

At that time in the 1940's there was just their old-fashioned country store, the train station and my great Aunt and Uncle Marler's home.

The next building I remember was the stable. It seemed to me that it was kind of decrepit but probably all barns were not clean and shiny like today. It was so much fun exploring everything. There was a wide door but I never saw it pulled closed. The first "room" was about the width of a car (present day) and, maybe, the length of two cars. The ceiling wasn't very tall. The floor was dirt and covered with hay so I couldn't see where the floor met the wall. Grandpa would milk the cows in there - flies all over. He's sit on a little three legged



stool with the bucket under the cow. He had to be careful as the cow could get restless and kick over the bucket or swish its tail in the milk. The cat would hang around hoping that Grandpa would give him a "squirt". He'd turn the teat and squirt in the cat's direction. The milk would get all over his face so he would clean his face and whiskers with his paw. And then he'd look for another drink.

Grandpa would take the milk to the house where it would sit until the milk and cream had come to the top. Sometimes we'd drink the milk before it had separated and was warm. Grandpa would fill a big silver metal can with the milk and would put it out in the morning for the diary truck to pick up. When we'd go into town Saturday we'd pick up cheese which was our pay for the milk (I think).

In the one side of the back of the barn was a pig pen. I had strict orders not to go to close to them as they could be mean. The mother sow would lie on her side to feed her brood. I thought the chickens made a lot of noise. All the little piglets would come snorting and squealing and pushing each other with their snouts trying to get the best spot. Usually the littlest

would be left out and have to wait if all the teats were being used. Otherwise Grandpa would work it in. Then the others would “holler and shout” at the intrusion. It was so funny and interesting. Chickens would try to pick up tidbits of food the pigs missed.

On the outside of one side of the barn hay was piled to the roof so we could climb up it and slide down. Behind or beside the barn was a creek for irrigation. Oh, that cool water felt good on a hot day.

One time I begged and begged Grandpa to let me drive the horses as the men pitched forkfuls of hay up into the wagon. ) As more and more hay was tossed up into the wagon the more I sneezed and the more my eyes watered. I could barely wait to get to the creek to wash my face in the cold water."<sup>5</sup>

"I think the farmers took turns going around to each others' farm to harvest the hay. Grandma would start cooking early in the morning to feed them breakfast and then start preparations for lunch. Could they eat! You would not believe what they could eat; fried potatoes, boiled potatoes, potato pancakes, fried chicken, roast chicken, roasts, sausage, carrots, peas, corn, cabbage, green salads, green beans, tons of bread, butter, jams, and cakes and pies galore. More, but I can't remember what all, but they were hungry as they had been working since dawn—hard."<sup>6</sup>

**Cora Ley Anderson Erikson (Born 1939):** "I think they had a root cellar below the kitchen floor, which you could reach by using the trap door in the middle of the kitchen."<sup>7</sup>

**Ellen Anderson Seedall (Born 1941):** "When I was really little, I remember knocking on the front of their home and being greeted warmly with a hug from grandma. She was short and I would look up at pretty blue eyes. On one side of the front steps there wee gaillardias, a daisy like flower, light yellow with a peach color near the dark centers. On the other side and along the house by the kitchen window tall yellow Coreopsis grew. As best I remember the front room had maroon drapes and on the north wall there was a piano. You could most always find

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<sup>5</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 13 March 2010 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>6</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 4 June 2011 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>7</sup> Erikson, Cora Ley Anderson email to David Barkdull, 1 June 2010

grandpa sitting in a rocking chair listening to his Emerson radio. I don't remember sitting on his lap but I remember his kisses.

We ate at a modern metal dinette set by the south window in the kitchen. I remember the morning that grandma fixed me germade mush and I didn't like it so she then made me some light colored cream of wheat. She made sugar cookies and se dipped them in the syrup of her delicious canned pears. I always remember this when I eat pears. Sometimes we could visit her on winter afternoons and she would be baking bread or the wonderful egg custard. In my mind, I can still see her taking the custard from the oven. I was very excited when they got a bathroom and she had light-green fixtures installed. Gee, we still had a two-holer out back of our home for both summer and cold winter use.

Grandma and grandpa had a large black car that I used to think was a wonderful although I don't remember ever riding in it. My older cousins Kenneth and Navarre Smith used to make a tree house in the Willow tree on the east lawn. We chicken girls would sometimes venture to the top. Sometimes when I was looking for something to do, I would poke around their bedroom and look at the picture on the wall of the lone wolf howling at the moon. But best of all was the Sweet Pea Talcum powder in a can on the dresser. I would take the lid of and enjoy!!! The old Victorola was in the same room and once in a while grandma would play it for us. Grandma used to sell greetings cards and she would let me look at them and I was always careful to make sure that the ones with small packages of sachet, were put back into the card. The picture on the sachets matched the pictures on the cards. Sometimes, short appropriate stories were enclosed in the other cards. I can remember the dish cupboards that divided the one side of the living room from the kitchen. There was glass on the both sides of the cupboard. I used to look at the cocoa set with the dainty little cups and saucers and pitcher. How blessed I am to have that same cocoa set in my own curio cabinet. Once in a great while I let my grandchildren drink from it. Oh yes,

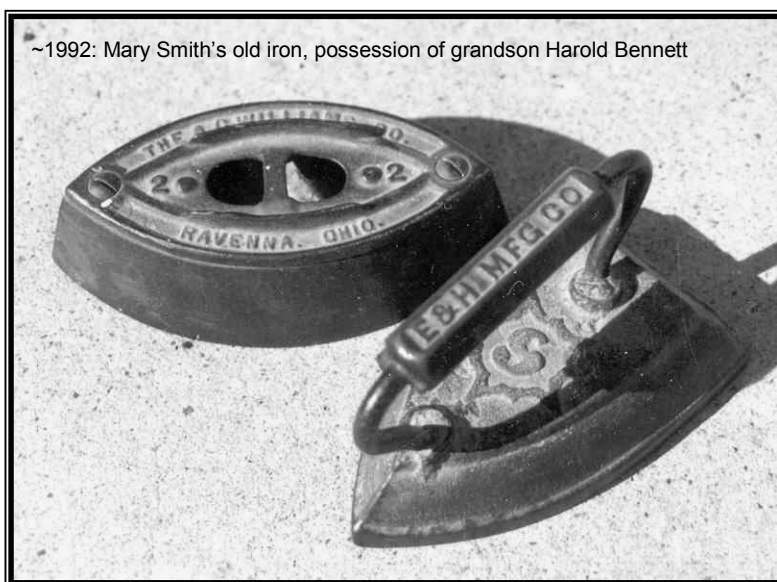


then there was the telephone sitting on Grandma's treadle sewing machine in the corner of the kitchen. I was allowed to call my friend, Leona Hill. It was the first telephone I ever used. The receiver was so heavy that my arm would get tired of holding it. On a real adventurous day, we would open a hatch door on the floor of the kitchen and walk down a couple of steps and retrieve bottles of food or fresh vegetables for grandma."<sup>8</sup>

## Saturday in Town

**Dwinna Mary Bennett Black:** "Saturday was the day you went to town to get those things you need on the farm, groceries, gas, seeing the doctor, dentist, lawyer, pick up medicine or fabric for a new dress or shirt. Farmers had better things to do with their time, but Saturday was the day to do all the business you had to do. No running to the store for a quart of milk or a loaf of bread during the week. You saw your neighbors in town doing similar things and it was a good day to catch up on the latest gossip also.

Although Grandpa still had a buggy when I was little, he had a black, four door Chevrolet sedan. It was washed every Friday evening before we went to town. He had a garage he kept it in during the week. We also went to church in it. He never drove it faster than 35 miles an hour, but that is another story."<sup>9</sup>



~1992: Mary Smith's old iron, possession of grandson Harold Bennett

"Grandma and Grandpa went to Rexburg or Rigby for shopping on Saturday. It was very special to go to Idaho Falls. It was a serious undertaking and something really important which necessitated a trip to the big city. Going to town meant everyone was available to chat and talk with everyone else. Grandpa liked to go to the movies and sometimes he would go on a Saturday afternoon."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Seedall, Ellen Anderson (granddaughter); Letter dated March 2010 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>9</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010

<sup>10</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010

**Sally Ann Bennett Barkdull:** "Saturday evening was "get ready for Church time". I don't think they bathed during the week except to wash their faces and hands and Grandpa to shave. He had a cup filled with hard soap and a round brush he'd swirl around in it to make a lather to put on his face to soften his beard. The cup was always there by the sink. They didn't have running water except for the pump in the kitchen so having a bath involved a lot of effort. Grandma would heat water on the big black stove in pans, Also, at the end of the stove was a reservoir, a fairly big container attached to the end of the stove in which water would always be heating if the stove was being used. A big wash tub would be filled with water. Grandpa would bathe first, then Grandma, and then me---all in the same water. I didn't think anything about it. Grandpa must have been quite dirty from working outside all day—hard physical work and Grandma in the garden, collecting fire wood (I don't know if someone chopped it for her), chasing chickens, preparing food---from scratch. I don't know how people put on weight."<sup>11</sup>

### **Sunday Church in the Wildwood**

**Dwinna Mary Bennett Black:** "The wards were small and the buildings even smaller. Think off the cultural hall in most chapels now. The churches would fit into one of them easily. [Independence Ward] We had Sunday school in the morning at ten. Sacrament meeting was in the late afternoon. The classrooms were divided by curtains strung across the chapel and down the middle. There was a stand in the end of the building with a pulpit and the piano or organ or both were at one side. Relief Society and Primary met during the week and MIA was usually Tuesday night. Grandma taught some classes in Primary and Relief Society. I don't recall if Grandpa taught. Some people would come in their cars and others would come in a buggy. The horses were tied up or put out in a corral in back during church. When Sunday school was out there would be a lot of socializing and playing (the kids). When Mokie was in Pocatello when mother had polio, she was the backbone of the Gospel Doctrine Class in our ward. She knew all the finer points of the lessons and people listened to her".<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 4 June 2011 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>12</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010

**Sally Ann Bennett Barkdull:** "Sunday morning we'd have a simple breakfast, bacon, eggs, bread, butter, and milk. We'd go in Grandpa's car. I was so impressed that he had a car. I liked going to church with Grandma and Grandpa. I always felt so special. Someone would ask me who I was. When I'd tell them I was visiting my Grandma and Grandpa Smith they would say "Oh, you're Mary and Eugene's grand-daughter", like they were very impressed. I felt I was important. It seemed as though Grandma and Grandpa were so respected. And they were. Every child ought to have grandparents like them.

The Church wasn't big like our churches today. It was rectangular, seems to me that it was the length of 4 or 5 cars, 90 to 100 feet and about half as wide. The far end had a pulpit with seats and a piano. I don't think there was an organ. Curtains were drawn across the room from side to side to separate classes. Sunday School was in the morning. I liked going. I always felt welcome and comfortable. I think I knew Heavenly Father or His Spirit was there. After dinner in the evening we'd come back for Sacrament Meeting. It would be cool, the windows would be open, I could hear the crickets chirping outside, and the sounds of the cows, chickens, and horses. Afterwards people would stand around visiting, laughing, chasing their kids, calling to them "be careful" or "watch your sister or brother", "don't get dirty". Kids would be playing and chasing each other. It was so peaceful. I don't remember, specifically, one lesson or one sermon I heard but I remember the feeling of goodness."<sup>13</sup>

### **Food at Grandma's House**

**Dwinna Mary Bennett Black:** "Grandpa always liked sardines and crackers. I think I have my love of sardines from eating them with him. Grandma liked raspberries and I remember going picking at Mrs Anderson's with her. There were several places Mokie would pick raspberries. In Thornton, past Aunt Martha's house, past the school building and on down the road was where Mrs. Anderson lived. She had a big patch of raspberries; you could pick on shares, meaning you would pick several boxes of fruit for the owner and then you could pick a box for yourself for free, or you could pick at a reduced price for a box of raspberries or you could just purchase a box. Grandma would talk to the other ladies picking or tell stories if she and I were picking together. What did we do with the raspberries? Well, Mokie would can them so we could have

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<sup>13</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 4 June 2011 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

raspberries in the winter; we would have them fresh with cream over, or Danish dessert made from scratch or sometimes she would make jam or jelly. Sometimes she would bring fruit down to my mother's and she would help can them with us. We all got to help with cleaning the bottles, steaming the caps and lids, making the simple syrup, cleaning the berries free of stems and leaves. As we got older we would assume more jobs with the packing the bottles and putting them into the water bath and taking them out when the cooking was done. They were more dangerous jobs for kids. This was true for peaches too; meaning the canning routine. Dad even helped."<sup>14</sup>

**Sally Ann Bennett Barkdull:** At grandma's house we'd eat country food-- bacon, eggs, homemade bread, homemade jam and jelly, cooked cereal, oatmeal, all kinds of fruits and vegetables in season, corn, apples, peaches, carrots, squash, plums, pork, fried-chicken, tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, pies, cake, cookies. Seems like we always had fried chicken when company came. Company was family.<sup>15</sup>

## **Celebrations**

**Dwinna Mary Bennett Black:** What were harvest dinners? I guess you could call the harvest dinners for the men who came around and helped with the harvest a celebration. It always seemed like one to this little girl. In the fall when the crops were ready for harvesting the farmers were assigned a time for their individual harvest. Some times the harvesting machines were owned by a group of farmers or an individual man. What ever the case of ownership was, the farmers would go from farm to farm doing the harvesting. The family or wife was expected to feed large meals each day while they were working on your farm. There could be as many as a dozen men to feed. The women prepared hearty food because it was hard physical work the men were doing. Some women would put a big show on and others just fed them daily food. Homemade bread or rolls, fried chicken or pot roast, vegetables, pickles [homemade], milk, butter and jam and a couple of pies or cakes in large quantities. As I said these were fellow farmers for the most part and you put your time in with the rest of the men on the next farm. I

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<sup>14</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010

<sup>15</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 8 July 2011 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

don't know if there were finances involved in the job, but it was more a cooperative job by your neighbors and fellow farmers. This happened every fall that Grandpa was running the farm. As I spent much time with them, I saw a number of harvests. Manuel, who lived on the farm and contracted the sugar beets, would have the Mexican workers if any at his little house to eat. Grandma said they preferred their own cooking--Knowing Grandma she would have feed them too. We spent some Christmas's with grandma and grandpa but nothing that could be called a tradition. About 1940, I remember one 24th of July celebration. It was in the old Independence ward building. I probably was 8 or 9, and still in Primary. There were swings and slides, homemade ones, a whirly gig, teeter-totters, and picnic tables in back of the church. It was a pot luck celebration, pies, cakes, fried chicken, ham, rolls, salads, potato dishes, vegetables. Everyone came and enjoyed the company. They talked and socialized. It was fun for a kid."<sup>16</sup>

**Ellen Anderson Seedall:** "When I was baptized, they gave me a pretty pink petticoat and another time a "Little Bow Peep" story book doll."<sup>17</sup>

## Having Fun

**Dwinna Mary Bennett Black:** "There were no modern toys or distractions. We played in the water ditch and made cucumber boats and floated them in the water. Up the road by Aunt Irma's old house was a deep pool in the canal and we would swim there in the summer. The water was slow and warm from the sun and we would play all afternoon. You could take horses and ride the roads to visit or go to the fishing hole and fish. There were trees to climb and books to read. You could walk down the road to visit someone or just go for a stroll. When the evening train, affectionately known as the "Galloping Goose" came through you could go and watch it go past. It was especially exciting to watch when Mr. Thomason would try to beat it over the railroad tracts. The "Galloping Goose" was a local train that ran from Pocatello to Ashton or West Yellowstone in the summer, Ashton in the winter. It went through morning and evening."<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>16</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010

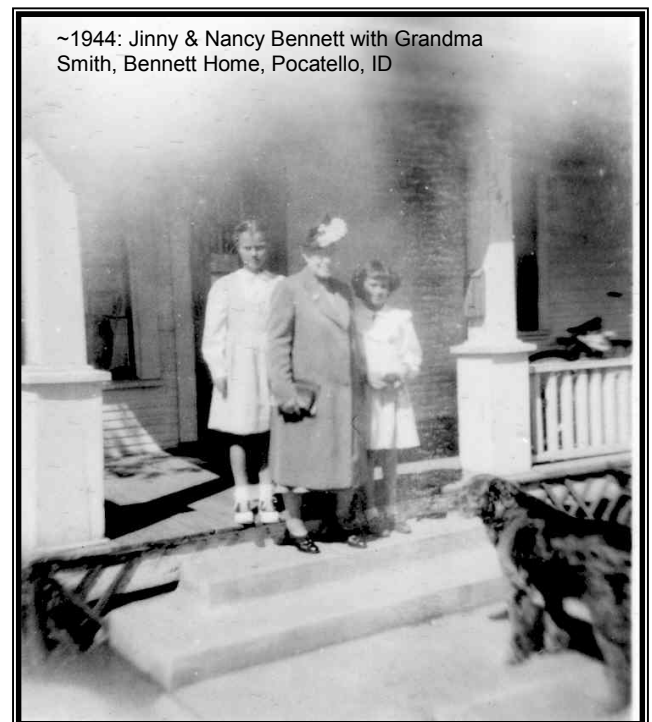
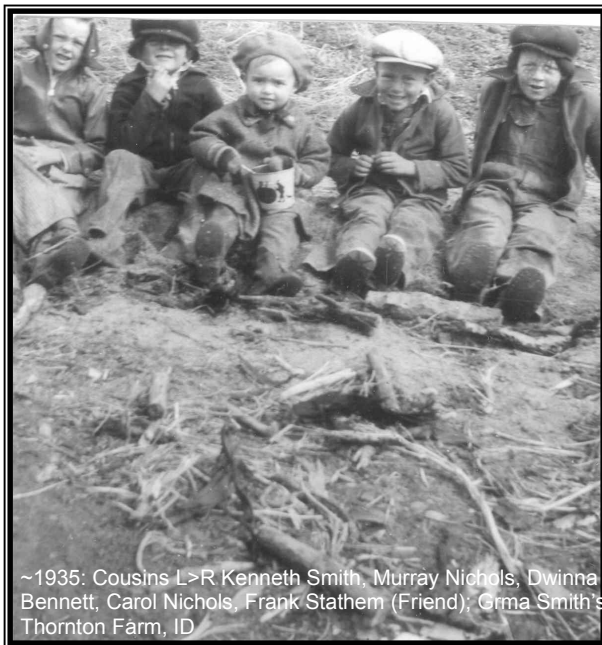
<sup>17</sup> Seedall, Ellen Anderson (granddaughter); Letter dated March 2010 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>18</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010



**Sally Ann Bennett Barkdull:** "My Aunt Glenice and family lived by the Church. I would walk down there and play with my cousins. In the front of their house was an irrigation canal about three feet wide and about 2 feet deep. We'd catch little fish in it and other creatures but always put them back. Playing in the cool water was a treat when it was hot. Aunt Glenice and Uncle Stanley worked hard like Grandma and Grandpa. Uncle Stanley said very little. Finally I figured out that it wasn't that he didn't like me he just didn't say much to anyone.

I don't remember them having a radio. They had an old Victrola and records they let us play. It was in the corner of the bedroom where Grandma slept. You had to keep winding it or keep winding it or it . . . woooooouuld . . . stooooop . . . plaaaayiiiiing. I imagine younger kids would dance to the popular tunes of the times."<sup>19</sup>



<sup>19</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 13 March 2010 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

## Chapter 16

# Their Life's Legacy

Eugene and Mary Smith spent a life time serving and embracing with their love all those around them. They worked hard to raise and provide a good home for their children, to help their neighbors, and support their community and country. Their mantra was, "Get busy and get more done!"<sup>1</sup> Mary was a wonderfully talented teacher; always guiding and always inspiring with her stories and infinite love for all. In his eulogy, Allan Marler, her nephew, said of her gift for teaching,

"My Aunt Mary began her life's work as a teacher in both the LDS church and grade schools. During 25 years as an educator she taught in one room schools housing all eight grades. She served as principal and also as an intermediate and primary teacher. In the church she has been a teacher in all the auxiliary organizations: Relief Society, YWMIA, Sunday School, Religion Class, and Genealogical Association, President of the YWMIA three times. She served on a number of stake YWMIA boards and worked in the children's primary organization and on the Rigby Stake Board, Rexburg Stake Primary board. She was called by Br Osmond to be the Rigby Stake Religion Class Aid. Her record as a teacher in Sunday School totals more than 40 years. . . She accepted all of her responsibilities with a cheerfulness and fortitude that was amazing. I have never heard her complain of her lot. She taught religious and literature classes in the women's Relief Society and she was head of the Scandinavian Reunion committee several times as well as being a charter officer during the years of raising and providing for his family."<sup>2</sup>

Like his beloved wife, Eugene faithfully served his community and church in numerous capacities and never shirked his duties. Most notably was the sacrifice he and his family made while he served a two year mission for his church. He was a trustee for several terms in School District #3, Cedar Point, he was the Director of the Reed Canal project to bring water into their farming community. He worked on the Republican Party committee, was Elder's Quorum President, a Sunday School teacher, Mutual Improvement Association (MIA) Young Men's leader and Superintendent of the Independence Ward Sunday School. He served as the MIA Ward and Rexburg Stake "Era" magazine director and for a number of years as a counselor in their ward bishopric and Sunday School Presidency. He and Mary both continued to serve in the

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<sup>1</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith" and "Life History of Mary C Smith".

<sup>2</sup> Marler, Allen, Obituary reading by; Funeral service for Mary C. Smith, Rexburg 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward, pg 7.

twilight of their lives through temple service for others.<sup>3</sup> They were always serving . . . always "casting their bread upon the water."

Speaking at their son's funeral in 1946, their close family friend and neighbor, Hyrum T. Moss remembered, "Brother and Sister Eugene Smith were very faithful workers in the Melba Ward in the Antelope section. They knew what it was to meet in the groves and hold Sunday School. They knew what it was to get out the logs that built that little building recently torn down, on the Antelope Flats. The Sunday School and the day school held services there. Brother and Sister Smith were officers in various capacities in the ward."<sup>4</sup>

When asked what her Grandparents did for "entertainment" grand-daughter Sally Bennett Barkdull responded, "Work mostly, I think. They'd go down to Logan to visit relatives. I'm sure there were ward parties, wedding receptions. Nothing like there is today. It was very simple. When they would get together to help build a barn or a house the men would come and work and there would be food and visiting. Maybe some went up to Yellowstone."<sup>5</sup>

At both Mary and Eugene's funeral services many public and private recognitions were given to their wholesome and generous characters. Not just empty platitudes but specific instances were shared of how they lived not by just word but deed also. Their bishop, T. Royce Moss said, "I want Brother Smith to know we appreciate him very much and appreciate what he and Sister Smith did in our ward. They have always been behind the bishopric one hundred percent in anything we asked them to do, always willing, always wanted to know if they couldn't do just a little bit more. That was the attitude they have taken. . . Sister Smith was one you could call on at a moments notice. She was always ready to help out in any emergency in speaking and doing whatever she could."<sup>6</sup>

Even after they were gone, their spirits and examples continued to radiate and touch the lives of others. Glenice wrote of how people would humbly acknowledge and thank her for what her parent's had quietly and unselfishly done for them. "Many people have come to me and told me, Daddy gave them money and refused to let them pay it back. Others young and old have

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<sup>3</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith" and "Life History of Mary C Smith".

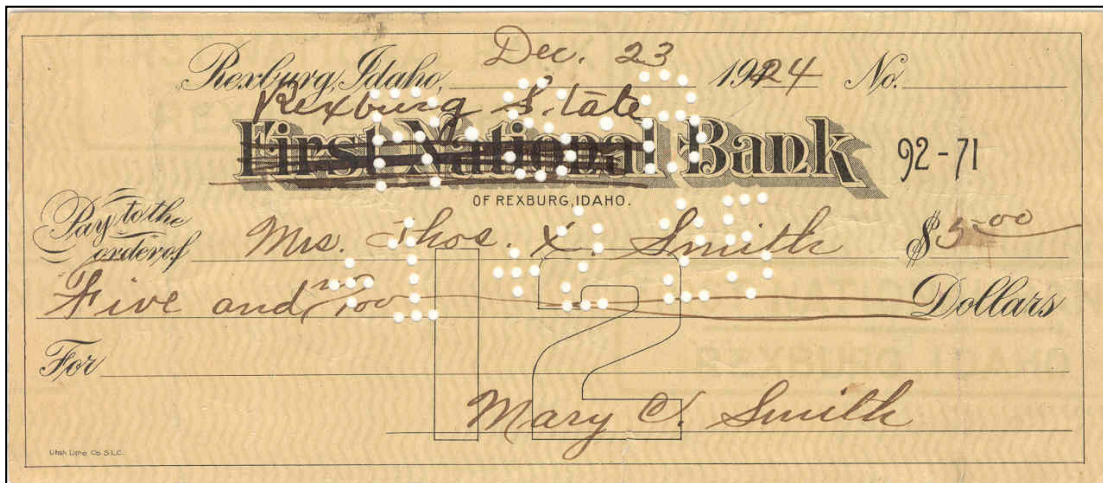
<sup>4</sup> Moss, H.T.; Sermon at Leon Smith's Funeral, 10 July 1946.

<sup>5</sup> Barkdull, Sally Bennett (granddaughter); Email dated 13 March 2010 to David Barkdull in response to a questionnaire.

<sup>6</sup> Moss, Bishop T. Royce; comments of; Funeral service for Mary C. Smith, Rexburg 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward, pg 3-4.

came and told me of a kind word, a pat on the back or just an arm around their shoulder and the utterance of these few kind words, "my you are doing well."<sup>7</sup>

In another example a gentleman told the family, "When my folks' could not afford a down payment on our farm, your Dad signed a note with us so we could get the farm." Eugene sent \$5.00 (\$61.00 value in 2010) every month for many years to his mother and later to his



sister Mabel to help them out.<sup>8</sup> These quiet acts of generosity were a common occurrence for the Smiths. Their love for their fellowman and sense of duty compelled them to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in their lives and inspired them to live by the Savior's admonition to "love one another, even as I have loved you." Grandson Harold Bennett said, "They'd just as soon give up their family's own meal and feed someone else in need than eat it themselves."<sup>9</sup>

George Rumsey was a close long time family friend and Antelope Flats neighbor whom Eugene had converted to the gospel. He attended his funeral where "with tears streaming down his face told the family, "He saved my life. I was in a boat and it tipped over. We were on the Snake River below Antelope and Gene risked his life to pull me out of the treacherous waters. I could not swim."<sup>10</sup> In actuality he saved George's life twice both physically and spiritually with his gentle words of gospel encouragement, the letters he wrote him while on his mission and the testimonies he bore both in word and deed are what converted George.

<sup>7</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith", pg 8.

<sup>8</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith", pg 8.

<sup>9</sup> Harold Bennett; grandson of Mary and Eugene Smith; Phone interview with David Barkdull; 9 June 2011.

<sup>10</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith", pg 8.

The Smith's oldest grand-daughter, Dwinna Mary Bennett, believes her Grandparents valued most in life was:

"Their family, their honesty, taking care of themselves and helping others less fortunate than they. They had little personal vanity but Grandpa always liked to look nice and Grandma liked to look nice for Grandpa's sake. Mother would often help her get a new outfit that was her style. It was hard for Grandpa when he had to come and live with Mom and Dad after Grandma got sick and died. He was well taken care of by both of them. I think he was happy. . . Being kind to people no matter who they were. Telling the truth and why I should always do it. Standing up for what you believed. Feeling patriotic about the county. Minding your parents and why it was very important to do so. Sometimes it was spoken about but most of all it was by deed. I can't say I have always followed what they taught and I have lived to regret it, too. You will find as you read about Grandma and Grandpa they were good examples of honest, kind, truthful, law abiding people. I would have to say also, for both grand-parents they instilled the idea of following through and completing what ever you were doing. If it didn't turn out the way you wanted try again until you got it right . . . Being with Grandma Smith was a spiritual experience; she had that special spirit with her. She lived what she believed."<sup>11</sup>

Eugene taught but mostly exemplified to his children what it was to be kind and respectful to others. Once, in a firm, but gentle voice he told his adult daughter who didn't always see eye to eye with her mother-in-law, "Glenice, she is Stanley's mother. You respect and treat her as you would your own mother. If her temper flares up you keep still. Don't quarrel." Eugene taught his children to be concerned and to have compassion for others and to control your temper.<sup>12</sup>

Of Eugene and Mary's honesty and integrity, their close life time friend, Peter Ricks, recalled, "We farmed as neighbors for years. When responsibilities became too great and Eugene couldn't operate his farm anymore he rented his land and operated his farm for many more years in this manner. They never had a written agreement [with us], always an oral agreement as to how the crop should be divided. This continued until the return of Leon who then took over the running of the farm. They were good people, the salt of the earth."<sup>13</sup>

Echoing Peter Ricks' comments, Charles G. Thomason recalled, "I have known Br. and Sister Smith for as long as I can remember. They were neighbors to my folks, we were close friends and I can say that the days which I spent upon their farm and the hours in their home were memorable ones. The relationship that I formed there was most pleasant and wholesome. I

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<sup>11</sup> Black, Dwinna Mary Bennett; email interview and questionnaire response to David Barkdull, Apr 2010.

<sup>12</sup> Anderson, Glenice Smith (daughter), "Life History of Eugene Smith", pg 8.

<sup>13</sup> Ricks, Peter J. given by, Funeral Service talk on Eugene Smith, Rexburg Stake Patriarch, 6 Sep 1952.

suppose that of all the men that I worked for as an employee I can say that there never was any friction or any cause for regret. Brother Smith was always faithful and prompt in keeping the contracts which he made and entered into."<sup>14</sup>

What has been the legacy of Eugene and Mary Smith. It can be counted in many ways, perhaps the number of children, grandchildren, or maybe their worldly wealth they left behind as an inheritance to their posterity. But perhaps there is a more subtle legacy they left to us in the way we, their descendents, each have been raised and taught. I can only speak of my own experience but I do know the echo's of their teachings, example, and love have continued to be felt in my own life. I think if they had been alive, LDS President, Gordon B. Hinkley's words, "Try a little harder, to be a little better each day" would have resonated with Grandma and Grandpa Smith.

Eugene and Mary's examples have influenced many in numerous positive ways. Back in the late 1960's, when my father was in the Air Force, we were stationed in the Canal Zone of Panama. The church was small but there was a strong serviceman's branch where my father served as the branch president and my mother in the Primary Presidency. I can recall on one occasion as a young seven or eight year old boy accompanying her in our Volkswagen bus automobile on, what seemed like to a little boy, a long long journey deep into the Isthmus jungles. When we arrived at our destination, I accompanied my mother with coloring book and crayons in hand to the palm or grass covered structures where my mother, in her broken Spanish, showed and taught the local Panamanian's how to conduct their own children's Primary program. At the time, I didn't really understand what was going on. It was just another big adventure for a young kid. But looking back on this experience now, I understand why my mother was there in the hot, humid, tropical jungles of this foreign land and miles from own home. While the rural farm town of Thornton, Idaho was thousands of miles away and Eugene and Mary had long been laid to rest, they were there through my mother because she was following the example which she had seen her own parents and grand-parents do in the way they had lived their life. Mom was there serving because she knew what she was about. She loved the people, she knew her duty, but mostly her testimony was deeply rooted through her parents and in the lives of her Grandparents.

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<sup>14</sup> Thomason, Charles G.; Given by; Funeral Service address on Eugene Smith, 6 Sep 1952.

While growing up, I can also recall on numerous occasions at church when a young couple or single Army G.I.'s showing up for the first time, perhaps far away from home and struggling with a little homesickness, Mom and Dad, usually on the spur of the moment, inviting and bringing them home for dinner. They would not just fill their bodies with a good Sunday roast dinner but also their hearts with the warmth, the love and hospitality of our home. This was something they had learned through the examples of their parents and grand-parents and which has now been instilled in us. They didn't know these people from Adam but through their thoughtful actions, they served and gave of their love to fill a need and in some instances formed life long friendships. Mom and Dad have continued in this same manner to live their lives as they had been taught by those before them - always behind the scenes, always there to fill a need, always humbly serving others.

From a personal perspective I have seen and felt Grandma and Grandpa Smith's love and their examples in the lives of my mother's sisters and brother and her Anderson cousins. I have felt their love through each of them. Of my Smith relatives I probably know my Aunt Nancy and Uncle Jim the best and through them I have seen and felt this same gift of kindness and love. Just as my parents, I know they too have spent a life time of loving and serving, particularly to me and my siblings. But their circle of love extends much further than family as they have served the young men and women at church in numerous capacities. And just like Grandma and Grandpa Smith they have always radiated their love, concern, and most importantly their testimonies of the gospel in how they have lived. These few examples have left an indelible mark in my life and is the legacy, our rich inheritance, which Eugene and Mary Smith have bequeathed to us all.

When Mary and Eugene went to the Logan Temple in 1903 to be married, they made important covenants with the Lord of how they would strive to live each day. When left the temple that wonderful day, they truly did so with a "prayer in the hearts, and a song on their lips" as Eugene wrote a few years later when they moved to Idaho. They didn't know what the next fifty years would bring them but they had a deep faith in their God which had been instilled in them and which helped to guide them in their new life journey. They knew if they were "true to the faith which their parents had established," in the end all would be well. Theirs was an eternal perspective for both them and their posterity, not just a temporary mortal one.

The Lord has said He will have a "tried and tested people." Eugene and Mary were indeed tried and tested; perhaps even like Job of the Old Testament. They knew the pain, the grief, and the sorrow all parents experience as well as the joy and respite life allows for occasionally along the way. But I believe their real test came when at some point they may have wondered "why?". Why so much tragedy and hardship? In those poignant quiet moments of inner thought they had to decide what to do with the tragedies life seemed to keep bringing them. Would they "give up and curse God? They lost three of their six children as infants and Leon suffered from several long depilating injuries then was also taken much too early too. Their daughter Dwinna and four of her five children were struck down with the deadly Polio disease. While her children recovered, she remained crippled for the rest of her life. Two of their grand children died at birth. Eugene who had served others had three incapacitating farm accidents and was afflicted in his final years with Parkinson's disease.

Some might question why such tragic events should befall the Smiths after Eugene and Mary had given so much for so long - was it not enough? God's words "My way's are not your ways" offer some insight and understanding. I think they probably understood this and their faith in God and eternal perspective of life allowed them to mourn in the moment but take comfort in the eternal perspective of knowing who they were and what they were about while here on this earth.

Perhaps sensing her time on earth was fast drawing to a close Mary's writings became more focused on what was most near and dear to her and Eugene's heart. Her thoughts and life



views were not so much focused on the tasks and worries of each day. They seemed to take a much broader and encompassing view, as if she were looking back upon not just her and Eugene's life but also those who had gone before them. The following letter exemplifies this view. It is one of the last surviving letters she was to ever pen. The letter was also sanctioned by her beloved husband and written about a year before her death. They bore their testimonies of the gospel which they so dearly loved. It was what they treasured above all else and wanted to record and leave for their posterity. It was who they were and what their lives were all about.



**3 Sep 1950**

**Thornton, Idaho**

My dear Children: I have just returned from Sunday School and Sacrament meeting, fixed a lunch for Grandpa and now writing to you while he eats. Only a few were out today but we had a good meeting. My class had their first lesson on the Doctrine and Covenants. As I led in it, I was inspired and thrilled at its grandeur and significance to the world. It contains the Gospel of Christ in its fullness. Also explains all the powers of the Priesthood and answers all questions that may come up in our lives and gives us promise of a glorious future if we but read its teachings and do the work it requires. I came home and read our Patriarchal blessings and was more than thrilled at the wonderful promises and blessings that we have had promised to us. I had borne my testimony but it was strengthened by what I read. I desire to do in full measure all I am asked to do and more. I pray that I may have strength to always do right. Your father and I both wish to bear to you our testimony as to the truthfulness of the gospel and to say heed its teachings, study them, then obey that you may receive all the blessings promised. Sometimes we are impatient and want to grasp all our joy now and not wait until we have earned them. When we think that, "Oh, it will come out all right for me," we are misled. It will come out all right when we have earned our blessings," then what joy will be ours. I was thrilled when I read in your father's blessing the great things that are promised him. How I rejoiced to know that I had married a man staunch in the faith, willing to do his share, patient in times of trials, never a murmur when sorrow came and realized that through that marriage in the House of the Lord for time and all eternity. I would share all those blessings and be added upon forever and forever. So once more I bear you my testimony, I know God lives, I know Joseph Smith was a true prophet, I know that the gospel is true and I know that by obeying its teachings we will find joy such as never entered into hearts and minds and which can be realized only through obedience. My prayer is that my children and children's children shall ever be true and live life's of purity. Then shall they by their obedience be blessed, blessed beyond measure! May God bless you all, everyone of you. To my grandchildren, I say Honor your father and your mother, heed their teachings and prepare yourselves for great events that are coming to pass. Prepare yourselves that you may have in a large measure a significant part in the work. Never lower your standards. Never compromise and be willing to do less or take less than you have a right to expect. Seek good company and try to be better each day of your life. May joy, peace, satisfaction, and love attend you. Mother and Dad

Heartaches may be yours now but oh the joy when you have overcome and attained the blessing. God cannot lie. He keeps all his promises. He has not promised to bless those who do not keep "True to the Faith". All this trouble in the world is here now because nations and people want what they have not earned and others suffer for their mistakes. We love you all and want the best for you. It will come by keeping true to your own self and the gospel. May God bless you with the vision and help you to keep true. Mother and Dad"<sup>15</sup>

In one of Mary's letters to her husband while on his mission dated, 30 April 1916, and in response to an apparent earlier question, Eugene had asked her if she would like for him to go on another mission, Mary conditionally replied, "No never again do I wish *you* to go *unless* I can go

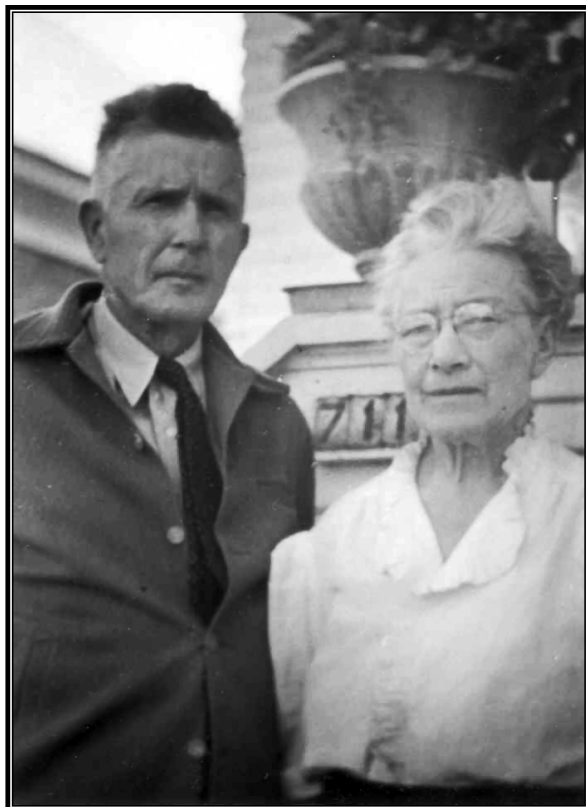
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<sup>15</sup> Letter from Mary C Smith to children and grandchildren, copy in possession of David Barkdull

with you, even when we leave this life, I would wish we could start our mission in the other estate together." I believe Mary and Eugene are doing just as they had hoped for. They grew so close during Eugene's temporal mission in the "Western States" and no doubt they continue to grow as one as they serve and love those who have continued on in the next life. Their lives and their examples have truly radiated the Gospel of Christ, His kindness and His love . . . always remaining "True to the Faith" which their parents had established for them and for each of us.

*"When I, and all were in bed, there was a most wondrous feeling of love and comfort flowing to me from the room where mother and dad were - It was like rays of sunshine, searching, penetrating to the very core of my being. I thought, "Dear God, how wonderful, what a heavenly gift to have, that ones very presence in a home could bring such a feeling of comfort and love so as to drive out all evil to such an extent that one could not even have any unkind thoughts, I will never forget it!"*

*-- Dwinna Marie Smith Bennett; daughter; May 1951*



# **APPENDIX A**

## **Smith Family Documents**

OFFICE OF  
GEO. Q. RICH,  
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.  
LOGAN, UTAH.

Logan Utah  
Nov 8<sup>th</sup> 1899,

Atty T.S. Dietrich;

Pocatello, Ida.

Dear Sir: The bearer of this is  
Eugene Smith, a Logan boy who  
is honest, trustworthy and  
industrious.

~~He~~ He is in quest of a "job" - would  
like some kind of shop work - and  
if you can give him a note to  
some of the Rail Road men (Employers)  
it would no doubt assist him,  
and you will be greatly remem-  
bered by the young man and his  
family (who are of the first water here)  
as well as myself.

With kind regards. I remain  
Yours Very Resp,  
Geo. Q. Rich

Document 1: Rich Letter

Logan, Utah. 10/23/01.

My Dear Gene:-

How is your cold? I hope it is better and that you remained at Hyrum and let mamma doctor it.

We reached Logan, all safe, at about one o'clock. It took us an unusually long time to get there, because Mr. Larson had to stop and advise each of the very numerous large

stores, factories and ware-  
houses that are situated  
in the town. Even after  
we got out of town he  
stopped the horses and  
took one farewell look  
at the beautiful sleeping  
village. He explained  
his enthusiasm to Norman  
by telling him that he  
did it all to divert my  
mind and to give me  
time to get over parting  
with you. He did it as  
a joke and did not

Document 2: Mary's Courtship Letter (2 of 5 pages)

realize how much he  
helped me.

I gave your message to  
Patience and she was  
very pleased to receive it.

She told me that your  
folks finished threshing  
yesterday and that the  
yield of grain was pretty  
good. All of your folks  
are well.

Word was just received  
by telephone, that Pete  
Anderson of the 7th Ward,  
was accidentally shot this

morning. It has not yet  
been learned whether the  
accident is of a serious  
nature or not. He was  
at Point Lockout, when  
the accident occurred.

When you get too tired to  
read any more, throw the rest  
of this scribbling away.

Wishing you success, and  
trusting that your cold  
has left you, I am, with  
best love,

Your true friend,

Mary Christensen  
Box 384.



P.S. Patience sends hello.

M.C.

Remember to write every chance  
you get and tell me where to  
address you and if you wish to  
hear from me, I will write you

M.C.

I had to open my letter, after  
getting it sealed, <sup>tell</sup> you that  
King David has lost his wife.  
She died to-day.

**Certificate of Marriage.**

STATE OF UTAH. COUNTY OF CACHE. SS

I *Hereby Certify* that on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and Twelve at Logan in said County, I the undersigned did join in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony according to the Laws of this State

Eugene Smith of the County of Beache State of Utah and Mary Christiansen of the County of Cache State of Utah

Signed Eugene Smith GROOM.  
 Signed Mary Ida Christiansen BRIDE.  
 IN THE PRESENCE OF Thomas Morgan  
Peter Hansen WITNESSES.

Document 3: Marriage Certificate

JOSEPH E. CARDON.

Nos. 81-83 North Main Street.

MELVIN J. BALLARD.



# Logan Knitting Factory,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MANUFACTURERS OF

## Union Suits, Garments, Hosiery,

And all kinds of Knit Goods, in Silk, Wool, Cotton and Mixes.



Telephone 18 X. P. O. Box 397.

Logan, Utah, June 11<sup>th</sup> 1903

Mr. Eugene Smith  
Lorens, Idaho.

Dear Husband:

It is with pleasure I write a few lines to you to let you know that we are well. We trust this letter will find you enjoying the same blessing.

Yesterday, I went to Logan and got you the money and I suppose you have received it ere this. Mr. Ballard said he would send it on the night train. I got the factory to give their personal check for the \$125.00 and promised them you would sign that Debit slip and return it to them before you gave Mr. Galbraith the check. I gave Mr. Cardon the Bank Book and \$3.90, as we only had \$121.09 in the Bank.

Eugene, your mother said she had not heard from you for several weeks and she is quite anxious to hear from you. Your folks are all well and send their regards.

They had a surprise on your father last week and gave him a nice leather bottom rocker. They gave one cousin a watch and the other a chair. Your folks have got their parlor and kitchen papered and a new carpet for the parlor. They have cut a window through the North wall in the kitchen. So they are getting fixed up well. Our cow is lost and your folks are having a time finding her. Old Knot had a colt last week but it died in two days.

Annie gave birth to an eleven pound boy last Saturday. She was very sick before its birth but is feeling fine now. The baby is black headed and brown eyed. His little left foot is ~~inward~~ but inward and they are all afraid to let Annie know it. Esther is staying with her and is afraid to sleep night or day for fear Annie will change the baby, find out and have a backset.

Dearest have you found us a house to live in yet. I am anxious to move, so as to be with you.

I have been staying with Marie the last two weeks but am going home Saturday. Next week I will commence to put up goose berries. I made me an under shirt and a dress while I have been down here and baby a dress too.

Eugene I long to be with you again. Baby is growing fast and is sweet as she can be. He laughs out loud and tries very hard to talk. Sometimes he just screams trying to talk.

accept our best love and prayers for your success. Your loving wife and baby.

P.S. Eugene when do you have to pay Mrs. Galbraith the balance of the money. I signed a note payable Mrs. Galbraith, at 10% interest per annum.

Write to me at Hyannis

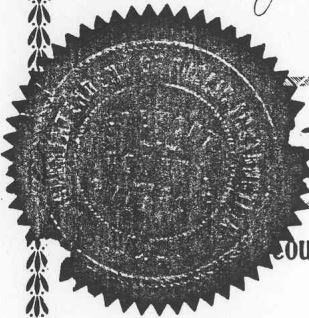
Document 4: Galbraith purchase letter (2 of 2 pages)

- Cook Steven J. and Family - Received May 31<sup>st</sup> 1903  
from Ammon ward Bingham Stake Idaho
- Smith Eugene and Wife Mary - Received Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> 1903  
from Logan 4<sup>th</sup> Ward, Cache Stake Utah
- Russell H. M. and Family - Received Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from Marion  
Ward Panguitch Stake Utah.
- Teebles Henry A. - Received Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward - Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Teebles Anneliza - Received Jan 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward - Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Teebles Joseph - Received Jan 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward - Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Teebles Barbara Ellen - Received Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Teebles Eva Amanda - Received Jan 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward - Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Teebles Julia Ann - Received Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1904 from  
Goshen Ward, Bingham Stake Idaho.
- Gallup Lydia Ann - Received Dec 13<sup>th</sup> 1903 from

Document 5: LaBelle Ward Membership Record

Expires August 29, 1907.

# State of Idaho



## Teacher's Second Grade Certificate.

County Superintendent of Public Instruction, of Fremont County.

St. Anthony, Idaho, Aug. 29, 1907.

This Certifies, That Mrs. Mary Smith is a person of good moral character, and has passed a satisfactory examination upon all the branches required to entitle her to this SECOND GRADE CERTIFICATE. She is therefore deemed qualified to teach in any Public School in the State for three years from this date, upon filing a copy of this Certificate with the County Superintendent of the County in which she desires to teach.

### STANDING IN EACH STUDY.

Orthograpy	per cent.....	88	Geography	per cent.....	91
Reading	"	96	Theory and Art of Education	"	94
Penmanship	"	86	State Constituion	"	91
Grammar	"	89	School Laws	"	89
U. S. History	"	82	Civics of U. S.	"	90
Physiology and Hygiene	"	78	General Average	"	85 1/2
Arithmetic	"	91			

Grace M. Taylor, County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Examiner.

Document 6: Teaching Certificate

## Central School

DISTRICT NO. 38

LaBelle, Fremont Co. Idaho.

Term 1904-5

COMPLIMENTS OF

Margaret Vivian Ashley, Principal  
Mary Smith, Primary

SCHOOL BOARD

J. E. Morgan, Clerk      J. B. Morgan  
David Hutchens

PUPILS

Clarence Beck	Viola Beck
Dessie Beck	Wardell Clinger
Adrian Clinger	Willie Ellis
Elmo Gallop	Eliel Gallop
Ellis Gallop	William King
Rosa Love	Dennis Larson

Grace Morgan	Ivan Morgan
Rouland Morgan	Fay Morgan
Loey Morgan	Minnie Martin
Otto Martin	Irene Martin
Myrtle Raston	Arthur Raston
Martha Spracher	John Spracher
Cora Smith	Marie Smith
Martha Anglesey	Florence Lundquist
Emma Lundquist	Lillie Lundquist
Joseph Harrop	John Harrop
	Jesse Harrop
Polly Walters	William Walters
Eugene Morgan	Lillie Larson
Mora Carpenter	William Carpenter
Martha Hutchens	William Hutchens
Vera Morgan	

Primary Department

Mark Beck	Kennett Clinger
Vivian Clinger	Henry Ellis
Escher Carpenter	Verna Carpenter
Elsie Dills	Inez Lundquist
James Ellis	Peter Ellis
Jennie Filfield	May Filfield
Leyar Gallop	Leon Hodge
Johnny Love	Roy Lundquist
Beet Harrington	Malle Harrington
Brenda Harrop	Stanley King
King	Arthur Morgan
Minnie Morgan	Willard Morgan
Lola Morgan	Elvin Morgan
Ora Morgan	Eddy Martin
Dean Larson	Eva Larson
Amelia Larson	Clay Ritter
Alberta Slater	Edward Walters
Walter Spracher	Phoebie Lord
Ruby Lord	



# SOUVENIR




KNOWLEDGE IS THE ONLY JEWEL  
THAT WILL NOT DECAY

Document 7: School Booklet

Independence, Idaho, Jun 20<sup>th</sup> 1909

Received of Mary Smith

Fifty cents Dollars

IN <u>cash</u>		<u>50</u>

CHAS. R. THOMASON,  
Bishop Independence Ward

Offerings for the worthy Poor. Per SA Brown

No. 81 \$ 50  
100

## BISHOP'S STORE HOUSE

Apr 20, 1909

This Certifies that Eugene Smith

Of Independence Ward, Presidents Stake,

Has voluntarily donated to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as Tithing,

One half DOLLARS,

IN <u>cash</u>		<u>50</u>

By Chas. R. Thomason Bishop

Documents 8: Eugene and Mary's Tithing Receipts



PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF MARY C. SMITH

Patriarchal Blessing given at Independence, Idaho, March 20, 1912 under the hands of Andrew J. Hansen upon the head of Mary C. Smith, daughter of Peter and Ane Marie Hansen-Christiansen, born at Hyrum, Cache Co., Utah, March 29, 1882

Dear Sister Mary, beloved of the Lord, I do bless you in the name of Jesus Christ with a patriarchal blessing and seal upon you the inspirations of the Holy Spirit of Promise to be unto you as a well of living water flowing up unto Eternal life. For the blessings of the eternities, the blessings of God the Father, the blessings of your ancestry beyond the veil and the blessings of your kindred spirits in yonder heavens unite together in your favor and shall be upon you. For thou art an estimable lady of the Lord, a jewel of great worth, and you shall fully make good the expectations of those interested in you, both the living and the dead.

Thou art of the household of Raith, even Israel, through the loins of Ephraim and you have been held in reserve because of your requests, that you might come forth in this the most momentous time to partake of the labors and blessings of this dispensation—fore-ordained for a great work and I seal upon you the spirit of this your mission.

The blessings of being an honored mother in Israel. The gifts of government and of wisdom and knowledge, that you may impart Gems of Truth unto those placed in your care, whom you shall rear successfully in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. You and your children shall be spared from the power of the destroyer, and no untimely deaths shall enter your home, and thus you shall know that the Lord doeth all things well, and above all you shall be able to protect your children in purity and in honor and the sufferings of remorse shall never enter into your heart. Your home shall be a house of peace, and your bed a bed of ease, and the Lord shall mete out unto you the changes of Life in much mercy and your latter days shall be your best days. You shall give and lend to the poor and needy. You shall be as a ministering angel unto the mourners and the sufferers and your name shall be had in reverent remembrance among many, and children on the right hand and on the left shall be named after you, and your name shall be had as a pleasing expression from house to house. Your abode shall ever be safe among the saints of God and when pestilence and destruction stalk abroad upon the land your house shall be protected.

I seal you up unto Eternal Life, to come forth in the first resurrection and receive principalities and powers and a kingdom that shall never fail, worlds without end, through Jesus Christ, even so, Amen.

Independence, Idaho, March 20, 1912

A BLESSING Given by ANDREW J. HANSEN, Patriarch, Upon the Head of

EUGENE SMITH

Son of Thomas X. Smith and Anna Howe

Born May 24, 1879, at Logan, Utah

DEAR BROTHER EUGENE: In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the authority of my calling I seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing and make known unto you even as the spirit shall direct the blessings in store for you and the favors of the Lord towards you; that the pathway of life may become plain unto you and that you may be inspired through its promptings to diligently pursue the calling and mission of life.

Thou art one of the favored sons of Israel, of the seed of Joseph, through the loins of Ephraim, and the blessings and the noble traits of character possessed by your ancestry and the fathers of old be upon you; the blessings of the Priesthood; the blessing of the new and everlasting covenant; the blessings of the temples of the Lord; of the spirit of Elijah are yours by birthright; the blessings of the testimony of Jesus; the gift of healing, wisdom and judgment in counsel, to be a conservative leader among your fellows; to preside and administer with dignity and in honor in the various offices of the Priesthood; to preach the gospel at home and abroad; the gift of convincing and converting the honest in heart, yea, and of being a peacemaker in Zion, shall be yours; to teach and instruct and pour oil upon the troubled waters, to comfort the widows and the orphans and to protect with a strong arm the weak and the oppressed and these labors shall swell your heart with joy and bring with them their own immediate rewards. And you shall have treasures in heaven and peace of mind and joy without alloy.

The blessings of Joseph, of this his land of inheritance shall be upon you. Yea, plenty and to spare if you shall but first seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness; then shall the earth yield unto you of its strength; flocks and herds shall multiply unto you and His blessings attend your every effort.

I bless you that you may be fruitful, even as Ephraim, and that your wife and your children shall be devoted unto you, with a love unbounded and that life shall be a constant source of satisfaction unto you. Your days shall be very many in the land and you shall be known as an honored father and as an exemplary husband and husbandman.

I seal upon you the gift of a contented mind, of full faith and confidence in your destiny and in the providences of the Lord, with power to rebuke the destroyer from your home and habitation and from those unto whom you shall be called and sent. And seal you up unto the day of redemption to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and receive all heights and depths of glory, yea, such as eye hath not seen nor ears heard, and which hath not entered into the hearts of man and be added upon for ever and ever through your faithfulness, through Jesus Christ, Amen.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 28th, 1914.

ELDER Eugene Smith,

Heise, Idaho.

DEAR BROTHER:

You have been suggested and accepted as a missionary to  
the Western States.

The work of the Lord is progressing in the nations, and faithful, energetic Elders are needed in the ministry to promulgate the Everlasting Gospel, openings for doing good appearing in numerous directions. You, with others, have been selected for this mission, should there be no reasonable obstacles to hinder you from going, we would be pleased to have you make your arrangements to start from this city at as early a date as Feby. 10th, 1915.

Please let us know at your earliest convenience, what your feelings are with regard to this call. If you accept, you will receive no further notification, but will be expected to present yourself at the President's Office, 67 East South Temple, at 9.00 a. m. on the day previous to that appointed for your departure, to make arrangements for your transportation and to be set apart.

Your brother in the Gospel,

*Joseph F. Smith*

P. S.--Please have your Bishop endorse your answer.

Nov. 1, 1915.

Mr. D. E. Burley,  
C.P.A., Oregon Short Line,  
City.

Dear Sir:

Elder Eugene Smith, one of the regularly appointed missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, holding ministers certificate No. 8014, will report here between now and Nov. 9th to leave for the mission field. Will you kindly arrange that your agent at THORNTON, IDAHO, will be instructed to sell him ticket at the clergy rate to Salt Lake and oblige.

Yours truly,

P.S.

Elder Smith has requested stop over privileges at Blackfoot, Pocatello and Cache Junction to visit relatives enroute, and if this can be arranged the favor will be appreciated. This is the matter I had up with Mr. Sutherland over the phone this a.m.

Contract

1

This agreement entered into  
This 9th day of Oct 1915 between  
Eugene Smith party of 1st part  
and George Yoe party of the 2nd part  
as follows to wit:

Party of the first part  
agrees to rent his farm consist-  
ing of Two hundred and thirty nine  
acres situated in Melba Idaho  
also the following machinery, one  
disk plow one set of Harrows, one  
header and two header Boxes one disk  
one half interest in drill one  
sleigh also work harness to party  
of 2nd part for a term of two  
years dating from Dec 1st 1915.

Party of the 1st part also  
agrees to lease all his horses  
and colts with party of 2nd part.  
Party of the 2nd part shall have

2

Use of same

Party of the 2nd part agrees  
to take good care of property, to  
summer fallow not less than  
ninety acres each season getting  
it in good condition for seeding  
and agrees to plant same  
to Turkey red wheat not later than  
Sept 16th and in addition  
to plant into Spring crops such  
amount as party of the 2nd part  
desires that is so that the total  
amount cropped shall not exceed  
one hundred and fifty acres.  
Party of the 2nd part  
agrees to do all work, pay all  
expenses with the exception of one  
half Threshing Mill (hired hands  
not included and 1/2 of seed, same  
to be furnished when needed by

party of the 2nd part he to receive his pay from grain as soon as crop is harvested.

Party of the 2nd part further agrees to take good care of mending and barners keep same in repairs and return same in as good condition as when received that is taking into consideration natural wear and tear of same.

Party of the 2nd part further agrees to keep work stock in good conditions, stand all expenses of feed, and in case of sickness of same, get medicine and service of Veterinarian if necessary, party of the 1st part, paying for his service. Party of the 2nd part agrees to take care of young horses, feeding same straw on place.

in winter and getting range or pasturage for them in summer.

Party of the 1st part shall pay for summer pasturage.

Party of the 1st part and party of the 2nd part are to share equally in all crops raised.

same to be measured and divided at thrashing machine.

\* Party of the 1st part is to have a representative at the farm, at his expense to assist in dividing of crops.

\* Party of the 2nd part is to take care of and be held responsible for party of the 1st part's grain until same is delivered on the market.

Party of the 2nd part is to receive remuneration to the amount of ten (10) cents per cwt for hauling of grain.

to market

Party of the 2nd part further agrees that the last summer he has the ranch, he will summer fallow and seed to Turkey red wheat, not later than Sept. 10th, at his own expense same amount of land, (that is  $113\frac{1}{2}$  or hundred and thirteen and one half a cre) as is seeded, when ranch is delivered to him. In the event of the failure of the party of the 2nd part to do this or if he fails to repair and seed designated amount of land each year, party of the 2nd part cannot remove, sell or use any share or part of the crop harvested the same season, until party of the 1st part shall have been reimbursed to the amount he has been required.

\* If party of the 1st part desires his share of grain to be held any length of time, he shall furnish suitable buildings for storing of same.

Party of the 1st part pays all taxes on lands.

Party of the 2nd part agrees to build a lumber stable on place in summer of 1916 and to be

J. H. Clifford	5.00
H J Moss	5.25
G. W. Summers	2.50
W S Johnson	2.50
Relief Society	5.00
Lydia Gally	50
Wiley McMurtrey	1.00
Elias Anderson	50
Thos Saxton	100
William Anderson	1.00
William Gally	
Len Morgan	35-
Willard Morgan	30
William Summers	75-
Ros Fox	50
Thos M. Gally	50
J. W. Tanner	50
George Fox	100.
R Kasman	10.0
	<hr/>
	2865

To be returned from the  
 Committee of the  
 Eugene Mission Fund

Geo. Wardley	1 00
Leon Gally	1 00
James Christensen	75
William Davis	50
Les. Garrett	50
L. L. Clifford	1 00
David Fox, jr.	35
Lewis Adanson	2 00
Andrew Hanson	50
Lavon Gally	75
Charles J. West	5 00
William Clark	50
Warren A. Clifford	50
Adrey Ainsworth	50
Herbert Ainsworth	35
Emrial McMurtry	50
Earl West	50
John W. Moss	50
Geo M Tibbitts	1 00
Loring E Tibbitts	1 00
<hr/>	
	18 70

Elmer E Clifford	1 00
J. E Durant	50
Bud Priest	50
Ernos C. Terry	75
William Harshman	1 20
Nels Anderson	1 00
Earl Neaps	50
Maras & Son by Son	1 00
Amos B Clifford	6 45
	- 50
<hr/>	
	6 95
Total to date	28 65
	18 70
<hr/>	
	3 4 30
Harrison Chambers	1 00
Etsel Wheeler	1 00
<hr/>	
	5 6 30

Money given  
 Dad, Eugene Smith  
 when he went on  
 mission from  
 Melba Ward-Antelope  
 Idaho Jefferson Stake  
 — Glance S. Anderson



Mrs. L. R. Thomason	1.00
A. O. Nelson	1.00
A. J. Tjebstam	1.00
Wilford Anderson	1.00
Green	2.00
Eva Hansen	3.00
Mrs. Mousen	3.00
Wm. Murray	10.00
G. H. Harker	3.00
Kate Riche	
Parley Riche	
Mother	eng paper
Mother	pen
Maria	knife
Jenny	Broth
Lina	"
Mable	lidly

Document 13: Eugene Mission Fund Contributions (3 of 3 pages)

No. 8014

# MINISTER'S CERTIFICATE

To all to whom this may be presented:

This Certifies that the bearer  
Elder EUGENE SMITH is in full faith and fellowship with the  
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that by its General Authorities he has been duly  
ordained a minister of said Church with authority to preach the Gospel and administer in all the  
Ordinances thereof pertaining to his office and calling. And we invite all men to give heed to his  
teachings as a servant of God, and to assist him in his travels and labors, in whatsoever things he  
may need.

*Joseph F. Smith*  
\_\_\_\_\_  
*Anthony H. Lund*  
\_\_\_\_\_

*Charles W. Penrose*  
\_\_\_\_\_  
*First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

*Salt Lake City, Utah* November 1st, 1915

Document 14: Eugene Smith's Minister Certificate

Madison County, State of Idaho No. 18

# TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE

## SECOND GRADE

This Certifies that Mary G. Smith

is a person of good moral character, and has passed an examination in all branches required by law for a Second Grade Certificate and has given satisfactory proof of having taught successfully in the public schools for eight months. Therefore she is entitled to this Second Grade Certificate and is licensed to teach in the State of Idaho for a period of three years from the date hereof, unless this certificate is sooner revoked.

The following is \_\_\_\_\_ standing in the several branches upon the scale of 100.

Orthography.....	88	Grammar.....	91	Catalogues and Use of School Libraries.....	100
Orthography.....	96	Geography.....	94	AVERAGE.....	
Pedagogy.....	86	U. S. History.....	90		
Pennmanship.....	91	Physiology.....	85	Days Attendance at Last Court Institute.....	5
Arithmetic.....		School Law.....	85		
Elementary Composition.....		Civil Government.....	85		

Date Issued Jan 18 1916  
 Date Expires Jan 18 1919

  
 County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

[SEAL]

1916-1917

1916-1917

Document 15: Mary's 16 January 1916 Teaching Certificate

THE  
Juvenile Instructor

866

Vol. LI

JANUARY 1916

No. 1

1916



Document 16: Juvenile Instructor Article - "The Heart of the Rose"

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD"

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Designed Expressly for the Education  
and Elevation of the Young

---

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

---

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, Editor  
GEORGE D. PYPER, Associate Editor

---

VOLUME LI, for 1916

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
1916



ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. LI.

JANUARY, 1916.

No. 1

## The Heart of the Rose\*

By Mabel A. McKee.

He was her brother. The thought gave her the same thrill this morning as it had given her on a morning seventeen years back, when the old family doctor had laid a tiny bundle in her arms and said, "You'll have to be his sister and mother both, Elizabeth."

Her twelve years then hung heavily on her; her little face, stained with the marks of recent tears, took on a warmer glow as she touched the baby's hand. She had unfolded the baby blanket and slipped on his first little clothes. And as she dressed him, she felt a sense of loss; with every fresh garment he seemed to become less of an angel and more of a human being. The same feeling of loss was now in her heart as she folded his great Indian blankets, slipped his photographs into the case and filled the nooks and crevices of his trunk with "little surprises" to drive away the first bitter longings for home. She lifted a thick white wool sweater; it brought the memory of a little soft flannel shirt. She buried her face in its folds and murmured in a tearful voice, "Why, he is my man brother and I am sending him from home to college."

\*Copyright, 1913, by Fleming H. Revell Company. Used by permission.

His foot sounded on the stairway; his clear boyish voice called, "Beth, where are you?"

Before she could answer he entered the room. Throwing several bundles onto the bed, he gave a sigh of relief. He tugged impatiently at the strings as he explained: "These are some things the girls made me. It's great to be going away, isn't it? Why, I feel just like I was getting out of a cage; I feel like I was going to fly. Say, what is this, anyway?"

He held up a small book, shaped to resemble the bud of a flower. It was made of white water-color paper and every leaf was fastened to the other leaves by small, white cords. On the front was the picture of a baby; on the back was a pair of black kid doll shoes.

"Where did you get it?" his sister asked.

"Rose gave it to me; she told me a long time ago that she was making me a book of memories; that I was to open just one page a week. That's my baby picture, all right, but why on earth has she put those doll slippers on the back? And why is it shaped in this funny way? What makes girls such queer creatures, anyway, Beth?"

She laughed. "I guess, Floyd, if

this is a book of memories, that last page is to picture the last great event of your life—your graduation night. Don't you remember how your new patent leathers pinched your feet, so that you limped across the platform after your diploma? It is shaped like a rosebud, for it is like that. Every week you will open a new petal, and finally, when you have opened them all, it will be a full-blown rose. When you come back Rose will have unfolded a few petals, too."

"Well, I am going to unfold every one of these right now. I never could wait that long to see what is in the centre. Of course I have a vague idea, but I want to be sure. So in two minutes we will know this mystery."

"No," she said firmly, taking the book from his hand. "What would the book mean to you then, Floyd? Every particle of the pleasure—the expectation—would be gone. It took Rose a long time to make this book, and you surely would not destroy its value in a few minutes. She even formed every leaf like a petal, so that it would give you the pleasure of watching it unfold like a real rose. It is just a symbol of herself—a little bud of promise."

"She's great to think of all that; I like her. Oh, she and Dorothy are going to stop a minute tonight; Dot has something for me and I want them to see some of my things. But I do want to open this book. I guess I will give it to you to keep until I am ready to shut this trunk, so it won't be such a temptation. But let's eat pretty soon; I am simply starved."

At the supper table he talked incessantly of his departure. One moment he wished that she could go along; the next he exulted over the idea of being in a house with a crowd of fellows. While he talked a boy came to the door and was dragged in by a ruthless hand. While they ate quantities of hot waffles they talked of the "fellows and girls." For the most part

they talked of the girls. The sister heard new phrases—a new language; he had always used a different one to her. They spoke of girls as "four-flushers," as "easies," as "stiffs" and "stand-patters." Occasionally Floyd stopped in the centre of a remark and nodded his head warningly towards his sister, but the talkative John rambled on, speaking in a free and easy way of the girls he had grown up with.

During the last year Floyd had ceased to talk to his sister about his girl friends, and they seldom came to his home. In her presence his comrades talked continually of school; but if she was busy near she could hear them laughing and chatting in tones different from the ones they used when she was there. She had tried in every way she could to attract them to her home, for formerly they had come in great crowds. But Floyd did not seem to want them; he preferred going to their homes. At times she wondered if she had been in their way when they had come.

When the two girls came she greeted them warmly; they had belonged to the crowd which had come in the past often for cookies and for help in long, knotty problems. Then, thinking they might not remain if she was present, she went into the next room. Through the open door she watched them. She could not help watching; she had been deprived of all her girlhood and now she wanted to enjoy theirs.

Dorothy, a dimpled, laughing girl with great, brown eyes and masses of curls which were always rumped, threw her hat into a chair and was soon seated between the two boys, showing them the posters she had made for Floyd. The sister saw Floyd move very close to the girl and lay his hand on her shoulder with a caressing movement; she caught the glance that he gave—a glance full of bold admiration and meaning. Rose stood near the table, watching the other girl. In her eyes was a look of longing, and yet it was mingled with fear. The three on

the sofa soon drew her into their circle. John was open in his admiration of both girls; he tried to distribute his caresses with an impartial hand, but the little Rose drew away with that expression of dread in her eyes. Floyd was not so bold; he lightly laid his hand on her hand, and when she did not resent it clasped it more firmly. Her face flushed, but she suffered the hand to remain.

Elizabeth was called from the room by some visitors. When they had finally gone she came back to her former seat. She saw a new brother, a different one from the one she knew. He was talking in a boisterous tone.

"When are you going to kiss me good-bye, Dot?" he asked.

"Right at the station," she answered laughingly.

"Honor bright?" he asked.

"Honor bright," she promised.

"You are all right," he exclaimed. "Rose is too bashful for that." Then he hinted, "But you see I am going to take her home tonight."

Rose colored as he gave her a significant look. She pushed his hand from her arm and walked to the piano. But there was a wavering, an uncertainty in her face. He had been her comrade so long and she really liked him.

The watching sister made a quick decision. When the girls rose to go, she stood up saying, "Floyd, I want you and John to watch the house. I have to see Rose's mother tonight; tomorrow you can see the girls again."

There came a flush of annoyance on the boyish face, followed by one of anger. He knew his sister had been listening. But he was still too loyal to criticize her to John, who, when they were alone, openly denounced her for her meddling.

When she returned Floyd was alone. He sat sulky and silent. She busied herself with the household cares for a few minutes. Soon she went over to the lounge and sat down beside him. She put her arm around him and

kissed his forehead. "Let's don't be angry on our last night," she begged.

"Why did you do it?" he asked. "I know you heard what I said to Rose, but what is she to you?"

"A great deal," she responded, "but not so much as the boy I love so dearly—the boy I have been a mother to, and yet I haven't been a true mother, for I never have talked to you of these things because they were hard. You see I have failed in my duty."

Instantly he was all tenderness. He drew her down into his boyish long arms and laid his head against hers. "You have not failed in anything, you darling!" he cried. "But it wouldn't hurt me. I'm a man. All the fellows do that way."

"How do you know?"

"They tell about it. We don't all talk about it in a crowd, but just when we are together, like John and me."

"Does John treat Rose that way?"

The boy grew warm in a minute. "He'd better not; he went too far to suit me tonight."

"Why did he?" she asked quietly. "You were rather free towards Dorothy."

"Dorothy is different; she's a—she's—well, she's a jolly good fellow, but Rose—well, I like Rose, and every fellow better keep his hands off her. I don't want a girl all the fellows can love; but I'm different. Those things don't hurt a fellow; he's coarser and—well, it's expected of him."

"But they do hurt you," she said. "The little book of memories that Rose gave you this afternoon told a story of its own. I am going to tell you this story."

He looked away into the distance, and she began.

"Once there was a man who went into a garden. All around him were beautiful roses of all colors. But he chose a little white bud for his. He chose it because it was pure and white, but most of all because it was closed. No other person could see into its heart. While he was waiting for it to



unfold he walked around to enjoy the other flowers. He studied their coloring and he breathed their perfume. For a long time he enjoyed this; then he wanted to get nearer to these roses, to handle them. Other travelers were handling them and they seemed to enjoy themselves more than he did. So he touched one rather timidly; others he was not so careful with. At last he grew tired and wandered back to his own rosebud and lo! it had opened. It stood the whitest and most fragrant rose in the garden, and its heart was the dewiest and most tender. But he remembered the crimson roses and it seemed too white. Then he could not detect its fragrance, for he had killed his sense of smell by its abuse with the other roses, some of which stood as high and beautiful as before, but others were left bruised and broken by his ruthless desire to please, yes, to indulge himself. As he plucked his own rose, he was aware of no sense of joy over it, except from pride, for many travelers cast him envious glances. But he could not see its unusual beauty; he could not get the fragrance from its heart, because his sense of sight had been dulled by the brilliancy of the other flowers and his sense of smell by their odor.

"Nor did he think of the little buds in the garden that he had touched and then left. They would perhaps open, but the petals he had touched would always be brown and torn. The passers-by might not see them when the flowers had opened and revealed their hearts, but the men who had plucked them would—not at once, but when they had become less entranced and were seeking for defects. Then perhaps they would throw the roses away. But the man who had the perfect rose—the one which was perfect because it had been well protected—did not know of the havoc he had wrought. He was too much interested in wondering why he did not enjoy his rose, why it seemed so commonplace and really tiresome. He did not

know that it was he who had become unable to appreciate it, through his own indulgence begun in an idle moment, while he had waited for his flower to blossom."

She paused to look into his face. He was listening. Then she went on:

"You say you are a man; you have only thought of one side; you have only wanted the perfect rose. You may get one, but if you do it will be one which has been carefully guarded. You are not intending to break or bruise the other roses; you are just going to handle them because the other boys do. You will enjoy their fragrance, but you will leave wounded petals. Then after a time, if you travel far enough into the garden, you will grow indifferent to the havoc you are doing and will carelessly crush the flowers. You may grow so cruel that you will enjoy it. There are men who do, and they started out as free from intention to harm as you were tonight. You caressed Dorothy; John caressed her. The next boy who comes along will find it easier to be free with her, and unless there is some one who cares enough to guard her she will be torn from the stem before she has blossomed. If you had kissed Rose tonight it would have been easy for you to kiss her again. You haven't yet, have you?"

He shook his head.

"I am so glad," she continued. "It will be so much better for her. If she permits you these familiarities she will permit others the same ones. She may soon become as reckless as Dorothy, and then we dare not think of the future. You can see now what a wonderful flower she promises to make. She is a perfect little bud. Would you not hate to think that you were spoiling the promise of that bud?"

"Forgive me for being so cross," he begged.

"Yes, dear," and she kissed his lips. "But we are going to look at your side now. God made you so that you have certain desires, certain cravings, that

you are to control. Many men will say that they are only to be satisfied, but we know better. The first kiss you give to a girl thrills you—really it is one of the greatest minutes of your life. The next girl you kiss seems less of a pleasure. Then after a while it becomes a mere habit; it loses all sense of enjoyment—the holiness has long since been done away with. Stronger desires than kissing arise and soon you are not the man God intended you to be. You will have a low idea of women. Even your wife, if you get the sweetest and purest in the world, will not seem so to you. Marriage will not be a sacred fulfillment; it will be a commonplace event.”

His arms had tightened around her, but he was silent.

“And,” she continued, “your future career as a man will be touched. You cannot think clearly or act quickly when any of the senses of your body have been impaired. Lust kills ambition, ability and power. I do not mean that every boy who starts in this way has the same fatal ending, but a great many do. There is the half-way place where many men stop; yet you will find they are not real men. It will be so much holier and better to stay at the beginning.”

She sat silent, waiting for him to speak. At last he did. “Of course, Beth, I wouldn’t want to go even half-way, now; I wouldn’t even want to touch”—and a tender smile played around his lips—“any roses but one. But I cannot see yet why I can’t let her know that I care for her; I will be constant. I want to like her and I want her to like me.”

She drew a sharp breath. “You mean you will crush the petals of your own rose, and then enjoy the heart when it is opened. When you come back you may not even want to see that heart; you are just a boy. If you do, there will be times when you will see those crushed petals and be sorry. You may blame yourself, but you will probably blame Rose. You may grow so

discontented that you will blame another man. If you know she allowed you these caresses, these little familiarities, you will think she would allow others.”

He spoke with pride. “I know Rose.”

“We will look at it from her side. After she realizes those petals have been crushed by you she may be afraid of the future. She may be afraid that you have wandered far into the garden and come back to her a worn-out traveler. She may be afraid that you will not appreciate her and that you will not deal rightly with her.”

He laughed. “I am not afraid of that.”

“Other girls just as constant in their friendship as Rose have felt that way,” she said in a low voice.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“My dear boy, I have a few wilted petals and I know how they feel. You see, I was like you are. There was no one to guard me and I did just what any girl will do who does not think. But I realized in time to save myself from only a few brown ones, and I want to save every girl I can. We were young and thought we knew our hearts. My, how they changed! But they couldn’t change those bruised petals.”

He gave a hurt cry, but he saw a face free from suffering. It held only love for him.

“Floyd, I want to give the world a noble man. That is the dearest wish of every woman. I want to give some woman a pure husband; and oh, my darling boy, I want to give you life in its best and purest forms. I put the first little garment on your little body; I changed you from a little angel to a human being, and I must care for that human being.”

“You angel!” he murmured.

She lifted his chin and looked into her clear eyes.

“I promise,” he said in a low tone.

“It will not be easy, dear. You will have to refuse to listen to other boys,

you will have to read only good books and you will have to think pure thoughts. Rose's little book will help you. You can see the baby that I am trying to keep pure and help me do it; you can see those doll shoes and remember how you suffered on the night you wanted to be happy, because you wanted to do as 'the fellows' did. You were so anxious to know what was in

the heart of the rose book. I do not know, but she did tell me this. On the second petal—and you must look at it every day—is the little picture of Sir Galahad which your first teacher gave you. Do you remember it?"

The boy smiled dreamily as he quoted:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."

### In My Mother's Eyes ✓

By R. A. A. R.

Mother mine, in your dear eyes,  
Of late a look of strangeness lies.  
Serenely beauteous there it dwells  
Like deep'ning mist in mountain dells  
Ere morning sun rays piercing through  
Hath brightened dawning into blue.

Mother mine, the meaning there,  
Translated, is your earnest prayer  
That constantly by day or night  
You offered up to know aright.  
And tremblingly you're praying still  
For yet the strength to bear His will.

Mother mine, that dawning light  
Doth prove you heir to mansions bright;  
Yet to my fearing human heart  
It sends a pang while tear drops start—  
Many years you may not stay;  
You wait the beams of God's glad day.

Mother mine, that holy glow  
Hath God placed there that all may know  
Upon thy work He sets His seal;  
For thee all early woe shall heal.  
Mother mine, I hail thee queen!  
Of rank more high than earth has seen.

When sorrow comes, dear mother mine,  
In vision be that look of thine  
Before my face to raise me up,  
That I may drink like thee my cup;  
That I may see the light afar,  
In thine eyes mirrored like a star.

STATE OF IDAHO  
TEACHER'S CONTRACT

THIS AGREEMENT, Made this 23 day of Sept., 1918  
by and between the Board of Trustees of School District No. Independent 3 of the County of Madison  
State of Idaho, party of the first part, and Mary C. Smith  
of Thornton, Idaho party of the second part,

WITNESSETH: That the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the services herein-  
after agreed to be rendered by said School District, agrees to employ, and does by these presents employ  
the party of the second part as teacher of District No. Independent 3 of the County of Madison  
for a period of eight school months from and after the 23 day of Sept., 1918  
and agrees to pay to the party of the second part for the said services the sum of One Hundred Twenty five  
Dollars (\$ 125.00) per month to be paid at the end of each school month during the term of said cur-  
rent school year.

The party of the second part, for and in consideration of the sum above agreed upon and the premises  
herein contained, agrees to teach the school in the above mentioned district in a thorough and professional man-  
ner; to maintain proper order and discipline in said school; to conduct the said school in accordance with  
the laws of the State of Idaho and in accordance with the regulations adopted by the State Board of Edu-  
cation and the directions of the County Superintendent of Madison County, Idaho; to also prepare and  
forward to the proper officials all required school reports; to make such reports to the parents of the prog-  
ress and conduct of the pupils as may be required or may be deemed advisable; to maintain the school room  
in proper and sanitary condition so far as this is the proper function of the teacher; and at the expiration of  
the term of office to turn over to the proper authorities all books, records, reports, and properties belonging  
to the said District.

The party of the second part further agrees in case of her desire to terminate this contract, to  
make a written application for such cancellation to the party of the first part at least thirty (30) days prior  
to the date on which it is proposed to make such cancellation.

The party of the first part agrees, in case it desires to terminate this contract at a date earlier than  
that specified herein, (except in case of removal for just cause as provided for by Sec. 58a of the School  
Laws, or for breach of contract), that at least thirty (30) days' written notice of such proposed cancella-  
tion shall be given to the party of the second part by the party of the first part.

It is mutually agreed and understood that such cancellation of contract cannot be made by either  
party without the written consent of the other party hereto.

It is further understood that the refusal of the party of the second part to carry out and fulfill the  
agreements made herein, is deemed by the State Board of Education as sufficient grounds for the revoca-  
tion of the certificate of said second party to teach school in the State of Idaho.

It is hereby mutually stipulated and agreed by and between the parties hereto, that nothing herein  
contained shall operate or be construed as a waiver of any of the rights, powers, privileges or duties of either  
party hereto, by or under the laws of the State of Idaho, otherwise than is herein expressly stated.

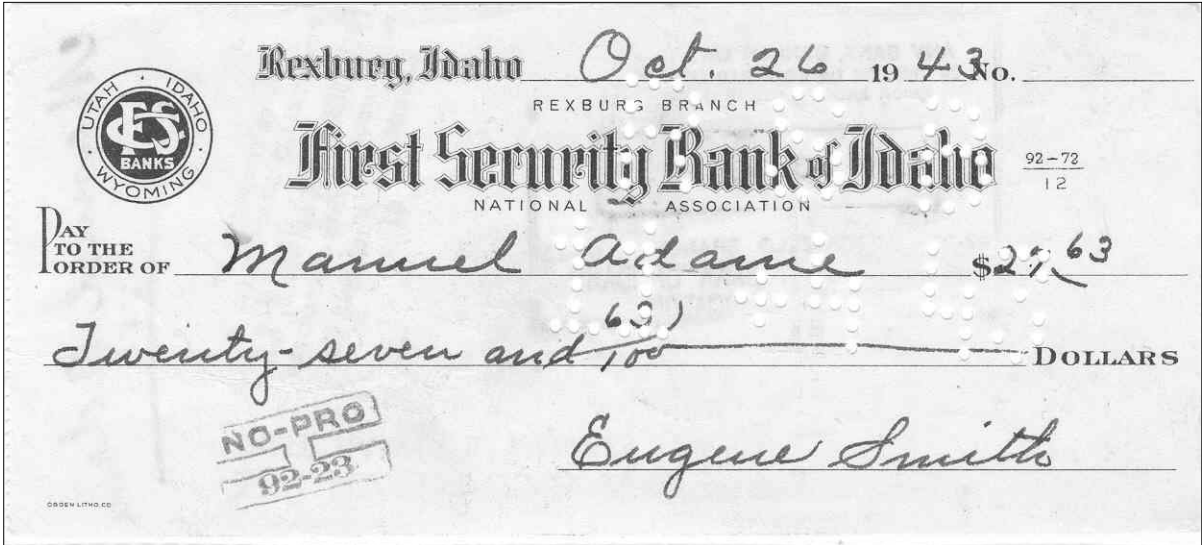
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands the day and year first above written at  
Cedar Point, County of Madison, State of Idaho.

Cedar Point Independent  
School District No. 3  
County of Madison, State of Idaho

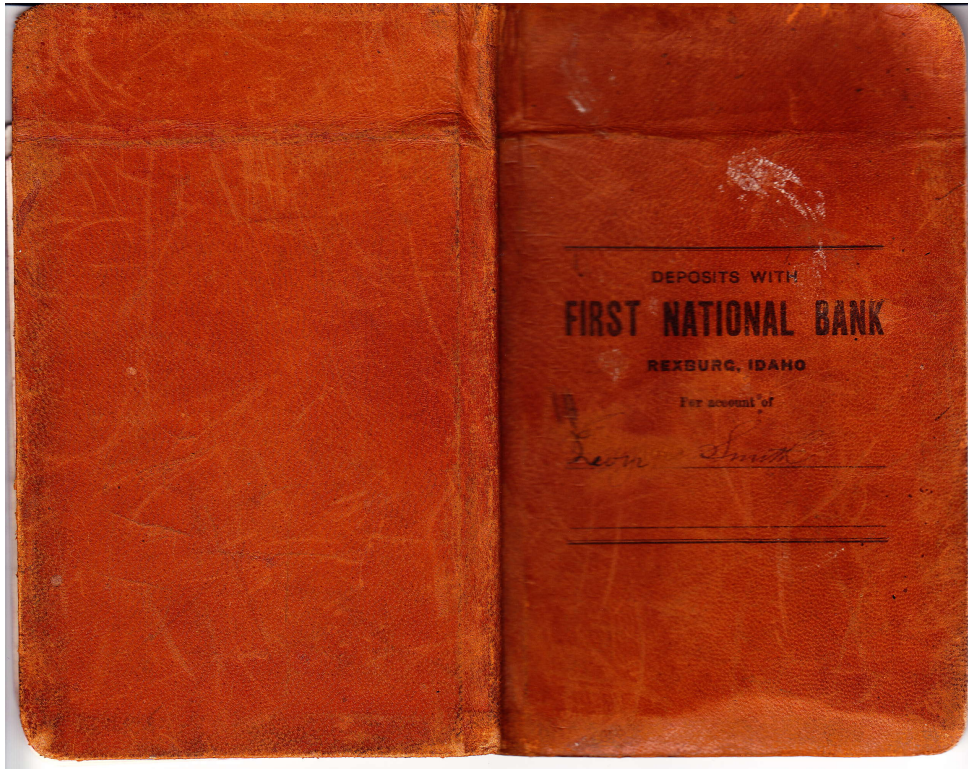
By J. A. Johnson Chairman  
W. G. Ricketts Clerk  
Parties of the First Part.

WITNESSES:

Mary C. Smith  
Teacher



Document 18: Manuel Adams Pay Check



Document 19: Smith Account Ledger, Cover

Date	Description	Debit	Credit	Balance
1918				
7/11	To Farmer's Imp	802		
	" C.W. & M. Co	100 00		
	" " "	2 50		
	" Flamms	31 85		
	" Mortgage System	250 00		
	" Sims Co.	39 55		
	" Sybil Wyatt	195		
	" Miller Bros	10 00		
	" R.G. Hill cutting	41 25		
9/12	" " " feed bill	15 75		
	" " labor	1 05		
	" labor Helison	100		
1/13	" Note let W. Bk	400		
	" Taxes "Lot"	16 33		
	Total	919 25		
	Rec'd Cash		385 10	
	" Barley		887 00	
	" Barley wheat		275 10	
	" wheat R.		96 47	
	" Barley R.		57 75	
	" Oats		73 80	
	" Lots Rexburg		200 00	
	" Int. on above		11 33	
			1488 25	

Document 19: Smith Account Ledger, Page 1

	Footings paid	91923		Footings forward	148823
Dec. 6	Int. Mortgage <sup>7/8</sup>	22000		Due from Ballyf	225
" "	" 2nd " Cru	5500		Recd " Loan	11923
" 19	Pd. Victrola	10000		" from wheat <sup>7/10</sup>	19275
" "	To Overcoat	25000			
" "	" underwear <sup>4.00</sup> <sup>light</sup> <sup>2.50</sup>	435			
" "	" coat stockings post <sup>6.90</sup> <sup>1.32</sup>	838			
" "	" Rev. stamps <sup>ad</sup> <sup>ded</sup>	100			
" 14	wages A. Atw	4210			
" "	# rubber scissors <sup>button</sup>				
	groceries acct	675			
" 16	Coal acct	1595			
	Flour "	330			
	Total	146328			180250

Document 19: Smith Account Ledger, Page 2

	Dr. Footings	146328		Dr. Footings	180250
" 16	To thrashing	1156672		By oats	8800
" "	" coal	935		" Int. Adams <sup>note</sup>	33600
" "	" Ash lumber	1935		" Wheat	259836
" "	" Liberty Bond	41900		" "	"
" 19	" Paint	200			
" "	" Note Comstock	55000			
" "	" Bills Pay. Int. N.B.	110954			
" "	" Lachs R. Elevator	6000			
" "	" C.W.M. Co Mach.	5382			
" "	" " " Lumber	225			
" "	" " " plow <sup>ect</sup>	10000			
" "	" Bills pay. Int. National <sup>glass</sup> <sup>3.5</sup> <sup>J.R.</sup>	23750			
" "	" Carriages <sup>7.00</sup> <sup>young</sup>	975			
	Total	375321			482486

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	Footings	375321	Dec. 20	Footings	482486
Dec. 20	10 Farmers Sup Co.	802		By wheat sacks	6000
"	" Sims Co.	3935			
"	" Flamans	500			
"	" Orsen DeMott	1000			
"	" Change Brooming	100			
"	" wife	12500			
"	" groceries ect	945			
	Bal on hand	93163	Dec 20	Bal on hand	<del>93163</del>
	Total	488486			488486
			Dec 20	Bal on hand	93163
				<i>mistake of Drup Co</i>	
				By Mrs C.W.N. interest	14137
			Dec 20	Bal on hand	107300

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	Change Dr. Mercal	1000	Jan 18	Bal. on ha.	109300
	horse bill	1000			
	To thrashing	72652			
	" Levee	200			
	" clothing	2300			
	" Mission <sup>donation</sup>	300			
	" mother	250			
	" Lev labor	600			
	" haircut ect	100			
	" blacksmith	1000			
	" breed bill	400			
	" stitching	500			
	" Groceries	110			
		18625			

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