

Ida Mar

Forward

By Ben Stephen Markham (son)

In 1979, my wife Julie and I were living in Baytown, Texas with three sons. My mother, Ida Mar Redd Markham, came for a visit. During her stay, all six of us drove to Baton Rouge, Louisiana to visit my sister, Judith Ann Markham Holt, and her husband George and their children.

Without any real planning and not much warning to Mom, I took a cassette tape recorder in the car and did an impromptu interview of Mom about her life. This autobiography ends abruptly in 1956 and covers just thirty-nine years of her life. Unfortunately, I never followed up to complete the story. Julie transcribed most of this shortly after it was recorded. The original tapes were saved and transferred to audio CD's. In 2020, during isolation related to the coronavirus, I have finally finished transcribing and added a few pictures.

The story of Ida Mar is both interesting and somewhat amazing. The words are preserved as she spoke them with minimal editing. This is not a complete story of her life, or even a complete account of the 39 years that are covered. It is, however, a real and beautiful glimpse into a different time and a person we love and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for the foundation she helped establish.

Ida Mar was widowed in 1959 at age 42. She passed away 42 years later in 2000. She lived and died in the Spanish Fork house that she and Daddy bought in 1954.



Ida Mar, 3 years old

I was born in Blanding, San Juan County, Utah on the 28th of March 1917, to John Wiley and Lydia Nielson Redd. I was the first girl and the second child born to this couple. I cannot remember anything about my birth, but I've been told that my mother was attended by a very good midwife whom we all knew and loved in a little country town, Aunt Myrtle Palmer. I was born in the bedroom on the bed. Seems old fashioned to some people, but now the modern hospitals have birthing rooms.

I never knew any of my grandparents except one, Grandma Nielson, Ida Evelyn Lyman Nielson my mother's mother. Three things I remember about her. She was a very good woman, she always wore a black shawl, and when she kissed you it wasn't one little kiss, it was always three in succession. She used to visit us often. I loved to sit on the floor and cut paper dolls from a magazine. She would often remark to my mother, "That girl will grow up to be a good seamstress because at three years of age she's already happy with the scissors." Grandma Nielson died soon after this in 1922 and I always feel sorry to think I



Ida Evelyn Lyman Nielson

can't bring more about her to my remembrance. I was in the bedroom the evening she died and I do remember that. There weren't any doctors in the town, and she needed oxygen, so we had all the bedroom windows open and we had her propped-up on pillows. Probably that was the beginning of my wanting to be a nurse because I can remember, although I could hardly see to the top of Grandma's head, I wanted to do something to help her in her distress.

School was started in Blanding when I was six. I was very, very lucky--there was no kindergarten in our school, but I had an excellent teacher whose name was Garda Adams. She taught us to read by the phonetic method, which some schools still use, and some discarded long ago. However, I did learn to read very well and I did learn to spell very well, and consequently, I didn't have to go to the second grade. When the first grade was finished, I went

into the third grade. This was a mistake--I know now, but I didn't then. The girls in the third grade wouldn't play with me because I was one year younger and the girls in the second grade wouldn't play with me because they thought I thought I was smart because I was one year ahead of them. So when my own children came along, I had learned a good lesson. It is much better to be socially adjusted in school than scholastically ahead of everyone.

There were three grades the first year I went to school in Blanding: first, second and third. Mrs. Adams taught all three of them. You had to be a super teacher to last and teach three grades. However, there were only between 10 and 15 children in each grade, so that could actually make a total of 45 and probably only 30. We all met in one room. While one grade was having arithmetic, another would be having reading and the other would be having geography. It was very strict. I can remember in the first grade I was a super good girl. I don't think I was ever punished--I never talked out of turn even, if you can believe that! But when I got to the third grade, that's another story.



Pep and Ida Mar

During the summer, after I had gotten out of first grade, the Depression hadn't started but times were hard, and jobs were scarce. Dad had bought a large cattle ranch, he and his brother Ancil. We were having a little celebration in Blanding on the 24th of July, and they used to have little miniature mock rodeos. My father's brother was riding a horse in a chicken pull--they'd bury a

chicken just half in the ground and they'd run around the circle for four or five times and then pick up the chicken. He was far ahead of the others and he was just ready to pick up the chicken when his horse stumbled and fell and my uncle lit on his head and broke his neck. He was a very young man and left a wife and seven children and it was sad. His name was Ancil Ray Redd.

The ranch they bought was six miles north of Blanding, right by Recapture. It was called the LC Ranch. They bought cattle for \$50 dollars apiece one fall and by spring the cattle market had fallen clear off until they were only worth \$10 apiece. And then it was that summer that Uncle Ancil got killed. So, Dad got left with the mortgage. It was a great hardship on our family, but Dad was honest, and he paid it off through the years.

Dad was offered a job in La Sal, Utah. La Sal consisted of one large ranch owned by Charlie Redd and four families who lived in the town. There was a one room chapel there in the town proper. And so, to go to school in the third grade, four of us would ride an old horse, that I'm sure now was a work horse that Charlie could no longer use because he was too old. The four children who went to school from the ranch rode the horse together through snow and sleet and wind and rain and sun and whatever. We carried our lunch wrapped up in newspaper. Our sandwiches--there would always be a meat sandwich and a jam--we called it preserves, instead--sandwich.

You might be interested in the trip over to La Sal. The only way we could go was in the wagon. La Sal is about 80 miles from Blanding, and it took us three days. We stayed in Monticello overnight with Dad's brother (half brother), Uncle Monroe (James Monroe Redd) and his wife. They were very good people and I loved to stop at Aunt Cin's (Lucinda Alvira Pace) and Uncle Monroe's because she always had a big crock full of cookies and lots of cold milk or buttermilk--she loved buttermilk. And she always had something to give you and she always made a fuss over you. She always had a handkerchief that she had done beautiful lace around the edge or a fancy little pincushion she'd made. You'd go in with your hands empty and you'd go out with your hearts and hands full. It was a delight to go in and visit with her. Her children were all a lot older than Dad's children--than we were--so it was mostly with the parents we visited when we went over there.

We stayed one night at her place and then one night we camped in Dry Valley. That was quite an experience because we didn't have a tent and mother wasn't adept at cooking over a campfire but Dad was--he was a super good cook when we camped out. Even if we only had baking powder biscuits, gravy, and a few things like that it was fun because we were all doing it together. As soon as the wagon would stop, the kids would scurry out to find wood for the fire and Mother would assign us our little chores to do and we'd do them and have a good time. Lots of times after the supper and dishes were done, Dad would tell us stories of the Indian wars and the experiences he'd had in Mexico just before the Pancho Villa Revolution, when several times he was lucky to be spared with his life. We were thankful for this. And it was fun to hear the stories in his own vernacular. We'd play games and sometimes even after Mother and Dad had gone to bed, roast some potatoes or play hide and go seek --or something like that to have fun.

Dad got paid very little and we lived in two rooms and it was not a very pleasant experience. But we had good times, Mother was a beautiful seamstress, and she made pretty things for Louisa

and me to wear. For Christmas we always got a doll that was dressed with ribbons and we wondered how Santa Claus ever made such pretty dresses out of nothing, but he did.

There were four children in the family now: Pep, Louisa, Lyman and me. Lyman was the baby and he was not doing very well. Besides the four of us, there was our cousin who wanted to go live with us. It always used to puzzle me why Johnnie wanted to go live with us when his Dad was so rich and we were so poor. But he told me one day if I wouldn't tell anybody he'd tell my why. So, he told me it was because we had love in our home. He moved to La Sal with us and he and Pep were really good friends. He loved all of us just like we were his real sisters.

Lyman was a tiny little baby and while we were living in La Sal we couldn't get any formula to agree with him and Mother had one of the neighbors take her down to Moab several times but the doctors still couldn't hit on the formula that would agree with his system. I don't really know what was the matter with him at that time but someone told Mother if she would brown flour in a heavy frying pan until it was a good beige color and put a teaspoon of it in a bottle of milk that he'd be able to keep it down and that he would grow on it. He was so very ill several times that she sent me to get the neighbor women to come in because she thought the baby had expired but by the time I'd get back with the neighbor women he'd be breathing again and he grew up and had a family of five good children so I guess the formula that seems so funny to everybody now really worked.

We had eight grades in one room in La Sal, one teacher, and there were about 12 kids. We had to get there, it was only two miles but you see it was not a cement sidewalk. It was just a dirt road, a cow path, you might say. The horse was tied up to a hitching post, in the spring and in the fall we'd tie him with a long rope so he could graze on the grass that was around the schoolhouse. There was only one stove in the room and if you were lucky enough to sit by it you were warm in the winter. But if you were unlucky enough to sit in the back of the room you were cold all winter. Take your choice!

Dad decided he could do better if he went back to Blanding and Mother was really homesick for her own home, so we went back to Blanding that summer and then I went to school for the fourth grade at Blanding. By then I wasn't the quiet, meek little girl I used to be in the first grade and sometimes, as I still do today, I talked too much. I had a teacher whose name was Miss Nix. She'd never married and was older. We boys and girls sometimes didn't agree with the things she said, and she didn't agree with us, and it was sort of like a test of wits between the students and the teacher. One day I got there late and our desks were not bolted to the floor so you could move them up and down. There was a boy sitting in front of me, but his desk was so far back I couldn't squeeze in, mine was the last one on the row. I asked him quietly to please move his desk up and she heard me and she came down and hit me on the head with the yardstick. I think I had a small concussion but I'm not sure. Everything went black and I had a terrific headache for about a week afterward. In those days, you were not supposed to talk after school started--it was absolutely forbidden, it was just absolutely against the rules.

In the fifth grade I had a teacher I'll never forget. His name was Lee Anderson and he was from Fountain Green, Utah. He was about 30. He seemed real old to us but I'm sure he wasn't much over 30. He was really interested in every student and in their aspirations and in their good points



Sisters: Louisa and Ida Mar

and in their weak points. He tried to help each of us individually, as well as, all together. In the fourth grade there was only one grade in the room, and in the fifth grade there was only one grade in the room. The sixth grade, the seventh grade and the eighth grade--in those days we didn't have any junior high so you went through the eighth grade and then you went to high school for the ninth through twelfth-- I don't remember anything eventful that happened. It was fun going to school, I really looked forward to it. The girls wore dresses and the boys wore overalls. We were lucky if we had two dresses, and we'd wear one that was clean and washed on Sunday, and then wear it Monday through Friday to school. We always had to change our clothes the minute we got home from school and also the minute we got home from Church. We learned to take care of things because we didn't have a surplus of anything. We had a bath every Saturday night in a round, metal tub, and in our family, Mother had little rules that the girls got to have their baths first and the boys had to stay in the kitchen while we had our baths in the bedroom.

In the winter when it was cold it was just reversed. Once a week on Saturday night, we had our baths in the kitchen by the stove. We brushed our teeth morning and night.

There was one store (in Blanding) "The Parley Redd Co-op," and earlier in my life there was one bank, but it had gone broke. Later on, they opened one in Monticello, but for many years there was never a bank in Blanding, and only this one store called Parley Redd Co-op. Parley Redd was my Dad's brother, and my Dad often used to say that he couldn't believe that they could be brothers cause he knew very well Parley was a Jew. Uncle Parl had a business head and made a lot of money and died a very wealthy man. There was no doctor or dentist in Blanding for a long time. I don't remember exactly the year, but the first doctor must have come about 1927 or 28 because he delivered Mother's last two children, delivered Bob and George. The closest hospital was 80 miles. You could either go to Moab or you could go to Cortez, Colorado. In wintertime it was a very bad trip because the roads were all dirt and the snow was deep and people didn't have four wheel drives in those days.

When I was a little girl--I'm not sure of the exact date, but I'm sure it was before I went to school, so I must have been about five--Uncle Burt, Dad's brother who was a banker, bought a Ford car. He had a big family, but it was only a one-seater. He would put us in the back of it and we'd take two big five gallons cans of water. I remember the first day he took Dad and Mother and me over to Monticello and one or two of the other children. I rode in the back and Mother and Dad and Uncle Burt rode in the front. Every time we came to a steep hill, we all got out and he'd put the car in low and he'd drive the car and we'd push and together to make it over the hill. If any of you have been to Monticello, you might remember that Verdure Hill used to be very steep. And I'm not mechanically minded, I don't know what was wrong, but I do know that you couldn't get to Monticello without ten gallons of water. The radiator would boil, all the water would boil out, and you'd have to stop and add water every few miles.

I remember the first car we bought; it was a two-seater. It was a Chevrolet, but it was quite a few years (late 1920's) after Uncle Burt had the first Ford. There were only two cars in Blanding for a long, long time. There was only one telephone. I want to tell about the one telephone.

Prayer has always been a big factor in my life, and I want to tell you the first time I remember a prayer being answered in my life. It was during the time of the last Indian war in the United States in San Juan County with the Ute Indians. Dad with three of his cousins had been sent out on a mission to scout out the Indian Chief that was leading the war. He had kissed our Mother goodbye early on a Tuesday morning and told her that he'd be back by Wednesday night and not to worry about him. I remember Mother had a little baby and she was sitting in the rocking chair rocking the baby and Pep was in his pajamas and I was in my flannel nightgown, so Louisa must have been the baby then. I could tell that Mother was worried. I didn't really know the danger that Dad was in, but I sensed that something was wrong. After she had read us some stories she said, "Now don't you want to go to bed?" And I said, "Well, Dad said he'd be home Wednesday, and this is Friday, and I think we'd better do something about it." And she said, "Well, Ida Mar, there isn't much we can do about it because they are on horses and we don't know which way they went or where they are." We didn't know if Indians had captured them or if some outlaw gang had shot them dead because there were outlaw gangs around in the mountains and canyons outside Blanding. And I said, "Well, I know one way we can get Dad home." And she said, "Now, Ida Mar, how?" I think I must have been about four years old and I said, "Mother, we can kneel down and pray." And so she sat in the rocking chair and held the baby. I remember it as plain as can be in front of the fireplace and Pep and I knelt down by her, and I said the prayer. I said, "Please bring our Daddy home safe or let us know about him." When she stood up I noticed she had a tear in her eye and she gave us a kiss and said, "Now run to bed, I know you're good children." And as we started to go out of the room there was a knock on the door. So in my nightgown, I go and open the door hoping it would be Dad playing a trick on us by knocking on the door. But it was Frank Barton, who owned the only telephone in town, and he said, "Wiley just called and they're in Monticello with his brother tonight and they are safe and they'll be home in the morning when it's light."

Blanding knew very well there was a depression. We ate beans every day. But we were really lucky. The depression wasn't hard on any of us. A lot of the men didn't have jobs, or if they did have jobs, they were very low paying. But we had chickens, and we had pigs that we raised and killed and cured so we had bacon and ham and lard. We ground up the fat of the pigs and heated it up on the stove or in the oven until it was crisp and then drained the fat off. We made enough lard off three pigs to last for a year. Dad would always raise enough wheat to take down to the mill. We had a grist in Blanding that ground wheat into flour and he'd always raise enough wheat to have them grind it into flour and then they'd keep half the flour to pay the bill. So, you really didn't need a lot of money in those days. Instead of buying yeast cakes, everybody had a start of yeast that you kept in the refrigerator and should you ever run out all you had to do was put two tablespoons of sugar in a bottle and go to your neighbor and say, "Could I please have a start of yeast?" Then when she ran out she'd come to you for a start of yeast. So that was good.

Well, it wasn't a refrigerator like we have now, it was a cooler. That was a misnomer. It was

about the shape of our refrigerators nowadays, maybe smaller. You kept it out on the back porch. The top was a round pan with water in it. And there was a canvas in it that went down both sides and so it just kept things damp and cool, not cold. There's really quite a difference. An evaporative cooler, in your terminology, that's what it would be.

It was interesting that Mother could make the best cheese in the whole county. We'd take our milk and put it in big dish pans, put them on the back of the coal stove where it would stay warm but not hot, and just sort or simmer it all day. When it went solid, you'd cut it into squares and then you'd keep cutting it with a dinner knife until the squares went into little curds and you'd keep pouring off the whey and feed the whey to the pigs so nothing was wasted. If you wanted it like that you could have cottage cheese, or if you wanted to make it into other kinds of cheese you just kept doing it and put a little yellow dye in with it and then put it in a cheese press, which was a round metal thing about 8" in diameter and 10" tall. On the top the press part was a flat circle and on top of that was screw that you could screw down tight. You kept pressing the cheese until all the moisture was out of it. You'd let it stay in this cheese press for about 6 weeks, and then you'd melt some wax and cover the whole cheese with wax and then you'd wrap it in gauze, and if you didn't have gauze, just in an old soft, clean cloth. And then you had your own cheese. So you see that it wasn't really a hardship for us because we had all the milk we wanted from the cows that we milked, we had a separator that separated the cream from the milk. We made our own butter, we made our own cheese, we had eggs, we had chicken, we had pork, and once in a while one of Daddy's brothers, or one of Mother's brothers, or even Dad would raise a calf until it was grown, and kill it and then we'd have some beef. But we didn't cure beef like we did pork, so whenever you'd kill a beef you'd sort of give a lot of it away. And in a month, someone else would kill a beef and they'd give a lot of it away. So we'd have beef several times a month. We had enough of everything, except for clothing, and I do remember one time we didn't have any sugar. You know sugar isn't that essential, but it makes such good things and Mother made very good pies. There were no beehives in Blanding. There weren't enough flowers. There wasn't enough water to keep the vegetation green long enough. There were a lot of beehives in Cortez, and it was really a treat for us if somehow Dad came up with \$5 extra, and he'd buy a 5 gallon can of honey. We'd put it in the laundry and then use a little bit out of it as we needed. And that was nice to know that it was there.

When I was 12 years old, Mother's cousin was going to Salt Lake for a week. Mother had a sister up there who lived alone and wanted me to go up and stay with her for a week and so I did. While I was in Salt Lake that summer I saw an airplane. I rode to Salt Lake City with Mother's cousin. He had a car, and this is what he did for a living. He'd take you to Salt Lake for \$5 and bring you back for \$5. Aunt Ethel paid for my way to go up and come back if I'd come up and stay a week with her. We left at 7 o'clock in the morning and we got there about 8 o'clock at night--between 8 and 9 o'clock. We had to stop and put water in the radiator, I remember. Nowadays, you stop only for gas, but in those days it was water. If you couldn't carry a large enough container of water with you, you had to stop to get it. What a lot of people would do would be to put a metal pitcher in the trunk of the car and then when they'd come by a brook or some water in a ditch or something, they'd stop and fill the radiator up and go on. The roads were even dirt, the summer that we got married in 1940. There had been a terrible rainstorm between Moab and Monticello and I was driving the car alone to meet Ben in Moab. I got stuck for 5 hours. The mud was deeper than the axles.



Ida Mar, Lydia, Louisa

I started high school in ninth grade. High school was a lot of fun. Pep was one grade ahead of me, and he'd always have a hard time in English and I didn't like geometry, so I'd do his English and he'd do my geometry. I guess maybe that wasn't very fair but we got through just fine. I had a cousin who was very rich who could not do his work at all and so he paid me a quarter for every bit of work I'd do for him. If I did his history assignment. I got a quarter, if I did his mathematics, I got a quarter--so that was fun to make a little bit of money. His name was Dale Redd., Uncle Parl's kid. He was glad to get it done and I was glad to earn the money. It might not have been right, it probably wasn't. In high school we had a different teacher for each class. It was really fun. I really loved school, I loved everything about it. I loved every class we had whether I--well I just loved school. And every Friday night the school had a dance. I loved to dance when I was younger, and it was so much fun if a senior would ask a freshman to dance.

Our mothers and dads would go to the dances

too, and they'd dance with us and it was fun. My dad was a really good dancer, that was our recreation. There weren't any cafe's, there weren't any drugstores, there weren't any fast food places, there weren't any confectionaries, there wasn't anything to go to. So sometimes somebody would bring a chicken, and somebody would bring the potatoes and somebody would bring the salad and somebody would bring a cake. We were nearly all related and so we'd all go in a group instead of dating couple by couple. There'd be about seven or eight boys and seven or eight girls or maybe ten girls and we'd go to somebody's house and cook dinner after the dance and that was fun. That was our entertainment. Maybe it sounds dumb, and it was. We were all friends together. In our crowd there were two of our cousins who could play the guitar and sing and they really could sing well. They sang the songs that we liked then: "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," and "Down in the Little Green Valley." We danced to an orchestra., The orchestra was made up of people in Blanding. There was never very many, maybe five or six in the orchestra, but they played and that is what we danced to. There weren't any picture shows, there was nothing. We had to make our own entertainment and I'm still convinced it's the best way to do.

I remember the first picture show I saw had Rudi Vallee in it. It was in black and white and it was on my first trip to Salt Lake. It was just wonderful. That show was just wonderful!

We had a good sized red brick chapel two blocks from our house. I remember every Saturday getting the house cleaned and getting our clothes cleaned and getting something prepared for Sunday. The Sabbath was always something a little special in our family. We'd go to Sunday School in the morning, then we'd come home and have a nice dinner. Then we'd study our

lessons or read the scriptures. Sometimes Mother and Dad would have us discuss the lessons we learned in Sunday School and talk about them. And once in a while we could invite one of our friends to Sunday dinner, but Sunday was always special. When I was very little, I remember that we paid fast offerings in kind. The deacons would come around with a little wagon to collect fast offerings, and we'd give them flour or whatever we had. Sometimes if we had an extra dozen eggs, we'd give them, or an extra pound of butter, or a half a cheese, or something like that. And tithing we usually paid on the money that we had which I'm sure was a little bit, but I can truthfully say I've paid an honest tithing since long before I was eight years old--as long as I can remember, I've always paid my tithing.

I got baptized in May. My birthday was in March and I should have been baptized in April but the font where we were baptized was in the basement of the church in the same room as the furnace. But it was not heated, if you can believe that. So Mother thought it would be better if I waited until the weather was a little warmer so I was baptized in May. Uncle Bert (Redd) baptized me. And President J. B. Harris confirmed me. He was the Stake President at that time.

Our sacrament meetings were so spiritual. Sometimes you know, I don't know whether it's just me or the sacrament meetings. Every night we came away from sacrament meetings really uplifted. We always had them in the evening because there was only one ward that used the church. We had them a little bit after dark because it gave the men time to do their chores. Nearly everybody had four or five cows to milk, chickens to feed, the eggs to gather and the wood to bring in for tomorrow. I remember they always used to talk about a principle of the gospel and bring it down to your level. I especially remember one good man in our community who is mother's cousin, Albert R. Lyman. He always used to talk about the signs of the times--signs of the Second Coming, which has always intrigued me.

All of us went to Seminary and we really liked it. The thing that made us like it so much was our wonderful teacher. His name was Wayne Redd, he was Dad's oldest brother and he was a really good man. He not only preached religion to us, he lived it. And he knew it. He'd been a missionary in the South and been shot at a couple of times. He'd been through a lot of persecutions because of the church but his testimony never wavered, and he let you know this when he was teaching seminary. So consequently, we learned a lot and some of the lessons he taught us then I still remember today. Seminary then was during school hours. You signed up for it then just the same as you did for your school classes, which is very different than today. It started in high school. Usually you didn't take it the ninth grade, but I did. There was one year on the Bible, one year on the Book of Mormon, and the third year was Church History. We got high school credits for all of it then.

I went to high school two and a half years. I had enough credits at the middle of my junior year, so I thought there was no need of going because the Depression was on full force. We had a big family and Dad didn't always have work and I thought I could surely find something to do to earn some money. I went over to Monticello for a while and worked in a hotel for Jack and Flora Nielson, but I didn't enjoy being a maid, so I didn't stay there too long. I think I got \$10 a month with my room and board. Then I was offered a job in Arizona at an Indian Boarding School that paid \$40 a month. So I tearfully kissed my parents and my brothers and sister good-bye and went to Arizona to live for a few years. They would not let me graduate with my class because I

had quit school, although I had the credits and received my diploma. It was really disappointing to me because I'd bought myself a beautiful blue dress. It was the first dress I'd had that was bought for me; all the rest Mother had made. And usually she had made them out of used material. I had two aunts who never married. When their clothes were no longer fashionable or old, they'd send them to Mother, and Mother would take them apart and sew things for Louisa and me.

I didn't date a lot in high school, but then nobody else did either. As I said before we all went in bunches. When Pep would take the car he'd have all of his friends and I'd have all of my friends and sometimes there would be ten of us in the two-door chevy. But I did have a boyfriend ever since I was in the third grade and his name was Lyman Bayless. We were third cousins and his Mother and Dad were dead. When we were in high school I went with him usually, if I went with anyone. His brothers told him we shouldn't get married because we'd have retarded children and so he married someone else who was an Indian girl.

This Indian boarding school was down at Tuba City, Arizona. The Navajo children lived in dorms and went to school there. They'd come to one central place to eat and my particular job was to make the salads and put them on the table. I never had to wash any dishes or that. I had to be there every day, seven days a week, for the three meals. The rest of the time was my own. But there wasn't anything to do because all that was there was the Indian Boarding School and the trading post. So while I was down there I met probably my first love. He was a Catholic boy and he was really a wonderful fellow. He had studied to go into the Catholic Priesthood but just as he was to take his final vows or whatever they were, he decided he didn't want to be a Priest. So he was working in the boarding school sort of treading water until he could decide what he could do. He asked me to marry him and I told him I would. I guess it was because I was so young, I wasn't thinking straight, or I don't know what it was. But I wrote home and told Mother and Dad and told them he was a staunch Catholic. Dad wrote me a letter, the first time in his whole life that he'd ever written to me and he started out "Dear Ida Mar," and he had quotation marks and he had several quotes from the Doctrine and Covenants about what is bound on earth will last for earth, but what is sealed on earth will last for eternity and I got the message.

I made \$40 a month which seemed like a lot. I sent home \$34 a month. They gave the bishop \$4 for my tithing, then Mom and Dad could use the \$30 for the family. They really needed it and I lived on \$6 a month. Sounds impossible but it wasn't because the board and room was furnished. And there weren't any places to go to wear fancy clothes, though, we did have fun. Bud and I used to go to Flagstaff and stay with his mother on the weekends sometimes. We'd go to dances at the hotel Monta Vista and once during deer season we were in there and Clark Gable happened to be there, and I got to dance with him. That was a thrill! He was a very charming, personable man. He looked at my red hair, he looked at my figure, he looked at the green dress I had on and he said, "You're a vision." I said, "Thanks, you're not bad yourself." We were good friends. He sat at our table. I was 17 by now and Bud was a little jealous, too. In those days I used dry curlers, my hair was probably shoulder length and I had a good hairline. I had a widow's peak, so I just combed it back and it was fluffy, and it was very thick when I was young and very red like Sammy's.

Bud did kiss me. This may sound wrong to some people but I don't know how you can tell you're in love if you haven't at least kissed each other before you get married.

My first love's name was Henry F. Moormann, but everyone called him Bud. He was tall and blond. He was very possessive; he was very bossy-he knew he was a German and he acted like one. Of Germanic descent I should say, that's more proper. But he graduated from college, he was much older than I was. He knew how to be kind to a girl and he really, really did love me. I drifted along telling him I'd marry him until one weekend in Flagstaff while we were at his mother's place, whom I have to say was one of the dearest little ladies I know. She asked me if I could come in her bedroom and have a little talk and I said "I'll be glad to." We went in there and she said, "I just wanted to ask you when you and Bud are going to talk to Father O'Francis so he can post the veils?" I can't remember the exact words. In the Catholic Church then, you had to announce your intention of marrying like a month or two months--I forget the length of time--before. It was then that it dawned on me if I were to marry him, I'd have to marry him by a Priest and agree to raise my children as Catholics. And that was the end of that romance. I left soon after that and came home to Blanding. He wrote some letters.

I found a job in Monticello, so I lived with Aunt Cin Redd, Aunt Lucinda Redd, and worked at a cafe. I still made my \$40 a month. But that wasn't all roses, either. I remember one man who was married, and he'd always come in about 10 o'clock at night when we were about to close up to buy a 5 cent cup of coffee. He would give me a quarter, leave the two dimes under the saucer and I knew when I locked the front door, he'd be waiting out there to try to get me to go home. So one night, the cook, who owned the cafe, and was also the manager, came out with a big meat cleaver and said to this man, "Ed, if you dare to pick Ida Mar up, I'll chop your head in two."

I stayed in Arizona about 2 years and I don't remember how long I worked in Monticello, but by then I had enough money saved to go to nursing school. I wrote a letter to LDS hospital in Salt Lake and they wrote me a letter back saying they would not accept me because I hadn't had Latin. I also wrote Mercy Hospital in Denver and they said they would be glad to accept me, and I could easily learn enough Latin that I'd need to know. So in September of 1936, I went to Durango where I officially enrolled in the School of Nursing and we spent a year in Denver and the last two years in Durgango, under the Sisters of Mercy. Nursing School was fun. I'd always wanted to be a nurse as long as I could remember and never knew quite how I'd do it because I never knew how I'd get the money.

But anyway, when I got in, it was difficult. We had six hours of classes, twelve hours of duty and we had to keep our grades above 95%. We took most of our classes at the University of Denver. We took our Tuberculosis stretch at the Jewish hospital in Denver and we had to walk all these places. In the winter it gets real cold in Denver and it wasn't much fun walking six or ten or twelve miles a day, or twenty. But we did it. There were 153 of us who began, 39 of us who graduated. (And they're having a big party this fall in Denver and I think I'll go. It's our 40th reunion.) We had most of our classes in theory in Denver. I went back to Denver for six months when I took my Psychiatric affiliation after a year and a half. There were three years total. You went to school three years and you got two weeks off each of the first two summers and then you graduated the last week in August. So that was a total of three years you were in school except for four weeks. The tuition was \$100 to begin with and that is all you ever had to pay. We

worked in the hospital a lot but received no pay. Ours was the first class that was not paid for the hospital work. We got our room and board and they gave us our student uniforms and caps.

It was a beautiful ceremony when we were capped. They really made something of it. A Bishop from Italy was visiting the United States, so they asked him if we could come to the Cathedral of the Madeline and he capped us. You had to walk down the long aisle of the church, across the podium, kneel and kiss his ring and then get up and walk off. Everyone kneeled and kissed his ring except me and I said, "Thanks so much for coming, this is an honor." And he put my cap on and said, "Congratulations," and I walked off. Olander Mortuary would take us down--it was just dramatic, They'd take us down to the Cathedral of the Madeline to these capping exercises in these big black limousines. They'd have the lights on and we'd have our white uniforms and our capes which were navy blue on the outside and red on the inside, That's one time the nuns would let us wear our caps outside the hospital. We'd have our caps on, our white uniform and the cape thrown back off one shoulder, so the red showed. That was a pretty sight.

The school was called Mercy Hospital School of Nursing. It had a little chapel and we had to go to Mass every morning and kneel down and say a prayer, but we could say our own prayer. There were five Mormons in our class and I don't know how many Catholics, but I think they were nearly all Catholics, The nuns were very good to us and I learned to respect them a great deal. They were kind and helpful and they gave us time off each Sunday to go to our own Church.

I had the most handsome boyfriend when I was in Denver. Sometime I'd like to look him up if I ever got the chance. His name was John O'Hagen. He was very Irish. He was tall, dark and handsome and he was a lawyer. He really liked me, but he was a Catholic. He took me out to some really nice places to eat, and he was a really good dancer, but he drank--oh he was good looking.

We lived at the hospital. Our rooms were on the second floor and the nuns lived on the third floor. And oh dear, if we ever came in five minutes after the curfew, we were almost not permitted in. Because the nuns felt like if you got in after midnight you were immoral. And it was hard to convince them that you'd had a flat tire, or you hadn't watched the time. They just absolutely wouldn't take excuses. They really ruled with an iron hand. But it was good for us. The nuns told us we were not allowed to take a tip from a patient, but once in a while a patient would slip you five dollars. Nearly all the patients would leave us with a box of candy or a basket of fruit or something, you know—the well to do patients. It was all right to take candy or fruit or whatever, but not money. But once in a while, I'd gone home just really tired and the first thing I'd do was empty my pockets because the uniform had to be washed every night, and there'd be a five dollar bill in there. Sometimes I wouldn't even know who put it there. Once in a while before Pep got married, he sent me a five-dollar bill in a letter and once in a while if Dad and Mother ever had one or two or three dollars they could spare they sent me one. I can't remember anytime I was completely penniless, but I never did have enough money to go downtown and buy a dress or anything like that.

There was a Jewish girl that I knew, who had graduated three years before who worked at the hospital. That's one place my respect and liking for Jewish people began. She was super good to me. She was older than I was, but she was just a real good friend you could talk to or have a

sandwich with. She had a beautiful apartment close to the hospital. We'd go to shows together. She'd take me to a show now and then. She said, "I know how hard it is to be in training and not have any money."

I graduated in September 1939 and they offered me a real good job. We took our pediatric affiliation at Denver General Children's Hospital and they offered me a job there as a supervisor with the children for \$30 a month but I got a letter from Moab, from Dr. Allen, offering me \$100 a month and that's quite a vast difference, so I went to Moab. Mother and Dad had written to a lady named Lydia Skews to see if I could board and room at her place and she said yes. So they took me over one Sunday afternoon and I'll never forget it as long as I live. It changed the whole course of my life. When we stopped at their place another car did too, but I didn't pay much attention and Mother and Dad and I got out and started up the walk and Mrs. Skews came out. She had been one of our neighbors many years ago when we lived in La Sal and her and my mother's first names were the same. They each said, "Oh, Lydia! I'm so glad to see you." And then my mother said, "This is Ida Mar, she's going to be the nurse down to the hospital." At that same time, a young fellow who was working in Moab as a range conservationist, named Ben Markham, pulled up in a green car with Mrs. Skews' youngest daughter and her boyfriend. Ben just sort of flippantly said to Don, who was driving the car, "Look at that red-headed nurse. If she's not married, I'm gonna marry her." And Don and Madge laughed, but Ben didn't.



Ida Mar Redd, R.N. 1939

The next night was Monday, I'd worked one shift at the hospital to kind of get oriented. There was only one cafe, and Tony Medder ran it, a fellow I'd known ever since I was a little girl. I went in there and a girl from Blanding was a waitress, so she sat down by me and we were talking while I was eating supper. She said, "Oh dear, Ida Mar, there comes Ben Markham. He really wants to meet you and I don't know whether you want to meet him or not." Well I asked, "Is he a good fellow? He looks like it." She said, "Yes he's a lot of fun." I said, "Well, OK." So Ben came right over and sat down at the booth without an invitation. He sat by Venna and he asked, "Would you please introduce me to your friend?" So Venna introduced me to Ben and that was the beginning of a long romance,

Ben had had a very sheltered life because his mother was over-protective. She'd lost her only daughter and she had two sons and her younger son didn't have very good health, he had some lung condition. The daughter was born the very same day as I was, and she died at about six weeks old with pneumonia. Ben was really popular in high school and college. In high school he was student body president. He was very much in love with a girl who lived in Mapleton. They had an agreement that when he got back from his mission they would get married. But while he was on his mission she married someone else. Ben did not like girls, I was probably not the only girl he went with besides her, but I was the only one he ever pursued with diligence. So I suppose in the grand scheme of things we were meant to be husband and wife. He was 28 when we met. He asked me for a date the next Saturday to go to a ball game with him. So I did. A high school football game. I know about as much about football as nothing. But I went to the football game with Ben and we had fun and then we went to this little cafe and had supper. Then we went for a ride up in the mountains. When we got up in the mountains, he stopped the car and I said, "Well, you're like most missionaries!" He said, "Well, Ida Mar, I just wanted to ask you a question." I said, "What is that?" He said, "Will you marry me?" And I laughed because I thought it was funny, but it wasn't. That was in September and by December I had said yes, I would marry him. For Christmas he gave me my diamond and we were married the 6th of June 1940, in the Manti Temple.

When he was working in Moab I was working the 3-11 shift. I'm sure that anybody who hasn't worked the 3-11 shift can't appreciate this but you go to work and you really work hard and when you get off, you know you're supposed to get off at 11 but it's always midnight by then, you're just really tired. You just want to go home and go to bed. Well, Ben wanted to go to a dance. The dances in Moab would last until 1 or 2 o'clock. They had out in the northern part of Moab, to the side of the road, a round cement ring and it was called a rhythm ring. They would have an orchestra out there on Friday and Saturday nights and people would dance in the summertime in the good weather. It was really fun. So sometimes we'd go out there and dance, or sometimes we'd go eat, or sometimes we'd go for a ride, or sometimes we'd just go back to my place and sit in the living room and visit.

Once in a while, we'd go down to Blanding and stay all night with Mother and Dad. Ben had a government car that he used all the time and then he bought me a little Plymouth coup with one seat. He gave it to me before we were married. He called me one day and asked me if I had any way I could get up to Salt Lake and one of my friends Margaret and her boyfriend were going up, so I said yes I could come with them. He said, "Come up, I've got a car for you that you can drive back." So that's what I did. I learned how to drive in Blanding, Pep taught me how. But

Dad said that girls were too rattlebrained to drive cars. Mother never learned to drive.

Ben was the range conservationist in charge of the range land for the cattle and sheep during the winter months of the year in the desert part of Utah. He was always looking for ways to plant different kinds of forage for the cattle. He was adjudicating the land. Many of the people who became rich in Southern Utah did so at the great expense of the land, which was mostly owned by the federal government. They just put too many cattle on there for the size of the land and they just let them graze it until they killed out all the feed. Then when there would be two or three dry years when no moisture fell, it would be just devastating. So Ben tried to teach the stockmen how to rotate their cattle, how to graze in one place for a month and then graze in another place for a month to give the land a chance to readjust. His office was in the Federal Building in Salt Lake, but he traveled all over the state of Utah and he was very well known. I often nowadays wherever I am, meet people who knew Ben and remember him with fondness. Because he had a ready wit and he was always smiling--he was sociable. He got acquainted with everyone.

Ben had a range survey crew down there surveying some range land out north of Moab the summer we met. Moab was his headquarters. Then he went back to Salt Lake in November and I stayed in Moab. On the way back to Salt Lake he spent the weekend with his parents. He was down on the farm helping his dad and he was perspiring profusely and kept going back to the well to drink water all day long. He'd just come in the kitchen and eat everything in sight. His mother said it was almost like he didn't know what he was doing. So she got him in the car and took him up to the doctor much against his will. And of course, he had diabetes and that was a real blow to Ben. It was a real hard thing in his life to accept. It was hard for me to help him because he was always the strong type in our home. He honored his Priesthood and he was the head of the family. We were a partnership. I mean I had my say. That was a hard blow to accept. I had a lot of sleepless nights when I wondered if the right thing to do was still to marry him. But none of us are perfect, and who knows, the next year I might have had cancer or a heart attack or anything. He had had one bout of a blood sugar issue in Australia on his mission, but he had eaten a whole stock of bananas and the doctor thought that was the cause. He started taking daily insulin injections that November. He did it all himself.

Sometimes I think the Lord has a way of chastening us, or humbling us. I used to say in training that there were two kind of men I wouldn't marry: one with diabetes or one with a colostomy. See, and I never should have said such a dumb thing. My best girlfriend has a colostomy and my husband had diabetes.

He wrote me a letter every single day of the world from the first of November until the first of June. Can you believe it? And I wrote him every day. He'd always sign his letters, "Love, X." I used to tease him about never signing his letters and he said, "Well, if you ever take me to court for alienation of affection you'll never be able to prove anything because you haven't got my signature." He was a practical joker. He came down when he could, not very often, but when he could. He was about as tall as Ben. (He was actually about 5' 7", a couple of inches shorter than Ben his son.) His hair was very gray at the temples. He had black hair like Judy. It was thin like Judy's. It went gray when he was 19.



Honeymoon

We went to the temple on June 6, 1940, and after the wedding, we had dinner in the Manti Cafe. While we were in the cafe my Dad wrote all over the car, toilet papered it and stuffed a carrot in the exhaust pipe. He said, "I don't know, Ida Mar. I don't know if you are going on a honeymoon or not. I don't think that car will get you there." When we went out it wouldn't start. But Ben soon guessed what the problem was and had it fixed and we were gone. He was a very good mechanic. He could fix anything--excellently. We went down to the canyons in



Couple

Southern Utah for our honeymoon, and down into Arizona to both sides of the Grand Canyon. It lasted a week.

Ben didn't like office work--he liked to be out on the range. He lived out of his suitcase. That summer he had a range survey crew out in Wayne county. I quit my job the last of May because we didn't know where we were going to be. So when he moved the range survey crew down into Wayne county, he moved me into a house in Bicknell with a family called Brinkerhoff. I roomed and boarded with them. So I lived with Beatrice and John Brinkerhoff and Ben would come in on the weekends and then we'd go to Richfield or go to Spanish Fork or to Blanding.

Then he moved farther away from Richfield, the range survey crew did, I had to go and live in two tents. We had a bedroom tent and kitchen tent. It was just at the base of the Henry Mountains. It was a beautiful quiet place. It was fun. Ben was really good to camp with. He loved to camp out. He'd do all the cooking and he kept everything clean and neat. I'd just live the Life of Riley. I read a lot. We had a radio. I read the scriptures. I read magazines and books. I read books about the Jews and history and adventure stories. We'd go into Bicknell to church. We had fun that fall living in two tents and the weather was nice until the very end of October. I am very thankful that I was not too proud to go live in two tents,



Honeymoon Suite near Henry Mountains

though many people made fun of me, because I could spend more time with Ben. And I'm glad for all the hours we spent together, because I learned a great many things from him. We moved out the first of November because that last night I thought we were going to freeze to death, and I said, "Ben, I can't stand it any longer over here in my sleeping bag." I went over and climbed in his with him. He got up and made a fire and we got out. The next day they closed the road over Boulder Mountain, so if we'd waited until the 3rd of November, we'd have been snowed in.

I stayed with his parents for a little while to wash out our things. Ben's dad had been the Bishop of Leland Ward for about 25 years, but he had been released and was on the stake high council. Ben's mother was stake relief society president. They were always strong, active Church members and to this day are remembered and loved by the people of Leland. Ben's brother, Lynn, graduated with his Master's degree from BYU two days before we got married. We went with Ben's parents to the graduation. He had served a mission in Florida. Lynn got married the next year and took a job with the Bureau of Indian Affairs in New Mexico. He left that after about four years and moved to Tremonton, Utah, where he bought a car and farm implement dealership he still owns today.

Ben was soon permanently assigned to Moab. But everything to rent there was taken, I mean everything. We looked and we looked, and we prayed. We asked people and we had people looking and we just couldn't find anything. Of course, the government was taking care of the motel bill until we could find a place of residence, but anyway it wasn't any fun living in a motel. Finally, the only room we could rent was a room up above the old co-op store. We had one little tiny room and the bathroom was down the hall. Oh, what a way to live!

When we lived in the one room above the Moab co-op, I was pregnant with our first child, but I lost the baby at 4 months. When I lost the baby, my husband became very frightened because there was only one doctor in town and he was addicted to drink. That night, besides being very, very drunk nobody could find him. His wife hadn't seen him for three days, his girlfriend hadn't seen him for 4 or 5, so there was nothing to do but to lie in bed quietly and hope I didn't bleed to death. I'm thankful for the power of the Priesthood and Ben gave me a powerful blessing and though I lost a lot of blood, so much I couldn't get out of bed for two days, I didn't have to go to the doctor. And though I lost the baby, everything was all right.

We stayed there until February, when a log cabin became vacant. It was among the first buildings built in Moab. It had been fixed up on the inside but on the outside, it was a log cabin. It had a living room with a curtain on part of it to make a bedroom. It had a kitchen and a bathroom. It was adequate for our needs. We were glad to be by ourselves and not have to walk down the hall in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. And gradually we began buying a little bit of furniture.

Then we found this beautiful little white painted house and we moved into it. And that's where we lived when Judy was born. We bought some nice furniture for the baby and a little more furniture for ourselves and by this time we had a washing machine and a sewing machine and a couple of easy chairs and a good bedroom set and what we needed. So we were comfortable. And we were happy.

I didn't feel quite safe going to the doctor in Moab because of his problems. We were friends and saw them at social gatherings, but I wanted a different doctor, so I went to Spanish Fork to Dr. Hagan. He was a good doctor and a kindly man. The trip was about 5 hours, so I only went up one time for a check-up. Then I moved to Grandma and Grandpa's place about a month before Judy was due. Ben was there when I started some labor pains and he took me to the hospital. The nurse on duty that night was aware of me. She told me she had prayed she wouldn't be on duty when I came in because she had heard I was a bleeder and also a registered nurse. I promised her I wouldn't give her any trouble. She put me in a bed and gave me a bell to use if I had any pain. Dr. Hagan came in and examined me and said this will be a long time. I said good, I'll have some sleep. Ben had a terrible cold and asked me if he could go home and get some sleep—he had been up late taking a friend to the airport in Salt Lake. So I thought this is ridiculous, so I got down to work. As soon as the baby was born, I called the nurse and asked her to pull the covers back because the baby is here. She said it couldn't be because I hadn't made any noise, and I was just a neurotic nurse. Just as she said that Judy started to cry. The nurse was so shocked she fell back into a chair, I asked her to get up and move the covers. She called the Doctor who came and finished the delivery. Then I did start to hemorrhage, and it scared everybody but me. I asked Dr. Hagan to call Ben and he asked the nurse to give me a vitamin K to clot my blood.

Ben came and saw that things were alright. He got to see the baby. He had wanted a girl since he hadn't been able to grow-up with his sister. He was happy and he left to go tell his parents. I knew something was wrong because my abdomen was swelling up and hurt really bad. All night it kept swelling, rather than getting smaller and smaller because the baby was born. I asked the nurse to give me a bed pan. In those days they kept you in bed for two weeks after having a baby. She brought me the bed pan and I passed one clot that filled the bed pan, and then another that was even larger into the bed. She called Dr. Hagan back again for the third time that night, but he was good natured and said you poor girl, that must have killed you. I told him it hurt a little, but I was fine. He did keep me in the hospital for two weeks. By then I was strong enough to go home to Moab. Mother came for 3-4 days to help and we got along just fine. Judy was Ben's parents first grandchild and the second for my parents.

Ben was so proud of the baby. On Sunday afternoon he'd take her all dressed up in a buggy along the streets. All the men would be sitting out in front of their houses with their chewing tobacco and pipes. He'd stop and let everybody admire the pretty baby with blue eyes and dark hair. I had made pretty clothes for her. It was a good time in our lives. Daddy blessed her in Moab. Judy was born on February 18, 1942, just after the war had started. (This was Grandpa Redd's birthday, too.) In December 1941 when my cousin came over and told us the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, I said, "We can't have a war, I am going to have a baby!" My husband teased me about saying that until the day he died.



Ben, Ida Mar & Judith Ann



Mother and Daughter in Plymouth Coup 1942

Moab was a friendly little place. My cousin Bertine Redd and his wife lived near us, and several men that Ben worked with lived there with their families. We had picnics and dinners together and often went to the dance on Friday or Saturday night. It was a good time, but good times, like bad times, don't last forever. The war was on and they were cutting down on everything, so Ben's boss asked him if he would mind going to college to teach political geography. So we took Judy and moved to Logan the home of Utah State Agricultural

College (now Utah State University). It was different living and associating with college people, it was really good for me. My brother, Bob, came and lived with us that winter. Bob and his English teacher didn't see eye-to-eye and he didn't want to finish high school, so I asked him if he wanted to come and live with us and finish school in Logan, so he did. Bob and I have always been really close and it was fun to have him there. Ben spent so many hours at the college, it was good to have a brother there. In those days there were no women's names to be done at the temple. There were men's names, so after school Ben would often do a session at the temple. Having Bob with us was good company and a built-in babysitter.

College people at that time used to have a lot of dinners, every week you would go to one or two dinner parties. Ben was an active member of the Lion's Club and they were a really going concern in Logan. I didn't do anything in the Church the year we lived in Logan. We paid our tithing and attended our meetings. Ben was a counselor in the stake Sunday school superintendency. The superintendent was Theodore M. Burton who is now a general authority. Logan was a good learning experience for all of us, and we enjoyed that.

After school was out that summer, the government still didn't know where they were going to send Ben. It was an uneasy time for all of us. He was back in the office in Salt Lake City, so we moved to an apartment on 7th Avenue and D Street that we found and lived there. We only lived there for two weeks and he was transferred to Nevada. That was a low blow for me because I'd always gone to wherever he was and lived under all kinds of conditions and been happy. This time Ben had to go to Nevada alone because we didn't dare chance going down to Ely, Nevada and trying to find a place to live with a young baby. Judy and I stayed in the apartment alone while Ben tried to find us a place to live in Ely. It took him about six weeks, but he found a nice little home. We lived in Ely for three and a half years. There were many things that happened in Ely.

We made some really good friends while living in Ely whom we still have today. People were very friendly and helpful, and there was an active ward of the Church for which we were glad. There were a lot of friends that Daddy had made in work who also moved there with their families. We did lots of things with ward members and friends from work. I did a lot of sewing. I made all of Judy's clothes and all of mine. I also made clothes for neighbors who were glad that I could sew because most of them couldn't.

This was during the war and things were not very available, but I can't remember going without anything that I felt I really needed. The only thing I felt bad about was that I didn't have any nylon stockings. I had to write to ZCMI (big department store in Salt Lake) and get a credit card. Then when they got a shipment in, they would send me two pair. It was about once a month. I was very careful with them and they were better quality than today so they wore longer. I was fixed up with nylons. I don't remember being short of any food. With only three members in the family, we had plenty to eat. People were good to share, as were we, and there was always plenty. Daddy had his own government car and gas was not rationed for it. He had enough to go where he needed to for work. I didn't drive much in Ely because of Judy. In those days we didn't have car seats, so it was kind of hard to take a little, active girl in a coup (single bench seat).

We lost two babies while we lived in Ely. The doctors were not sure why I was having trouble. I lost one baby and then I went to a Jewish doctor. Dr. Smernoff. He told me that the next time I got pregnant I should stay in bed until I felt life. I tried that but it didn't help. I stayed in bed, but I lost the baby. That was two babies I lost in Ely, it was a great sadness in our family. Almost more than anything we wanted a big family. So the third time I stayed in bed until I felt life. Dr. Smernoff used to drive 32 miles round trip from the hospital to give me vitamin shots three times a week. There was another ingredient that I don't remember to help me retain the baby, I did stay in bed, the neighbors were good to tend Judy. Ben would come home at noon and fix lunch. He fixed breakfast before he went to work and dinner when he got home. He would do the washing and scrub the floors. We were determined to have one more baby, and we did.

We named him Ben Stephen. He was born on the 28th of March 1946. The doctor told me to be ready in early February because the baby could come anytime. I made arrangements with the lady who was going to keep Judy during the daytime. I also made arrangement to get to the hospital if Ben happened to be out-of-town. I waited two whole months until the 28th of March. Daddy said he'd known that all along, but he didn't like to dispute it with the doctor. We had waited so long he should have hit someone's birthday, and it was mine. That is probably the best gift I ever had on a birthday. I still appreciate it, every birthday and all the days in between. He was a cute little baby. There were twelve babies in the nursery and eleven of them were of Mexican or Italian descent. They had dark hair and Ben had bright red hair like a new copper penny. Dr. Smernoff used to put him on the operating cart and take him all over the hospital to show him to all the patients. They didn't believe a baby could have hair that red. Dr Smeirnoff also offered me \$5,000 for him. I think about how much money that would be now, 33 years later, if I had invested it. But I wouldn't have as much love and three cute grandchildren and a nice daughter-in-law who is a gourmet cook. I am glad I kept Ben, he has brought joy to our family.



Ben Stephen, 1949

We lived in Ely three and a half years. It seemed like in our lives whenever something really good happens something not-so-good happens. The war had ended and they were laying off quite a few federal employees and replacing them with veterans. Ben was not discharged, but there wasn't a permanent place to put him. There was a job opening in Grand Junction, Colorado. He was told it was only temporary, so we packed up all our earthly belongings and moved to Spanish Fork, Utah. When we got there, we couldn't find a place to live, so we moved in with Grandma and Grandpa Markham, Ben's parents.

Grandma was suffering from an acute case of rheumatoid arthritis, and the doctor had ordered her to bed. There wasn't anything that would seem to stop the pain, there wasn't anything that would help her one way or another. It was very difficult for her to have us in her home because the children made a little more noise than she was used to. My cooking was not like hers. It was really a difficult situation. I was nursing Ben, he never did cry, he was the best baby I ever saw, I took him to the Doctor Hagan's and he said, "Mrs. Markham I am surprised at you, this baby is starving to death and you don't know it." You can imagine how I felt. I put him on a formula, and it agreed with him. He grew fast after that. His cheeks even got pink, and he started to have a few freckles and then he really looked like he does now.

I decided since Ben was in Grand Junction and not home, it would be better if I took the children and went down to Blanding and stayed with my mother and dad. They were in good health and didn't think the noise of the children and us being home all the time would be so upsetting to them as to someone who was sick. So we moved down to Blanding. We had only been down there about three weeks and things were going along very smoothly, when I got a call from Grand Junction. Ben had found a nice five room brick house in Leland (Utah) out west of Spanish Fork close to his folks to rent for \$35 per month. All you who are making big mortgage payments, eat your hearts out. We lived there long enough to save up cash to buy a home in Spanish Fork. That was really nice not to pay any interest. Of course, in those days nice homes didn't cost over \$20,000.

We lived in Leland for about eight or nine years and we had a lot of good experiences there. I was ward primary president for five years, then they released me. The girl who was called to replace me came to the first meeting and then never came back again. The Bishop came to me and asked me to be primary president again. In total I was primary president for over 8 years. I remember the day the Stake President called me and said, "Ida Mar," I said, "Yes President Christensen, what can I do for you?" He said I sure hope you will do it. I said that sounds ominous, what can it be. He said he would like me to be the stake president of the primary. I said but President you are talking to Ida Mar Markham, is that who you meant to call? He laughed because he knew me very well, he knew who he was talking to. I said well I never say yes or no until I talk it over with my husband. I'll talk with him tonight and call you back tomorrow. He says he would call me back tomorrow. That night I talked it over with Ben, I was sure he would say no, you can't do it with two little kids. And besides what do you know about being a stake primary president of seventeen wards? I just thought that would be a good excuse, I could blame it on Ben and would not have to say no. But when Ben came home that night and I told him about it, he said that is wonderful, it will be a really good experience for you. He said Ida Mar, I'll help you any way I can.

I want you all to remember now that Ben's office was in the federal building in Salt Lake. He would leave for work Monday morning and often we would not see again until Friday night. Unless he was going to somewhere in southern, western or eastern Utah then he would come through Spanish Fork and we'd see him. So, I was living two miles from town with two small children and stake primary president. But honestly, we did have a wonderful primary because I had two of the most wonderful counselors in the world and a good secretary. The primary moved along well. There was a new challenge every summer or every six months or so, but we met them and overcame them, and I think our characters grew by this.



Palmyra Stake Primary Board (about 1954, Ida Mar center, front row)

I not only was the president of the stake primary, I taught the relief society spiritual living lessons for a total of 25 years. Not straight through, but I taught in Ely, Salt Lake, Leland and Spanish Fork First Ward. All together it added up to a total of 25 years. I certainly did learn a lot and I hope someone else learned something, too.

While we lived in Ely, Judy went off to school for the first time. Then four years later in Leland Ben started school. With both of them in school, I was home alone, and it was indeed lonesome. But the children loved school and they did well which made us happy.



Ben Stephen (4), Ida Mar, Judith Ann (8)

We always enjoyed holidays at our home. On Thanksgiving my parents and all my brothers and sister who could, would come up for Thanksgiving, it was a big day. I will never forget the first turkey I ever cooked; it was probably the best one because I spent so much time on it. Through the years the turkeys were always good. My family knew they were always invited to my place. My parents came every year until the year they each died. I am thankful for that. On Christmas we always had a really good time. My husband loved Christmas more than any holiday in the year. Sometimes I think he was a kid at heart. He loved Christmas; he loved toys; he loved to help the children play with the toys. Sometimes I would accuse him of buying the toys for himself instead of the children.

I had an uncle (Clisbee Nielson) who didn't marry until he was quite a bit older, until he was past fifty. He used to always come to our place for Christmas. Of course we didn't know it until the children got older and told us, but Ben Stephen said he used to lie awake and listen to Daddy and Clisbee trying to put the toys together. He could hear them building the train track and trying to put the cars on it. They would tease the kids about being good and tell them if they weren't good, all they would get is a bucket of coal. However, I never did see a bucket of coal. I can remember a few times when I wasn't very good, but I didn't get any coal.

My husband and my uncle were both big teasers. I did not like to be teased because my Dad had always teased me ever since the day I was born. I made a banana cake that was good, really good. Clisbee and Ben would eat half, or maybe three quarters, or even all of it before it was even frosted. Then they would ask me when I was going to make another “nasty old banana cake.” I told them if they asked me that again that I would never make another one. The next day they asked me, and I have never made another one from that day to this. I am not always that absolute, but that time I was. (Parenthetical Comment from Ben Stephen: The amazing thing is that Mother had so trained us as kids that we couldn’t eat bananas if there were only three left, because that is how many it took to make a banana cake. To this day if I see just three bananas together, I won’t eat one for fear she will need them for a banana cake which she has never made since I was six years old.)

We didn’t have a lot of “vacation” vacations, but we had good times. Every summer we would go down to Fish Lake and stay for a week and go fishing. I can still remember though it has been thirty years how cold it was at Fish Lake. It was so cold it is impossible to describe. Daddy liked to cook over the campfire, and we rented a cabin with a wood burning cook stove. We took every quilt we owned, but it was still cold. But we had a good time. The most fun part is that we were all together and the children were learning from their father how to build a campfire, how to fish, how to tie lines and thread worms, and all those little nitty-gritty things you do when you go fishing that are so much fun. Then it wasn’t too many years before Judy would take Ben and his friends up the canyon fishing and she would have to thread the worms for some of them because Daddy hadn’t taught all of them to thread worms. It was fun, we went for boat rides and there were a lot of other people down there that we knew. There was one thing about Daddy, he knew somebody in every town in the state of Utah. He never went anywhere that he didn’t have a real good friend that we had fun with, too.

When Judy was ready to go into junior high, we bought a home and moved into Spanish Fork. She was in seventh grade and Ben was in third. We bought a little brick home on First East between Center Street and First South in Spanish Fork. That is where I still live and always will.

Ben and Judy enjoyed their school life and participated in the activities. They were good students; they knew where they wanted to go. Sometimes they took a little detour here and there about what they wanted to major in, but that wasn’t a bad thing. They enjoyed their teachers and the teachers enjoyed them. While the children were in school, Daddy and I were busy in the Church when he was home on weekends. He was the Stake Mission President and Senior President of the Seventy. I was the Stake Mission Secretary, taught the spiritual living lesson in Relief Society and was the President of the Stake Primary. We were busy and happy. The children had lots of friends and they were always welcome at our home. I can remember when they used to bring their friends home and eat a large amount of food, then leave a note saying that was a good appetizer, how about some food next time.



Ben (Butch), Ben, Ida Mar & Judith Ann (May 1956)

In the fall of 1956, Grandma Markham died. She had been bedfast with arthritis for a long time. She was in the hospital for 42 days. We couldn't feed her through the veins because her veins had all collapsed. She couldn't swallow well. She didn't seem to be in much pain, but it was sad to see her in the hospital for such a long time unable to speak.

END OF INTERVIEW



Wiley and Lydia Redd Family about 1957

Front row chairs: Bob, Ida Mar, Pep, Grandpa Wiley, Grandma Lydia, Louisa, Lyman, George