

The Autobiography of
Leone Waters Winters
Randall Russell

1910 – 1998

My name is Leone Waters Winters Randall Russell, what a name! I was born at Rigby, Jefferson County, Idaho on April 28, 1910, in a house that had been converted from a tinker shop. My parents are Claude Sidney Waters and Charlotte Hix. I was the third child in a family of five: two older brothers and two younger brothers. Most of my young life was lived in Rigby.



We never lacked for food or clothing, but we were not what you would call wealthy in material things. What we did have was plenty of love.

One time we lived out at Clark Quarter at Grandpa Water's place and dad was riding a horse back and forth to the Golden Rule in Rigby where he worked. Since I was the only girl and the light in my father's eyes I was spoiled. I used to think I could not let my father go any place. I wanted him with me all the time. One time, dad had an Indian horse and his horse got away. Dad thought he would go to the Blackfoot Indian Reservation to see if his horse was there. I cried and kicked up such a fuss to think he was leaving that he forgot about the horse.

Dad was a caring man, always compassionate and thinking of others. One time he came home with a baby deer. Someone had come in the store where he worked and needed food so he traded food for the deer. We children were really happy with this deer and we had it for a long time. When it grew up it got kind of mean and dad was afraid it would hurt us. It seemed to be all right with us, but when strangers came he would kick up his heels and bare his teeth as you might say. So dad got rid of the deer.

Then I remember we moved to Rigby and we lived in a three-room house. It was there that Thayne and Reed were born. At the time all of the places had fences around them because people had their stock right there in the city. There weren't girls around for me to play with so I would follow the boys. They were bigger than I was and they would get under the fences and over them without any trouble, but when I tried I would either get my dress or my shin caught. I had a lot of scars from bar-wire cuts.

We had the first telephone around there for many blocks so we got telephone calls all the time: "Would you have one of the kids go up and give this message to this lady or have her come down and call me?" So we got a lot of exercise that way.

Dad was still working in the Golden Rule Store. I must have been about five, just big enough to go up town alone. I would get buttons and go up to dad and trade buttons for candy.

Mother would take in washings and ironings to help with the family budget. Eldon and Loran would take the little wagon and deliver the washings after she had done them. She would always take in children to take care of while their mothers worked. I had a little cupboard in the basement full of dishes that I thought so much of. All these little dishes had been given to me as gifts for birthdays and Christmas. One time I came home and I was very unhappy. Some of the little boys that mother was tending had gotten in and broken a lot of my dishes.

When I was nine years old, on a New Year's Day, mother took us up town to see what was going on. We had a good time, but when we got home I was running a fever and I was tired and sick. Mother called Dr. Fisher. He came in and asked what I had been doing. Mother told him we had been uptown. He asked if I had walked and mother said, "Well, I sure couldn't carry her." Dr. Fisher then told her that I had Rheumatic Fever. He gave me a nasty medicine to take and put me to bed for a month.

During this month that I was in bed, mother and I became quite close. She used to read stories to me, give me candy and sing to me. One day she told me, "Leone, I have a secret. Can

you keep a secret?" Of course I said, "Yes mother I can!" She said, "I'll tell you this, but don't tell anybody. We are going to get us a baby in June." I was so thrilled to think we were going to have another baby in the home and I was happy. One day when dad came home from work he and mother were having lunch and they were talking and he mentioned the baby. Well, I started to cry, "Mother, I didn't tell anybody, I didn't tell anybody that we were going to have a baby!" Mother and dad looked at each other and smiled. Mother said, "That's all right, Leone, dad's in on the secret."

At this month in bed, I went back to school and made up my grades. The next spring, mother said I would have to have my tonsils out because with Rheumatic Fever it could affect my heart. They decided to have my tonsils out first and while I was waiting for him, I would wander around the office and get a drink and then another and another. When it came time for me to have tonsils out, I nearly choked to death on the table with all the water I had had. When we got home they had gotten ether in Thayne's eye and he didn't feel good. The neighbors brought in food, but Thayne couldn't have any he felt bad about that.

June 23, 1920, our baby boy, Reed, was born. He was a lovely, big, fat, blonde, blue-eyed – well, not exactly blue-eyed, he had one blue and one brown eye, baby. He was the apple of our eyes. We all thought so much of the baby. Of course, it was up to me to help take care of him. I was ten years old and was able to do a lot of things. He was a good baby and we had a buggy for him. Mother used to put him in it and wheel him up and down the street. He had rice krispies and he would throw them out on the street and watch the other kids come and get them. When he was able to walk it was my job to take care of him. I thought I should be playing so I tied a rope around his stomach and then tied it to the clothesline. Then I went up the block with the kids. Well, mother didn't like that. She got me right now and took me back to take care of the baby.

That fall in October, when we were out for spud harvest, I went to a party. When I came home I didn't feel good. I had a pain in my stomach and was vomiting. Mother called Dr. Fisher and he came right away. After examining me he told my dad, "She's got a pain in her stomach, she is vomiting green and her name is Waters. We will have to operate for

appendicitis." So they took me up to the Dabell Hospital in Rigby. This was in the Dabell's home. When I found out where I was going I was worried. My cousin, Leland Hix, had been there for the same operation and he had died! I got along just fine, no problem at all. The night after I was operated on I was so thirsty. Mrs. Dabell and her family were having dinner and I got up out of bed and walked to the kitchen and got a drink of water. When they found me they rushed me right back to bed and made sure I stayed right there. I was in the hospital for seven days when Dad came and took me home. The doctor said the only thing I couldn't do was lift the baby. Reed was fat and weighted quite a bit so I couldn't take care of him in any way.

We lived right across the street from the Rigby Canal and did a lot of swimming. When I learned to swim the boys took me and threw me in a ditch and told me to swim. They would holler at me telling me what to do and so I started swimming. All the kids up and down our block used to meet over at this canal and swim. Mother and her friends used to come and swim with us. We had a swimming party nearly every day. Sometimes I would put my bathing suit on in the morning and swim, come home and put a dress on and in a little while go up and have another swim.

We had a lot of good times in Rigby with the kids on the block. I remember when the first electric light was put up. We would go over to the corner and they would have this street light on and we could play Run Sheep Run and all of our games at night. Nine o'clock and curfew rang and we had to go home.

I had many friends in school. One best girl friend was Yula Thompson. Then there were two boys that were my age, Noel Johnson and Noel Hansen. Their parents were good friends of my parents also.

I went to elementary school in Rigby. We always walked to school. I went on to junior high school and the year I was in the eighth grade they decided that they would graduate half of the eighth grade at mid-year and the rest of them in the spring. I happened to be one that was to graduate at mid-year. They had done the same thing with Loran the year before. When we graduated we then went over to the high school. We had one-half year of high school and

then we had an option of taking four years of high school with half a year of we could take three years. I took three years and Loran took four years.

One time, I must have been a sophomore, a bunch of us girls decided we wanted to go up to Ashton to the dog races. You could get on the train and go up and back the same day. I asked dad about it and he said that he didn't want me to go. He said the dog races were no place for a young girl to be. He was right, they weren't, but the other girls had decided they were going and I told them I couldn't go because I didn't have the money. My friend Yula's mother said she would loan me the money. She gave me the money and we caught the train and left for the dog races. Of course we were late getting home that night and dad wanted to know where we had been. When I told him he wasn't very happy with me to think I had disobeyed him. He asked me where I had gotten the money and I told him Mrs. Thompson had loaned it to me. I asked him for the money so I could pay her back and dad said, "No, I won't pay that money. She gave you that money and she knew I didn't want you to go and that it was against my wishes. I will not pay that debt." That was the only time I know of that my father did not pay a debt.

In February 1926, Eldon married Ada Irene Brower. They were living in our home there in Rigby. It was around March that the Quality Store burned down and that was where dad was working. At that time this store was like a mini-mall. It had hardware, kerosene, shoes, clothes and material. There were lawyer and doctor offices upstairs and fuel outside.

One night the store burned so dad was without a job. He had heard that there was a little country store in Grant that could be rented. He made arrangements to rent it. We decided that Loran and I would stay at Rigby with Ada and Eldon and the rest of the family would move to Grant. I think it was in June that Ada took sick. She had a bad kidney and she died. There we were alone in the house, so the three of us moved to Grant with the folks. It was nice to go there, but I didn't want to leave Rigby High School and neither did Loran, but we moved to Grant for the summer. After I had lived down there for the summer and had made some friends, I decided to go to Midway High School. Loran went back to Rigby High School and lived with a friend of his.

To get over to Midway we had Ray and Lowell Hicks who had a team of horses hooked to a white, top wagon. They hauled us to school. We would have to get up and be ready by eight o'clock to drive over to Midway. Dad always got up and had my breakfast ready and my lunch put up and saw that I was ready to go to school.

We had quite a year. I was the only senior from Grant; all of my friends were juniors and sophomores. In the spring when we had our Senior Sneak, me being the only one from Grant, I decided not to go. It wasn't long after that that the juniors in the ward came along and said they were going to crash the senior sneak. We went up to Green Canyon, it was called Pincock then, and we crashed the senior sneak. Of course the juniors got in trouble when they got back to school, but since I was a senior I was all right. I made a lot of good friends and it was a good school year. I graduated that year just one month after I turned 17.

We used to help dad in the store and it was a lot of fun working there. In the winter we would have sleigh rides and bobsled shins on the corner. It was fun living in Grant.

There were a lot of boys and I used to go with a lot of them. There was one who came in the store. He was older and he was a good-looking fellow. He drove a Pontiac Coupe. He would come in the store, but not have much to say. He would just come in the store and get gas and what he needed and leave. I would think how I would like to go with him; he was sure a nice looking guy. He didn't go with girls. He would say, "Damn the girls, let's go have fun."

On Sunday, Thora Hansen and I were at church waiting for it to start and Walt Randall and his friend Charlie Brosik went by on their horses. Thora and I thought we would like to go for a ride with them. They had gone up the rode quite a ways so we got someone to take us up in a car. We asked them if we could go for a ride. They said yes and we got on behind them and they took us for a long ride. We rode all around Iona and Ucon. It was dark when we got home. That was the way I met and started going with Walt. He asked me if I would like to go to the show with him and of course I said yes. When he came to get me his sister Alta was with him, which was all right with me. Alta was a good friend of mine. We went to the movies and had a good time. The first two or three dates I had with Walt, Alta came along and then Walt started leaving Alta home. Walt and I went together for quite a while.

After I graduated from high school I went to work for Dr. Sorensen and lived in Idaho Falls. I didn't stay there very long; he seemed to be a little fresh. He kept thinking I should be nice to him. One day he tried to kiss me. I just walked out and didn't go back until he was gone. Then I went back and got my purse and my things out of my desk drawer, left my keys and that was the end of that job.

Then I went up to Rexburg that winter to work in the seed house. I stayed with Mrs. Brower, Eldon's wife's mother.

That spring I went to work for Dr. West in Rigby as his office girl. I got a room up in the top of the office where he had extra rooms. After I started going with Walt he would come to see me in the car that summer, but in the winter when the snow came you stayed home or went places by sleigh. Walt would ride a horse up to see me. We would go to a movie or play cards. Then he would ride his horse home. He did that all winter.

I loved to dance, but Walt didn't dance. After I moved home Walt would take me to Riverside to the dances. He would take me to the door, buy my ticket and see me in. I would go in and dance and he would wait for me in the car. At intermission he would come to the door and we would sit and talk, then when intermission was over he would take me back to the door and I would go in and dance some more while he waited in the car. Then he would take me home when the dance was over. He was that kind of a fellow, very considerate and loving.

About this time, while Walt and I were going together, the family got small pox. There was quite an epidemic of small pox and Mrs. Nettie Randall, Walt and Alta all came down with it. Dad was the quarantine officer in the ward. He had to quarantine them and then had to bring things to them to eat and such because they couldn't get out. If they ran out of food they would call and we would take it down. I used to ride down with dad and Walt and I used to visit through the window. I never did get the small pox. I was working for Dr. West at the time and he had given me a shot. The shot never did take so there was no danger that I would ever get it.

Mrs. Randall never got mad and she never swore, but after being quarantined with all those people for two weeks; Jack and Hazel were there too, and she had had enough.

They would get up in the morning and always wanted pancakes. One day, Mrs. Randall said, "GD the hotcakes!" She really surprised everyone that just wasn't like her at all. She was a very kind, compassionate woman. When they used to have the rodeos she always had, oh I don't know how many, cowboys stay and she would feed them. It didn't make any difference who it was, if they needed a home they came to Randall's and she would feed them.

We used to go on fishing trips with Walt's sister and her husband, Hazel and Jack. We would stay all night in a big bed, me on one side, Walt on the other, Jack and Hazel in the middle. We had a lot of fun! After Walt and I were married Jack and Hazel were our best friends.

Walt and I decided we would get married and the night before, he asked dad if it was all right if he married me. Dad gave his consent and we were sitting out in the car talking things over and car came up. A fellow came up to our car and said, "Leone, I am out of gas." He was Roy Beckstrom from Idaho Falls and I had gone with him quite a bit. He played the ukulele. Mother and Aunt Ada thought he was just real nice. They would sing, mother would play the guitar, Roy would play the ukulele and they would have a big time with him. He would bring his friends out they would spend the evening entertaining. When I started going with Walt he didn't come out so much, but this night, before we were to get married, he came out to get some gas. He asked if I would get him some gas. I went in the house and got the keys to the tank and Walt went with me and we opened the tank and put some gas in his car. Two gallons was all that it took. "Oh," he said, "I thought It was lower that that." He said goodnight and left. A little while later Walt left and the next morning someone came in the store and asked me what the car was going down the lane with a man in it. I said I didn't know and asked who it was. They didn't know but said it had been there all night. Come to find out, it was Roy Beckstrom. He had gone down the lane and parked waiting for Walt to go home so he could come see me and he had fallen asleep.

Walt and I went to Idaho Falls with Jack and Hazel as out witnesses and were married by a judge, April 27, 1928. We spent the first night at Jack and Hazel's and then we went to Randall's. There was Alta, Milt, Ora, Ace and Nettie Randall and Uncle Heb that were wall living in that three-room house. Mr. and Mrs. Randall moved out of their bedroom and let Walt and I move in for that summer. They had what they called the wash house that they put beds in for Milt and Uncle Heb to sleep in. That is the kind of people Ace and Nettie Randall were.

That summer I was nineteen and Ora was thirteen. When they turned the water out of the ditch you could go catch fish with your hands. Ora and I would both get on Shortly, her little Shetland pony, and ride down to the place where I now live, which was Rob and Ellie's place then. We would catch a lot of chubs and suckers. People used to call them trash fish, but when Mrs. Randall got through cooking them they were the best fish you ever ate.

We lived in Randall's house for that summer and then we moved up in the little house by the store. It was a two-room house that was in the orchard. Eldon had lived there for the winter. Tom Williams, a good friend of Walt's, stayed with us. The two of them went up to clean and paper the house and when I got there to see how they had papered it, they had done a good job papering, but they hadn't cut the border off so we had a different kind of paper in the house.

The next summer Walt went to work for George Christensen and we lived in the rock house just north of the store. Oh that house! The people who had lived there had brooked chickens in the upstairs. Alta helped me clean it and we sure had to put a lot of elbow grease into that house to clean all that chicken out. We lived there for that year.

That winter I went over to work for the seed house in Lewisville and the next summer I worked rowing peas for the seed house. Walt was still working for Christensen's, but George quit running the place so we were looking around. We found out there was a place over in Lincoln that belonged to on of Grandpa Randall's family. We rented that and moved to Lincoln, out on First Street. We stayed there for the summer. The Depression was on and we didn't have much. Ten cents a dozen for eggs, fifteen cents for a pound of cream, sell a big pig for three dollars and a cow for fifteen dollars.

During the winter, Charlie Brosik came and stayed with us. During the summer my brother Reed lived with us and helped Walt with things. We were milking two or three cows.

For recreation that summer we would take our milk cans and the cream in to the creameries in Idaho Falls, get our cream check, buy what few groceries we needed and then in the afternoon we would park the car by Woolworth's and giggle at everybody that went by. It seemed like Saturday was shopping day for everyone. The stores would stay open until six and we would get to visit and see everyone from Grant who had come to town to do their shopping.

The next spring we moved over to the Pugmire place on East River Road in Grant. We lived there for several years. Walt was running part of the ground and Hen Williams was running part of it. We used to raise peas and potatoes. We bought a new Car! We had lost our Pontiac while we were living in Lincoln. We had sold a cow for fifteen dollars to make a payment, but didn't have another cow for the next payment so we lost the car.

While we were living there Mr. Pugmire came out and lived there with us part of the time. He believed the farm should have geese, guineas, ducks and everything. His son bought some sheep and brought them out so we had all kinds of animals.

We were living here when we found out that I was pregnant. We had been married for eight years, a long time to wait for this. Mr. Pugmire bought me a lovely bassinette with a stand for it. This was the highlight of our lives when our baby boy, Noel, was born September 19, 1937. We had given up hope of ever having any children.

I used to go with a red headed boy from Grant, Art Boyce. People used to ask Walt what he would do if he had a red headed baby and Walt would say he would drown it. When Noel was born, here was this little baby boy with red fuzz on his head. Someone said, "Okay Walt, what are you going to do now, drown him?" Walt just grinned and said, "No, I've got too much money invested in him." He was the apple of his dad's eye. He could never do anything wrong and Walt always tried to give him everything. There were a lot of things Walt wanted when he was growing up that he didn't have, so he wanted Noel to have what he could.

Grandma Nettie had about given up on any hope of having grandchildren. Jack and Hazel had been married quite a while and had buried two babies. Then Alta's twins were born on the 29th of April. That year in August, Jack and Hazel's baby, Patty, Patty was born. She was premature, really tiny. And then the next year Noel was born and a year later Vic and Ora's boy, Leon was born. Grandma Nettie found out it didn't take long to get grandkids once it started.

Alta and her husband, Charlie, lived with us the winter before their twins were born. They lived at Henry's Lake, but were afraid to stay there during the winter with her pregnant in case she needed to get out. They moved into one room of our house. Loran and Inez lived in the back of the house, but we weren't very good to Inez in a way. In the winters you never did driver your car and we parked our car up on the corner. Of course, Inez had two or three little kids and so she couldn't walk up to the corner to go with us. Walt, Loran and I would talk up to the corner and drive to town to the show and then walk home.

We always went every place with team and sleigh. Walt had such lovely, big horses and it was always a pleasure to go for a sleigh ride. Some winters we couldn't even get up the field with the sleigh. We had to use the front bobs and ride on the bobs to go up the road.

When Noel was two, Mr. Pugmire sold the farm. We moved to Mud Lake. Walt went first. Mr. Jacket, who owned the place was remodeling and fixing up the house out there where we were to live. I stayed with my mother until the house was ready, then Noel and I moved out. It was a lonesome place out there. Walt didn't like it and I didn't like it. The wind blew so hard that first summer that it blew the wheat right out of the ground. We had to re-plant.

My nephews, Gayle and Gary, would come out and stay with us. One time, Gayle was riding his horse and fell off and broke his arm. We had to take him into Rigby to get it set.

We stayed in Mud Lake that summer and that fall. In September when the guard was activated to go to Fort Lewis, Loran and Inez took their family and went to Fort Lewis. Walt and I moved into their house in Grant where Ruth Barney now lives. We lived there and Walk worked for George Christensen and Wayne Boam.

In the summer time they would go to Montana and work in the hay. We lived there about four years while Loran was in the service and his family was with him. Then after the boys went overseas Inez came back and lived in Garfield with her dad.

Rob and Ellie Field decided to sell their place and they wanted nine thousand dollars for it. A man by the name of Will Miller, the Godfather of the ward, came to see us. If anybody needed any money or wanted to buy a place Will was right there with the money. He stopped Walt and asked him why he didn't buy the Field place. Walt told him he couldn't buy it because he didn't have the money. Will said he would buy the place for us, but Walt said no he couldn't let him do that. So Will said he would give us the money so Walt could buy the place and then we could pay him back. We agreed and paid nine thousand dollars for the sixty acres. We had three or four years with good crops and were able to get the place paid off.

We were thankful to Will for the way he set us up and helped us get the place. We found out later that nearly every farmer in Grant had been helped one way or another by Will Miller.

Noel started school the year we moved. He was six that September and we moved just a few days before his birthday.

It was good to have a place of our own. Something you could work on and know it was yours; a good felling to know you were settled.

Many years for our entertainment a group of us the same age would have chicken suppers. Sometimes we bought the chickens and sometimes other people donated them. They didn't know it, but that was it. We would all help furnish the other food and have a chicken supper and play Pinochle. That was our entertainment in the wintertime.

On time we went over to Coltman or Ucon to visit a friend; I won't give any names. This woman was living on her husband's mother's place. She sent her husband out with the other guys to find the chickens and then she took some of us out and got chickens out of her in-laws coop. That was how we got our chicken supper that night. Of course in those days it wasn't a felony to go help yourself to chickens!

We had a lot of fun. We would sometimes have these get-togethers in the summertime. Sometimes we would go out skinny-dipping in the canal at midnight. Then there were the dances. We would go for New Year's Eve dances and other dances around the country. One time we went over to Coltman and while we were over there they were selling some kind of food. We bought some and went over to our place played cards. We fixed supper about midnight and then played cards the rest of the night. Lyle Hansen was running the milk and when he got on his milk route the next morning without any sleep he went off the road. He didn't have a wreck, just run off the road. Those were the good days. There was plenty of love and friendship amongst us.

Walt, Orv, Ace and Vern used to gather up herd cattle and take them out by Roberts and herd them for the summer. It would take them two or three days to gather up all the carrel around the country. They would put them in the big corral at Orv's and then they would spend a couple of days branding, dehorning, talking care of the calves and getting them ready for the trail drive. Grandpa Randall always had a fire. As soon as they would finish with the little calves he would have his Rocky Mountain Oysters.

They would trail the carrel out past Roberts and there in a sheep camp Ace would stay the summer with Vern. He would change him off and take care of the cattle. We used to go out and visit with him. It was always such a pleasure to go out and have him coo dinner. It was a treat to get some of his sourdough biscuits. In the fall they would bring the cattle back and there would be another couple of days at Orv's big corral deciding what carrel went where and delivering them to their homes.

Walt always helped with the July 24th Rodeo in Grant. He always rode the relay ponies and nearly always won the races. The summer we were at Lincoln they were having a rodeo at Clark. Walt really wanted to go and ride in the relay. Well, things were so bad that summer because of the Depression we didn't have any money. We would separate our cream from the milk of our cows and if we could get two dollars for the cream to last us the wee, we were really doing good. But this one time when Walt really wanted to go to this rodeo in Clark his best pair of jeans was kind of thin in the seat. We had no money for a new pair. He told me that if I

would put a patch on the inside of his pants, so they wouldn't break out when he was going from one horse to the other, he would ride in the relay. So that's what we did.

Times were hard, but they were the good days. We had a lot of fun together. The winter we were in Lincoln we would ride to Grant in the sleigh. It was so enjoyable to be together and hash over memories all the time.

The first year we were married and living at Randall's in the one room there was always someone there, but we had everything we needed, but not much money. In those days you didn't need much money. There was nothing to spend it on and you made your own entertainment. There were no TV's, radio or money for picture shows. It was always togetherness. The Randall's were a very close-knit family and it was a pleasure to be part of this family.

After we moved on the Pugmire place in the winter of 1935, Jack and Hazel had come down to get their supplies for the winter. They had moved to Henry's Lake several years before and they had to buy enough supplies in the fall to last all winter because there was no way they could get out in the winter. This winter of '35, they opened the roads up to Mack's Inn. It was the first time they had done this so Jack and Hazel came down for Christmas. When they got ready to go back they coaxed Walt and I to go back with them. We were afraid we would get snowed in, but they said we wouldn't. There was a snowmobile that took the mail to Mack's Inn all the time and we could get out on it. It was a snowmobile someone had made, nothing like they have now. We decided to go. We left our car at Mack's Inn and went on up to Jack and Hazel's.

We had a good week. We went ice fishing; it was unlawful but no one could get in to stop us. We went skiing and went sleigh riding and played lots of cards. It seemed like everyday when we would get up we would have a game of Pinochle to see who got breakfast. Hazel and I would play against Jack and Walt. Then after breakfast we would have to play to see who would do dishes. That went on all day long. Play to see who fed the cattle, play to see who got dinner, who got supper, who did the wash, then we would have to have a few games

before bed at night because it was the only entertainment. I got so tired of playing Pinochle and Solo!! I thought I couldn't stay up there all winter like Hazel did.

We had New Year's dinner there and then a day or two after Walt decided it was time we went home. Jack took us down to Megan's on the flat to catch the snowmobile that would take us to Mack's Inn. The first time we went down they said the snowmobile couldn't get through so we went back to Jack and Hazel's. The next day we went down. Nope, it still couldn't get through. After we made three trips down there and no snowmobile and no mail some fellows went by on a tractor. Walt asked them if he could ride with them on the tractor. They told him no, it was against the law and couldn't be done. So, Walt said he was going to walk out. He started walking across Henry' Flat and when those men saw that he was determined to get to Mack's they stopped and picked him up. He rode to Mack's on the tractor. He got the car and went on home.

Well, I had to stay up there another three or four days until the mail came in from Monida. It came in one night and they found out that I could ride with the mail. Early the next morning they took me down to the Henry's Lake Store. The mailman was there on a toboggan. When we got there they changed and put a team on and we started out. It was sixty miles. They put a buffalo coat on me and we rode the toboggan across the lake to another place. to Monida, Montana. We rode thirty miles that day and it was dark when we got into Half Way. This was a place the mailmen would stop and stay overnight. We stayed all night here. They had a girl about my age that I slept with. We had a nice visit. The next morning they changed teams and drivers and we took off for the other thirty miles to Montana. It was dark again when we got into Monida. There was no depot. We tried to dins out when the train was coming headed south. They said there wouldn't be one for three or four hours and that I would have to flag it down because it did not stop in Monida. There was a train going north in just a little while so I bought a ticket and rode the train from Monida to Lima. When I got to Line I had to wait in the depot for the other train that would go south. There was a little café close of I would go over and get a candy car, drink or something then come back and lay down on the hard bench in the depot to wait for the train. It finally came and I was so relieved to start my long ride home. It was midnight when I got to Idaho Falls. Walt picked me up in th4 sleigh. I

must have called him or got in touch with him somehow to tell him my plans because he was there with our sleigh to take me home. That was some experience! When I think about it now I don't think I would have the nerve to start off in a sleigh for a sixty-mile ride.

When Jack and Hazel were up to Island Park we used to visit them a lot. Sometimes we would take Grandma Nettie with us. We had a car with a rumble seat. Walt and his mother sat in the front and I would sit in the rumble seat. One time we got stuck and Walt got so mad he lifted that car out so we could go on.

It was while Jack and Hazel were there that we went through the park for the first time. I was pregnant with Noel at the time. It was quite an experience!

When Noel was small we put him and Theron on the train with mother to go out to Washington. Bill and Zelda Jardine and Walt and I went out by car. That was the first time Walt had been that far away in a car. That was the first time Walt had been that far away in a car. He said that was the last time. If he ever wanted to go traveling again he would go to the mountains.

After Walt's family was found we went back to Iowa to visit his brothers and sister. We also went back to Fort Know, Kentucky when Eric was born, but we always traveled by train. Walt didn't like to travel that far away in all the traffic.

The first part of my life I wasn't active in the church, but later on I held many positions. I have been president and vice-president of the Relief Society, Drama Director, Speech Director, Dance Director and MIA Teacher.

One time Walt's brother, Milt, and I were the Dance Directors for our area. They had dance festivals and Milt and I were all ready to go to Riverside to the festival. I had bought a formal and we were all in shape. Milt was working on the spud sorter and had an accident. His fingers were cut off. That was the end of our dance festival; we didn't get to Riverside to dance.

Those days in the MIA they always had a June Conference in Salt Lake City. They had the most beautiful dance festival. When I was in the presidency I used to go with the girls to Salt Lake. One time they got a train, which started picking up girls in Ashton and all along the way to Pocatello. Zelda Jardine and I went down as chaperones; that was quite a ride. We had more fun! A lot of the other chaperones were not very happy with us because we never did sleep. They kind of wanted to, but it was really a wonderful experience to see those dance festivals and to be with those girls and have fun with them. Even now when I see some of those girls that we went with they talk about it and how much fun they had. It really was an enjoyable time.

I have been in the Primary Presidency and taught several classes in the Primary. When Noel was young and in my later years I taught the three-year olds. I have been a teacher in the Relief Society and served as First Counselor, Compassionate Service Leader and a Visiting Teacher for I don't know how many years.

When Noel was in school the girls in Grant were in the Future Homemakers of America. They chose me to be their Chapter Leader. So I was their leader. We went to their Moscow to one convention and I was elected the State Mother. So for one year I went to all the FHA meetings around the state as State Mother.

In the fall of 1957, Walt and I took a temple project class. We graduated, got our certificate, but we didn't do anything about it. One the 7th of January 1958, I was on my lunch hour shopping in Penney's and ran into Brinda Crystal. She said that she and Vearl were going to the temple the next day and said why didn't Walt and I get ready and go with them. I told her we just couldn't we didn't have anything ready, no recommends or anything. She said that wasn't a problem, just call the bishop and go with them. I told her we would have to think about it. I went back to work at the Drug Store and called Walt. He thought about it and said it would be all right if I thought we could get everything done. We called Bishop Harvey Field and he said he knew no reason why we couldn't go. Then we called President George Christensen and he gave us the same answer. We went that night and got out recommends. I

got us some garments before I left work that day. We called Joe and Julie Ellis to see if they would go with us.

The next morning we met Vearl and Brinda at the temple. Ora was with them and was so surprised to see us in the temple. It was a glorious day for us. All the times I have been to the temple since, there has never been one as sacred and beautiful as that one was.

Noel was going up to Moscow to school so he couldn't be sealed to us at the time. He got his recommend on June 2nd and was sealed to us then; an experience I will never forget.

I have had the opportunity to go to the temple many times since Walt and I were sealed. It has been a real pleasure to attend weekly and do that important work and make nice friends.

Walt was sick about four years before he died. He had emphysema and he had a lot of trouble breathing and doing things. Arlen used to come over and feed the cows when he couldn't get out.

When Walt died, April 23, 1966, Noel was in Viet Nam. He had only been there two or three weeks, but they let him come home and he was home for a month before he had to go back. Walt was buried on our 37th Anniversary.

It was such a relief to have Ora and Vic so close after Walt died. Many a time when I got lonesome all I did was go over there with them. It didn't matter when I would drop in, before or after mealtime, they would insist I eat. Ora has always been a very dear, close friend and sister-in-law of mine, as well as her family being close.

After Walt died, I joined the Business and Professional Women's Club in Rigby. I served as president in that club, vice-president in the district and safety chairman in the state. It was a good club, but it has been discontinued now.

I had been alone for three and a half years and decided that I would spend some of my time visiting with Judy and the children while Noel was in Viet Nam. I would go out on Christmas Eve and when the children would wake up in the morning Grandma would be there. Santa Claus had brought Grandma!

When Shawna, my grand daughter, was eight she came from Fort Lewis to spend two weeks with me. I met her at the airport and Uncle Wells Waters was here with me so he went with me to get her. After we picked her up he took us out to supper. I was working at the time so Shawna would go to work with me and part of the time she would go over to Vonnie Lou Broulim's and play with her girls. One weekend Ora and I took Shawna and went up to Victor to Pierre's Playhouse. We went to the show and stayed all night. The next day we went up to the park and went to the Crystal Brother's Rodeo. Everyone Shawna met she wanted to know if they were her ancestors. On July 24th, I took Shawna up to Cokeville, Wyoming to Vonnie and Dee's. She got to play with their girls and ride their pony. We went to another rodeo. On our way home we stopped in Lava and had a swim.

A year or so later, my grand son, Eric, came to stay. He and Kent and Ray were together all the time. The boys would come over here and stay and then Eric would go over there. One night, I saw a fire out by the swale. One of the kids had built a fire. It made me very unhappy and I really tore into them. Lorna's boys went home and Eric stayed alone that night. The next day they were together again.

We went to Salmon to Lorna and George's cabin and we were all going to float down the Salmon River on inner tubes. I told Eric he couldn't go unless he put on a life jacket. That made him unhappy. He said, "Grandma, I've got a life saving certificate merit badge". But, I told him no, if he was mine it would be different, but I was responsible for him and he was going to wear a jacket. He put one on and Kent put one on to make him feel better. Then Lorna and I got on a big inner tube. We had a Coke in one hand and licorice in the other and we floated the river. We got so far down that Lorna dropped her glasses in the water, so we had to feel around on the rocks to find her glasses. We floated down a time or two,

I hadn't been on the river for quite a while until this fall. I went up with Lorna and George and we decided to float. The river was low and they put me on an inner tube quite close to the shore. I could not get that tube out in the water. I had to be careful because every little while I was hitting my rear end on the rocks. The second time we went down, George pushed me out in the water current. I got going too fast and he had to hurry and come get me.

I could not make my way back to shore. They thought I did all right for a 79-year-old woman on the Salmon River, aboard an inner tube.

In May of 1970 I went to Hawaii. Six of us young ladies went together: my niece Loa, her friend Carma, who had organized the trip and some other ladies from this area. It was a beautiful trip and wonderful experience. We went to Oahu. We had made plans to go to the Hawaiian Temple, but it was closed when we got there so we were not able to go in. We did go all around the temple and saw the beautiful grounds. We went to the Polynesian Center, which was an exciting experience. We met a young fellow who took quite a liking to Loa and me. He took us everywhere and showed us everything. He climbed a coconut tree and gave me the coconut, which I still have. He made our tour of the center very enjoyable.

We stayed the Motel 6, just off the beach of Waikiki. One of the fellows who worked there was interested in Loa and as a result of this he took us all over the island. He took us to Punch Bowl, Sea Life, Pearl Harbor and many other interesting sites. We went to an LDS Church with all Hawaiian members, which was a lot of fun. His family lived in the mountain area where the big, beautiful, expensive homes were and he took us through there to see them. He was a fun, handsome tour guide.

We swan just off Waikiki Beach. We went to the Don Ho Show. We had the famous Hawaiian Steak and Mai Tai. We had taken wigs with us and each night when we went out on the strip or to the different activities we wore different wigs, which was a lot of fun. One night we were blondes, the next night something else. We had a wonderful time.

We went to the island of Kauai too. We went through the Fern Grotto where all the beautiful weddings take place. We saw the miniature Grand Canyon and floated the Waimea River. We wanted Kukui necklaces to take home and met a lady who showed us the Kukui nuts, which were lying all over. She told us we could gather them and make our own. They would have to be filed and then with a diamond bit, a hole would be made, which would let the black oil inside out and that would stain the nut and then they could be strung. We gathered the nuts and were excited about making our own. I thought I would be a good project for Thayne when I got home. When I got home the project became too much so I sent back to

Hawaii and had my Kukui nut necklace shipped to me. It was a wonderful trip and we had a lot of fun.

I was a widow for four and a half year. There were four of us that became widows in about four months. We used to chase around together and go places. We went to Jackson, Island Park, West Yellowstone and Salt Lake. Then we started going to the dances in Blackfoot. We used to try and go down there every Saturday. We met quite a few fellows down there and we would give them all a different name, 'The Hog Man', 'The Cattle Man', and they were just somebody to dance with. None of us were serious with them. Then Ray Russell started coming to the dances. He was somebody to dance with. Then he started coming up to see me.

One afternoon he came up and I had taken Thayne up to move into the Golden Living Center in Rexburg. It took me hours and when I came home there was a note in the door. Ray had sat in the yard for two hours waiting for me to come home. Finally, he had given up and gone back to Pocatello. But, he kept coming back. Finally we decided to get married and we were married on the 11th of November 1970. He was a boilermaker for the railroad. He worked for a couple of years after we were married and then he retired and moved up to my place.

I wanted to mention a few things that I have done in my life. I have always liked to make quilts. In the last three or four years we have made 40-50 quilts for people. After I remodeled my home and added an extra bedroom, I used my old bedroom for a sewing room. We have been able to put quilts on and have a crowd and many enjoyable times. There have been so many of the sisters who have been so good to come help. We have really enjoyed it.

Two years ago I took up the hobby of crocheting dolls. I must have twenty-five that I have made. They are all named and made differently. It is a nice collection.

After Walt died, I was with mother because she had gotten hurt and I was taking care of her. I started to bowl. I had to have an out. I have been bowling every since. Some years I do pretty good and some years I don't. It has been a good past time and I have met so many good friends over the years through bowling.

Two years ago I took u water aerobics and swimming. That has been very interesting. I did this three times a week for an hour. I got a kidney infection and had trouble with my eye this summer and I haven't been back. It was good and I have really missed it. One of these days I will start again.

I have always tried to emulate my mother. She never turned anybody away and was always doing things for others, as was my dad.

On April 28, 1990, my family had an open house for my 80th Birthday. I did not want to have it, but they insisted. My mother had a party when she turned 80 so I guess if she could do it, I can do it. It was a lovely time. So many friends and relatives were able to come and visit and have a good time. Over 200 people signed my guest book and I received many cards and letters from people who were not able to be there. We had cookies, punch, smarties for the kids, a birthday cake decorated with quilting patches, bowling pins and six-packs of Coke. We also had live music. I was so thrilled with a quilt that Lorna's family had made for me. It had a quilt block for each family in the family, including Noel's family. I just could not believe they had put the quilt together without my knowing about it, or help. It is just beautiful and means so much to me.

I have four beautiful great grand children, my two grand children, Shawna and Eric, Noel and Judy. I am grateful for my family, for all they have done for me. For Lorna and her family. Her children have been just like my own grand children. They have always been here to do for me and to be with me. I am thankful for Karl and Arlen and their children. Where my grand children are so far away it is so good to have those little boys and Kelli to love and be with me.

Note: Leone continued to live an active life...always busy, always smiling, always giving.

Leone's health began to fail the last few months of her life. She struggled to maintain her usual schedule.

On February 28, 1998, Leone passed away.

Note: It is bitter sweet to see someone so loved leave those who have learned so much and have grown so close. The world is a better place and so are we for having shared a part of our lives with this remarkable lady.

To say she will be missed is an understatement. We look forward to living, laughing and loving with Leone again.

This Autobiography of Leone Walters Winters Randall Russell is published as she recorded it - January 1990- and as it has been preserved through family members.