

*WENDELL HAWS EYRING SR.*  
*LIFE STORY*

**Born September 23, 1918**

By: Wendell Haws Eyring Sr.

With assistance from:

Twila Edith Eyring, youngest of 10 children

Dictated to audio cassette by Wendell Haws Eyring Sr.

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WENDELL HAWS EYRING SR. LIFE STORY  
By: Wendell Haws Eyring Sr.

I was born the 23rd of September 1918 in Mesa, Arizona. I was born at the house. My father was working as a foreman on a 640-acre ranch located on the west side of Gilbert Road between Baseline and Southern Ave. The house was in the middle of the section. That would put it the north side of the Superstition freeway one-half mile east of Gilbert Rd. On the ranch the principle crop grown was cotton. They used Mexican help. My Dad was familiar with the Mexican people and well versed in the Mexican language. He grew up there.

The first place I remember was a half a mile north of Gilbert on Southern Ave. As the crow flies it was just a half a mile from where I was born. There was no road through so you had to go a mile and a half to get between the 2 places. My sister Lucile was born when we lived on Southern and Gilbert.

I remember when they paved Southern Avenue. I think a lot of East Mesa and Gilbert streets were paved at that time. When Southern was paved they had a little narrow gauge railroad right along the side to carry their materials. They apparently poured it in sections. I remember they put dirt around the edges and filled it full of water to cure it. That's a practice that still goes on so it won't dry too fast. As it dries it tends to shrink a little. Inside is still expanding and the outside is starting to shrink. That's when it gets cracks.

One time when my Dad was mowing hay I decided to go out in the field where he was. I recall I had a hard time walking through the tall alfalfa, so I must not have been very big. It's interesting that a large number of my younger growing-up years were within a mile of Southern and Gilbert near the middle of the section where I was born.

We had a model T Ford for transportation. When we went to visit my Dad's mother, my Grandmother Eyring, we went in the Model T. She lived in Snowflake with Uncle William and Aunt Fern Smith. We had a lot of trouble with the mountain roads. Going down into White River it was so steep, my Daddy had us walk while he drove down the steep hill. We came back through Flagstaff. We stayed overnight in Flagstaff where we drove the car inside the motel room to protect it from the cold.

We moved into town right across the street from the Lincoln School. Lincoln school is located about Center and 2nd Avenue in Mesa. The high school was across the street. The church has a seminary building there now.

I went to school there through the third grade. My brother Carl was born while we lived in town. The place where we lived was kitty-cornered across the street from Mesa High school on the Northwest corner of 2nd Ave. and Center. I was in about kindergarten and first grade when we moved there.

They had a fire in the basement of the Lincoln school when I was there. It burned a hole in the floor in the middle of the hall. At the school the hallway came into a central area. The spot right in the center had a hole in it. I don't think it actually affected any of the classrooms. The hole was part of the hallway.

I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 3 October 1926. My father did not do the ordinances. I don't know why he didn't. It wasn't as common in those days for the father to do the ordinances.

As a boy growing up we had family prayer. My parents, my brother, sisters and I knelt and prayed together each morning and each evening. After family prayer we would then sit at the table for our meals. Another short prayer was offered asking a blessing on the food. After Verda and I were married we continued this practice of kneeling twice a day for family prayer

I remember one Christmas when I was young, we didn't have much money. We cut up newspaper and made the strips into chains to hang on the tree. Our Christmas tree that year was a branch cut out of a tamarack tree. We were just as happy that Christmas as any other Christmas. You don't need a lot of money to be happy.

We moved to Gilbert one-half mile South of where I was born on Baseline Road. There was no road in between so there was one mile and a half apart by the road. We were out there three years. This was on the Kanabe ranch. I must have caught the bus to finish out third grade in Mesa. Then I must have caught the bus back to 5th grade in Mesa. I caught the bus at the corner of Baseline and Gilbert to go to Mesa. The Gilbert bus went right past the house. I went to Gilbert to school in the 4th grade. The rest of the time I went to Mesa to school until 1934.

On the Kanabe ranch we had a water tower with a windmill to pump water up from the well. We used a coal oil lamp for lighting. When we lived on the Kanabe ranch, we got a piano for Christmas. It was a player piano. It had rolls of paper on cylinders with holes in the paper. You put the rolls in and pumped some pedals to create a vacuum. As the paper moved across

the bar air was sucked through the holes to make the piano play a tune. Pat still has that piano but without the player part.

My mother was a good cook. I liked most of the things she fixed. But I didn't like Swiss chard, beets or sauerkraut. I don't like cooked vegetables. I like to eat carrots, turnips, tomatoes and other vegetables raw. I do like corn and peas cooked. Mother also made good homemade bread. She preferred using a wood stove to bake her bread. She said it cooked more evenly.

When my mother found cabbage on sale, she would buy large quantities of it. She'd bring it home and cut it up. Then she'd put it in a large crock with a lid on it. She put a big rock on top of the lid to weigh it down. When the cabbage had fermented into sauerkraut then she'd serve it to the family. I didn't like it.

My mother made her own raisins. She would buy the grapes locally, usually picking her own during harvest. Then she would take them home and put them on the roof of the house to dry.

About 4th and 5th grade I'd go out and get tarantulas. When my cousins would come for a visit, we'd get a bucket of water and go along the fence rows and find a hole that looked like a gopher hole but it had a spider web around the mouth of the hole. We would pour in water and out would come a large, hairy spider called a tarantula. They were a little bit poisonous but nobody ever got bit. If you put a bowl that was 4 inches in diameter over them they would be able to touch all four sides.

My Dad had two big draft horses. One was named Nick. The other was named Dare. He'd had these horses since they were colts, about 3 years old or less. I don't know if he was the one who actually broke them. They were ornery horses until you got them harnessed up. When they weren't working regularly the only way you could catch them would be to rope them. When we had alfalfa and were raking and mowing every day he'd turn the horses loose there into the big field. Dare he could catch if they had been working regular. He'd catch him and tie him to the fence. Then he'd get Nick to go up behind him between the fence and Dare. Then he would catch Nick. But if they had been 30 days or 6 weeks without working he had to rope them. You'd think that horses that were that high strung would be hard to work with but they weren't. Once you put the harness on them they worked. They were Percherons. They were gray. Most of the horses weren't that big but they weren't like the big Clydesdales. They were the next step down.

When living on the Kanabe ranch when I was about in the 4th grade, I got into the back of the wagon. We'd gone into Mesa about Broadway and Center across the street from where the old Mesa High school gym on Broadway is. There was a cotton gin there. That's where we brought the cotton in. The horses were pointed toward home and were ready to go. My Daddy was talking to someone. We were close to the railroad. The horses' front feet were already near the street and they decided it was time to go. They were pointed in that direction. They wanted to go home so they started for home. I was about half way up the back of the wagon on the ladder climbing up. I went on up and got inside. I remember seeing somebody cut across and heading us off as we were heading toward Broadway. I thought it was my Dad but later my Dad told me he had hold of those horses. He'd gotten a hold of them before they went very far and he was hanging onto their heads. They were big horses. He pulled one of them to his knees several times before he finally got them stopped. The guy cutting across was coming to help but my Daddy was able to slow them down. Broadway was paved and Mesa Drive was paved. When those horses hit that corner, they would have turned. They would have probably slipped and fallen. No telling what might have happened. They were going in a dead run and they'd have turned at that corner. It could have been bad news.

While we were living on the Kanabe place, I had my tonsils taken out. It was done at the doctor's clinic, which was located on the NW corner of Macdonald and 1st Avenue in Mesa. They put a wet cloth over my eyes explaining that it was so the ether wouldn't burn my eyes. It did begin to burn my eyes. I fell asleep saying, "My eyes are burning, my eyes are burning." When I woke after the surgery the first words out of my mouth were, "My eyes are burning, my eyes are burning." My Dad held me down.

When we were farming that place, the 80 acres we had rented it was called Versailles place. Farmers would help each other plow each other's field. One farmer would irrigate his place then several of the other farmers would bring in the teams of horses and plow the field before it got too hard. My Dad said as the day progressed as he was plowing he could lap the other horses. They just moved out. It wasn't real pronounced but during the day he could make an extra round on them. The horses' names were Nick and Dare. The one was named after Dare LeBaron in Mexico. Nick was more of a chunky horse. Dare was more slender.

In the summer time, June and July, you could hear Nick a mile away. He'd huff and puff. He'd never been hurt however you sure could hear him blowing.

One night when Daddy was irrigating he drove the car into the alfalfa field so he wouldn't have to walk to find out how far the water had progressed in the field. It was wet. The water had moved along faster than he expected. He turned the car and crossed a border; because the ground was wet, he got stuck. He walked back to the house and got his horses to pull the car out. The ground was too wet and they weren't able to pull the car out of the mud. He had to leave the car in the field a couple of days. When the field had dried out, he used the horses to get the car out.

When I was about 9 or 10 years old I was pestering my sister Lucile who is 5 years younger. She had a little pair of manicure scissors in her hand. She got tired of me pestering her so she stabbed me in the knee with those scissors. I still have the scar.

We didn't live on the Versailles place. We lived on the Kanabe ranch. Both places were on the same 640-acre section of land south of Baseline between Gilbert and Lindsay roads. There was a farm between the two properties that my Dad farmed.

The folks had a friend, J.C. Anderson, who bought 10 acres in Mesa on what is now East University. He came out to see Daddy about buying half because he didn't want the full ten acres. They made a deal and my Daddy bought that property. When we first moved, there we used water from J.C. Anderson's pump. Grandpa Haws, my Mom's father, came and helped build us a house. He was a carpenter and Uncle Lynn, my Mom's brother, was there helping.

My Dad continued farming at the Versailles (verse-uh-luhs) place for a year or two after we moved to the 5 acres on University.

The alfalfa had to be cut with a horse drawn mower. The weight of the mowing machine was on the tongue. It was apportioned that way to turn the wheels, which turned the sickle bar to cut the hay. This weight rested on the backs of the horses. They often got sores on top of their necks. One time when my Dad was harnessing the horses Dare lunged & his hoof came down on Daddy's foot. He didn't want that collar on his neck. The ground was soft so my Dad's foot wasn't broken but there was a hoof print on the ground on both sides of my Dad's foot.

Sometimes I drove the horses to rake the field. It was probably Nick and Dare who pulled the rake. The rake was 10-12 feet across. The hay was raked until there was a pile. If the hay was to be left as loose hay men would use pitchforks to load onto

a wagon. When the wagon was full, it would be driven out of the field to a dry area and stacked into a big pile of lose hay.

A buck rake was used if the hay was to be made into bales. It would pick up the hay that had been raked into windrows. The horses pushed the buck rake. The tines of the buck rake were in front and would pick up the rows of lose hay. When it was loaded with hay it would be taken to the center of the field where the baler was. It was dumped into a big pile. The baler was a wagon with an A-frame on top. The hay was hoisted up using a horse to pull the load up. When it had reached the height needed the horse would back up.

About 1927-1928 Salt River Project decided to sell electricity to individuals. Originally the power from Roosevelt Dam was sold to the mines up in Globe/Superior area. They didn't plan on much residential but as the residential areas started growing the people started wanting some of it. They finally made a deal to sign up everybody for \$25. This amount was charged so SRP could afford it. They couldn't afford to put a couple of miles of line for only one house so they signed up everybody at the same time. We had 25-cycle electricity. You could see your lights blinking. It was alternating current. For the big motors they used in the mines that was the best type of electricity.

We also got city water about this time. All the residents along University between Stapley and Mesa Drive dug a trench and put in a 2-inch galvanized water line. A pipe was run from the main line to each house. The city reimbursed the residents for the cost of putting in the line.

In November 1928 the first paying fliers flew out of Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport.

Sometime between 1927 and 1929 my Dad's sister, Aunt Annie Taylor, came to stay with us one winter. We were living on the 5 acres on University. She'd go to the temple and at that time in the temple you went from room to room throughout the session. When they turned the lights on in the veil room, my folks would know it was time to go get her. There was nothing between our house and the temple to block our view.

We used to go swimming in the canal. Where Horne Street in Mesa crosses the canal is where we did most of our swimming. In those days Horne did not cross the canal. We went in the canal regularly up to what we called the division gates. You'd have a hard time finding them anymore. There's a big canal that comes into Horne and where Brown Road crosses the canal. West up the canal a way there's a main canal that comes in and splits and

goes to Tempe and splits and goes to Mesa. The consolidated we called it is the first canal, that's where we went swimming.

Where we went swimming there was a field there on the corner of Horne and the canal. There were several pairs of ostriches in there. There was an ostrich sitting on eggs near the fence in that corner. The nest was close to where we went swimming. They were part of or a carry over from Doc Chandler's ostriches in Chandler. I'm not sure exactly of the connection. It was on one of the Ellsworth's land.

About this time that we lived on University my Dad bought a horse for me from an auction about Grand Avenue and Thomas. I rode that horse home. I was in my teens. I headed for McDowell and then went east to the river by Tempe Bridge then continued east on University to the 5 acres. I was so disgusted with that horse. It wouldn't even trot. The only way I could ever get it to speed up was to use spurs and a leather strap across its neck.

We had to milk our cows every day. We milked them by hand. We had Jersey cows. Their milk has a high fat content. We had a vegetable garden. My Dad planted fruit trees: apricot, plum, peach and fig.

When I was a boy at home, my Dad always cut my hair. Daddy also cut hair for many friends and relatives.

I remember going to Scout meetings in Mesa. It was in the First Ward. The big old barn out back was a Scout room. I think I got to Second Class. I never did go to Scout camp.

I remember that our Ag class went to Tonto Creek and camped out for a week. It had to have been during my freshman year in FFA class. We camped at the bottom then hiked up to the top of Tonto Creek. Before leaving for a hike we had built a campfire near the side of a cliff. We had cleaned an area around the fire and put some rocks around the fire. One of us boys put a long branch standing upright in the fire. The top end was leaning against the cliff. We then went hiking. When we returned several hours later, we found that the branch had fallen over and had continued to burn. Because the branch was so long it was into the surrounding pine needles and leaves. Those pine needles and leaves were smoldering. If we hadn't returned to camp when we did there would have been real trouble with a forest fire.

The streets didn't have names when I was young. We called the road we lived on Transmission, now University, because an electrical transmission station was there on the corner. There was a building of cement on the corner of University and Stapley

for electricity. They now have abandoned the corner and they've got their stuff way back.

When we lived in Mesa, we attended church at the Mesa 1st ward on Center (which is now a school called the Heritage Academy). I road my bike to collect fast offerings.

While we lived there on the 5 acres on University, I stayed out of school one year. I'm not sure it wasn't that I wasn't doing any good in school and I just stayed out. That was more the reason than because I was sick. During the time I stayed out I worked for Uncle George Haws on his chicken farm. I used to ride my bike down there off Gilbert Rd. The house was set back up in the field and the hatchery was there by the house. Uncle George kept track of which chickens laid how many eggs. He did this so he could breed right so he could get more eggs.

I went to school barefoot some days. I wasn't the only one. This was done grade school through my freshman year in high school.

After our family moved to Chandler I became a home teacher. My home teaching companion was Murr Skousen. When the church building in Chandler needed new carpet and pews, Murr and I asked members to donate money. Those who responded most favorably where those who did not attend church regularly - the Jack Mormons.

In Chandler Verda attended the same ward I was in. She remembered me from the 4th grade in Gilbert. She told me we'd been in the 4th grade together. I asked if she was Helen or Edna. There were 2 Helens and 2 Ednas that year in school. She said, "Neither one, I'm Verda!"

In high school a teacher wanted us to memorize something then present it to the class. I wasn't good at memorizing. The thing I did finally memorize was some poetry, which is often presented in a sing-songy way. When I stood in front of the class and presented it they laughed at me. That was the last time I tried to memorize anything for a speech.

I worked at the Hulet Dairy when I was a teenager in Chandler. They paid me for working for them as well as fed me lunch. I milked the cows then washed the milk bottles. There had a building near the barn for the hired hands to use. Sometimes I would lay down to rest on the linoleum floor. I would wake to find myself in a puddle of sweat.

Hulet Dairy was located near where Verdell apartments would later be built. We purchased Verdell apartments in 1978. One of

the buildings was built over a landfill and a corner of the building was sinking. We dug down to make a hole so concrete could be pumped under the building to shore it up. I found a glass bottle with the name Hulet Dairy etched on the side of the bottle. I threw the bottle back in.

The only time I recall ever paying a barber to get a hair cut was when we lived in Chandler and I was a teenager working for the Hulet's at their dairy on Knox Road and Alma School. I went to the barber but he had a hard time cutting my hair. I kept nodding off to sleep and my head moved. The barber had a hard time with a moving target. When I married Verda, she began cutting my hair. She continued until the mid-1990's. When she could no longer cut my hair then Twila took over.

In June 1935 Verda and I began dating. We had only dated a few times when I went to her house to get her because I thought we had a date. She wasn't home. She had gone to a graduation with McKay Pratt. I wasn't real happy about that. At the swimming pool a few days later Verda sent her sister Nonie to talk with me to find out if I was still mad at her or if I still wanted to date her. I told Nonie I wasn't upset anymore.

I played trombone in high school. Melba Riggs also played trombone. I don't recall any performances we just played during class time at school.

When a senior in high school I played offense as well as defense on the football team. I was a guard. If you came out of the game you couldn't go back in during that quarter so a player stayed in playing offense and well as defense.

I gave Verda an engagement ring and a cat in November 1937.

From my parents I learned about hard work and honesty. They were just good people. There was always love in our home.

My parents liked to dance. My Dad was a really good dancer. While we lived in Mesa, they went almost every Friday night to the Mezona. After we moved to Chandler in 1934, they didn't have time to go dancing. Daddy worked for the water users association (SRP). He had to turn the water in and out of the irrigation ditches at various times of the day and night and there wasn't much time for dancing. My Dad did begin singing in a quartet after we moved to Chandler. He sang bass.

When Heber J. Grant was president of the church, his big thing was the Word of Wisdom. The drinking of tea and coffee were strong problems for church members. The General Authorities

conducted stake conferences when I was growing up. The Word of Wisdom was emphasized.

Stake conference was usually held in the Mezona, which was located on Main Street in Mesa. When a young man was released from his mission, he would sit on the stand during stake conference. Once there was a young man who had been released from his mission because he had broken the rules. He was sitting on the stand at conference. The General Authority asked him to leave the stand because he had not served an honorable mission.

My mother was on the Primary stake board for many years. In fact when we went to Salt Lake and got married my mother was going to Primary Conference, which was held in June. I talked her into letting Verda go with us. My cousins Leonard and Julius Johnson went with us. I drove the car, which was a Chevrolet. I think it was a '34. My mother watched my speed. She didn't want me to travel faster than about 45 mph. The roads weren't very good then. There were no highways or freeways. We stayed overnight at Jacob's Lake with the Bowman's. They were relatives on Daddy's side of the family. We stayed there on the way up and on the return trip. Cars didn't have air conditioning in those days.

I married Verda Ray on June the 10th 1938 in Salt Lake City, Utah. When I was a young man, I don't remember much emphasis being put on going on a mission. When we got home from that trip to Utah in which Verda and I were married my mother said she had planned and hoped on me going a mission before I got married. I remember thinking that I didn't know that. I don't remember a mission ever being mentioned.

When we returned from Utah, my Bishop Ralph Brown ordained me an Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood on 19 June 1938. Verda and I were sealed in the Mesa, Arizona temple on 22 June 1938. Over the years we had 10 children: six daughters and four sons.

After Verda and I were married Verda's father, John Ray, gave us a milk cow for a wedding present. I had 300 chickens. We sold the eggs for money. I collected the eggs twice a day. Verda often helped me load the eggs into a wooden box. There was a cardboard type form to set the eggs in, a dozen eggs a layer, with a paper between layers. A full box held 12 dozen eggs. If we needed a chicken to eat, I would kill it and pluck the feathers off. Then Verda would clean it out and cut it up to be cooked.

Verda didn't like milking cows so this was left for me to do. I was also the one in charge of feeding and caring for the

chickens. Verda's first sewing machine was purchased with the money saved from selling eggs.

I had a bike when we got married. We didn't have a car until later when Verda's father, John Ray, gave us a car.

We lived in Chandler after we were married. First we lived with my parents. My brother Carl & I had shared a bedroom before I was married. After I got married Carl had to sleep outside. Later Verda and I moved to a little place on McQueen just North of Fry Rd.

Later we moved to Mesa. Our home was located on the North side of University about 1/4 mile East of Stapley. It was the house that my Grandpa Haws had built for my parents. I had lived there with my parents before we moved to Chandler. I worked for Verda's cousin, James Ray. We hauled hay in the summer to the cavalry horses in Tucson. At first light we would load the truck with bales of hay then drive to Tucson and unload it. Then we returned home to Mesa. These were usually 8-10 hr. days. In winter we hauled cull lettuce to farmers' fields where we dumped it for the cattle to eat. Also while living on University, I worked part-time for our next-door neighbor, Charley Nichols, driving tractor in the cotton fields and doing irrigation for him. The car that Papa Johnny (John Ray) had given us was a Model A Ford 2-door coupe. The trunk didn't have a lid. I put a 50-gallon barrel of gas in the trunk to use to gas up the tractor as needed. I still had chickens. Verda was a stay at home Mom.

The first time I ever ate at a restaurant was after I was married. I was working for Verda's cousin James Ray. James and I stopped and ate at a restaurant one day.

The house in Mesa had water piped into the kitchen. To heat the water it was put in a bucket and placed on top of the wood stove. For bathing buckets of hot water were poured into a big number 3 washtub. We did have electricity. A single light bulb with a string attached hung in the center of each room. The string was pulled to turn the light on or off. There was an outlet in the house. A fan was plugged into it. This was all we had for cooling in the summer. The wood stove was all we had for heating in the winter.

Behind the house was a small building. One half was a garage. It had a sliding door to close after the car was in. The other half of the building was a utility room. It had a separator, which was used to separate the cream from the milk. Verda made her own butter. There was also a wringer washer. The building had a dirt floor. Nearby was a small drainage ditch. The

center was lower with raised sides. Verda would build a fire at the bottom of the ditch. She put metal rods across the raised sides. On top of this she placed her big washtub full of water. This was how she heated the water to be used for laundry. To soften the water she put lye in it. She covered it to keep the children out. (Once a few granules of lye remained on top of the cover. Her son, Wendell, Jr. aka Laddy, found them and put them in his mouth. His lips and tongue were burned and quite painful for some time.) When the water in the tub was heated, she would carry it buckets full at a time to the washing machine. A gas motor powered the machine. When the washing was done, she lowered to drain hose out the door so it could empty. This process was repeated to rinse the clothes. The machine didn't spin the clothes to removed excess water at the end of the cycle. Instead Verda ran the articles of clothing one at a time through the wringer. This consisted of 2 rubber rollers that squeezed the excess water from the clothes. (Once her son Laddy somehow got his hand into the wringer. It pulled his arm through up to the armpit where it wore his skin into a red burn.) After the clothes had been through the wringer they were hung on the line to dry.

In 1940 Cy Russell and I rode in the back of a big truck to California. We went there looking for work. Cy found a job. I was still sore from having my appendix out and I couldn't find a suitable job. I returned to Arizona. Cy stayed and was soon joined by Lurline. They got married August of 1940.

Verda's sister Lurline and her husband Cy lived in California when their first child was born in October 1941. Their mother, Juanita, went to California to help Lurline with the new baby. Verda's youngest sister, Donetta, stayed with us in Mesa. She was not feeling well. No one realized how ill she was. On 2 November 1941 Verda was in the kitchen when she heard Donetta call out to her. She didn't go in the other room right away. When she had finished what she was doing she went into the bedroom to find her little sister had died. Verda screamed and screamed and screamed. Finally a neighbor who was one house down and across the street came to the house to find out who was screaming and why. He helped Verda take Donetta to the doctor. The doctor said there was nothing he could do, that Donetta was dead.

The family called Lurline to tell her about the death of Donetta. Her mother Juanita was already on the bus home so it was too late for Lurline to tell her about the death. Whoever picked Juanita up at the station and drove her to Verda's couldn't find a way to tell her about Donetta. When she walked into the house, she asked Verda, "How is Donetta?" Verda was surprised at the question and just blurted out, "She's dead!" This was a shock to Juanita. It was very hard for her to take. It seemed the joy went

out of her life when she learned that her youngest daughter had died. Donetta was eight years old when she died. She was buried in the Mesa cemetery.

By the end of 1941 we had 3-4 cows. On 7 December 1941 Verda and I were still on University in Mesa. We had two children: Wendell Eyring, Jr. who was 2 years 9 months, and Shirly who was 1 year 3 months. My sister, Lucile (age 18), was a telephone operator. She learned of the attack on Pearl Harbor as phone calls went out to military personnel that they were to return to Williams Air Force Base immediately. Lucile and our parents, Andrew & Edith Eyring, came to visit Verda and I later in the day and told us the news. The attack took everyone by surprise.

Verda and I moved to Chandler in the next year or two. I sold my chickens to my mother's brother, George Haws, before we left Mesa. When I was a teenager, I had worked for a year for my Uncle George on his chicken farm in Lehi, Arizona.

Verda and I lived on 30 acres of land just East of the railroad on Knox Road. The house had a pump and pressure tank that brought water into the house under pressure. We had a toilet and bathtub. The lighting consisted of single light bulbs hanging down in the center of the rooms. In the summer we had an evaporative cooler to use.

The number of cows soon went to 8-10 cows. The milk from the cows was put in 10-gallon cans. The cans were not refrigerated so the milk was classified as grade D. These cans were picked up twice a day by Borden Company and taken to their plant on University, West of McClintock, to be made into canned milk. I also worked as a plumber at Williams Air Force Base.

Several times during the time we were living on the 30 acres we saw troop trains full of soldiers moving cross-country bound for the war.

The draft was taking many of the young men away to the war. I went to the draft board and asked them to make a decision. I told them I was able to get financing to double my herd of cows and didn't want to buy the cows then get drafted. The board then classified me as 3C, which meant I wouldn't get drafted, this because I was a farmer with a young family. Because I was a farmer there was more gas available for us for the farm equipment and so I could drive to Williams Field Air Force Base to do my job as a plumber. Verda and I also had our own source of beef.

So I expanded my herd of milk cows. Gas was rationed. People were allowed 4 gallons a week. Verda and I were allowed more gas

than most but it wasn't an unlimited supply. On all other commodities we were rationed the same as everyone else. Other things that were rationed were sugar and shoes. Generally only a pair of shoes a year was available.

British pilots trained at Falcon Field in Mesa. Verda's mother, Juanita, washed airplanes at Falcon Field during the war. She enjoyed having extra cash available.

By early 1945 I was renting the Peterson place. This was 80 acres located on the Southwest corner of Williams Field Road (now Chandler Blvd) and McClintock. I milked the cows, which I kept pastured there. I drove to the site morning and evening to milk them. I used milking machines that had a gas-powered motor. In fall of 1945 after my oldest son Laddy had started first grade I would often pick him up after school and take him with me to milk the cows.

The Peterson place where I used to pasture my cows was located behind Estrella store on the Southwest corner of McClintock and Williams Field Rd. One day as I was herding the cows along the dirt ditch to the area where I would milk them, all of a sudden the cows in the ditch got out of the ditch in a hurry. There was a small rattlesnake about 10 inches long. The cows didn't want to go near that little snake.

I rented the Peterson place for about a year. By the end of the year I was worn out and not feeling well. The doctor convinced my mother, Edith, that I needed to quit working so hard. The doctor said I needed rest or I might die. I was given pills to take that should help my health. So my Dad, Andrew, took over milking the cows in Chandler. I quit working as a plumber at the Air Force Base. I moved with Verda and our 4 young children to the Southwest corner of Broadway and Stapley in Mesa. Our home was a 2-room wooden shack. We had city water available as well as electricity. We had to use an outhouse. I did odd jobs. I again worked for Verda's cousin, James Ray. I also worked for Roosevelt Dairy on Extension and Broadway in Mesa. I loaded a truck with milk at the dairy then delivered the milk to people's homes. Our oldest child, Laddy, finished out his First Grade year attending Lincoln School. It was the same school I had attended as a boy. It was located across the street from what was then Mesa High School on Center and 2nd Avenue. Lincoln was on the North side of 2nd Avenue. Mesa High was on the South side of 2nd Ave.

Over the years Verda's father, John, often gave us fresh vegetables from his garden. Verda stayed home raising the children. Verda and I wanted a large family. Extended family members were available to help tend the children. We were

actively involved in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Daily family prayer and attending church each Sunday was of importance to us.

Verda and I began building a house as we lived in the 2-room wooden home on the corner of Broadway and Stapley. We had the cinder block walls up high enough to put a roof on. We didn't put the roof on however because we moved. While we were living in Mesa, I began feeling better. My father, Andrew, had made arrangements with Edith's brother, Dave, to buy his 50 milk cows in Chandler. With the purchase of the dairy I moved with Verda and our children Laddy, Shirly, Sandra and Mike to Chandler before Laddy started Second Grade the fall of 1946.

We lived next door to my parents, Edith and Andrew Eyring, on the Southwest corner of Dobson and Williams Field Road. The house was old and worn out. We eventually added 2 rooms to it. An evaporative cooler was used in the summer. We had water in the kitchen. There was a shed outside with a bathtub. The tub was old and leaked water. Extra water was needed to keep up with the leakage. There was an electric water heater to heat the water. There was no indoor toilet so we used an outhouse.

The floor of Edith and Andrew's house only had wood flooring in half of their house, the other half was dirt. Edith's brother, Walt, helped them fill in the dirt portion with concrete.

The dairy was 1 1/2 miles West of our home on the South side of Williams Field Road between Price Road and McClintock. The milk was put in 10-gallon cans and put in the milk room that was cooled with salt brine. The milk we sold to Borden was grade A milk.

We lived on the SW corner of Dobson and Williams Field Road until 1957 when we moved to the dairy. I bought a wooden house. It was set up on concrete blocks. My parents continued to live on the corner of Dobson and Williams Field for several more years. Eventually someone offered Daddy a great price for the Dobson corner. They decided to take it. I encouraged them to do so. They sold the corner and moved to Mesa to their last home on Hobson just south of the temple.

I served a stake mission to San Tan. When I was a stake missionary, I was ordained a Seventy. At that time there was only one Quorum of the Seventy and it was one of the Presidents of the Seventy who ordained me. I don't remember the man's name.

I had a big GMC truck I used to haul hay or grain to feed the cows. Often one of the children would ride with me on my

trips. One time when Nick went with me to Yuma to get hay we ran into a rattlesnake. It was just before dark and we had almost finished loading the truck with bales of hay. Nick moved a bale and found a big rattlesnake. If it had been a little darker Nick might not have seen it and would have run into it. I took the block and tackle I would use to secure load and beat it to death.

In 1972 about a month before stake conference my stake president Weymouth Pew called me in and talked to me about working in the athletic program with Bob Tarwater. He didn't mention an ordination. For whatever reason I didn't go to stake conference. Verda heard my name read off for approval for ordination as a high priest. She came home and told me about it. It was news to me. I called Pres. Pew on the phone and told him I didn't remember any mention of being ordained a high priest. Pres. Pew had me come to his office. When I did so on 29 January 1972 there was no interview given he just ordained me a high priest.

My occupation through most of my life was a dairy farmer. Then about 1978-79 I became an owner of rental units, about 45 apartments and houses in Chandler. These were sold in 2001.

I have traveled with my wife to Scotland, England, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Israel and Russia. We've also toured most of the United States, including Hawaii. We've been to Canada and Mexico.

My father, Andrew, died of cardiac arrest at age 80. My mother, Edith, lived to be 98. She just died of old age. The Chula Vista nursing home where she was the last few years of her life was in the Leisure World ward. When a sister of the Relief Society from that ward heard that they were responsible to put together a dinner for the funeral of Edith Eyring she told fellow ward members that they had to do an extra good job for this fine lady. The sister was the wife of Jerry Skousen, she had been an Ellsworth. Sis. Skousen remembered Edith Eyring from when she was a teenager and how she had helped with numerous ward dinners and had served ward members for many years while living in Chandler. The last words family members heard my mother Edith Eyring say: "I know the gospel is true."

I have 5 brothers and 5 sisters. Seven of these died in childhood due to lack of modern medicine. I remember when my sister Lucile was young she had pneumonia. My mother was very upset. She was afraid Lucile would die. There wasn't much doctors could do for pneumonia. Thankfully she did recover.

My favorite colors are white, blue and pink. My favorite foods are ice cream and tamales. My favorite patriotic song is "The Star-Spangled Banner." I also love John Philip Souza's patriotic music.

My favorites church songs are "Love at Home" and "We Thank Thee, O God for a Prophet" and "Give Said the Little Stream." I like the song "Oh, I Had Such a Pretty Dream, Mamma."

I admire the early pioneers of America. In church history I admire Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They had a vision of the future and acted on their knowledge.

We currently do have a living prophet. I have been blessed in my life by being a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have been blessed by paying my tithing.

I know the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. Christ taught love thy neighbor as thyself. He set the example. God's plan is that if we live up to His teachings we can be forgiven for our mistakes. Christ has paid the price so that we can live for eternity with Him if we follow God's plan. The scriptures tell us over and over that God loves us and we can be forgiven of sin. Christ also saves us from physical death. People need to hear this good news.

One of my favorite scriptures is found in Doctrine & Covenants 130:20-21. "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated- And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated."

If you love your neighbor as yourself, if you live up to the 10 commandments and follow the teachings of our modern prophet you will live happier lives than those who do not. Be lovers of peace and goodwill. Jesus Christ's mission is to save and not destroy, to build up and not tear down.

My advice to my children and grandchildren is to follow the counsel of the brethren: Pres. Hinckley and the 12 Apostles. The big thing is to follow the leadership. The brethren won't lead us astray. If they started to, the Lord would remove them. He won't allow them to lead us astray. Listen to the counsel of your bishops and stake presidents. Get out of debt. Get an education.