

Section 3

Married Life

Chapter 11 **DEPRESSION YEARS IN UTAH**

Grandmother Tolman died the last part of September. Her funeral was the 29th, I think. Orin drove the truck and brought Minnie to the funeral. He talked with me and said, "Can you go back with me now? I don't think I'll be able to make another trip at Thanksgiving." I told him I would check with my boss and see. We were supposed to give at least two weeks notice before quitting.

I went to my boss and explained the situation. He said, "Yes, if you will put your application in at the nearest telephone office."

We had our interviews and received our temple recommends. We also went to the City and County Building and got our license. It cost \$3.00.

Father had to work, but he took us to the temple. This was the first day of October 1931. We had to be there by 7:00 a.m. I borrowed Dru's temple outfit. Nothing fancy. We went through the session and sat on the bench in the Celestial Room waiting to be married. Orin on one side of the room and me on the other. When I signed my paper, my hand was shaking until I could hardly write. We waited and waited. There were twenty-nine couples being married. After everyone was gone, a sister came and asked me what I was waiting for. I told her to be married. She asked what the groom's name was and I told her. They checked and found they had passed over his name. They took us right in and President George F. Richards married us. After the ceremony, he came over and put his hands on our shoulders and talked with us. He handed me the certificate and told me to hang onto it and not lose it, for it was my proof that Orin belonged to me. He also told us to go home that night and kneel in prayer, and do it every night and morning from then on. He told us to take the Lord into our partnership. This we have tried to do. It has helped solve many problems.

We got out of the temple about 4 p.m. and walked to Aunt Charlotte's (Father's sister) place. If I remember correctly, it was about 6th West and 3rd North. We stayed there that night. The next day Orin sang in a male quartet for a funeral for a school principal. He got the raspberry for going to sleep during the service. The second night we slept at Grandma Clawson's and then left the next day for southern Utah. We traveled to Aurora and spent that night with Aunt Ruth in Grandma Durfee's old home. The next morning we traveled to Lyman, the place of our first home.

Here we rented the small back room of a two-room log cabin of Peterson's. It was approximately eight by fifteen feet. In fact, I think it was an enclosed back porch. It was filthy dirty. Cecelia, Alpheus, Orin and I took a broom, scrubbing brush, pan of soapy lye water, and scrubbed it thoroughly. Our stove was a small wood stove like sheep herders used. Our bed took up one side of the room, except for a small space where I hung our clothes. Right next to the bed was a large wooden trunk Father gave me. In front of this was Orin's Marine trunk which we sat on when people came to visit. Between the trunk and the other wall was a small oval shaped table with a couple of chairs pushed under it. In the corner was a triangular shaped china cabinet. In the other corner was the stove. Next to the stove was a stool with our wash basin on it. Next to that was the chest of drawers with our water bucket on it. That was next to the door. We had about a foot wide pathway between the chest and the trunks.

I scrubbed the floor on my hands and knees, washed the two windows and dusted thoroughly every day. I heated water on the stove and put a number three metal tub on the trunk and washed the clothes on a wash board. I then hung the clothes on a line outside to dry. This was fine except in the winter. My fingers would almost be frozen as I hung the

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

wet clothes. The toilet was outside by the corral. My water faucet was also out by the corral.

After a short while, the family living in the larger room moved and we had the whole house. The small cottage seemed like a mansion.

I'll never forget the bed bugs. They didn't bother Orin, but they feasted on me. Orin started work at Paul Christensen's saw mill on Thousand Lake Mountain. I tried everything I could think of to get rid of the bugs. I even put the bedstead in small pans of water. Those stinking bugs crawled along the ceiling and dropped down onto the bed. One night it was so bad I couldn't stand it. About two o'clock, I got up and went to Minnie's. She put me in bed with her and Alvin.

Many adjustments were necessary in our lives. Many people have wedding receptions. We didn't. The fact that we jumped up the date made it so there were no preparations for a reception. Mama was peeved because of it and wouldn't give us one. I had collected a few items in my trousseau, such as dishes, silverware, and bedding. We had no electricity. Our light at night was a small kerosene lamp. We bathed in our metal tub that I used for my laundry.

[Editor's Note: Dad made this comment concerning this period: "When I look back on this beginning of our lives together, I realize what a fine woman Odessa is. She came with me without any complaints or unpleasantness. She had been used to much more than I could give her, yet she stuck with me and suffered through it."]

I was quite bashful, and so I stopped my physical exercises I had taken nightly since I was in junior high school.

We had been married just one week when the oil company that Orin and Alvin hauled lumber for went broke. As a result, they didn't receive any money for what they had done. They lost the truck, and we were left to exist on anything Orin could get, at whatever he could find to do. Sometimes we received a little milk, eggs, potatoes, etc. He hauled wood for people and they let him use their teams and wagon to get our wood.

When I first knew I was expecting a baby, I knelt in prayer and asked my Father in Heaven to bless me and help me to be the kind of mother to my children that my father was to me, that I might teach them correct principles and by love and example bring them up in truth and righteousness. The Lord has truly blessed me with special spirits. Each one is precious and dear to me and holds a place in my heart that no one else can replace.

I went into the hills and found a dead sheep. I cut the wool, washed and corded it, so I could make a quilt for my expected baby. Orin got a chance to work a week on the road and earned \$18.00. With that we bought material for diapers, dresses, etc., plus anything else I needed for the baby, and some Christmas for each other. Uncle Charlie had a wood turning lathe and Orin turned some wood and made a baby crib.

One day as I was out getting a bucket of water, I slipped on the ice and fell. For a long time it hurt to sit. I learned many years later that my tail bone had been broken.

Orin received a leg of lamb in payment for some work that he had done. I had morning sickness really bad. Every time I would cook any of the leg of lamb, I would heave and heave (what fun!).

Mama and Papa came to visit and brought us a few quarts of cherries. We made them last as long as we could by only eating six or eight cherries a piece. Instead of gaining

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

weight, I lost. I weighed three pounds less before Erminie was born than I did when I got married.

We used cooking grease to make lye soap to use for washing clothes, which was done on a scrub board in a No. 3 wash tub.

Our little sheep camp stove didn't always have the damper for baking in the right position. Orin would work at it for quite a time to get it working right. I would get aggravated at him for sticking at it so long.

Orin hauled wood from the hills on shaves for Brother Peterson. He chopped his share up into stove wood size and piled it up against the granary. He soon had a pile about as high as the granary. All the men in town were mad at him because their wives pointed to my wood pile and wondered why they couldn't get their wood chopped like that.

Orin spent much of that winter at whatever he could. Some of them went to Boulder Mountain and felled dead timber to be used for saw lumber. It seemed as though all he got was food stuff of some kind. We didn't see any money for months at a time.

Orin went with Uncle Charlie over the mountain with a load of sheep in the middle of the winter. The road was slick and they had a rough time getting over the top. He almost froze his ears while pushing on the truck to help get over the summit.

It seemed that he worked in the sawmills and in the timber a great deal, but he didn't get much pay, mostly in lumber and other articles. It seems we were being tried to see how much we could take or to teach us a lesson on how to bargain.

We had a pinion pine nut hunt in the fall. We would go into the hills and pick the nuts off the trees and ground. They were nice to eat, but it took a lot of work to shell enough to get a good taste.

Orin worked in the Mutual a lot and taught a few classes. He tried to do something with a choir, but didn't get very far with it.

Our life was a struggle to get enough to eat and something to wear. Orin was an outsider and married a girl from the outside. He was told once that he could save a lot of money in stamps if he would marry a girl from the town. He said, "I might have married a good farm if I had played my cards that way."

We had our fun though. There was a group of young married couples that we associated with. We had parties and picnics, etc. Many times we went over to the Bishop's house to listen to the radio, especially the Carnation Contented Milk Program.

The Bishop gave Orin as much work as he could and we got by after a fashion. That was about the only money we got a hold of.

When I was about seven months along, Uncle Charlie took Cecelia and I to Salt Lake with him in his truck. We had a load of pigs. It was so cold, Cecelia and I almost froze. Mama put me in bed with some heated irons to warm me. I stayed with my folks until Erminie was born. It was on the seventh of July in 1932 at the Salt Lake General Hospital that this child, who was to be such a help and comfort in her years of growing up, first blessed us with her presence. We named her Erminie Odessa Clawson.

That was a lonely time for Orin. He couldn't stand it for very long, so off to Salt Lake he went. Here was another hard time of trying to find a job. People thought he wasn't really trying, but it was that he didn't know how to hunt for work. His four years in the Marines didn't help much.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

While in Salt Lake, I went to the temple whenever I could. At that time the Initiatory work had to be done before the endowment. One day I was sitting on the bench waiting my turn. An elderly sister passed by, and then returned. She put her hands on my shoulders, leaned down, and whispered in my ear, "You will be greatly blessed for this." I was.

When Erminie was born, I was only in labor about four hours. The doctor delivered her by instruments. I had stitches. Not very comfortable. She was quite yellow and had trouble handling my milk. In fact, she cried almost constantly and had diarrhea. Nothing the doctor did seemed to help. Orin and I were staying in his mother's home while she was in Lyman taking care of Cecelia and her new baby boy.

When she came home, she had me put powdered bismuth on Erminie's tongue every time she had a bowel movement. The doctor took her off breast feeding and put her on a bottle. When we went back to Lyman, Aunt Mattie (Uncle Charlie's wife) had me use rice water in making her formula. The combination of bismuth and rice water did the trick. Later, she developed eczema. I don't recall what we did for that. The nearest doctor was about forty-five miles away, in Richfield, so I depended on the help of our Father in Heaven.

We had considerable trouble with her feeding and then she developed bronchial pneumonia. When she was five months old, she only weighed eleven pounds. From that time, she began to handle her food better and grow and develop properly.

When she was just tiny, I threw my back out of place and female organs dropped out of place. I was miserable most of the time. Erminie was a little over five months old when we returned to Lyman and managed to stay alive somehow. We did our work in the church most of the time. Orin was asked to be Secretary of the Elders Quorum.

This went well until time for the annual report. It was 15 miles to Torrey and Teasdale and 10 to Fremont. He had no way to get there except to walk or hitch hike. It was quite a job to get those reports done.

We had interesting experiences which I will try to recall.

Uncle Charlie took his flat bed truck and all the people that could get on it, down to Cainsville. We went through the Capitol Reef wash and over the blue clay hills. (The new road which goes to Cainsville doesn't go through the Capitol wash now.)

We spent the night in the old school house sleeping (?) on the floor. When we went home we loaded the truck with watermelons, cantaloupe, and honey dew melons. We ate so many melons, we smelled like one for days.

We saw the tunnel Grandpa Durfee dug to get water to his fields and the graveyard where many of the first settlers' families were buried.

It was a marvel to Orin that people could and did live so far from the main settlement and like it. He was told that Grandpa Durfee used to plant a field of corn and melons just for the Indians. This way he made friends with them and they never bothered him or his family.

We made several trips to Manti to attend the temple. Those were long days, up early in the morning and home late at night.

Several times we went to Richfield and the areas around there, but I don't recall that we did much traveling around at that time.

In the spring of 1933, the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corp.) was organized and Orin was lucky enough to be chosen to work in it. He was sent to a camp a few miles east of

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

Teasdale on the Boulder Mountain. After a few days he was called to be a cook and then made chief cook on one of the shifts.

This was a good thing for us. We were able to live better, and pay off our debts.

His camp was given the assignment to build a road around the eastern end of Boulder Mountain into the town of Boulder. They were organized with reserve army officers and enlisted men to handle the business of personnel and camp regulations. They had a construction superintendent and a staff of construction foremen who handled the work force on the road.

The men were divided into crews with special work to do. Some were rock drillers, some powder men, others truck drivers, others were pick and shovel men, etc. Most of the heavy equipment was done by men from the superintendence's force.

The cook crews were on duty 24 hours and off 24 hours. They would come on duty at noon and clean up after the noon meal, cook supper, breakfast, and dinner the next day. They also were responsible for meals at odd hours for truck drivers and other special crews.

Orin had a crew of three assistant cooks and seven KP's, one of which was head KP and was responsible for all KP work.

They cooked on large wood burning ranges like those used in restaurants and other large kitchens. A Mess Sergeant made out the menus and was responsible for ordering the food and supplies they needed.

On the days when the men were working long distances from the camp, they sent hot meals to them by truck. They spent all summer at this camp.

We bought a granary from Paul Christensen and made this into our one room home. We put it in a vacant field across from the Christensen's. When we left Salt Lake, we took a second hand regular iron coal stove polished so you could see yourself in it. We built an outside toilet and I carried my water from the Chapple's about a half block away. Minnie let me do my washing at her place and use her clothes line. Bro. Christensen gave us a pig as part of Orin's pay. He was working at their sawmill on Thousand Lake Mountain. He let me keep it in their pig pen. I carried it fresh water and cooked wheat and grain for it to eat. When it was fat and ready to eat, I tied a rope on its hind legs and drove it to Minnie's place where Alvin killed it for me. This was the most tender, best meat I have ever eaten.

Erminie and I were alone most of the time, because Orin went into the CCC soon after we moved into our little cottage. I had become pregnant again soon after Erminie was born. When I first became aware that I was probably going to have another baby, I thought, "No! Not now. Not so soon." As time went on, I tried to prepare my layette, but couldn't get interested. I told Minnie I knew I was going to have a baby and yet I didn't feel that I was. One day when I was about seven months along, I went to help Meleta clean house and prepare for her mother to come with her new baby. I went to the front porch and started to step down. My ankle twisted and I fell. My knee bumped into my abdomen. Thank goodness Orin was home for the weekend. He only came home about twice while they were below Teasdale.

I awoke that night with severe pain. Orin went to Cecelia's to see if she had an aspirin I could take. She didn't, so I had him go and see if Minnie had one. I told him to be careful what he said so she wouldn't worry about me. She didn't have any, so he then went to Aunt Mattie's. While he was gone, Cecelia came to see how I was.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

When she saw me, she asked if I had things ready to go to the midwife in Loa. I told her no. She then started to collect things. Aunt Mattie and Uncle Charlie came home with Orin. Aunt Mattie took one look at me and started getting me into the truck so they could take me to Sister Taylor in Loa. Cecelia took Erminie with her.

Sister Taylor kept checking me. She had just checked me and I had reached the point where I felt I could stand it no longer. I stopped working and said, "I can't." Just then the baby made a complete turn and came with the sack still on. They didn't expect her to live so Uncle Charlie and Orin prepared to bless her. They asked me if I had a name picked out. I said, "No." They said, "What name shall we give her." I said, "Lola Jean." They did.

I was hemorrhaging and pretty weak. The veil was pretty close at that time and I wasn't completely conscious. This was about 3:30 a.m. Sometime before 7:00 a.m. Sister Taylor came into the room and said, "Mrs. Clawson, your baby has stopped crying. How long has it been?" I couldn't tell her. All I knew was that I had decided that the baby had finally gone to sleep.

She worked over her and finally told me the baby was very sick and asked me if I wanted her administered to. I said, "Yes, if you think we should." Her husband came in. Things were still very vague to me and it's not clear just what happened. She finally told me, "Your baby is dead."

Orin went to Lyman and talked with Bishop Oldroyd. Bro. Jackson (Alpheus' father) made a small wooden casket.

Sister Taylor dressed Lola Jean in the one and only dress I had made, a little white one with blue forget-me-nots. After she was dressed, they held her up for me to see. This was the only time I saw this little girl. I was very near gone myself.

They held grave side services that afternoon. This all took place on Sunday, 2 July 1933. She was buried in the Lyman cemetery.

In the early morning hours of the 4th of July, Sister Taylor heard me tossing in bed. She asked me if I was having trouble sleeping. I told her I hadn't been able to sleep since the baby was born. She gave me a pill. In the morning, she and her daughter (who was a nurse in the Provo hospital), gave me an examination and found I had an infection. I stayed at Sister Taylor's for fourteen days.

Erminie turned one year old while Cecelia was caring for her. Cecelia was not aware of her toilet habits and didn't put her on the potty. When Erminie wet her pants, she was broken hearted and cried and cried. She had been completely toilet trained when she was only nine months old.

It was a strange thing. Before Lola Jean was born, I didn't feel like I was going to have a baby. Yet after she was gone, I kept going to the crib to check my baby.

Orin's camp was moved to Richfield. We rented an upstairs apartment and moved there so we could be together and as Orin put it, "So she could keep a better watch over me". I had to watch Erminie very carefully, because she was now walking and I was afraid she'd fall down the stairs. One day she did fall down the first landing. I ran down, picked her up, and spat her bottom saying, "I told you to stay away from these stairs." Then, frightened, I started checking to make sure she wasn't hurt. I don't remember having any more problems with those stairs.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

The men spent the winter doing clean up jobs and anything else they were asked to do for the winter. The work was hard and they were handicapped because of their location. But to us it was a Godsend. \$45.00 a month seemed like a fortune.

Orin had his fun while he did his work. His mess sergeant liked Mexican food and so did he. One day the menu called for meat loaf with Spanish sauce. The mess sergeant suggested that he make it a good Spanish flavor. He did. It was so hot that few could eat it. The captain made him eat some in front of him to prove it could be done. He had to tone it down before the captain could eat it. The mess sergeant was back in the kitchen with a towel in his mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

They had steaks one day and they were tough pieces of meat. He took some of their big boiler pots and fashioned a rack in the bottom. The boys made a dip and ground crackers, dipped the steaks, rolled them in the cracker crumbs, then quick fried them in deep grease. Then they put them on the racks in the boilers and steamed them all afternoon. They were the best chicken fried steaks Orin had eaten. The captain praised them for that meal.

They had to have breakfast ready at 7:00 a.m. That meant they were in the kitchen at 4:00 a.m. Many nights they sat and peeled potatoes and onions far into the night to fry for breakfast.

Before they got organized with a baker, they had to make hot rolls, and pies, cakes, etc. But as the number of men increased in the camp, more help was added and the work was specialized a little.

One day Orin came home from the camp, and was very unhappy with me because there wasn't any food in the cupboard. I listed for him where the money had gone: tithing, rent, Lola Jean's tombstone, food for Erminie, etc. I received \$45.00 a month. He said, "I don't care. I want you to see that there is food here." I said, "Okay, from now on, you handle the money. I don't want any part of it." He had this responsibility from then on. Of course we discussed and planned things together more later in life, than then.

One night I went outside to the toilet. As I sat there, I felt as though someone was watching me. I became frightened. As soon as I could, I hurried to the house and ran up the stairs into our apartment. When I opened the door and went in, all fear left me.

After four or five months in Richfield, Orin's camp moved to Escalante. The work was to finish the road into Boulder City. I moved back into our one-room cottage in Lyman. Erminie and I were alone again. I still washed down at Minnie's and carried my water and had a small lamp light.

Orin's work in the kitchen was about the same of course. They had learned how to do things better and didn't have much trouble getting the meals out. There was always rivalry between the two shifts of kitchen help.

Orin's camp was about 20 miles from the Ranger Station near where he had done quite a bit of logging before getting into the CCC. There was a trail to the Ranger Station and a road from there to Lyman. One day he asked the captain for a few days off to go home. He said there weren't any trucks going that way. Orin told him he would walk over the mountain. He said "Go ahead, if you want to go that bad."

Orin got up at 4:00 a.m., got breakfast and fixed a lunch and hit the trail. He would trot for awhile and then walk for awhile. After getting rained on and then getting lost for awhile, he finally almost crawled up to the house. I met him at the door and said, "What took you so long? I've been waiting all afternoon for you." Poor Orin!



Top Left: Odessa Clawson in
El Cajon, San Diego, California
about 1945 - 33 years old



Top Right: Orin Clawson
El Cajon, San Diego, California

Bottom: Aunt Celia with her
baby, Odessa Clawson with
Virginia and Erminie



Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

When the time drew near for Virginia to be born, Minnie had Lajuana stay with me. One morning, I awoke and started fixing breakfast. I started to shiver and shake so bad I had to sit on a chair by the stove and dress Erminie while Lajuana hurried for Minnie. Then my pains started.

Soon Minnie arrived with Bishop Oldroyd. They took me to Sister Taylor in Loa. Virginia was born after only one half hour of labor pains. This was September 26, 1934. We named this baby girl Virginia Clawson.

Uncle Charlie called Orin in Escalante and told him. Orin asked Charlie if he could meet him at the Aquarius ranger Station on Boulder Mountain. It took Orin six hours to climb (hike) over the mountain to the Ranger Station. Charlie brought him to see me about 9:00 p.m., as I remember. It was really good to see him even though it was only for three or four days.

When winter came, Orin moved to Cedar City where barracks had been built for them. I moved to Cedar City and lived in a trailer camp just across the creek from Orin's camp.

I don't remember what work the men did here. A small group was sent out to Pine Valley for a week or so, and Orin and another cook were sent to prepare meals. This didn't last long because it was too cold and wet to do any construction work. When the captain learned of the conditions, they were pulled back into the main camp.

We moved into a small motel. While there I became very sick. Every time I'd stoop over or bow my head, I'd get dizzy and almost faint. Orin took me to the camp doctor. He examined me and said, "You're starving! Go home and eat." Then Orin, who was a cook at the camp, asked his boss if he could bring the leftovers home for me. He said, "Yes, if you don't tell anyone." Orin had his KP's bring their food to our home and eat. That way he could get food for me without any problems.

While we lived in the motel, we became closely acquainted with a Seventh Day Adventist couple who also lived in the motel. Mr. Wilson sold Wear-Ever Aluminum Cookware. He started Orin as a salesman and sent us to work in Hurricane. We rented an apartment on Main Street across the street from Sandberg's Grocery Store.

I'll never forget coming home one night, turning on the light, and seeing lots of huge black cockroaches run for cover. I tried everything I could think of to get rid of them, but to no avail. Finally, I went to our landlord and asked him what to do. He gave us some special powder to put around the baseboards, in the windows, and cupboards. The next day they were all gone. They had moved as a colony into our neighbor's home. The poor neighbor.

Orin and I worked as a team in preparing a dinner in people's homes as part of Orin's demonstration. He did very well in making sales. In fact, he won a briefcase with his initials inscribed on it. We bought a second hand car and went to work putting on dinners. Collecting the money was his big problem. He was too sympathetic because of our own financial difficulties. We had to let the car go back and he carried those heavy suitcases of cookware to put on his demonstrations.

One night we had been to Minnie's and Alvin's place. On our way home, we passed by a particular house. Orin and I had the strange feeling that someone was following us, but

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

no one could be seen. This evil feeling remained until we reached our home and went inside.

While we were in Hurricane, my brother Judson became very ill. Minnie and I went to see the folks. Judson died and we were able to go to his funeral and burial in Preston.

Mr. Wilson transferred Orin to Beaver while I was gone. This put him in a real bind having the full responsibility of cooking the dinner and everything. Because of this, he got off to a bad start. When I came home, he was very depressed and having a real struggle to make ends meet.

We didn't have money to pay our rent or buy food. I picked up some wormy apples off the ground and cooked them. When I was not in the house, Erminie took our last bit of cereal and put it in water so she could eat it. She didn't know it needed to be cooked. We had to put it out to dry.

The Wilsons came to visit. Seeing our situation, they gave Orin \$3.00 for food and took Erminie home with them. Still no sales.

Finally, our landlord came and took my silverware and cookware as collateral and told us to leave. The silverware alone was worth more than what we owed him. He turned off the electricity and there we were. Orin hitch-hiked to Cedar City to see if our friends, the Bakers, could come and get us. I sat in the dark with my baby, Virginia, in my arms and prayed she'd stay asleep and that Orin would soon come back to get us because I didn't have any food for her. I'll never forget the agony, wondering what to do. Should I take my baby and put her on someone's door step who could feed and care for her? No! I couldn't do that. "Oh, Father," I prayed, "please bring Orin back soon and make it possible for us to take care of our little ones."

About ten o'clock, a car drove up. It was Orin and our friend, Tom Baker. He took us to the motel in Cedar City where we lived in their home for almost a week as Orin and I walked the streets of Cedar City trying to find work. They had two children and only two rooms in which to house all of us. Finally they took us to Toquerville where we hitched a ride in the back of a truck to Minnie's place in Hurricane.

Orin tried desperately to find work. The North Ward was building a chapel and making their own bricks. I went to Brother Hall, a counselor in the Bishopric, and asked him to give Orin a job helping make brick. He said Orin couldn't do it. He wasn't strong enough. (He was very thin). I said, "How do you know he can't? You haven't even given him a chance to try." He said, "You're right. I haven't. Have him come to work in the morning."

We moved into an old four room cabin of Bishop Johnson with just the bare necessities. Orin came home from work so tired he could hardly put one foot in front of the other. The men tried their best to prove that puny little Orin couldn't stand up under such heavy work, until they saw his determination and that he knew what they were doing. Then they admired, respected and worked with him.

While we were living here, I was going through a lot of pain and misery. I had gone to the doctor several times to see why my back was causing so much pain. He didn't seem to know. I got the feeling he thought I was putting on an act so I refused to go anymore. I lost weight and got down to 104 lbs. I reached the point where I couldn't even sweep the floor without severe pain. Finally Minnie and Orin forced me to go to the doctor again.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

We didn't have any money so he offered his services for free. He put me on the table and this time he did an inward examination. He said my uterus was dropping out and I would have to have surgery. After his examination I had to remain on the table almost a half hour before I quit shaking and trembling enough so I could get up and go home.

He wrote to Dr. D.A. McGregor of the St. George Hospital and explained things to him. Dr. McGregor kindly offered to perform the operation free of charge. I'll never forget waiting in his office for what seemed an eternity. He had been called to the hospital for an emergency. The muscles in my neck felt like they were tied in knots. I walked the floor. He said, "You're quite nervous, aren't you?" I said, "Yes." He said, "This won't take long." He very carefully examined me and had the nurse put me right in the hospital and put me to sleep. The next morning they put me to sleep again and performed the operation. I was extremely fortunate to have him for my doctor. He had discovered a new way of suspending the uterus without tying the tubes and making it impossible to have children.

That evening I heard the food trays being taken to the patients and kept wondering when they'd bring mine. I was starving, but mine didn't come. I could scarcely keep back the tears. The nurse came in to prepare me for the night. I told her they had forgotten to bring me my supper. She said I couldn't eat. The tears started to flow, so she brought me a drink of orange juice. This caused gas to form. The pain kept increasing. The night nurse came in and seeing my situation brought me a warm cup of tea. She then inserted a tube in my rectum allowing the gas to escape. How grateful I was to her for the relief it brought. After four or five days, a nurse picked me up in her arms and carried me to a bed in the maternity ward. I felt silly, with that tube dangling from me, but was afraid to have it removed. I enjoyed being in a room with other sisters.

When I left the hospital both the doctor and nurses complimented me on being such a cooperative patient. He told me to wait six months and I could go ahead and have my family. How blessed I was.

The next little while was a real challenge, two little girls and no one to help me. Erminie was sent with a note to the store about four blocks away to get some things we needed.

Soon after this Orin started helping Brother Adams with his peach orchard and farm. The little shack where we had our stove and table had screen for the upper half of the wall, a tin roof and dirt floors. Mrs. Adams let us use a trailer that was big enough to store our trunks and clothing. The Covington's loaned us a pup tent with a floor and an awning. We put Erminie and Virginia's beds in the tent and ours under the flap. When it rained the sides of our bed would get wet. We went through the fence down into the ravine for water and went to the toilet behind bushes. The roof also had two or three leaky places. We had it parked under a mulberry tree. This is where we lived all summer.

It was while we lived here that the church started the Welfare Plan and started canning fruit. We helped in this project.

Orin got a piece of land on the slope of a hill between Adams and LeBarons. He started building us a small one room cottage with a small attic.

When the peach crop was almost ready to pick, a hail storm came and ruined the entire crop. Everyone canned as many as they could, but many were left to rot because they weren't fit for sale. It was hard to see big piles of peaches left on the ground to rot.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

Then a snow storm hit the black ridge. The wind was blowing bitter cold and we had no way to keep warm. Sister Covington had us come and spend the day with her. We decided we'd have to move into our new home even though it didn't have any doors or windows. We hung rugs and blankets up to keep out the cold.

Then it snowed. The first time in many years. The Stake MIA President had Minnie, Alvin and family and us come live in her basement until it warmed up and the snow melted. By this time, Orin had our cottage finished.

Soon after moving into our new home, I was in bed with a threatened miscarriage. (One thing after another.)

We had very little room in our cottage. Erminie and Virginia slept in a crib between the stove and the door. When it warmed sufficiently, we moved their crib outside the window.

That night Orin and I were awakened by a loud crash. Orin got up and turned on the light switch. Nothing happened, so he went outside and turned off the electricity and came back to bed. In the morning we awoke and couldn't believe what we saw. One of the ceiling rafters above us had broken loose on the end where the girls' crib had been. It was touching the floor and glass and debris was all over the place. We had stored our trunk and fruit jars in the attic. Orin had difficulty getting out of bed because the floor was covered with jagged pieces of glass. How did he ever get up in the middle of the night without cutting his feet all to pieces?

Our baby was due the 24th of July. He didn't arrive until the 19th of August, 1937. Mina Hinton helped the doctor deliver Dennis and then took care of me for two weeks. Orin was really excited to finally have a son. We named our first son Dennis Orin Clawson.

At this time Orin was working as a cook at the school in Hurricane. He also played the piano for an old time dance orchestra. I went to the dances and danced while he played the piano.

When Dennis was about two months old, I put him to bed with his bottle and left him with Erminie while I went to the church (MIA). I gave Erminie instructions on how to care for him. I really enjoyed visiting with our friends at church. Minnie kept trying to hurry me. Finally, I thought "Okay! I don't know why she's in such a hurry, but I guess I'd better go." When I walked in the door, Dennis was almost dead. He had choked on his milk and couldn't breathe. I picked him up and started praying, and working with him. Orin went for Alvin and Minnie. They administered to him. For almost six weeks it was almost as though he had pneumonia. (What would this naïve mother do without the special help of our Father in Heaven.)

Orin was the Ward Organist and I was the Stake Primary Chorister while we lived here.

We tried to go to the St. George Temple once a week. One morning I left Erminie and Virginia eating their breakfast while I went to Prue's to get Dennis. I left him there the night before while we went to the temple. Kings lived a little way up the hill and across the canal from our place.

I had Dennis in his buggy and was talking to Prue, when I saw her son, Jay, jump into the canal dressed in his Sunday suit. I was amazed that he would go swimming in his suit. Then he came out of the canal with Virginia hanging over his arm. She had fallen into the canal. How grateful I was that Jay had seen her and was able to save her life.

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

Another day I heard car horns tooting on the highway in front of our home. I went outside to see what was the problem. The highway was about twenty feet down the slope from our cottage. There sat my baby, Dennis, in front of cars filled with scouts on an outing. He had awoke; reached out to the handle bars and swung to the ground. Then he had crawled down the hill to the highway. After that I couldn't leave him in the buggy anymore.

By this time, we had built a little room on the back of our cottage so we had a little more room.

While here in Hurricane I had many choice experiences in the church. I was Stake Primary Chorister, MIA Ward Chorister, a visiting teacher, and sang with the Relief Society Chorus in General Conference. While I was MIA Chorister, our young people also sang in General Conference. I also took a group of young people to Cedar City and broadcast a program on the radio. I was the announcer for the program.

Then Orin decided to go to the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City and take accounting. For the first little while we lived in the basement of my parents' home. I did babysitting and ironing and worked in the sewing center at the Church Welfare Dept. to help keep us going. I was finally able to get a job with the Telephone Co. where I had worked before I was married. After this, we moved into an apartment on 6th East between 3rd and 4th South.

I had an interesting experience at the Telephone Co. I was only seventeen when I graduated from high school. A person had to be eighteen to get a job. I was a "maid" in a home on Cottonwood Lane and about Thirteenth East. Several times the children brought young people in and introduced me as their "maid". These young people were some I had known in high school. This embarrassed me. Besides, I had been doing housework and babysitting all my life. After two weeks I decided that was enough. I introduced Orin's sister Cecilia to my boss and turned my job over to her. I then went to the Telephone Co. and put in my application saying I was born in 1911 instead of 1912. They hired me.

When I went to work at the Highland Exchange, I had forgotten about this experience and gave my real birth date. One day the secretary came to me and said they had a slight difference in my birth date. One place it was 1911 and another it was 1912. I told her I didn't know why, and that my real birth date was 1912. She laughed and went on her way. Later I remembered what I had done years before. This brought to my attention that a lie will always catch up with you in one way or another.

While working here I became very sick with rheumatic fever. The doctor told me to wrap my legs in a blanket and quit work. I told him I couldn't. He then told me to only work half day. He also told me I would be a "hot house plant" the rest of my life. I had to sit in a hot tub of water ten to fifteen minutes every two hours.

Orin couldn't find a job as an accountant. Every time they found out he was married and had a family they would turn him away. Finally he asked why. They told him they knew as soon as he gained a little experience he'd quit and go to work where he would receive higher wages.

He then went to work for the WPA on a "Writer's Project". We moved to 344 East Coatsville Ave. The wages were extremely low and it was hard to live.

Dennis became quite sick. We took him to the doctor at the County Hospital. He put him in the hospital with what he thought was malnutrition. Along with this he had the measles. A counselor to our Bishop brought some oranges over for Dennis when he came

Chapter 11 Depression Years in Utah

home from the hospital. Dennis had a very solemn look on his face. He hated oranges, I smiled and thanked the counselor for his kindness.

About two weeks before Klar was born, I sprained my ankle as I was going downstairs. This made it so I had to crawl on my hands and knees to the bathroom and back. When I started in labor, Marvin Bishop took me to the County Hospital. She was born there on the 13th of May, 1941. I didn't have a name for her so she went on the records as "baby girl Clawson".

Soon after I came home from the hospital, Virginia came down with whooping cough. When the man came to put the quarantine sign on our door, I had Klar in my arms. He asked if she had started coughing yet. I said, "No." He told me to bring her to his office as soon as she started and he would give her some medication to hopefully save her. He said there wasn't much hope of saving her. Dennis and Klar both got the whooping cough. The doctor did what he could to help, but for two months we didn't know if either one of them would pull through. Every time I gave Klar her bottle she started coughing and vomiting. She couldn't keep anything down. Dennis was almost as bad.

One day he started coughing and Orin had to run downstairs onto the porch and swing him back and forth by his legs to get him breathing again. Orin administered to them.

When they were just about over the whooping cough, (Klar was still very sick) Orin went to California with the Tabernacle Choir. I was up day and night with Klar in my arms. She was so badly dehydrated there wasn't much hope for her. We put her name on the temple prayer roll and Papa and Mama came to help me. Father gave her a name and blessing and things began to improve. (I named her Klar after Marvin Bishop's wife.) When she was finally well enough to take to church, Orin officially gave her the name Klar Ruth Clawson.

Chapter 12 **CALIFORNIA OR BUST**

Orin decided to take a WPA sponsored schooling in Aircraft Engineering. He was hired by Consolidated Vultee in San Diego. So he went to San Diego and we stayed in Salt Lake.

Then came that memorable day: December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese. I had just written a letter telling Orin we would stay in Salt Lake for awhile until he could find a home for us, when the news came over the radio. I was afraid they would freeze him to his job and with the movement of troops we wouldn't be able to get to San Diego. I wrote a post script telling him when we would be there on a slip of paper and slid it in the letter and mailed it.

I packed and Father put us on the train about the 15th of December 1941. Klar was just seven months old. Off to California with four little ones, a packed lunch, and one dollar in my purse. Wow!

When we arrived in San Diego, no one was there to meet us. I waited and waited. Finally I went to the pay telephone and called Orin to let him know we were there waiting. "What are you doing here?" he asked. What a greeting. If I'd had the money I would have taken the next train to Salt Lake. It turned out he had never seen the note I'd added and thinking we were in Salt Lake, he had sent all his money home to us. Well ---!

He borrowed money from a friend he worked with and rented a trailer for us in a trailer park that was on the beach at the foot of 28th Street. His friend also lived there. The manager would only allow four people in a trailer, so the friend let Erminie and Virginia sleep in their trailer.

That night there was a "black out". We didn't know what was happening, plus we didn't have any bedding and it was winter. I put my coat over Dennis. Klar, being a baby, had her own blanket. Orin and I snuggled together without any cover to keep us warm.

The next day Orin went to the Travelers Aid Society to see if they'd give us some help. Because we were Mormons, they said no, go to your church. Orin found out where the Bishop's Storehouse was, but he couldn't leave work to go. I had to take a bus and go to Hillcrest by myself. When I got there, Bishop Hawkins and President Johnson were there. I told them what the situation was. Bishop Hawkins said he hadn't seen Orin at church. What identification did I have to prove my membership in the church. I looked through my purse for my Relief Society card but I couldn't find it. Finally, I pulled out my temple recommend and asked if that would do. President Johnson said that was the best identification I could have. They helped tremendously.

We were able to move into a home in Linda Vista. We had to have the months rent in advance. We moved in on the 24th of December. They also gave us food and some used toys for the children's Christmas.

We used boxes for our table and chairs and slept on the floor. There was a stove and refrigerator in the house.

After the children were in bed, Orin and I walked to a place that had Christmas Trees for sale. It was closed, so we went down a ravine by our house and got a branch from a manzanita bush. This was our Christmas tree. We put the gifts from the Bishop's Storehouse under it. They also gave us fruit and nuts and candy for the children's stockings.

While we were living in San Diego, money was scarce and I didn't have much to spend on myself. Mama sent me some cash for my birthday and said I was to buy myself

Chapter 12 California Or Bust

a suit. Then she asked me to write back and describe what I had bought so she would know that I spent it on myself and not on family expenses.

It took us about an hour and a half to get to church. We had to ride a bus to downtown San Diego and transfer to another bus and go to Hillcrest. We didn't have time to go home between Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting, so we packed a lunch and ate in the park. Finally we got acquainted with Myrtle and Harold Flower who lived in Linda Vista, also. They squeezed us in their small car with them and their boys. I'll be eternally grateful for their love and friendship. It meant a great deal to us. In the three years we lived in Linda Vista they took us constantly without complaining. They became our family.

We bought some furniture on time payments. Orin's paycheck wasn't sufficient to do all we needed to have done, so I talked with Bishop Hawkins about my going to work. He advised me not to do it. Orin and I still couldn't see how we could manage, so I asked my next door neighbor to look after Dennis and Klar while I worked at Consolidated. Almost immediately after I started work, Klar got sick. After working about a month I had to quit and stay home and take care of her. I learned a very important lesson. Never ask advice from your Priesthood Leaders unless you're prepared to follow their counsel.

Our ward covered a large area and it was hard for everyone to get to the church in the middle of the week for Primary. So we had "Neighborhood Primary". The children in our area would come together and have Primary. Children in another part of the ward would meet together, etc. I was President of the Linda Vista Neighborhood Primary. I was also on the Stake Primary board. Then a counselor in the Hillcrest Relief Society, a counselor in the Hillcrest Primary. At one time I held five positions in the church.

One night I was awakened by a knock on the door. It was a taxi driver with a message telling me to call home in Salt Lake. I went to a pay phone a short ways from our house and called. They told me father had died, and they wanted me to come to his funeral. I did, and took Dennis and Klar with me.

I remember standing in the front room looking at my father as he lay in his casket and thinking, "He looks just like he does in his missionary pictures." While I was there Aunt Myrtle came in and said, "He looks just like a missionary." I have always felt like he had been called as a missionary to the spirits in prison.

After his beautiful, inspirational funeral, the family went to Preston where he was buried beside my mother and other family members. Though it was hard to part with my beloved father, I am grateful for a knowledge that if I prove faithful I will one day be with him and mother again.

I returned to my loved ones in Linda Vista with a renewed determination to serve my Father in Heaven to the best of my ability.

Not too long after moving to Linda Vista we had an "air raid" alarm. We had given the children instructions to come in the house and go into a special hallway in case of an "air raid".

Erminie and Virginia were in school. I started looking for Dennis and when I found him, I was deeply impressed. He was where we had told him to go, plus he was kneeling in prayer. What more could you ask?

Dennis was a very obedient child. A neighbor boy kept picking on him and trying to cause a fight. I had asked Dennis not to fight, so he didn't. He just took what the boy handed out. One day I saw the boy slapping Dennis. I went out, slapped his hands and told

Chapter 12 California Or Bust

him to leave Dennis alone and mind his own business. His mother called the police. When the policeman came to the house I told him what had happened, and asked what I should do. He told me to tell the child off, but not to touch him because that was against the law. I should frighten him and make him think I was going to hit him. I thanked him. However, we didn't have any more problems. I don't know what the policeman told my neighbor.

One Sunday we came home from church in Hillcrest and discovered Dennis was missing. We thought he was with the Flowers and their boys. We drove back to church and found him sitting on the church steps. He said, "I knew you would come back for me." How grateful we were for his faith in us that he didn't wander away.

I got pregnant and started having problems with a threatened miscarriage. The doctor had me stay in bed. Here again I don't know what I would have done without Erminie. She did the cooking, housework, and laundry. I did sit propped in bed and ironed clothes.

I was on the Stake Primary Board over the younger children. The Stake Primary President told me to get up and take care of my family and not to worry about losing the baby. She told me it was better to take care of the ones I had than to keep having children. After she left I sat in tears talking with Orin, and trying to decide what to do. I felt terrible and had just about made up my mind to get up and if I lost my baby, so what! About this time the Flowers came by and between them and Orin I was helped back to a clear perspective. They convinced me to go ahead and take care of myself like the doctor ordered.

When I was around five months along Bishop Hawkins gave me a blessing. He promised me that I'd be able to get up and take care of my family until the baby could come and live. I was able, by being careful, to take care of my family. When I was about seven months, my labor started, and I went to the hospital. Nothing happened. The pains were going up instead of down. President Johnson (manager of the hospital) gave me a blessing and they sent me home. On the way home, the pains changed and I had to return to the hospital.

When Thomas Noel Clawson was born, the 24th of December 1943, the doctor said, "Oh, that explains it." I said, "What?" He said, "The afterbirth is sloughing off. If the baby hadn't come then he wouldn't have lived." Tom was in the hospital seventeen days before he could handle food and come home. As I remember he weighed about four pounds, and could fit in a shoe box. He came at the only time he could come and live. My blessing was answered.

This was the loneliest Christmas Eve I've ever spent. Orin had to be with the children. Leslie brought him in for about five minutes around 9 p.m. after visiting hours were over.

Not too long after this, my Grandfather Call died. I received \$100.00 (?) as my share of Mother's portion of his estate. This helped us buy a plot of ground in El Cajon, on 863 Lemon St. Orin started building a small one room home. Flowers built a small home next to ours. We moved in before it was completely finished. In fact, we had to cook on a bonfire outside for about three weeks before we had a stove in the house. I dug the trench for the gas line, while Orin was at work. The soil was very hard to dig. A friend in our ward came and saw me struggling with a pick and shovel. He took over and finished it. I also helped put on the roof.

I was a counselor in the Stake Primary, Relief Society Chorister, Counselor in the YWM.IA, and Primary President in the La Mesa Ward.

Chapter 12 California Or Bust

Melvin West, a counselor in the Bishopric, took us for an airplane ride. I became nauseated and that was the beginning of “morning sickness” (all day) with my next baby. I had to stay in bed for some time to keep from losing her. Joyce Clawson was born in the Mesa Hospital, 7 April 1947. She was a sweet, easy to handle baby, which was a real blessing under the circumstances. I ached morning until night.

Many things happened while we lived here. About a year before Joyce was born, Orin was laid off from Consolidated. When World War II ended they got rid of all employees hired during the War. Orin worked driving a dry cleaning truck and his pay was very meager. The ward let us raise chickens for a Ward Welfare Project. I’ll never forget chasing those baby chicks and putting them back in their pens. They were small enough to squeeze through the slats and get out. Then they went through a stage of pecking each other to death. Then there was the day we killed the roosters, cleaned and prepared them for freezing. What a joy when the young pullets started laying.

We struggled along with scarcely no money to live on and things constantly happened to cause doctor bills. For example: Dennis jumped from the swing and broke both his arms. Tom’s bed was an improvised one on the foot of our bed by the window. He fell out the window onto a concrete floor (Orin was adding to our house) and hurt himself. Another time a screw in a chair cut his leg quite badly. During this time both Tom and Dennis had trouble with their tonsils and had to have them removed.

At this time we received a letter from President Bennett asking if we could pay the money Orin had borrowed to pay for his schooling. I wrote him a letter and told him how much we received and where it was being spent. I said maybe we could cut our payments to the doctor and send them one dollar a month. We received a letter telling us to forget it. They had wiped it off the books. How can we ever repay our Father in Heaven for all His help? I shed tears of gratitude. If I remember correctly, I wrote a letter thanking them for their kindness. I hope this is correct.

During the time we live in Linda Vista and El Cajon, I held many church jobs: Primary President, First Counselor in the Stake Primary, member of the Stake Primary Board, counselor in the two wards’ Primaries, Laurel Teacher, counselor in the MIA, member of the Relief Society Singing Mothers. I don’t remember what else.

While living here in El Cajon I almost reached a breaking point. The struggle of trying to keep a neat, clean home while constantly building, to train and meet the needs of a growing family under financial stress, and trying to keep up with the numerous assignments necessary to fulfill my positions in the church, while almost constantly aching and hurting from head to toe was almost more than I could stand.

One day at some meeting Pres. Crandall asked if I was in everything. Everywhere he went I was there. I told him what I was doing and how I couldn’t remember from one minute to the next hardly where I’d been and what I was doing. He said that isn’t right and had me released from most of my jobs. That was the Lord’s way of saving me.

The Stake took an excursion to the Mesa Temple. While we were there, Bishop Hawkins and President Payne (Temple President) took me into the President’s office and gave me a blessing. Later, as the sister in the Initiatory anointed me and touched my lower back the pain left and I haven’t been troubled with that constant pain since.

While living in El Cajon, Virginia used to babysit for a neighbor. She told me how pleased she was with Virginia. When there were unwashed dishes, Virginia would wash

Chapter 12 California Or Bust

them. She not only washed the dishes, but the front of the refrigerator, the stove, and cupboards. She was amazed at how clean and particular Virginia was. I was so proud to have such a daughter.

I was Primary President and drove to church in La Mesa with my car full of children. Every time I came to a stop the motor died and someone had to get out and push under the lid of the engine. One day I couldn't start the car and Harold Flower had to push the car to start it, but then the motor would die. He told me to push in on the clutch. I said, "What is the clutch?" He came and showed me. I discovered that was why my motor was always dying when I came to a stop. I had taught myself how to drive the car, Boy!! It's a good thing my Father in Heaven was watching over me.

One more thing about Virginia, while we lived here. She was invited to go on an outing with a non-member school friend. This boy was a clean, fine young man. His parents were also going, so I gave her permission to go. I counseled her in the future to limit her dating to boys who were members of the church. She said the boys in the church didn't have any manners. When they danced with you instead of escorting you back to your seat, they left you standing wherever you were when the dance finished. They were also discourteous in other ways. I told her I was sorry, but if she would wait until they returned from their missions and then compare them with other boys, she would find the Latter-Day Saint young men to be far superior to others. She followed my counsel, and married a returned missionary.

Chapter 13 **SAN BERNARDINO YEARS**

One day the Stake Clerk, Brother Ruplinger, talked Orin into taking the State Highway examination. He passed, and was hired to work in San Bernardino. He left for San Bernardino just after Christmas. What a struggle I had getting our place ready for sale. We had to rewire the electricity to meet the city requirements. The gas line had to be repiped to the front of the lot on Lemon Ave. That ground was just like rock and I had to use a pick. Another friend, an electrician, came and helped me after his regular work hours. He also finished digging the ditch for the gas line. If it hadn't been for him I'd never have made it. As it was, we sold the place for enough to make a down payment on a home in San Bernardino and pay our doctor bills in El Cajon. We sold our home and moved to San Bernardino on Washington's Birthday, 22 February 1948. Our new home was at 908 Del Rosa Avenue. This was the nicest home we had ever owned. We started right away to plant fruit trees, flowers, shrubs, gardens, etc.

We bought a record player from Sears and started building a library of good music and good books. Everything was bought on time payments. Our family from then on grew up listening to high class music and reading from Childcraft, New World Encyclopedia, Book of Mormon Stories, special children's fairy tales, etc.

I put the children to bed at 8 p.m. and read to them. When Orin and I were in bed, we would sing special songs we loved.

Mel West and Erminie had developed a close friendship. He was a counselor in our El Cajon Bishopric. He came and visited. While we lived in San Bernardino, he asked Erminie to marry him. Even though Erminie was only 17, she was mature and ready for marriage. She had been given great responsibilities in our home from the time she was very small.

One day we went to Jenks Lake on a family outing. The Flowers were with us. Joyce, who was about two years old, disappeared. We hunted around the lake and everywhere we could think she might be. Finally, Erminie discovered her in a hole made where a tree had tipped over. If she hadn't fallen in this hole, she'd have gone down a 45 degree angle shale slope of about three hundred feet. With many tears we thanked our Father in Heaven that her life was spared.

About this time, Joyce had another experience that had a profound effect in her life. She fell down the front porch steps onto the cement sidewalk and knocked two front teeth loose. The doctor thought they would be all right, but they were crooked. When she was in high school we sent her to Salt Lake to get her teeth fixed. She lived at Mel and Erminie's home while this was being done.

Although Mel's mother was not a member of the church, she went with us to Salt Lake (she lived in Los Angeles), where Melvin Elmer West and Erminie were married in the Salt Lake Temple on August 31, 1949.

On the way home, Mel's car blew a piston, and we had to tow them from Baker to San Bernardino. They moved to Davis, California where Mel went to college and took agriculture. While there he served as bishop of the college ward. I felt I had lost my right arm when Erminie left. I was truly blessed to have a daughter as thoughtful, and helpful as she was.

Even though Orin had a good steady job, things were not easy; house payments, car, furniture, and book payments, plus doctor bills. Seemed like all we had were bills!



Top Left: Orin, Tom, Odessa, Erminie, Dennis, and Klar under Erminie's hand. Virginia was visiting Uncle Les and Aunt Zenda; Same photo, up close

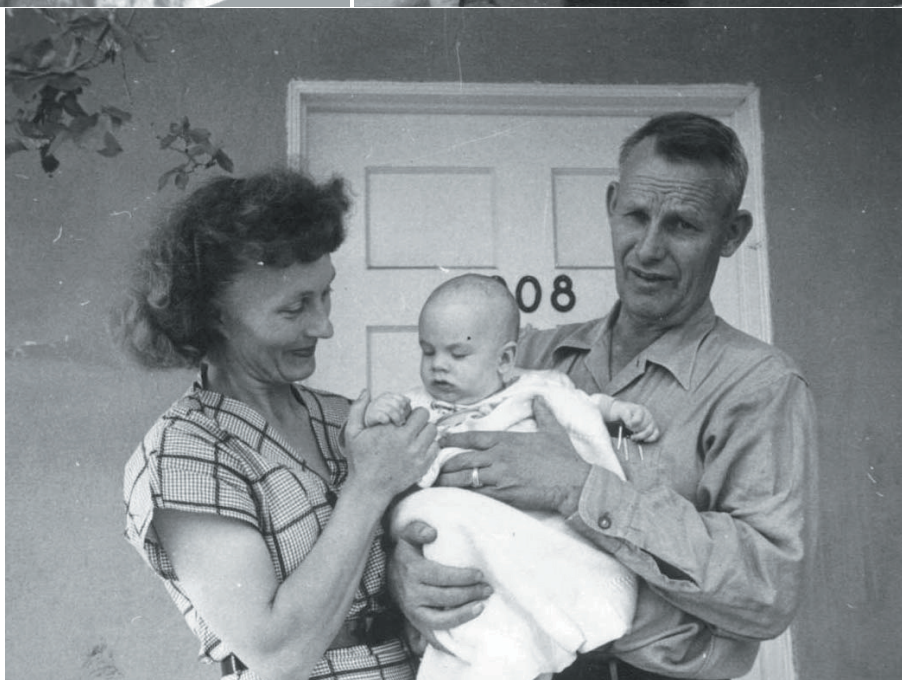


Middle: August 1948 Odessa, Joyce, Orin, Erminie, Virginia, Dennis, Klar, Tom - San Bernardino, California

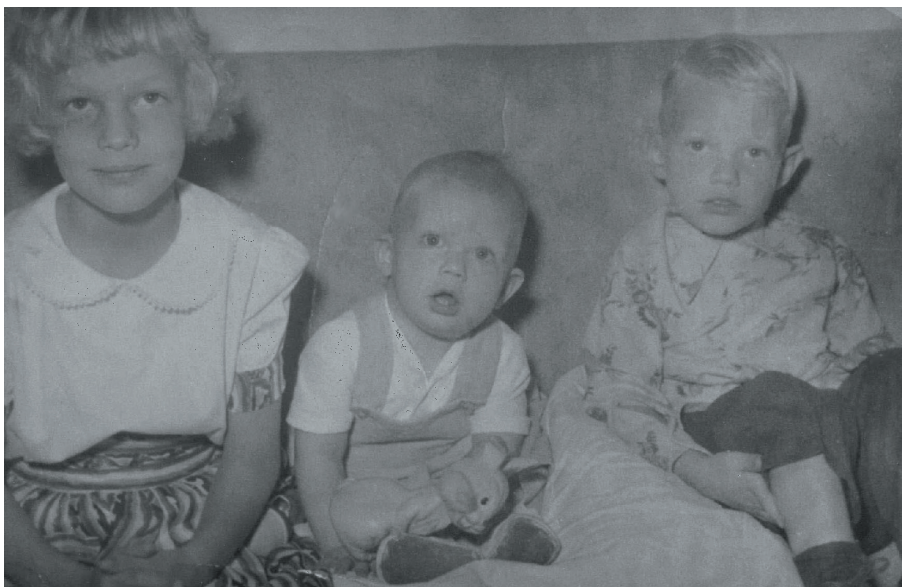
Bottom: Odessa, Joyce, Virginia, Klar Ruth, and Erminie Clawson - 1948



Top Left: Odessa in front of the roses at the house at 139 South Joyce Avenue, Rialto, California; Friend Betty Jones, Virginia, Erminie, and Dennis Clawson - Thanksgiving Day 1945



Middle: Odessa and Orin holding Brook West, their first grandchild at 908 Del Rosa Avenue - San Bernardino, San Bernardino, California, ~1950



Bottom: Joyce, David, Daniel B. - 1953





Facing Page Top: Odessa and Orin

Facing Page Middle: Orin and Odessa, age about 45 years at the house at 139 South Joyce Avenue, Rialto, California

Facing Page Bottom: Bruce, Dennis, and David in Rialto; Odessa at the 18th Ward Building

This Page Top: The whole family about 1965 - Dennis, Virginia, Dad, Mom, Klar, Tom, Erminie, Bruce, David, Joyce - Rialto, 139 Joyce Ave.

This Page Bottom: Odessa



Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

I had a miscarriage and then Daniel Bruce Clawson was born on August 6, 1950. Erminie had her first baby, Melvin Brook West, soon after this on August 21, 1950.

I had another miscarriage and the doctor told me not to have any more children. About this time Virginia met Joel Willard Sedgwick and married him in the St. George Temple on November 9, 1951. (He filled a mission in Finland.) I really had a struggle getting her wedding dress to fit properly. I finally discovered she was shorter on one side than on the other. Sister Iris Brown embroidered her temple apron for me. I made the design for both hers and Erminie's aprons.

While Bruce was still a baby, I went to help Erminie when Chris was born. Bruce got sick while I was away. When I came home and took him in my arms, he turned his face away from me. He felt that I had deserted him, and he was unhappy. It still makes me feel like crying as I think of it.

He was a beautiful baby. He wouldn't talk until he was almost three. Then he spoke in sentences like an adult. I remember while he was tiny, holding him in my arms, walking the floor and singing lullabies to quiet him so he would go to sleep. (After he grew up he told me he could hear strange noises in the walls that frightened him. How could he remember that far back?)

One day I took him with me to visit a neighbor. He wandered onto her back porch and got a bottle of Clorox. He spilled it all down the front of him. We didn't know how much he had got into his mouth. I started trying to clean his mouth and get him to vomit while she called the hospital. We rushed him to the emergency center where they pumped his stomach.

One day, on our way home from church in San Bernardino, people kept looking at us a strange way as they passed us. I don't remember whether we drove all the way home or stopped to see what was the matter, but we discovered Tom on the back bumper of the car. It's a miracle he didn't fall off and get hurt.

I got pregnant again and developed a breast tumor. The doctor removed it, and was unhappy with me for getting pregnant again. He said for me to let my children have any future children.

David LeRoy Clawson was born on June 8, 1953. He was extremely allergic and couldn't handle milk. We were constantly changing his formula. The longest he took any formula was ten days. Before he was a year old, if I remember, he was in Loma Linda Hospital with pneumonia caused by the allergy. While there they performed an operation on a hernia he had.

I then had another miscarriage. The doctor was almost insisting on performing a hysterectomy. I refused. In desperation I went to my Father in Heaven. I explained the situation and what the doctor wanted to do. I told Him I wanted to have as many children as I was supposed to have. If there were any more I was suppose to have, would he please make it possible for me to have them without any more problems. If not, would he please make it so I wouldn't get pregnant any more. He did. I didn't go through the change until I was almost fifty-five and I didn't get pregnant again.

One time we almost lost David because of a reaction to penicillin. We were very careful after that to make sure he didn't get it again.

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

Because of our huge doctor bills, I had to go to work. I became a PBX Operator at Patton State Hospital in Highland. Our neighbor, Deborah Ellsworth, took care of David for me. She was a second mother to him.

When David was about two, Orin and I left the children with Klar while we went on an outing for our wedding anniversary. We stopped in Hemet and ate a delicious chicken fried steak dinner. Then started up the mountain to Idlewild. We hadn't gone far when a tire went flat. We didn't have the tools to take care of it properly. A car with some young men stopped and helped Orin put on the spare tire. It was getting late in the afternoon so we decided to go home. It was about 9 p.m. when we arrived home. Klar was sitting on the couch with David in her arms. That afternoon he had climbed up and plugged in the cord to the washing machine. It was an old wringer machine and he had his hand on the wringer. When he plugged in the machine, the wringer started turning. His hand and arm went through the wringer up to his elbow. The elbow was too big to go through the wringer, so it turned on the same spot just below the elbow. Joyce and Bruce went and got Klar. She stopped the machine and got his arm out. Our neighbor took David and Klar to the emergency ward of the hospital, where she spent over two terrible hours waiting for them to take care of David. His arm still has a bad scar.

One day at work I answered a light. It was Klar saying David had been hit by a car and could I come home at once. I said, "yes." I left the switchboard and my supervisor, Carmen, filled in for me. As I turned onto Del Rosa Avenue, a policeman stopped me. When he found out I was David's mother he took me right to where the ambulance was getting ready to leave. Orin pulled in at the same time. We followed into the hospital. David had a broken leg, injured shoulder, and cut forehead.

The insurance company had the case come before a judge. The man's insurance offered three hundred dollars for us to drop the claims. The judge thought we should demand more. We couldn't and feel right about it. David had run in front of the car and no way could the driver keep from hitting him.

While we lived in San Bernardino, I sang in a trio with Holly Jolly and Helen Sanford. We sang in the Ward and Relief Society Choirs.

Bruce had a mania for playing with matches. One time he started a fire in the closet. Fortunately, we got it out before much damage was done.

One Sunday, when Bruce was quite young, Orin and I went to a Genealogical Seminar and left Bruce for Klar to take to Sunday School. When we came home we found she had started to take him on her bicycle. He caught his leg in the spokes and hurt it. We didn't know whether it was broken or not, so we called our family doctor. He had us take Bruce to his home. Before he looked at the leg, he pointed to a sore on his cheek and asked what happened. I told him a cat scratched him. The doctor said, "That isn't a scratch, it's a bite. Where's the cat?" We called our neighbor and asked where the cat was. It had gone into a coma and died so they cremated it. The doctor was very unhappy. He said it must have died with rabies. Bruce would have to have the shots. As I remember, he had to have around thirty shots. Because of this, every time he saw a doctor or nurse he was frightened stiff. Incidentally, his leg was all right. I've always felt that was the Lord's way of getting him to a doctor so he wouldn't die of rabies. The doctor wanted us to sue our neighbor, but we couldn't.

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

One day, not long after we moved to Ninth and Del Rosa, the children were playing in the street in Ninth. It was a dead end a block from our place, and we were the last house, so I let them use it as a playground. Suddenly, something told me to bring the children off the street. I called them into the house. They sat on the couch and looked at me, wondering what I wanted. I didn't know. While I was trying to figure out what to say, a car went whizzing past the house. It went out of control and crashed through our backyard into the empty field in back. Beside going through our fence, it broke down some fruit trees we had planted. Then I knew why. If the children had been in the street, they would have probably been hit and killed.

One day Joyce took some trash boxes out where we burned our trash. This was close to our small chicken coop. She set fire to the boxes and the wind blew the flames so the coop caught fire. The fire department was called, and some of our chickens were killed.

Another time, Orin dug a deep hole for a cesspool and David fell into it. He wasn't hurt, just scared.

When Tom was in first grade, he had rheumatic fever. While he was in bed, a teacher came to the house to teach him. Finally, they sent him to Salt Lake to the Primary Children's Hospital. He remained there for about six months before they let him return home. The doctor gave us instructions to let him get involved in as many sports as he could handle because he needed to feel loved and that he was part of things. I knew of this because from the very beginning, Tom would come to me every little while and ask if I loved him. I reassured him I did. I think this insecurity started because of his problems as a baby and I tried not to hurt him by handling him too much. I learned the hard way that babies need to be cuddled and let know we love them from the time they are born.

Dennis had a paper route. He bought a bicycle and used it not only to deliver papers, but to get to seminary and school. He arose at 4 a.m. and delivered his papers. After breakfast, he rode about three miles to the church for 6:30 a.m. seminary. He had to leave Seminary a few minutes early in order to ride the five miles to school. He was a few minutes late for school, but the teachers understood why.

Sister Leola Anderson, his seminary teacher, wrote about his dedication and what he did in order to get where he needed to be, and sent it to a national magazine. Of course, his name wasn't mentioned.

We were at Conference in the Tabernacle and heard President McKay tell this story in one of his sermons. We immediately recognized who he was talking about. Dennis was always dedicated and trustworthy. When it was his turn to wash the dishes, it took a long time. When he was finished, everything was immaculately clean. I never recall hearing him talk back or be discourteous to either his father or me. I could see by the look on his face sometimes that he was disturbed, but he was always obedient and respectful.

Orin and I were really shocked one Sunday when Dennis got up and bore his testimony saying how grateful he was that his father had joined the church. We found out it was because Orin had told stories of drinking beer and smoking when he was in the Marine Corps in China. Dennis just knew if his father had been a member of the church he would never have done those things. What he didn't know was that Orin's father had smoked and that where he was raised, the Word of Wisdom wasn't stressed like it is today.

While we lived in San Bernardino, I held many church positions. I was Stake Junior Sunday School Coordinator, Stake Relief Society in charge of making temple clothing,

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

Stake Relief Society over homemaking, Primary Chorister, member of ward choir, Relief Society Choir, and Visiting Teacher.

The floor joist in the bathroom started to give way plus we needed more room, so we sold it to a friend who said he could fix it. We then bought a home at 139 S. Joyce St. in Rialto.

While we were unpacking, Madge and Wayne Reeves came and welcomed us into the ward. The day our records were read, they divided the ward and organized the Rialto Ward with Wayne Reeves as Bishop.

In this home, we were able to fix a special area for our food storage. Orin built sloping shelves for our canned goods. This was especially good for the canned milk. We even stored lots of water in large empty white Clorox bottles. It was good to have an electric wheat grinder.

About this time, I think it was before we moved to Rialto, Klar stayed one year in Salt Lake with Erminie and went to school at Olympus High.

As I remember, I worked at Patton State Hospital until around 1957 or 1958, I don't remember exactly when. At this time I had quit and come home where I could have closer contact with the children. Tom was having problems.

Dennis went on a mission to Mexico. Many times while he was on his mission we were grateful for our food storage. It helped us keep going.

There came a time when his letters stopped coming. We finally became so concerned we wrote his Mission President. They checked and found he was very sick. He had some kind of bug that caused his temperature to rise to 107. Normally, this would have destroyed his brain. But the Lord blessed him and he is all right. The Mission President moved him into the Mission Home. I think it was here that he met Teri.

David continued to have health problems. He continually had spells of fever and throat infections. The doctor said he had to have his tonsils out. He turned five in June and I decided to take him to the doctor and have his tonsils removed so he could start school in September, without being sick all the time. We put his name in the temple and Orin gave him a Priesthood Blessing. We then went to the doctor. He said, "There is nothing wrong with his tonsils." Dave had been healed.

In Rialto, Klar met and fell in love with Cleon LeRoy Young. We asked her to wait until she turned eighteen and graduated from high school. Both Erminie and Virginia finished high school after they were married. She turned eighteen on the 13th of May and graduated from Pacific High School, with honors, the first week in June. On June 19th, 1959 she was married in the Los Angeles Temple. Sister Norton made her wedding dress. She was a very dear friend. (Sister Norton had been a close friend of my mother when they were young. They both sang and did things together. She wore mother's wedding dress in a play.) Klar's wedding reception was held in the Fontana Chapel. David was sick and had to stay in a bed in the station wagon.

The summer Klar got married, we had vacation planned. David came down with the measles right before we left, so Klar and Cleon took care of him. We went to Tucson to see Orin's family. While there Bruce and Joyce got sick. We went to Showlow. Bruce's temperature was 104. We had to leave him in the car while we went to church Sunday. A member of the Bishopric's father let us spend Sunday afternoon and night in his storehouse. Monday we started for Salt Lake by way of the Grand Canyon. We couldn't go into the

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

motel there because Bruce and Joyce had the measles. It started to rain so we couldn't camp out. We piled back in our small Renault and started on to Salt Lake. Orin was tired so I was driving. Somewhere near Circleville, Utah a deer ran in front of us and we couldn't keep from hitting it. We drove on to the town and reported it to the police. Then we went to Grandma Clawson's place and put the children to bed. Tom wanted to go to Erminie's place. Orin drove him there and started to take our car to the shop to get it repaired. On the way, he went to sleep at the wheel and ran into the back of a VW at a stop light and pushed it into the back of a pickup.

He had to go to court. When the judge heard his story he fined him \$10 and let him go. By the time we paid what had to be paid in addition to our insurance we were in problems. We learned a valuable lesson at the time. Before we went on our vacation, instead of paying our tithing, Orin put it in the bank in case we might need it. We did! Believe me, from then on our tithing got paid first!

While we lived in Rialto, and Dennis was on his mission, Grandma Clawson lived with us about a year. She had cancer in her sinuses and we had to take her to the hospital for X-ray treatment. This was a difficult period in Grandma's life. She had reached the point where I had to sit her on a stool in the tub and bathe her. She could hardly crochet dish rags. For someone who had been talented in crocheting and handiwork as she was, you can imagine her frustration. Grandma had won blue ribbons at the State Fair. She also had crocheted an altar cloth for the Salt Lake Temple. She had always been a sweet, loving, helpful person, never saying an unkind word to anyone. One day she said to me, "Odessa, why is it? The only things I can remember are the bad things." It was heart breaking. Our younger children never knew their grandmother as she really was. Finally she reached the point where we had to take her home to Salt Lake. We knew she couldn't last much longer, and she wanted to die at home.

We made a bed in our Peugeot station wagon and took her home in August of 1960. Julia and Lola came to stay with her. For about a week she was able to walk around and enjoy being in her own home, then she became bedfast. The Cancer Society was very helpful in bringing special things needed for bed-care patients. Helen had been Grandma's main stay and helper before she came to live with us.

When Grandma came to live with us and we had her doctor bills, I went back to work at Patton State Hospital. I can't remember when I quit and when I started again. I only worked as long as I had to in getting things so we could handle our finances. Later on, they asked me to come to work a third time and help while they were doing some changes. I told them I'd work if I could have Sunday and Wednesday off so I could attend church and Relief Society. They said, "Yes." So I worked until they could manage without me (six or seven months, I think).

The girls where I worked smoked a lot. I finally got where everytime they started smoking, I started coughing. One day, Carmen, our supervisor said, "Girls, I don't want you to smoke in here anymore. When you need to smoke go outside to do it." I was also spitting up blood. Finally I went to the doctor. They checked down my throat with tubes, etc. He said I had a singers node. If they removed it, it would return unless what was causing it was removed. They told me not to use my voice for six months. (A mother with six children at home, a PBX operator, a person with several church jobs not use her voice for six months?) No way could this be!!

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

One day at work I lifted my arms to do something and almost fell to the floor. I went to Dr. Lucas, a chiropractor someone had recommended. (I had gone to Dr. Babb many times because my bones in my back were always slipping out of place.) When the doctor checked me, I had a pinched nerve in my neck and my 3rd vertebra in my back was really out of place. She gave me several treatments and I began to improve.

My bones still don't stay in place. I still can't sing anymore, but I can work in the temple because I whisper there. My Father in Heaven has been my main stay from all of my health problems.

When we met Dennis at the airport in Los Angeles on his return from his mission, he had a sad look on his face. I said, "What's the matter, son? Did you leave someone you like down there?" He said, "Yes."

Dennis corresponded with Teri for about three months. Finally, after Grandma was home in Salt Lake, we made a fast trip to Mexico on a weekend. I think we were in El Paso Thursday evening. We crossed the border on Friday morning, and drove day and night arriving at Teri's Saturday afternoon. This was a special time. Everyone treated us like family. We went to church Sunday and left Monday morning. Wednesday we arrived in Mesa and Dennis and Teri got their marriage license. We had to wait until Friday before they could be married, because of the "three day wait". Sister McClanahan came all the way from Rialto to be at their wedding. She forgot her recommend. George took our word that she had one, and let her come with us. On 14 October 1960 Dennis and Teresa de Jesus Alfaro Hernandez were married by George Clawson (Orin's cousin, who was a counselor in the Temple Presidency). Orin's mother died while we were in the Mesa Temple. We went to the cemetery in Tucson and were there in time for the grave side ceremony and burial. After that the family had a wedding party at Joe's place, Orin's brother. Saturday morning we left for home.

Dennis and Teri lived with us for about three months until he had enough money to enroll at the "Y" in Provo. Teri worked at a factory that made clothes. This way she helped support them. Teri is an expert seamstress.

We really fell in love with Teri. She couldn't speak English and we couldn't speak Spanish. When Dennis wasn't home to translate, we communicated by sign language. I was always very busy as Relief Society President. Everyone went out of their way to make Teri feel loved and at home. Teri not only sews beautifully, but the food she cooks is delicious. We really enjoyed her Spanish food.

It was somewhere near this time that Tom was put in a Detention Home up near Cajon Pass for taking a "joy" ride. Orin asked to be released as High Counselor and I asked to be released as Relief Society President. We felt we couldn't help others when we had failed with our own son. They released us and everyone rallied around and helped fellowship Tom. Because of this special help, and the special help of our Father in Heaven, Tom came back.

He had a Patriarchal Blessing. In this blessing he was given the answers to all his problems. He went on a mission to England. After he'd been out some time we received word that he was being sent home. We went to our Father in Heaven in prayer. Then we talked with our Bishop and President Cook, a member of the Stake Presidency. We told them what his blessing said and asked them to help us make it so he could finish his mission. Brother Cook came to our home and we called the Mission Home in England. I talked with

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

Tom and with his Mission President. Then President Cook talked with them. They kept him and he had a good mission.

In 1965, while Tom was on his mission, Dennis, Teri, Dennis Jr., Odessa, Joyce, Bruce, David, Orin and I took a trip to Mexico. This was a fun, educational experience. Dennis and family were in their little Volkswagen. We were in our Rambler station wagon. In Gila Bend our radiator blew out and we had to get it fixed.

It was a thrill to see the tears of joy as Sister Alfaro discovered she could speak with her grandchildren in Spanish and have them reply in Spanish. I'm grateful that Dennis and Teri speak Spanish in their home. This way there is no communication barrier in the family.

We enjoyed our visit to the pyramids just out of Mexico City and other interesting Lamanite cultural places. We really loved the Mexican people. I can still see their stone wall fences going for miles straight up and down hills. I see men plowing with oxen and wooden plows while in the next field work was being done with the most modern equipment. Mexico was a land of both extremes. Everyone treated us graciously and were very helpful.

When Joyce was in high school, she spent about one year with Erminie while she went to the dentist and got her teeth straightened. It was cheaper to get this done in Salt Lake than in Rialto. It seems like we have always turned to Erminie when we need help.

While we lived in Rialto we took the family on many overnight trips into the mountains rock hunting. I'll always remember the night we spent at Pisgah Crater and watched the satellites move across the sky. Another special time was when we went to Death Valley. The trips to Cronise Dry Lake, Joshua National Monument, Dead Horse Point, Wiley Wells, Cainsville, are just a few special places I remember.

*** (Editor's Note: Dad wrote the following story about Mom, and her rock hunting.)

"My Wife – The Rock Hound"

By Orin Clawson

One of the first tricks my wife worked on me, when she was planning her campaign to ensnare me, was to teach me a song and have me sing it to her.

This is the song:

Where ever you go, what ever you do,
I want you to know, I'm following you.
What ever you climb, or tumble into
I want you to know, I'm following you.
The battle won't be half so hard
If you've someone to share it.
I'll gladly carry half the load
And what's more, grin and bear it.
You're part of my heart; you know that it's true
Where ever you go, I'm following you.

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

After I had sung it to her, she said, “Don’t you ever forget it.”

Well, I haven’t forgotten and let me tell you, I’ve followed her so far out and so deep in, it’s hard to believe it. We went so far out one time we came to a sign which read “ - NO TRESPASSING – This place hasn’t been discovered yet”. Another time we went so deep in we found another sign reading; “Go back – the gold rush is over”.

We stopped in one of those narrow, steep walled bow canyons one time and before I could get out of the car she had disappeared. I heard a noise above me and looked up. There she was half way up the canyon wall. On the other side of the canyon, two halfgrown mountain goats were calling, “Come back, come back, not even we are allowed to go up there”.

We have gone so far out in the desert that we were the first humans the rabbits and coyotes had seen. The birds had to even carry radar to find their way home. One time we met an old Indian on the hills. We asked him what was over the next hill. He said, “Nothing. There’s no place there”.

We never pass a road leading out into wild country but what she marks it down as someplace we must go. We have so many places we must see, that it will take us all of the Millennium to get to them all.

The principle reason we took all of those trips was to hunt for rocks. I never realized what carrying half the load meant, until I started bringing in the rocks she picked up.

We’ve taken the lunch out of it’s containers to put rocks in. We’ve had to strap the kids on the top of the car to make room for rocks. One of the boys spent one half of an hour looking in the mirror after one of our trips. When asked what he was doing, he said, “I’m just checking to see if my ears are growing. I feel like a mule after all the rocks I’ve carried today”.

As we passed through the agricultural inspection station on one of our trips, we had so many rocks in the car the inspector asked what contractor we were working for.

We have so many rocks gathered up that it will take one thousand years to work them up into gem stones; yet that isn’t enough. Every time we stop anywhere she starts to look for rocks.

Every hill or canyon we pass by she wants to check to see if there might be good rocks there. If someone should tell her that there were no rocks in heaven, I believe she would hesitate about going there. But, believe it or not, I’m still following her.

At this time also, Orin sang with the Southern California Mormon Choir. As a family, we attended his concerts and really enjoyed them. Especially the “Messiah” in the Los Angeles Music Hall and the Opera House.

Orin and I spent almost a week in Hawaii at the College in Laia while the choir put on seven concerts in five days.

Tom was drafted into the army and sent to the East coast for training. Here he met Donna Ann Martin at a Youth Conference. Then he was sent to Viet Nam. His work was repairing helicopter radios. One day Orin and I felt we should go to the Los Angeles Temple. While we were there I put Tom’s name on the Prayer Roll. Later we were told that

Chapter 13 San Bernardino Years

Tom had been injured on the very day we had gone to the Temple. He was getting a radio from a helicopter when a mortar attack started. He ran and jumped behind a mound of dirt. His back was shredded by the shrapnel but only skin deep. After it was over they found an unexploded mortar buried in the same mound of dirt. We felt that his life had been spared for a special reason.

When Tom returned from Viet Nam, he and Ann were married in the Los Angeles Temple on June 7, 1968. Their reception was held in the Rialto Chapel.

After Joyce graduated from high school, she went to school at BYU in Provo. Here she received her degree in nursing. While she was in high school she was on the area Seminary committee and met Lorin Wilson Ward From Beaumont. She married Lorin in the Oakland Temple on August 27, 1968. Their reception was held in the Rialto Chapel.

When Klar's third child, Ryffel Lynn, was a baby, I took care of the children, so Klar could go to Valley College and get her diploma in nursing.

While living in Rialto, I was ward chorister, twice served as Relief Society President, and of course Visiting Teacher.

While living in Rialto, I took some night classes at Valley College. I took English with Leola Anderson as my teacher. I took a fun class in Geology. I love nature very much and rocks are especially one of my favorite things. Orin fixed me some rock equipment in back of our home and I made lots of jewelry.

Chapter 14 SCHOOL YEARS... AGAIN??

In 1969, Orin retired. We sold our home and bought a small travel trailer. Most of our furniture, dishes, etc. we gave to our children. Then we went back East looking for Genealogy. We decided we needed to know more of the “how” in Genealogy; so we parked in a trailer park in Provo and went to the “Y” for two years. David had been staying at Tom’s in Rialto going to summer school. He was planning on staying there and finishing high school in California. When we returned from the East we asked him to come up to Provo with us. He did. Bruce received his mission call to Argentina and stayed with Tom until he left.

Orin took classes in genealogy, English, history, etc. I took classes in religion, and piano. I enjoyed both of them. We attended the devotional services, concerts, etc., plus I worked on rocks in the hobby activity center and practiced on the school pianos.

These two years in Provo were most enjoyable. David was a junior and senior at Provo High School, where he was A Capella Choir President and very active in school activities. David brought his friends to our trailer for dinner, games, and other fun activities.

It was here that David got his Eagle Scout Award. We helped by hiking with him on his five and ten mile hikes. We also had fun hiking in the mountains.

About this time Tom and Ann moved to Provo. We were happy to have so many of our children close by.

I taught the Gospel Doctrine class in the Sunset 3rd ward. Then they called Orin and I to teach the Priesthood genealogy class. I was also a visiting teacher. We cooked for two ward dinners, plus a Priesthood sponsored dinner. Brother S. Dilworth Young was there and said it was one of the best dinners he had ever attended.

During this time we were driving to Salt Lake to the temple and genealogy library. Sometime in the early part of 1971 we received four folders containing all the family information on four of our early families from the Tolman Family workshop in Bountiful. I spent many hours at the Salt Lake Library searching original records to document the information. TIB sheets were sent in on all the names involved. I had one more trip to the library before finishing up my final sheet.

We decided to go to the Temple Thursday, stay overnight in Salt Lake, and go to the library Friday. Because of money shortages, we parked our VW in the 18th Ward parking on First North.

After two sessions at the temple we returned to the car to find the right window open. Someone had broken into the car. I thought, “Oh, my new bathrobe and house slippers have been stolen.” But no, they were scattered on the back seat. What a relief. Then we discovered Orin’s briefcase was missing. It contained my four family folders, my notebook containing all my original research, Orin’s books and some of his Genealogical research. I was heartsick. What could we do?

Orin looked all around and couldn’t find it. Sadly we got in the car and went to Erminie’s place. All the way I was praying to my Father in Heaven that if there was anyone in those folders who was waiting for his work to be done, that one way or another they would get through to whoever had the briefcase and make it possible for us to get it back.



Top: Orin and Odessa **Bottom:** Orin at retirement; Odessa



Chapter 14 School Years...Again??

Friday morning as we were about to leave for the library, our son Tom called from Orem. He said, "Did you lose something?" I said, "Yes" and handed the receiver to Orin to get the information. It seems that Thursday evening David had gone to the trailer for about five minutes, to get something he needed before spending the night at Tom's. He had been in the trailer about two minutes when the phone rang. It was a man in Salt Lake asking if he recognized the name Odessa T. Clawson and Joseph Inkley Clawson. Dave said, "Yes, that's my mother!" The man explained that his wife, on her way home from primary, found the briefcase sitting in the parking lot. He gave Dave his name and phone number.

As soon as Orin finished talking with Tom, he called the number. A woman answered and said she was just leaving for work, but would leave the briefcase with her neighbor. We went right over and got the briefcase. Nothing was missing. In no way could David have been reached, nor could we have been reached in time to make contact with this woman before she left for work without the help of the Lord.

Finally, when Orin had finished learning what he needed to know, Erminie and Mel invited us to park our trailer on part of their land in Holladay.

One time as we were traveling to Fort Sill to visit Joyce and Lorin, we were driving down the canyon with a river on one side and a high cliff on the other side. It was snowing and the road was very slick. All at once we hit a slick spot and the car slid off the road, into a bar pit, next to the high cliff. We had hardly reached the bottom of the bar pit before we came back upon the road, just as though someone had lifted us back without a jolt or bump and we continued on as if we had never left the road. The people in a car coming toward us looked at us with an astounded expression on their faces. They couldn't believe we hadn't crashed.

Orin was second counselor in the High Priest Group and I was a Laurel leader of some very choice young ladies in the Holladay 18th ward.

Bruce came home from his mission. He attended an Institute social and met Sheri Lyn Burgess and fell in love immediately. It was so sudden it frightened Bruce. He couldn't believe that it could happen so fast.

He decided to join the Air Force. He made quite a few weekend trips home to see her, traveling long hours without sleep. He was stationed in Texas for special language and communications schooling. He graduated with honors (top in his class). We received a letter of commendation from his commanding officer.

After being engaged about a year, they were married in the Ogden Temple on July 14, 1972.