our director and trainer, and what a thrill it was to hear the applause from all the spectators and other participants as we starred alone on that beautiful ballroom floor. Lucille danced with Moroni Jensen and I had the pleasure of dancing with our brother Stan; Dortha Jones (Buckley) danced with Reed's brother Wayne Hacking, and her sister Wanda Jones (Scott) danced with Neil Banal.

DANCING

If there is one thing in my life I have had that I am sorry my children have missed, it is dancing--social dancing, the kind where two people danced together the same steps at the same time to the music of great bands, good dance orchestras, on a smooth floor over which you could glide, swoop and pivot, or you could do quick steps and intricate maneuvers, depending on the mood, the music, or more important, your partner's ability.

If heaven is all I expect, I will dance again with Fram, Moroni Jensen, Tom Biggs, Frank Postma, Clark Boulton, Jerry Buckley, Arnold Burningham, Curt Curtis, Wayne Hacking, Joel Johnson and waltz with Uncle Dick.

Of course there were the mediocre and the just plain bad dancers, but even with the worst you could stay at arms distance and talk a pretty good dance. And you were not stuck with the same partner for the whole evening.

In high school you could go to a dance with or without a date. Naturally, a date was preferred, but even then you'd dance the first dance with the fellow who brought you and perhaps not see him again until intermission, then not dance together again until the last dance. "Cutting in" was an acceptable practice and allowed you to dance with someone who had been too late to get his name on your dance program, and it afforded unexpected pleasures; likewise it might work in reverse and you could be stuck. One always had a program--a little card or folder with numbered blanks (1 to 10) and at least 3 extras, with tasseled cord and a little pencil to write down the



names of those who asked you to dance. A girl of great popularity would have her program filled early in the evening. If I had a margin of one or two ahead, that was pretty good. If a fellow had a crush on you, he could fill his name in on every other line. After high school years we went into a period of greater sophistication and it became popular to trade dances. Your escort kept the program and traded dances with other couples. There was greater security in this method, but it sometimes hampered your choice. Some girls from would not dance with because they were too short; when four people are involved complications arise not known to two, and sometimes your program would fill up too quickly with names you didn't want. Some of us perfected the 3-way switch which often came in handy when you wanted to dance with someone special and only one number was available for a three couple trade. Complicated? Nope, just fun!

The old Timpanogos ward amusement hall had about the best dance floor in the area, and as we danced this year on the carpeted floor on our 5th-18th Ward Cultural Hall, I remember how in olden times the floor manager would come out at intermission time to sprinkle oatmeal on the floor to make it slick.

In the winter we danced in high school gymnasiums (every week after the basketball game at whichever school the team played), for ward amusement halls, ward parties and Gold and Green Balls, and Saturday nights at the Apollo in American Fork, or more frequently at the Utahna in Provo. Summer time we danced at outdoor pavilions--Geneva Resort on the shore of Utah Lake, and farther north at Saratoga, at Vivian Park in Provo Canyon or at Bridal Veil Falls. Winter snow slides took out the Bridal Veil Falls pavilion so many times, it was finally given up and abandoned. We danced at Rainbow Gardens in Provo to the music of Bob Orton's band, Starlight Gardens in American Fork where Tab Grant's orchestra played, Arrowhead in Spanish Fork to Ralph Miglacios band, Glengary in Springville and Rosalawn in Orem. On special occasions we danced at the Coconut Grove Ballroom in Salt Lake with its artificial inside waterfall (later the name was changed to Rainbow Ballroom), at the Old Mill in the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, at Saltaire and Lagoon. Ah, yes there were the 20-30 Club summer dances onboard the Smith-Strong houseboat on Utah Lake, and the Christmas dinner dances at Robert



Hotel. I have danced to the music of Jan Garber at the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago, Buddy Rogers at the Casino on Catalina Island and Wayne King at Lagoon, and at Tony's Spanish Ballroom in Reno, Tent City on the strand between Coronado and San Diego, and at the bar in Tia Juana!

After we were married, we joined "Dancing Friends" -- "Dancing Fiends" Fram called it. The dances were semi-formal and were held once every month in the Joseph Smith Ballroom when it was new and elegant, later on at Sunset Ward and then in the Lakeview Ward when it was newly rebuilt after the fire. Fred Loveless was leader of the orchestra which played for most of our dances; the music was great and our dancing friends the best! At that time I planned on dancing with them at least once a month until we turned a hundred years old, but it hasn't worked out that way...and I mourn. Ah, those were the days, and you who have known them not have been deprived.

I still grin when I think of the night at the Utahna when Evelyn Lundahl, pretty well smacked, created quite a sensation by weaving an intricate pattern of toilet paper around the hall. Restroom doors at the Utahna were the swinging bar room type and she came out totally unaware that one end of the roll was tucked in the top of her panties, trailing from below her dress as she and her partner danced around--and around--and around.

When I was dating Joe Johnson, who by the way was a super dancer and loved to dance, he would always leave the dance at the high school, or ward where we happened to be at about 11:30 and speed down to the Utahna to get in the last couple of dances there. Was exciting fun--I think it fed his ego to be seen in more than one place in a given evening. He once told a friend he would never date a girl who was not good looking. So I was surprised and flattered when he asked me, quite frequently.

During the BYU years there were the matinee dances every week at the Ladies' Gym and live music, for that was the only kind in those days--and even after I started working, Arthur Watkins and James Blair used to talk me into going sometimes with them. One night the three of us walked all the way home--which is no short distance (5 miles) and too much of the way uphill.

The core of our favorite dance group--Jean and Moroni, Wayne and Mae, Stan and Ora, Dot and Jerry, Olive and Arnold, Clyde and Vanita.

CHASTITY

There were times when my body carried me close enough to the "point of no return" that had not my head and my moral fiber been working, surrender might have been.

There is an old saying, "If a girl cares enough, she will; if the fellow cares enough, he won't" Fortunately, there have been only two fellows who have fit into this category, for me. I like to think they cared enough that I was not put to the test. One I did not marry, but he will always have my gratitude and a very dear spot in my memory. The other became my husband; when we married, I was a virgin.

Perhaps it took the two of us to make it so, but I want to believe it was through my own strength that I kept my body for myself. How else could a mother have faith in her daughters had she not known through her own experience temptation can be denied.

I have heard a great many talks on chastity, but no one has touched on the precious reward of the Peace of Mind chastity brings to a mother who wonders if her child can resist the temptations of a permissive world and the physical attraction of the fellow she loves. She knows from experience it can be done.

Neither Lucille nor Fram wrote about their courtship and marriage. Fram writes: "This young lady with her big brown eyes spent all of her childhood and most of her married life on the old family farm which is now part of Orem. When she was 27 years of age she met her soul mate and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on April 16, 1940."

When Fram and I were married, and for a short period thereafter, he had beautiful, long, black, thick curling eyelashes. It was in the winter of 1941 while we were living in the "honeymoon (basement) apartment" of Ida and V. Emil Hansen's house on State Street in Orem. Fram opened the furnace door to see if it was functioning as it should. With explosive force out came a poof of flame and black coal dust, catching him full in the face. Loss of eyebrows and curly lashes was insignificant at the time compared to concern over what damage might have been to his eye balls--but I have mourned for their loss ever since. The eyebrows grew back, but the lashes came in short, stubby and stiff as pit bristles.

I am glad I was born too soon for the pill. I am not certain I would have made the right decisions in family planning. There were times--many times--when I would have preferred not to be pregnant, but Fram never made me feel that he wished it were not so. He always was convincingly and genuinely happy about it, every time. It HELPED.

THUMPER

As I lay in my hospital bed with our second son looking wisely back at me through black, bright eyes newly opened to this world, I heard the woman in the room next to mine say of the baby she'd lost in childbirth, "It's a good thing he died before I had a chance to get attached," and I chilled. Indignantly, I wondered to myself, "What has she been doing these past nine months?"

We loved Thumper dearly from the moment we knew he was on his way. At the breakfast table one morning when we were discussing names, Larry, whose favorite book was then "Bambi", said "Let's call him Thumper", and because it did seem highly appropriate at the time, "Thumper" he became.

Reed had just been released from military service and was living with us during this time, with Melda coming down from her work in Logan to visit on weekends. Fram was in the Bishopric and many of his evenings were spent away from home. I remember the comfort of Reed's presence in my battle against loneliness as I sewed on "little things" at night and he sat reading across the room.

I went with Fram to the Messiah on Sunday evening and Monday morning, the 20th of December, 1943, Thumper was born. They brought us home the afternoon of the 24th, in an ambulance, so that we might spend Christmas where all Christmases should be spent--with our family. And a wonderful Christmas it was. Fram's gift to me that morning was a new wristwatch, and with an ache that still persists, I remember saying, "Oh Fram, we can't afford both a new baby and a watch--we'll have to send one of them back! I still have the watch.

The morning of the 28th Thumper stopped eating, and by the time Dr. Cullimore came that night, it was thought best that the baby be taken to the hospital. Fram, Dad, and President Watkins administered to him, Mom and I tucked him in his little basket, and Fram went with him back to Utah Valley Hospital. In the early morning of December 29th, Thumper returned to his heavenly home. His little funeral was held in our living room, Boyd Davis spoke and Moroni Jensen sang. Reed said one of the prayers and Melda wrote: "How can I ever forget the poignancy of that tender moment when Lucille tucked a soft little white blanket gently around the tiny shoulders of baby

"Thumper," against his face to keep him warm, after all, it was December and very cold."

I sat by the window and watched the snow softly falling while Fram went with him to the cemetery. Dad said: "You couldn't have sent Fram's mother a nicer Christmas present." Christmas time and "Silent Night" have since had a special meaning for us. Now when I get emotional at the singing of carols, there is a reason. The sorrow and the hurt have never really lessened, but time accustoms one to the feeling. Fram received his "greetings" from Uncle Sam the day Thumper died, but because of his position in the Bishopric, deferment was given and we were grateful for that.

I would spare anyone the hurt of such a loss. But if it were possible to wipe out the whole Thumper episode as if he had never been conceived, I would not have it so. I'm glad that he came to our place, even for so short a time. No one could have loved him more.

The little headstone in the cemetery reads "Terry Collins, December 20-29, 1943, and if he lived, he might have been known by that name but it's "Thumper" who stays in our hearts.

If Neil got more attention from his parents for a while, it's because without it he could not have survived. After a pampered pregnancy, at six months I sprung a "leak in the hold" and with fear and apprehension was rushed to the hospital. As Larry casually explained it to the neighbors, "Mama's water broke". After a few days there, the doctor let me go home to wait out the remaining time in a horizontal position. In three weeks I was back at the hospital to disprove the theory that it takes nine months to make a baby. Neil was born February 17, 1943. To give the little new life every advantage, there was no anesthetic for mama. He wasn't much to look at and we had no assurance he could stay, but the fact that he arrived safely was a miracle in itself. Dr. Cullimore held up the umbilical cord for me to see, in it was a perfect knot, which had it been pulled tight would have cut off circulation and life in the unborn child. He explained that the normal action of the baby within the "bag of water" would have undoubtedly tightened the knot.

He had not strength to nurse, but mother's milk held the most hope for his survival, so with breast pump and hospital "milking machine" I provided the milk which was fed him through a tube--"gavage" is what they called it. Fortunately, he did not need to be placed under oxygen. Although it was not known at that time, it is now believed that oxygen has a damaging effect on premature babies. (Ester Hansen Asay had one not long after Neil was born, and her child suffered defects--never did learn to walk, could not see, and was mentally retarded.)

I stayed in the hospital a full two weeks until the doctor said we might take Neil home. And when the day came, I panicked! I did not see how I could possibly feed and keep him going. But dear Mary Crystal, one of the nurses who had been caring for him, brought him to me and said, "Now you love this baby more than any one of us possibly could, and there is no reason why you cannot do all that we're doing here", and she proceeded to show me how to care for Neil. The bottle nipple used was one that dripped milk without suction, and she taught me to work his little chin up and down with my finger beneath it to get the sucking and swallowing action going. She calmed my fears and gave me confidence and instruction, and when Fram came for us we were ready to go home.

The days and nights that followed were not easy. We set the alarm for every two hours, and he had to be wakened for his feedings, and in between time, I pumped milk. Dr. Cullimore warned us not to let people in to "see the new baby", if his life was more important to us than being "hospitable"--and it was. For a long time Neil could not have known that even his family had faces because surgical masks were worn by everyone who went into his room. And he became stronger and grew.

Within a few weeks after we left the hospital, Mary Crystal died of Bulbar polio. She has my eternal gratitude for her help given when we needed it the most.

Helping Mom with her history has caused me thought. She made me strike out "that Stan was their favorite cannot be denied," and proceeded at some length to explain, or try to explain it away, while my memory confirmed that it was so. And there is no rancor, I fully understand why.

All my children say I was partial to Neil, and each firmly asserts that the other was more favored and "spoiled". When tonight, with tears in her voice, Carla accuses me of always putting Marilu first, "What have you ever given me that you haven't given Marilu?" Were I quick enough in retort, I might have said, "Twenty Dollar Weejuns with golf flaps." I realize that in my effort to show utter impartiality, my last "favorite" child is thoroughly convinced she has been slighted!

When Larry came, he was our favorite; first born, and product of our brand new love, how could it have been different? And besides that, he was, is, and always will be so lovable. It is his very nature. Everybody loved Larry—even animals. Dogs were his favorite, and vice versa; and when he came in from playing around Dad's barn, he'd say, "Mama, the pig smiled at me," -- or the cow or the horse. The only thing he didn't like was chickens, and for some reason they terrified him. At one time, when he must have been about five and Neil one, we were down at Jess and Dean's in Lakeview, and she gave us a chicken, live, for stewing purposes. We put it on the back seat of the car in a box to go home, and as it gave a flap of its wings, Larry said, "Stop the car quick, Mama; Neil and I want to walk," a mere distance of five miles, uphill.

Losing one child doesn't actually make the others any more precious, but it does give an awareness, a realization of how blessed we are in the gift of their presence, and nevermore does one take that blessedness for granted. This awareness has constantly been the background of our love for all our children, and it has never diminished. This was Thumper's gift to his brothers and sisters.

KENDALL

When people sometimes are asked "What was your most embarrassing moment?" I always think of mine--which is too embarrassing to relate, or even remember. It is said one way to purge oneself of something unpleasant is to bring it into the open. Can such a moment be written? I'll try.

Arthur V. Watkins had been elected United States Senator from Utah, and I went with him this day to Salt Lake to take notes on his interview with different groups and segments of business and labor so he'd know their views when he went to Washington to represent them. Mitch Carter and his wife were with us, although he did not attend the meetings. He and A.V.'s promising young aide, who had helped much during the campaign. I was the only female at all of the meetings, and had "it" happened earlier, it could have been even more embarrassing.

We had dinner in the New House Hotel dining room--the four of us--during the midday break, and as I was finishing dessert, came this flooding feeling where I sat. I remember well what I was wearing--a dark brown skirt, thank goodness, made from a brown suit of Fram's of quality wool. I hadn't had a period for a couple of months, so assumed we were pregnant, and the "flooding" I knew was not normal. When they got up to leave, I sat quietly and asked if they'd go on ahead and excuse me. I know it was strange to them, but what could I do? As they turned and left the dining room I reached for the table napkins--large white linen ones they were, and very absorbent. I stuffed them between my legs and sat in a panic wondering what to do next when Mitch's wife came back, bless her, to see what could the matter be. With her help we went out the back way of the dining room and hotel, down to where the car was parked. I lay on the back seat while she went to explain--I never knew exactly how or what--but anyway, she took me home. My gratitude for her will last forever, although by now I've even forgotten her first name. The notes I took that morning were never transcribed.

We got home, called Mom and Fram and Dr. Cullimore. It seems to me Dr. Cullimore always looked like an angel of mercy when I'd see him from a position flat on my back (as happened quite frequently in the early years of our marriage), and this was no exception.

He gave me the check-over, propped up the foot of the bed, and said, "We can have you abort, or it just may be that we can save this little "toad." You and Fram talk and think it over and let me know in the morning."

Well, we talked and we thought, as we thought and we talked, and prayed, and decided we'd do everything we possibly could to

keep the baby, although he hadn't been specifically ordered in the first place.

The major part of that pregnancy was spent flat on my back, with Mom and Dad running back and forth with food and care and love, and Fram doing all he could to work and take care of me and Larry and Neil. I went to the hospital on March 8th, and Kendall was born, but he never had a chance; a couple of hours he lived. Six and one half months is not long enough to build a healthy baby. But we were never sorry for the decision we made to keep him, for he had our love from the beginning. It was not easy for any of us, and as I think back I realize now how worried Dad and Mom must have been. His sister, Louie, died in childbirth, after a similar pregnancy in bed, and she had lived at their place during that time. I was just a little girl then, and remember lying on the bed with Aunt Lou while she told or read me stories. I remember the night she died and the sound of Uncle Frank Johnson's voice as he cried aloud. It was the first time I ever heard a man cry. The baby lived--Aunt Late took him and nursed him along with her own Phyllis, and they called him "Farley" (Poor little Farley-boy," we said.)

I remember the nights especially. I would dream I was in a white evening gown dancing on a ballroom floor, and suddenly the floor would be flooded with red, and I would waken with the sheets beneath me drenched in blood. I'd be swimming in a white bathing suit and walking on the white sand, and suddenly it would spot with spreading blotches of red--or I'd be skiing on the white snow and fall into red-soaked snow drifts. And when I awakened, it was always the same. The white sheets of our bed would be crimson where I lay. Even with the shots, the paregoric "cocktail" I'd taken nearly every night, and with all the loving care, I still had gone to the hospital March 8, 1947.

I regret that I never saw Kendall. I was unconscious when he was born, and they never brought him to me. I don't know why I didn't ask to see him before they took him to the mortuary, but I didn't--and they didn't. It hurts when I remember and I wonder why didn't I?

Melda writes: Again in 1947, Lucille and Fram buried their one day old Kendall next to his brother "Thumper." In April of 1949 Wes and LaVon's little five day old Jill Ann joined her cousins in death. I felt such great sorrow and expressed my feelings that it was easier to not have the baby that Reed and I longed for than to lose the tiny ones that were so close to us and our family.

I remember vividly that day (February 10, 1961) when Fram came to Westmore School where I was secretary to tell me the sad news that tragedy had again struck our family. Larry and Peggy's little Kimmy, not yet one year old had departed this life, leaving her twin Kris Ann. Three months later their son, Michael Larry, arrived.



Collin's home - 195 West 400 South in Orem

ON BEING A WOMAN

It is difficult being a woman. For the most part I accept it with equanimity, but there are times when a deep seething resentment tries to surface.

Does man ever clean out the toilet bowl? Or clean off the tooth paste splashes and polish the bathroom mirror--or any mirror? Does man ever give Gigi a bath when she badly needs it? How thick would the cob webs have to get before he sweeps them down instead of pointing them out to his spouse? Does man ever dust? Would the stove top oven cleaner just get turned on?

After the kids have gone does man ever gather up for the next visit? Does man ever worry about what will we eat when they get here? Who fixes and cleans up after meals? Does man ever make beds, sweep floors or wash windows?

Does man ever do anything on Sunday morning except get himself up, bathed, and ready for Church--and then stand with his hat on wondering why you are not ready to go? Does man ever do anything about Sunday dinner, its planning or preparation, before taking off for Church ON TIME?

I weary of the responsibility of getting meals, doing the dishes, making beds, washing, dusting, sweeping floors--ad infinitum. Heaven forbid; these things I would hardly admit to thinking, let alone saying out loud or put down in bold print on a piece of paper! But if I had more time, I could think of a million more!

"Where's my this?" and "Where is my that?" He doesn't really want to know where they are--all he wants is to have them produced forthwith, in a clean and shiny condition, ready for use, be it his shirt, his hammer or his comb!

MUSIC IN OUR LIVES

One of the things I enjoyed most was Larry and his accordion. When he was ten or eleven years old, Bert Shaw and a group of his students rode by on a float in a Provo 4th of July Parade playing full blast on their accordions. Then and there Larry decided that was what he wanted to play. And because "we couldn't afford a piano", it seemed to me and Fram a good idea. Little did we realize the cost of a good accordion--we couldn't afford that, either, but for \$1.25 a month, a little twelve key beginner could be rented from Progressive School of Music, so we started him out with Bert and a 1/2 hour lesson every week. At Christmas time I borrowed \$25.00 from Jess and Dean for a down payment on a new Accordiana and December 25, 1961 Santa brought it down our chimney for Larry. Five dollars and twenty-five cents we paid each month until its cost of \$525.00, plus interest was paid in full. A piano at that time would have been much less, but Larry could never have made the same kind of music. Bert's style of teaching was to play along with his students, and he was a master teacher. Listening to them play was the joy of my life. Larry, too, had music in his fingers.

One of my happiest hours--half hours, plus, because I think Bert Shaw thoroughly enjoyed them, too--were spent each week as I sat listening to Larry and his accordion teacher play together the pieces he'd been practicing all week. Bert made him sound good on even the simple pieces, and together they were great. I think Larry learned much in rhythm, expression, and feeling this way and for Bert, with his flourishes and improvisations, it broke the tedium of teaching. One night a week Bert and his buddy, Dick, both gifted musicians, conducted an accordion band for all of their students who were good enough and interested enough to participate.

On the nights Fram took him, he would go over and visit with Uncle John and Aunt Lou, but on my nights to chauffeur, I stayed and drank it all in--sometimes in large noisy gulps, for they played with gusto. Then when Larry became really good the music they made together made me soar.



Neil, Carla, Larry and Marilu

I thrill and get goose bumps even now at the memory of Larry's performances, at the ward and stake canyon outings, banquets, parties and programs, outdoor family picnics and Boy Scout Camps. With cold-number fingers he played for MIA carolers in the snow, Christmas at Grandma's and Accordion band concerts. Then when cousin Brent Farley learned to play, the volume, talent and fun was doubled. Lorin Jex was a musical wiz at the piano, an extroverted master entertainer, and when the three of them got together their performances were terrific. By that time Larry had outgrown his Accordiana and was playing a \$1200 instrument, paid for by himself through the lessons he gave. We fixed up the porch between the garage and kitchen for his "studio". Throughout his high school years he taught until the instrument was paid for. He also had a offer to play cabaret style at Bill and Iva's Cafe for money, but declined. . .

Neil studied guitar and was a conscientious student who practiced without being nagged and learned his lessons. He played in semi-annual Herger recitals, canyon outings, Cub Scouts, and the usual programs, and he teamed up with Ladd for some really good sessions which gave us much pleasure. But the music never really came alive for him until Dick Davis of the "Three D's" took him in hand and made guitar playing a thing spontaneous and special.

Dick was a speech therapist for Alpine School District and I got to know him at Geneva School. He also "moonlighted" with his musical group. He had never had a formal guitar lesson in his life, but he knew music and chord formations, had great natural talent, and a good voice. He had no time for giving lessons, but agreed to see what he could do for Neil, and it was great. Dick taught him how to use the Herger acquired technical know-how and how to 's to make his own chords, and insisted that he sing while he played. Neil had always liked playing his guitar, but this put the glow on and made it personal and more fun. And I think it's something that even without practice, he'll keep and be able to use forever. One of the highlights for us was our first Christmas at home after his mission when the Chinese boys came for Christmas Eve, and everyone made the most of his talent--combined and otherwise--and Neil wowed us with his rendition of "Ish Kmoosh, the Eskimo" and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" (Our all-time favorite).

Finally, with my earning as Secretary at Geneva School, in 1963, I was able to buy a piano and transferred my musical ambition and aspirations toward making accomplished pianists of Marilu and Carla. We signed them up for lessons with Emma Breton Clark and I

saw to it that they practiced dutifully, hauled them to lessons each week, and paid excessive amounts to the talented, but negative and seldom-pleased-with-their efforts, Mrs. Clark. They hated it and her, and I came to understand why Mom gave up after Jessie. But I persevered, and until we moved to Logan kept on with the weekly torture for the three of us.

ON BEING FRAM'S WIFE

Aside from the fact that I love Fram, I have enjoyed being Mrs. Frampton Collins. From the time we were married I have been proud of him and his work, or the good feeling he has for people and they for him. By reason of his occupation we have through the years, been associated with fine, high caliber people--successful people, business men in all walks of life, civic leaders, industrial head, law enforcement professionals, college presidents, department heads, administrators, mayors, congressmen, senators, governors, yea, even Vice President Gerald Ford, later President of the United States, and his wife Betty, people of international acclaim: President Barrientos of Bolivia, Stan Musial of baseball fame, journalistic great, newspapermen of high standing, correspondents of UPI and celebrities, and most of them speak to him on a first name basis. We have mingled with them at private gatherings. We have attended some of the finest social functions. I do not say this boastfully but there have been opportunities and contacts not open to everyone and indicative of the caliber of people we have known and the most high invariably turned out to be the most approachable, human and genuinely friends and the most interesting to be around.

Fram likes people, and it has never been a problem for him to meet and relate to them in an easy, relaxed manner. And with him, it has been easier for me to relax among people I might have felt to be of a superior social, intellectual or economic status.

Fram has always been knowledgeable and aware of current happenings, on national and local levels and could find a common basis for conversation with anyone--including the colored porter Neil, Carla, Marlyu, Larry (Standing) Lucille and Fram. on a train to Portland, the bag boy at the airport in Honolulu, and the sheep herder he picked up on one of our drives through the mountains. . .

Functions and gatherings have had access to all kinds of entertainment. When the children were growing up we never missed a circus or a rodeo. We had free passes to the movies, basketball and football games, and to special quality performances in the world of entertainment.

LOGAN

A new phase of my life began when Fram became publisher of the Herald Journal and we moved to Logan to make our home. It was a wise, but difficult decision for us. Memorable was the Vertiya party given by Leo and Virginia at the time of our departure. As often as possible we have met with and renewed friendships with Vertiya members and their husbands. The Logan years were rich in experience and in our associations with fine people from all walks of life. If we could go back "to the forks", I would take the same road, still.

Lucille had spent fifty-three years on Provo bench within walking distance of her mother's home. She loved her brothers and sisters a great deal and missed them terribly. Evidently someone in Logan noticed her sadness because on Valentines Day in 1965 she received a box of chocolates from an admirer she came to call "the Phantom." She thanked him publically in a letter to the editor published in the Herald Journal. The next year she received another heart-shaped box, then another and still another.

The Valentine Phantom continued to strike the Collins' home for *thirty years*. As one after another of the Collins' elderly friends passed on and the field of possibilities dwindled, Lucille became more and more curious. Who could the Phantom be? She accidentally discovered the identity of this mystery person two years before she died and wrote a "GOT YOU" letter. Carla and Marilu were the Valentine Phantoms. They realized how unhappy their mother was after the move to Logan and wanted to cheer her up. The practice was such a success they continued it for three decades.

Lucille's short two page biography was written as a Vertiya club assignment. She concluded it with this note: "Rather than listing

our joys and accomplishments, I'll round this brief history out with my **Ode to Fram**:

Before you gasp and turn aside, your faces all bright red,
Turn loose your thoughts and roam with me; think of all the men with whom you've gone to bed.

There have been no building contractors, doctors or lawyers I can truthfully say,
No school teachers, professors, politicians, patriarchs or Stake Presidents. No way!
(I haven't even slept with a returned missionary.)

With a professional bull shipper I've never spent the night, Careful how I pronounce that word or some might say,
"Hey, that can't be right!" (We have a friend who deals in cattle and ships bulls.)

I've slept with a young member of the M.I.A. presidency, the Sunday School Superintendent, a member of two bishoprics,
a High Priest, a Home Teacher, the Ward clerk, Stake clerk, a Ward and Stake historian--each one in his time.

For two whole years I went to bed with the president of Westmore's P.T.A. But living with the President of the Cache Chamber
of Commerce was much more fun, I'd say, And the President of the Rotary Club was totally O.K.

There was the young advertising director of a Provo paper to whom I gave my heart, But he was in time, replaced by a Publisher in
Logan, who no longer plays that part. (He retired)

I slept with a Federal bureaucrat, advisor for the S.B.A. who took me to conventions, combining work with play.
At the same time I shared my bed with a member of the Cache/ Rich Tourist Council and an Advisor to Festival of the West.
I could not tell these men apart nor which one I liked best.

But now I must be honest, and for the record make it clear, These guys all add up to one, the guy in my bathroom mirror.
Our granddaughter calls him "Frampa." Marrying him is the best thing I've ever done.
Though you may think there have been many, Fram's been the only one.

After all these years, the nicest compliment any man could pay in life.
Is the one Fram made a while ago, "If I had it to do all over again, I'd still want you for my wife."

Now our leaders always tell us to keep journals up to date, So here is one more entry that I think I'd better make.
There is this nice looking older man who works in the the Temple baptistry,
And on Tuesday night when he's finished, he cuts through the block, comes to my back door
(which I've carefully left unlocked) and comes in to be with me!

THINGS I'VE GIVEN UP

Today I brought home an empty booklet from Relief Society entitled, "A Listening Ear", in which I am to write down things I can
do to make happier those around me.

Carla says bluntly, "Don't listen. Don't fix me anything to eat. Don't fuss over me." Fram says, "Don't get so depressed."

But how can I help it? This week I feel as if I'd been run over by a steam roller and crunched flat into the earth. It might not be
true, but I feel like a family reject. (Much like the week I came home from going through Mom's possessions and not doing a very good

job--only then I had Fram's sympathy and understanding.) The boys and their wives have gone--without a word--when for years they've been saying, "Let's all go to Hawaii."

I would have given anything to have been there with Jess and Dean on that last trip of theirs to the islands, but it was financially impossible, and I knew it. It hasn't bothered me for everyone else in the world to take off on trips, for in my secret heart I've felt "Someday Fram and I will too." And now I know it will never happen.

I even thought this might be the year, what with the assistant publisher and Fram with no vacation for so long, when he needs a rest. It was to be my last ditch effort when the boys decided to go. I'd draw from the Credit Union, if needs be, and I actually thought Fram might go because he truly enjoys the company of Wes, Stan, Merrill, Ora, LaVon, and Sylpha. It never occurred to me that their feeling to us might be the reverse.

I do not recover from disappointment easily, and sometimes not at all. I suppose giving up one dream after another is part of growing old and I've not the maturity to take it. Maybe someday when I'm really old, nothing will really matter! But right now, the deeper it sinks in the more it hurts.

Things I've given up from which I have not recovered:

Dancing

The house Tackett made me believe we could afford when we came to Logan. Collin's house at 359 Blvd Temple Hill.

Tuesday in Salt Lake with Fram

Mom's organ, which she gave to Ann then let Bob take.

If there is therapy in writing, why don't I feel better quick? I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!

LOSING FRAM

Perhaps the hardest thing Lucille had to give up was Fram. He died August 25, 1987. Lucille talks about his blood problems in this entry dated June 9, 1987:

Fram went to the hospital for his first blood transfusion. Dr. Eye had said, "You will probably get to a point where you will need transfusions", and that day has arrived. It was a first, and we were apprehensive. Blood-typing and cross-matching on the previous day revealed that Marilu, who had the same type as her Dad (O+) could not give because of border-line anemia, so the blood had to come from the hospital bank.

I associate the day with the Iran-Contra hearings and the testimony of Oliver North because, as the life-extending new blood dripped into the vein in Fram's arm, we listened and watched--Fram from his bed and I from my chair at his side. It was not the horrendous ordeal we anticipated, in fact, it was almost pleasant. We shared our thoughts and feelings--and discussed the events of the day. The continuity of our life-time close-togetherness flowed on, its quality distilled and intensified by concern and fear. He went home with moderately renewed energy and a noticeable improvement in physical strength. But the question remains: How soon must we do this again? How long can it go on? The next transfusion was July 9-10, exactly one month later, Fram required two units of blood instead of one.

February 28, 1988:

I have been outside today lopping off branches and trying to prune. "In my name do all things the same...." But I can't. I am not equal. I feel your absence today more acutely than I did your presence, Fram.

No, that's not so. There was never a time that I was not conscious of your presence--I knew what you meant to me ALL THE TIME, and I am thankful, But, OH, how I miss you NOW.

I don't particularly enjoy being this old, but I am glad to have been born in our generation, not too far removed from my Pioneer ancestry. I like growing up when the Church was smaller, when we had our own meeting house, we got to go to General Conference and sit in the Tabernacle without being a Stake President or a member of the Choir. I loved the days of Gold and Green Balls, of June Conference, and dancing at Salt Air. I liked going on vacations to Yellowstone Park when the bears would come out in the middle of the road to stop the car for treats as we drove through the Park. Life just isn't what it used to be!



Fram and Lucille with Neil, Marilu, Carla and Larry

CRUISING WITH THE FAMILY

Melda writes: One of the highest of our High Lights together was our two-week cruise on the luxury liner, the Star Princess, through the Panama Canal and the Caribbean Islands. Wes and LaVon and Que and Lucille Stelle were in our group. Such exciting and thrilling activities and our friendly rapport with our most charming Cruise Director, Rai Calivori, with his English accent.

It was so pleasant to be recognized and called by name without having to tell him who we were as we encountered each other. Lucille won her fame as she exhibited her skill with a rifle in “trap shooting,” along with Wes. Mine came when I played the grand piano and sang the little song Mom taught us in the berry patch about the Two Little Boys, in the Talent Show. We also had the extreme pleasure of dancing with our Cruise Director.

But the absolute climax was the evening when all the “talented” people were introduced in a stage show in costumes of our own choice and concoction! That skimpy little “whutsit” Lucille was wearing, the wild flaming red wig and the electric effect it had on Rai as he recognized her when she flitted by. He ran down from the stage to catch her and bring her back. “This is Lucille — The “skeet shooter” I’ll never be able to think of her again in the same way!”

I went as Rapunzel, with my long “hair” starting with my beige-colored panty-hose braided in with colored scarves that stretched and stretched which I carried on my arm. For some reason the announcer had my name as RUTH. As I got to Rai, he gave a second look, grabbed my hands and exclaimed, “Why, this isn’t Ruth — It’s Melda, who played the piano and sang about the Two Little Boys! He asked what I was doing and how I got down from the tower. I told him I was looking for “Rumple.” I am so glad we have pictures of that night!!!



WRITING AS THERAPY

Lucille explained how she came to write her vignettes in a letter to Stan: “Guess I should be writing you cherry little notes every day to help pass the time away while you’re waiting for your lung spot to dissolve, but my efforts turn out maudlin—if you look that up in the dictionary, it means “Excessively and tearfully emotional or sentimental” It’s silly to sit up here and not communicate with a brother you love dearly, but what does one write to cheer up a guy who’s in the shape you’re in? If I could trade places and spell you off in bed for a

while, I'd gladly do it, yea, even unto the pain and suffering. . .

Do you ever get lost in thinking backward? I do, and some of the things I remember are a lot of fun. . . Remember, Dean dictated a whole book to Jess while recovering from his broken back. . .

Be a good little Billy-Buck and do as you're told. We'll be coming down that way again before long. . . Frequently, when something comes along I can't quite handle, it helps to sit at my typewriter. Much of what is written goes into the waste basket; some of it, for my own benefit, I save. This, for example, was written the day I came home from seeing Stan in such sad shape at the hospital," she typed.

Mary Lucille Farley Collins died at the age of 83 on June 15, 1996 at the Logan Regional Hospital. She spent the last week of her life saying "Good Bye," to her loved ones including her children and extended family. It was an honor to be with her. The Johnson sisters had been like her own children since the death of Jessie, they were at her side for a time during that last week.

Lucille's obituary, published in THE DAILY HERALD, summarized her life in these words: "She was private secretary to Arthur V. Watkins for fourteen years. She served as secretary at Provo River Water Users Associate and the Provo Chamber of Commerce and for Alpine School District for many years as well. She was active in the Vertiya Club in Orem. When the Collins moved to Logan in 1964 she joined Booklore Club and the Brigham Young Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers." Lucille was buried in the Provo City Cemetery next to Fram and the tiny newborns she lost. Although her living descendants were deeply saddened, what joy must have been felt among her loved ones on the other side.