

Note from Sandra (Woody's daughter): There are a few different records of Woody's life. I have chosen to include them all in his "memories section" because some of them have more details of certain events than others.

Remembrances of My Life

by Woodrow Wilson "Woody" Longhurst

as told by him to his daughter, Shelly Longhurst Crockett, Fall 2002

I WAS BORN February 10, 1920 in Colonia Dublan, Mexico in the home of my maternal grandparents, Joseph Ammon Moffett and Olive Catherine Emmett Moffett. My parents are Warren Longhurst and Mary Lovenia Moffett Longhurst. (Her parents called her Lovenia.) I was the only child born to that marriage, but both of my parents had children from previous marriages, so I have several half brothers and sisters.



The Moffett home in Dublan (where Woody was born, and lived until age 8)

My father's second wife (Eva) had died during the terrible, world-wide flu epidemic. My mother and grandmother helped several people and families throughout the colony and in helping this motherless family, mother became acquainted with my dad. Thinking that by joining their two families it might benefit both, they married (although somewhat against Grandpa's will) and before long mother was expecting me.



Joseph Ammon Moffett
and Olive Catherine Moffett
(Woody's maternal grandparents)

My mother had suffered from ill health previously and she worsened with the pregnancy. She was unable to care for her family or do household chores. Her parents came three blocks down the street to carry her back to their home on a cot. The doctor did not think she would survive the pregnancy.



Mary Lovenia
Moffett Longhurst
(Woody's mother)



Warren Longhurst
(Woody's father)

While she was bedridden a Stake Conference was held. The family didn't go to conference—having stayed home to care for her, as she was quite ill. Elder Melvin J. Ballard was the visiting authority. Between conference sessions, he walked around the colony. (The Colony was 3 blocks wide and 8 blocks long, consisting of Front Street, Middle Street and Back Street) Elder Ballard was inspired to

stop at the Moffett home feeling there was someone in need. He blessed Mother that her health would improve. It did improve quite a lot over time and she lived for 10 more years. She and the three of us children (Bessie, Della, and Woody) remained at the home of her parents throughout much of that time. Grandmother Moffett was a doctor of sorts. She had received her medical training in Davenport, Iowa. She arranged for my mother to be taken on at that facility as a study case. They discovered that the lining of her stomach was almost deteriorated. She had had ptomaine poisoning at some point in time. There were many foods that she could not tolerate. It was determined that seafood would be very beneficial for her, and she was able to tolerate it. She went to New Orleans and stayed with a half-sister for some time, where fresh seafood was available. When she returned, I went fishing several times with older relatives. We caught carp, etc. and brought it home to be bottled for my mother to eat.



Colonia Dublan (Woody's birthplace)



Della (standing, left) and Woodrow being held by his mother, Lovenia

My mother was always kind to me, but was too sick to address my needs. I never remember her saying a derogatory word about my Dad. Reading later in my life the things that she wrote during that time, I realize that she was very lonely and sad at her situation. Her first marriage had not gone well, as her husband, Marion Clark, was too immature and irresponsible to provide for her and the girls, Bessie and Della. (Mother and Marion had met during the Exodus while they were camped with other colonists in a lumber yard in El Paso, Texas. They were both very young.) They had lived in Blackfoot, Idaho and had had a miserable time from the cold and the scarce food. They first lived in a board shack-no plumbing, water, or heat, except a small wood stove. Marion would often leave them and go live more comfortably with his parents. She had felt like a displaced southern bird taken to the north to freeze to death. They finally divorced and she returned to live with her parents. She wrote that "the only thing worse than death was divorce". Now her high hopes for this second relationship (with Warren) were disappointing. Warren and she had little contact with each other after their separation, though they lived quite close. Much later he desired a reconciliation, but it was too late. She had no desire to return where she felt unwanted and unloved. She had had a sad life; however, she never spoke against either of her husbands. Having read some of mother's writings and reflecting on my own early life, I made up this statement: "There is no loneliness as bitter as the feeling of not being wanted".



Bessie and Della Clark
(Woody's sisters on his mother's side)



Longhurst home in Iona, Idaho



William Henry Longhurst and Ann Preston Longhurst (Woody's paternal grandparents)

My Dad was usually kind to me when I saw him, although I lived with my maternal grandparents. (My Dad's father, William Henry Longhurst, had come from England and eventually homesteaded in Iona, which is near Idaho Falls, Idaho. He died before I was born. His wife, Ann Preston Longhurst, had died when my father was a young boy. He did not remarry after her death.) Dad and his first wife, Myra were unable to have children. They were sent on a mission to the Samoan Islands. Many other couples in their situation were sent there as well. It was thought that living in that climate was a useful remedy. In many cases it worked. Dana Muir, our friend in Pocatello was born in Samoa (an only child) due to his parents being sent there. It did not work for Warren and Myra. They remained childless. Around the time of the Manifesto, ending polygamy, he married Myra's sister, Eva. (Myra passed away about 3 years later.)

I always had a great desire to spend time with my Dad's family, as there was always a lot going on at their place, and I wanted to be with my half-brothers. Brandon was close to my age. However, my grandfather Moffett would not allow it. He did not have very good feelings for my dad. He had been opposed to the marriage in the first place, and my mother had been advised to not have any more children. I would often sneak off when I was supposed

to be doing chores and go over there (or anyplace else). Taking off was probably my greatest weakness. I always thought I could gauge it to be back and finish my chores before grandfather knew, but he usually found out. I don't know why I didn't ever catch on to just do my work first, or to quit taking off, but I never did learn that. It caused a lot of problems between Grandpa and me. He was always strict with me, and I seemed to be in trouble quite often. Even his tamarack switches didn't cure me of my escapades. I resented him trying to control me, and I resented having to do jobs. One time I was supposed to fill a tub of shucked corn out in the "stack yard". I thought I had time to play marbles out in the road first. I remember my mother coming out in the dark to help me finish the corn that night and talking to me about being more responsible. Grandpa used to have me straighten nails. I don't remember them ever being used for anything but to keep me busy, but that seemed to be a life-long task to straighten those nails. Grandpa Moffett was a carpenter and had worked on the Salt Lake



Woodrow in costume for 2nd grade play



Woodrow at Grandpa Moffett's home

Temple before coming to Mexico. He had lots of old, old tools for finish work. However, I did have lots of fun as a kid. I played marbles, swam in the river a lot, rolled my hoop around, as did all the other kids. We whittled tops from Mesquite wood. I learned to fight from the results of playing tops. We played Hockey with a tin can and a sturdy stick from a Mesquite bush. (We were always on the lookout for the right size and shape of stick.) One time while down at the pond I stepped on a Catfish. They are mildly poisonous so my heel swelled up huge. I pulled quite a few pranks. One such was floating swiped watermelons down to the swimming hole where we would eat them.

The Dublan school and church house was about two blocks beyond the railroad tracks out on "the flats". We had to pass by a Catholic Mexican school on the way home. We would fight with the Mexicans almost everyday after school. Each side usually had someone picked out to fight so and so from the other side. They were usually individual fights, but sometimes expanded to group fights. Fighting is a Mexican trait—still is. I fought a lot throughout my life in many different situations. It was just normal back then. It just seemed a part of life.

My grandmother Moffett was cordial but quite neutral towards me. I don't remember her being nurturing. She had some medical training. A few times she would take me along when she went out on "doctor" visits. She was quite respected by the colonists and Mexicans, and they often sought her help. She would hook up the horse and buggy and take off into the sagebrush—wherever she was needed. Sometimes she would be gone for a few days at a time. (Before my birth, in 1918 during the Pancho Villa days and the Exodus, many colonists had left. Some had returned. My Grandparents were among the very few who remained throughout the ordeal. Because of the medical help and food that she gave to others, she was respected to a degree and they were not harassed by the banditos and soldiers as much as they otherwise would have been. They did have many things stolen and Grandfather was beat up pretty badly one time, however. I vaguely remember a story I was told about my sister Della's baptism. If I remember it correctly, they put burlap sacks around the horses feet to quiet them so the soldiers would not hear them as they left in the very early morning to go down to the river to baptize her.)

The colonists had built a brick kiln when they first came, so many of the people had nicely built 3-story homes of fired brick. The Tithing Office was made of brick. Some homes were made of adobe. The adobe bricks were made by mixing mud and straw together, putting it in a frame and letting it dry in the sun. Loam had been hauled from the river bottom. Grandpa Moffett had a brick story and a half home. He had a larger home from his polygamy days, which my Uncle Norman lived in. My father had a single story home. There were only about 150 people in the community then, and it hasn't changed in population much to this day. However, the town itself is now mostly changed.

We remained in Dublan until I was 8 years old. My Dad baptized me in a flowing well on my birthday. My grandparents had invited him to do so.

Grandfather and Grandmother Moffett desired to move to Mesa, Arizona to work in the temple. We moved with them. Before moving to Arizona, I went for the summer to live in a log cabin up the mountain in Colonia Garcia with Uncle Joe Moffett. (My mother's half brother.) He was a school teacher, had a little garden, and carved wood. At the end of the summer I rode back on a load of lumber to the lumber yard at Romney's store. I walked to my grandparents' home and found the furniture was half gone and no one was around. I then went to my Aunt Nellie Done's

home (Brent Done's great grandmother). Nellie was my mother's sister who lived on the next street. She was the 2nd wife of Abe Done. He was at least as old as Grandpa, maybe older. (Abe's 1st wife lived in a small house in back of the main house. She made potato yeast and sold it as income.) Aunt Nellie's home had been like a 2nd home to me and I had spent a lot of time there, as Cousin Horace and I were almost the same age. I just walked in without knocking as had been my custom previously. I smelled coffee, beans, and tobacco and I knew immediately that Mexicans were there. They told me the family had all



Joe Moffett with his horse

gone to the United States but my grandparents would be back sometime for the rest of their belongings. I was devastated! I remembered the feeling of shock and abandonment throughout the rest of my life. I never did quite get over it. I went back to my grandparents' house to wait for them. They returned the next day. My mother came back with them. We loaded up the remainder of their belongings in a Model T and left the next day for Mesa. I was not happy about leaving and especially not even having been told of the matter. We traveled through Tuscon, Arizona, where the Dones were living, and spent the night with them. I had my first experience of taking a bath in a tub at their house. Horace and I didn't want to be separated again, so the two of us took off together early the next morning before anyone else was up in a Coaster wagon with wooden sides. We came to a newly built underpass on the paved road that Horace knew about. (It went under the railroad tracks.) We rode the wagon down both sides several times, as it was early and there was not much traffic. This was a new spectacle to me—I had never seen anything like it before. We munched on dates we picked from nearby trees. A Police car stopped by and somehow we were soon back with our families and I was headed to Mesa after all.

My Grandparents had purchased a lot 2 1/2 blocks west of the Mesa temple grounds. We all lived in a tent and lean-to on that lot while building a house. School began a short time later. They built a duplex-style stucco house with a shared bath (toilet and washbasin). We had never had an indoor bathroom in Mexico. The street we lived on is now called Mesa Drive—then it was Hibbert St. (It runs North and South.) Grandfather worked for the Stapley family. They were in the hardware business and had a family estate. Grandfather worked in the grape vineyard and was able to glean after the harvest. We also picked up figs, oranges, etc. that dropped from trees to supplement our diet. Eventually my cousin, Horace Done and his family moved to Mesa. I was very glad to have them around. Horace and I got melons that were rejected for shipping and sold them for a penny a piece. We used our money to buy firecrackers and to get into the circus. When the Great Depression hit, I didn't know anything was different. I thought we had just brought it with us from Mexico!

When school was out, I stayed with a family named Haymore in Gilbert for the summer. I hoed cotton and did other chores. I was back with my grandparents for the school year. I never really cared for the name "Woodrow"—I preferred to be called "Woody."

The following summer I stayed with a bachelor named Burnam, who was a near neighbor. In exchange for "room and board" I worked in his garden and helped work on his house. I slept on the back porch on a cot. He raised vegetables and watermelon and cantelope. It seemed like all

we ate was stewed cabbage. When we couldn't garden, we worked on the house, putting on the wooden lathe and plaster for the stucco. I would cut the lathe with a hatchet. Even though he didn't pay me or buy me any clothes, doing that work made me feel important. I enjoyed learning to do something new.



School house Woody attended in Verdin, New Mexico

At the end of the summer I rode on a load of watermelons to Duncan, Arizona and Verdin, New Mexico (they are across the river from each other). I went to live with the Will Jones family. Aunt Ella (my mother's half-sister) was Will's first wife. His second wife (they had practiced polygamy) had younger children and still lived there. Will had fallen off the house and had died. His son from his first wife, Orrin Jones (my cousin) was running the place. I lived with them from when I was 10 until I was 13. I worked hard while I was there, but the only job I got paid for was picking cotton for a penny a pound. (It takes a lot of cotton to make a pound!) Orrin Jones was the scout leader. I went to Church with the family. The second oldest child from the second wife was Virgil. He was mean to me and beat me up all the time. I had to fight a lot while living there. (Virgil's sister, Amelia was older than I. In her later years she lived in Pocatello at the Cottonwood Cove Retirement Center. She apologized, saying that their family had not treated me very well, and she was sorry for it.)

My mother had suffered a stroke and I returned to Mesa for a short time until her death. She could not talk. She seemed heartbroken that she couldn't communicate with me. There were tears in her eyes as she tried to talk to me but couldn't. I have tried to imagine what she wanted to say. She was buried north of Mesa almost to the Salt River in a regular cemetery. I never returned to Mesa again for many, many years after that. I may not have seen my Grandparents again after that time.



Lovenia Longhurst



Myra Longhurst
(Woody's sister on
his father's side)

When I was 13 someone arranged for me to go to Mexico to live with my Dad. I lived there for 3 years, until I was 16. My half sister, Myra was doing the cooking and keeping the house. Dad further developed his Nursery business during that time and it did very well. Ashton had previously gone to Mexico City to work on the Hacienda for the ex-president of Mexico. Through his associations he arranged for the promoting of Dad's fruit trees through the Agricultural Department. He returned to Dublan.

I had always been quite sociable and liked to pal around with friends. My best friend was LaSelle Taylor. I had known him (and many others) when I was little, and we became reacquainted when I moved back to Dublan. We did lots of things together. We attended the 7th and 8th grade



Home of Warren Longhurst in Dublan

together and the 1st year of the Academy. We played a little basketball, (in the summer we played on a Mexican team) but I was not too good at sports. One time we sang together at a competition for field day, and attended the dance that night. LaSelle met his future wife, Arletta that night. LaSelle's stepmother was called "Aunt Lilian". I spent a lot of time at their home. She was always very kind and accepting of me. LaSelle's younger brother, Gerald, is now a member of the Quorum of the Seventy.

My brothers Ashton and Preston both got married during the time I was there. My Dad attracted the attention of a young lady who



Woody in Dublin 1935

thought he was wealthy. They were married, but it didn't last long. Preston didn't get

along with Dad very well, and couldn't see much future for himself there, so he went to Verdin, New Mexico and joined the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) or (3 C's) as a Forest Service employee.



Woodrow and LaSelle at Juarez Stake Academy 1937

Preston knew I wasn't too happy there in Mexico, and invited me to come to Verdin, which I did. I did chores for a family there in Verdin in exchange for board and room. Members of the CCC received GI (Government Issue) clothes, lived in the barracks, and earned \$30 per month. However, Preston had been hired as an LEM (Local Experienced Man) for \$45 per month. When he decided to quit the CCC he arranged for me to take his place at his same salary. This did not sit well with the others. They found out that I was only 16 (you had to be 18) so I was discharged. I was with the CCC for less than a year. It was very hard work with a pick and shovel. I could hardly manage. I was pretty lanky and gangly. We were doing soil conservation projects—building retaining walls with wire netting and rocks, etc. We also helped build a dam in the Gila River Valley. (Verdin is on the Gila River). We would go into Duncan on Saturdays. Most of the guys in the group were pretty decent kids from Texas, acquainted with agriculture. It was the city dudes in the group that caused most of the problems.



Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC) camp near Verdin, NM 1936

One winter I ran trap lines in that area. I camped all winter in a grain bin. A store owner sponsored me (to obtain furs). I had to take a "cable car" of sorts (powered by pulling the ropes) across the river to get back and forth. I trapped coons, cats, coyotes, etc.

I bought an old Model T in Verdin for \$8. I tore it down & got it running good. I didn't know beans about cars before then. I didn't even know what a driver's license was, much less have one!

I had quite a bit of experience in "riding the rails" and had hopped numerous Freight trains. Most of the railroads didn't mind but some did. I learned which cars to "hide" in and all the intricacies of not getting locked in, particular nooks and crannies that were less likely to be discovered, etc. In Mexico it was illegal to hop a train. I had bounced back and forth 2 or 3 times between the States and Mexico, at least one time taking a friend. We got caught and spent the night in an adobe jail. After leaving the CCC I returned to Dublan for a short time.



Woodrow working at his father's place Nov. 1937

I could see the social and other disadvantages of the colonies, and knew I had no future there. I could see the writing on the wall. My Dad's family and many others were not socially accepted and looked down on by the colony. Also, having been in the CCC had a certain reputation associated with it. (In some cases it was true, there were a few rough ones, but there were also many good boys who just needed work and had joined for that reason. There were some real quality guys.) After spending a few months back in Dublan, I asked my Dad for some money to go back to the States. He said, "You'll have to ask Ashton—I have turned everything over to him." Dad had moved into a small, one-bedroom home and Ashton was to pay him 200 pesos a month, for retirement. I did ask Ashton. His reply was, "what have you got that you can sell me?" The only thing I had was the GI issue of clothes. As I left Mexico the only thing I owned was the clothes I was wearing. I felt real dejected at this treatment from my family. I determined at this time to never again ask for anything from my family.



Budding Peaches at Warren's nursery

I joined up again with Preston. He was driving truck between El Paso and Phoenix, hauling and selling produce. We bought and hauled produce both directions. I spent the summer growing carrots in Safford and trucked produce back and forth from the Gila valley and Phoenix. My good friend LaSelle Taylor came and stayed the summer and worked with us. Preston divorced his half-breed wife in Mexico and married one of two sisters there in Safford, Arizona. After the one sister passed away he married the other sister. One was named Rose and the other Ruby.



Woody and Kearns Jr. at the Idaho Mine in Hesperus, Colorado

Preston heard of probable work in a mining camp in Durango, Colorado. When we arrived there in March, there was still 12-14 feet of snow. I didn't have warm clothes. I got a job as the cook's helper in the boarding house for the miners. Two days later the cook had an attack of appendicitis. They took him out to Hesperes Canyon to find medical attention, but he soon died. I then had to take the job as Camp Cook. Life changed completely for me. There was no social life. I had to cook all meals for all three overlapping shifts of miners. It was a stock-owned mine. It wasn't producing like the stockholders wanted, nor enough to pay the miners, so they went belly-up. One of the miners was deputized and the foremen (who had been stealing from the company food supplies located in an unused mine shaft) were fired. The deputy asked me to stay on and the two of us worked to do all that was necessary to finish up the last work and close



Christmas 1938 with Della and Lawrence

the place down. This consisted of bagging the ore concentrate, boarding up the mill and equipment sheds. This took us 8 or 9 months and I received \$50 or \$60 per month. I had previously done a fair amount of fishing, but this is where I learned to fish trout for the first time. (We needed it for food.)

I took a bus through Grand Junction, Colorado to Salt Lake City, Utah. Della and her husband Lawrence picked me up at the bus station, and I stayed with them for a time. I received my final check from the mine while there. I had kept in touch with Della throughout all my years of "travel." Della made arrangements for me to go to Pocatello, Idaho and stay with her father Marion Clark, his second wife and their four kids. It was 1938 and I was now 18 years old.



Pocatello, Idaho

I got work with a beet farmer in Tyhee as a member of a beet topping crew. I had never done beets in my life, and they hired me on the condition that I could keep up with the rest of the crew. They worked together as a well-orchestrated team. I caught on and worked the rest of the harvest season.



Woody with Enos Heward and McComber Dairy 1939

Marion's son, Arthur Clark worked in Pocatello for McComber Dairy, but was quitting. Calvin McComber, (Sr.) came and asked me to work for them, which I did. I lived with them, also. I had made quite a few friends while out in Tyhee, and attended many dances and other social functions. Until this time I had not been active in the Church for quite some time. There were lots of nice girls in Tyhee.

I bought a Chevrolet Coupe for \$150 from my fall wages, and still went out to Tyhee where I knew people. Calvin McComber encouraged me to attend Church with them at the Pocatello 5th Ward, and he told me I should get acquainted with the Quinn girls. (Actually, only Erma and Rachel were the only Quinn girls still single.) He had encouraged his own sons in that direction, but they were reluctant to date the Bishop's daughters! I eventually did, and Rachel and I began to "date"—which consisted of many church functions and family oriented activities, as well as a few small group outings. We didn't do much single dating. We liked to listen to the Lucky Strike Hit Parade on the radio on Saturday nights at her house. We dated as a group with Maya and Dana (Muir), Alta and Ronald (Mottishaw), Bessie & Milo (Hansen). Rachel and I first met in 1938. I attended her High School Graduation in May, 1939. She had worked part-time at Krafts until she graduated, then she worked full-time, still at Krafts.



Woody and Rachel at picnic, Girl Scout camp, June 1939

I had previously been adverse to family relationships because of my experiences while growing up—being passed off from one place to another (17 in all), and not feeling wanted anywhere, nor

accepted in my own family. Rachel's family was very congenial and accepting of me, which I found quite agreeable. They invited me over for occasions and casual visiting. I just kind of followed in to the family-oriented activities. Rachel wasn't actually looking for a companion, but was receptive to the association. She was not a flirt. She was sincere in her beliefs and pursuits in life. It was a routine courtship—church activity oriented and family oriented interests. Neither she nor her family ever tried to impress others. They respected other people's family interests.

Rachel's extended family, the Quinns and Ingelstroms were from the Basalt and Firth areas, near Blackfoot. Her grandmother Quinn lived until after WWII. Her father (James Alfred Quinn) had come to Pocatello to homestead 20 acres. He was Bishop for over 20 years. He was very mild mannered, quiet, and didn't make any waves. He farmed all 20 acres, raising vegetables such as potatoes, squash, cabbage, onions, etc. as well as hay for the cows. Her mother (Albertina Wilhelmina Elizabeth Ingelstrom Quinn) was a genuine lady. She was very congenial, pretty quiet, and kind to all her kids. I never heard her get upset at anybody. She was subservient to her husband. She was fairly large boned and a little on the heavy side. She had quilts on at the house quite often.

In August of 1939 I went to the World's Fair in California with some people who were driving. I came back and continued working at McComber's. That Fall at an open-air dance at the Blackfoot Fair I gave Rachel a ring.



Woody and Rachel,
married February 23, 1940

Rachel's mother rode to Salt Lake with us when we went to get married. We stayed at Della's. I had borrowed \$20 to get married. Della went with us to get the license. The county clerk couldn't give us a license, because in Utah girls could be 18 to get married, but boys had to be 21. I wasn't old enough. Della knew the clerk and asked what we should do, since we were ready to be married and had come all the way from Idaho for that purpose. The clerk said, "well, I can't tell you what you should do, but I can tell you what I would do—I would go to the next county to get a license, and I'd be old enough to get a license." That's just what we did. We drove to Davis County, and by darn by the time we got there, I was old enough to get a license! We went ahead and got married (Feb. 23, 1940) and drove back to Pocatello the next day. I wasn't that familiar with the road and took a wrong turn at Malad. The snow was pretty deep. Rachel's mother quietly said, "I think we'd better turn back and get on the right road". Well, I wasn't about to be told what to do. She quietly repeated her comment a couple of times. I was then more determined to go on. I knew that cutter races were held out in that area and the road we were on would probably eventually join the main road. She didn't say anything more. After slipping and sliding for a long ways on that road we did eventually join the main highway again, but it was pretty precarious in that car with little skinny tires.

Rachel and I had prepared for marriage quite awhile before. We bought an old, homemade, small trailer, kind of going "back in time" a little as it had a wood-burning, 2-burner cook stove. It was a "two-room" with a curtain between. We purchased a new Hide-a-bed, put in a kitchen set and a fridge, painted, made curtains, etc. There was no sewer hook-up. We moved the trailer in back

of McComber Dairy, which was on the corner of Pole Line and Ceder. Rachel continued to work at Krafts for a while after we were married. I ran a milk route out on Tyhee Flats to pick up cans of milk from the various farmers. I would then process the milk, bottle it, and clean up. I would finish about 2 or 3 in the afternoon. In the evening, I washed all the quart bottles. The owner of Cream Top Dairy offered me a job for more pay. McCombers didn't offer to match it. I had worked for McCombers for two years by this time. We moved the trailer out to a vacant lot by Cream Top. I hooked the trailer up to a power pole that I dug the hole for and put in place. (Coming down the "power pole" I had put up, I twisted both knees as I landed on the ground. They have bothered me throughout my life since.) I worked for them for nearly a year.



Woody and Rachel's first home 1940

By this time World War II had started heavy. A Representative from a school in Los Angeles to train aircraft workers came around and talked with me. I decided to take the opportunity. It would be double the pay I was getting. Rachel took me out to the Highway by Ross Park and waited to the side while I thumbed a ride. I had a sign on my suitcase that said "L.A. Aircraft." The first car that came by stopped. He was going to the exact same place, so I rode with him all the way. The schooling was to be a 4 or 5 week course. I saw an ad on the bulletin board for a job as a chauffeur that included room and board. I decided to take it. It was a 45 year old woman who had been in the movie industry. An actress of some sort, but not a star. She had a 1935 Ford car. I drove her shopping and on other errands. I had to clean up after her dog and cat. (I didn't care for that!) She was insistent on her particular way of using the clutch and constantly reminded me of it. She didn't like me to have my foot even near it when using it. I wasn't used to being directed like that. I didn't like it a bit. I had to get used to her style of eating. We only had a snack during the day and then she had me drive her out to dinner every evening. (I ate with her.) I was glad when I finished the schooling and got a job at Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. Rachel then quit her job at Krafts and joined



At beach in California, 1942.
Woody, Rachel, Alta Foote
(Mottishaw), Maya and Dana Muir.

me in California. We got a little apartment, which was basically a closed-in porch. She got a job of some sort for a month or so, but it was too far away to be worth it. (Rachel's mother had driven down with her. I met them at their Aunt's.) I was paid 50 cents an hour at Douglas Aircraft. One day while I was up on the scaffolding retrofitting a 2-engine bomber that was to be sent to Britain, a P-38 buzzed the field. I thought that was pretty neat, and that I'd sure like to fly one of those. I later got a job at Lockheed for 53 cents per hour. Lockheed was in Burbank, past Hollywood Hills. I worked for them for a year or a year and a half. We had moved into a motel-style duplex with a courtyard. We made an acquaintance with another couple and remained friends with them for many years after. We were living at the Court when Pearl Harbor was bombed. People were quite alarmed, but I didn't know much about it or the war in general, nor did I realize its implications. I didn't see its relevancy to my life. I had started working a part-time side job at a service station. I got a discount on gas. We made several trips back to Pocatello over long weekends or holidays. I would usually go fishing or hunting while there. I took the back seat out of the car and fitted a 30-gallon gas tank in its place. Except for living expenses, I think we spent

about all our money on gas for our trips back and forth to Idaho. Gas was 10 cents a gallon at the station I worked at. Then I would get my discount off of that. I would fill up the big tank and we would drive straight through, as Rachel didn't seem to mind doing part of the driving. She was always quite a sport in anything we concocted to do.

We rented a brand new, small, single-bedroom home in the back of someone's house in Burbank for \$30 a month. Warren was born in 1943. We lived there for



Rachel with Warren, July 1943

the rest of the time we were in California. I took another side job making windows at a door and sash company. A ward member worked there and got me the job. This ward was very friendly and we enjoyed it. Rachel served in the Relief Society Presidency, I believe. We had been in our previous ward quite a while and no one even bothered to learn our names or get to know us. I bought a Model A Ford that needed some work, fixed it up, and transported other co-workers to work to earn a little extra money. (I didn't want to use our nice car for that.)

We got pretty industrious while in California. We drove around quite a bit on my time off, and besides seeing the area, we found places where we could pick up dropped fruit such as pomegranates, grapefruit, oranges, and avocados. At one time it seemed like we just about lived on avocados. We gleaned grapes and bottled the juice in pop bottles. We also found places to pick up pecans. We supplemented our diet with fresh "produce" quite a bit by doing that. Rachel liked these outings a lot. We used the Model A to run around in as it was cheaper. We also did some fishing—off a barge in Santa Monica, up the mountain at Lake Arrowhead, etc. I had a pass to get on the boat and go out to a barge in Santa Monica. Sometimes I would go out there after I got off the graveyard shift.

If I hadn't been working in the Aircraft industry, I probably would have been drafted, as so many were. I knew it could happen eventually, but it didn't worry me. I was classified 3A. Those with a 1A Classification left immediately. A co-worker at Lockheed had joined the Aviation Cadet Corp. (A branch of the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs.) I was interested in doing that, but he told me I needed 2 years of college before I could get in. I started going to night school for my High School Completion. (I had only completed the 8th grade and a little of my Freshman year previously. My schooling had been sporadic while growing up, as I was moved around so much. I always seemed to start late or stop before the year was up. I had never felt quite with the class, and had always struggled to keep up, since I always missed part of the year.) After I got my High School Completion, I changed shifts at Lockheed and worked the night shift so I could go to Los Angeles City College during the day. I took general courses like English and World History and lots of Math. They were somewhat aviation oriented. It was an accelerated program directed by the Air Force Academy. I suppose being in school was "leverage" against the draft, but that wasn't my motivation. I just wanted to fly. I didn't even necessarily associate the chance to fly with war. I probably knew it was a possibility, but I never really thought about it much. When I fin-



Woody working at a gas station in Los Angeles

ished my schooling, I went to apply for Cadet training. During the physical examination the Doctors asked me where I had lived before, as my eyes were quite scratched that would indicate living around lots of wind-blown dirt over a long period of time. My heart rate was somewhat accelerated and they asked me about my current schedule. I told them what I had been doing. They recommended I go home and rest up and come back again to be checked, which I did. I was then accepted for Basic Training for potential officers in Miami Beach, Florida in August of 1943. (Warren was born a few months earlier, May 24, 1943.)

We sold our furniture and refrigerator. The Government had lots of regulations on the price of goods. The people we sold some of our belongings to came back right as we were getting in the car to leave, indicating that according to the government price, we had charged them too much and asked for 1/2 of the money back. They threatened to "report us" if we did not comply. We needed to be leaving and didn't want any trouble, so we just paid them the money and left. We titled the car to Della and Lawrence while away in the Service.

I took a train to Miami. It took almost a week. Partway through the journey they started serving Grits everyday. I got very tired of them. The first meal in the mess hall in Miami Beach was Mackerel. I had always thought of this as a garbage fish and found it very unappetizing. I would not eat any of it. The Military had contracted with a fancy hotel to use their facility for temporary barracks (it being war-time and regular facilities were all in use). The contract included renting the hotel and completely redecorating and fixing up when they no longer needed it. It would be in prime condition when turned back into a hotel. We Cadets had to pass white-glove inspections. We swam almost every day in the pool.



Basic Training in Miami Beach, Florida

After Basic Training, my "Flight" (group) was sent to College Training Detachment (CTD) in Due West, South Carolina. We were housed in Barracks which was previously a girls' dormitory. The program was under the direction of the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. We were to take a refresher course of our college training as well ~~as well~~ as in-depth courses. Some of them were very difficult. We studied lots of Math, Algebra, Trigonometry, Calculus, Morse code, World History, German and Russian History, Advanced English, Sciences (they had a very good lab), Meteorology, Geography, Navigation, etc. This lasted 10 weeks. I was a Captain—Student Cadet Officer.



Rachel and Warren had gone to Pocatello to stay with her family while I was in Basic Training. They took the train and met me in South Carolina. She found a little apartment to rent. I had to stay in the Barracks during the week, but joined her on the weekends. Each section of our training was 10 weeks. As soon as I found out what my next assignment was, Rachel would go on ahead to find housing, so she could have the advantage of being there when the group ahead of us left, and space was made available. (We had a week's notice of where our next assignment would be.)

Our next assignment was for Primary Flight Training in Clarksdale, Mississippi (for 10 weeks). We would fly in the morning and have ground school in the afternoon on one day and then alternate the next day, having school in the morning and fly in the afternoon. We flew civilian Beachcraft.

Towards the end of Advanced Training, (perhaps in Alabama) while flying formation one day, I peeled off from formation (as was customary) and the change in altitude caused my eardrum to perforate. I spent quite a long time in the hospital. The doctor wanted to try a brand new medication in my ear that he thought would help. It was called Penicillin. The hospital had a hobby center which I spent quite a bit of time in while recovering. This is where I learned to tie flies for fishing. Usually a person with that particular ear condition could never fly again, but I healed, surprising some of the doctors and was able to go back into training. My group had gone on, of course, and another group had come and gone during that time, so I was now set back two classes.



Maxwell Field, 1944. Rachel, Woody, and Warren.

I joined up with the next group and was sent to Turner Field in Albany, Georgia. I had to repeat the Advanced Training Course. However, in this location we used some high-tech flight simulators. I felt very at home in that. They were called Links trainers. You could learn to fly several different aircraft on those simulators. I was pleasantly surprised when we marched out on to the field the first day to find that we would be training in Military Aircraft—B25 Bombers (at 400 mph). They were nice planes. I guess I always knew somewhere in the back of my mind that there was the possibility of going into combat, but I just didn't think about it or worry about it. I was just focused on flying. News of the war was not very well publicized like it is now. We were protected from all the details. The nation in general was. The Government kept close control of the media.

Graduation exercises were held at Turner Field. I became a commissioned officer and received my wings.

One "close call" experience I remember happened a day we were flying barely over the treetops of the Florida Everglades. My right engine went up in flames. Following procedure, I immediately pulled the plane up to 7,000 feet, feathered the prop (turned the prop to align with the plane) then pulled the CO2 handle (which sprayed CO2 foam to put out the fire on the engine). The CO2 came out like an explosion—it put out the fire immediately. We quickly located on our map the nearest landing location, but the radio didn't work. We could not read (hear) the controllers for that location. We didn't know if they could read us, but we told them, "we're coming in—if you read us, give us the green light". It was a very welcome sight to see that light as we came in for the emergency landing. Part of our training had been learning what to do in emergencies and practicing the procedures to respond to them.



Woody was commissioned and received his wings
at Turner Field, Albany, GA

I was stationed at several different air fields during my time in the military. (At that time it was the Army Air Force—now it is just the Air Force.) Rachel was with me most of the time, except when her Father died. Rachel and I didn't mind the moving around. We felt we were extremely lucky to have this unique opportunity. The military favored single men. They did not accommodate the wives at all. Rachel never lived on base with me. Those who were married, the wives usually lived in the same vicinity to each other—sometimes in houses with shared kitchens and bathroom facilities. At this time I can't clearly remember all of the places we lived, nor the exact

order. Besides those previously mentioned, we were in Blytheville Arkansas, George Field in Lawrenceville, Illinois, and it seems like we were in Alabama twice. Wherever we were, I usually found some good fishing spots. Rachel would sometimes go fishing with me. Other times I went with buddies.

One year when we came back to Idaho for Christmas, we drove our 1940 Plymouth car back to Vincennes, Illinois. We took the northern route. I had borrowed my father-in-law's shotgun. Pheasants were all over the place. I killed about 20 of them along the way. It was cold enough outside to keep them in the trunk. I cleaned a bunch of them in the Hotel one night. When we got to Vincennes we had a big pheasant feast in the big shared kitchen.

While in Vincennes, Illinois, I learned to fix a car during my time off. Our car had a knock in the engine. I took it to a new Plymouth dealership and asked if I could fix it there if I bought whatever parts were needed from them. After I fixed my car, they offered me a job. I worked for them on my days off.

At Vincennes, I was assigned to the Troop Carrier Command. We were training paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne (you still hear about that unit today from time to time—it still exists). We flew the largest twin engine planes the Air Force had—C-46 and C-47 (Civilian DC3). We dropped troopers, dropped gliders and power gliders, and snatched gliders. The jump master was in charge up in the air and he would tell us where to fly, etc., which took a little getting used to.

I next went to Pope Field in Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. It was also a Troop Carrier Command. We had special privileges and quite a bit of clout. We were allowed to check out power gliders and take them up in the air for fun. I spotted a few good potential fishing places from the air and would then go check them out when I could! While there I saw a notice on the Bulletin Board for a special assignment opportunity—to go to Mexico City to train Fighter Pilots. I expressed interest in it and was chosen to go (probably only because I was bilingual). The Captain and Lt. Colonel I went with didn't speak a word of Spanish. I don't know what they would have done if I hadn't been along. However, I quickly found that although I could speak Spanish, I didn't know any of the words dealing with aviation. It was pretty tough. Luckily the Mexican pilots had trained in the U.S. and knew a little English so we managed. The Mexican government treated us like royalty and gave us a big send-off when we completed the assignment. We were awarded honorary Mexican Air Force wings (Rachel had gone to Idaho while I was in Mexico.)

While coming back from Mexico City (on a commercial flight but still wearing my pilot attire), I had the strong feeling that I should leave the service, return to Pocatello, build a home and raise a family. This was one of several instances where inspiration controlled my destiny. The war was pretty much over by then. The option was available to stay in the service and be stationed in one of the occupied areas overseas. It was hard to give up after all the training. Nobody who had their wings had worked harder at it than me. I liked what I was doing, and loved flying. But I followed the prompting. I was approached by a man from Shell Oil Company. We talked for awhile and he offered me a position to fly for them, for a large salary. (He had recognized my wings on my uniform.) They wanted me to fly to Venezuela and Panama. They gave me 60 or 90 days to make up my mind. I appreciated the offer, but turned it down, knowing the strong feeling I had had earlier. Without any savings, job, or a home of my own, I must have had little doubt that it was meant to be. Now with a large and great posterity it is obvious to me that it truly was meant to be.

I stayed at my sister Della's in Midvale, Utah for a month, driving up to Hill Field for flying time. I was then to report to Ft. Lewis, Washington for my separation, ending my military career. While at Della's I helped build cabinets for her basement.



Rachel holding Devon,
Warren flying kite

After leaving Ft. Lewis (early Fall, 1946), I returned to Pocatello. Warren was about 2 1/2. We stayed with Rachel's mother for that winter (1946-1947); DeVon was born the day before Christmas. Rachel's Dad had died while I was in the service. Wahlon and Gaylerd were back from the service, also, and were living there, too. Neither were married. Erma and Burton had gotten married before Rachel and I did. Burton was wounded badly in the service. He had many surgeries and was disabled all his life. Erma was home alone a long time while he was gone in the service. I told Wahlon that if he would milk the family cow, I would buy feed for it. Rachel's mom had the habit of keeping the milk and using the oldest first. I didn't care too much for the old milk that had been sitting in tubs. I proposed that we throw out the old milk one time and start drinking the fresher milk, and not be so far behind in the quantity of milk. She wouldn't have it wasted. She said, "we use

the old milk first." Hence, we never did get caught up. Having worked in a state-of-the-art dairy, where milk was refrigerated and bottled fresh, I liked good, fresh, cold milk. At the dairy I would sometimes scoop it off the refrigeration unit into a cup. It was almost icy it was so cold. I couldn't stand the old, warm stuff. Except for the incident in the car when we got married, that was the only other "disagreement" I ever had with her. I mostly left the relationship with in-laws up to Rachel, anyway.

From the experience I had working on my own car and part-time jobs, I started to repair cars on my own. I bought a used fruit stand and opened up one end to pull cars in to work on them (just a dirt floor). Joe Halford, a man in the ward who had done mechanical work for some time, and had just built a new shop, invited me to come and work for him in the new shop. It was located across the street from McComber Dairy (where I had worked before the war). In the Spring I borrowed some money to build a basement house. We had purchased land from Rachel's father before he passed away. I worked for Joe Halford for about 2 years, then I was offered a job from

Dana Muir's father on his ranch he had just purchased out in Rockland, Idaho. I stayed out at the ranch during the week. He had me overhaul a D4 Caterpillar tractor, and a very old 20' side hill combine. Those were the items most needed on the dry farm. I also helped with the cattle, etc. He wanted me to stay till the harvest would be over that fall. Having completed the repair work, he decided to re-furbish the old barn. It had been built many years before on an unstable foundation. We managed to put a new foundation under it, then on one side in the old structure, grain bins for wheat storage (yet to come) and on the other side a milking parlor with the thoughts of a dairy operation.

One time while in town (Pocatello) getting mash for the cattle I became aware of a mechanic job at Garrett Freightlines. I went in and applied for it. They wanted to hire me immediately, but I told them I had to fulfill my commitment to finish the work in Rockland and then I would be available. They were impressed that I would hold to my commitment, and said, "that's the kind of person we want. When you have finished, come back—you have a job." I went to work at Garretts in August, 1949, and worked there for 37 ½ years (until retirement). Most of the places I worked in my life they had asked me to work. I never had to beg for a job.

My philosophy has been to have a permanent job then engage in a side line for extra income to provide for other needs, recreation, etc. That pattern has served us well as a family these many years.

Boyd Hendersen dug the basement for our house with a logging cat. We lived in the basement house for about 8 years. Lyman Hale helped me build the upstairs. I was working the night shift at Garretts and worked on the house during the day. I borrowed \$3800 at 4% interest to get started. Inflation hit and my wages doubled. I was able to pay off the loan sooner than I had anticipated. I had also invested \$100 in Chinchillas. The venture went very well. That was my first and best investment. The money helped to build the house. I put in the hardwood floor while I was off work for 10 days recuperating from appendicitis.



Warren, DeVon and Rachel on top of basement house 1947

We completed the upstairs of our home in the 1950's. For its intended purpose we dedicated the home. (Upon some re-modeling and the advent of April and children coming into the family we re-dedicated the home.) Many have been recipients of the blessings in this home. There are lots of memories here. I believe it served what it was dedicated for. In that I had not grown up with any siblings of my own, it was almost like I was growing up again. This time with those I loved. As I recall those good times, I recognize more than anything else how grateful I am for the inspiration I've had to guide me in all of life's endeavors.

We invited my Dad to come up to Idaho and stay with us. He did so for two summers. He was about 81 at the time. He thought Rachel was tops. He'd help around a little, and puttered, visited with Quinns, etc. His feet were misshaped since childhood and got worse as he got older. It was hard for him to walk. He had to have shoes made special for him at a leather-working shop in

back of Romney's store in Dublan. (I had liked to go in there as a kid and liked the smell of leather. They made saddles, harnesses, shoes, cowboy boots, belts, etc. I was fascinated one time to see a man make a leather braided belt without either of the ends being cut. The man presented it to me as a gift.)

Arvin and Wayne (Della's sons) came up to stay a couple of summers. We took them fishing, rabbit hunting, etc. Lawrence wasn't able to do much of that. He had rheumatic fever when he was younger, and also had poor hearing and eyesight.

Rachel and I got together occasionally with groups of family and friends (couples like Maya and Dana who were friends from the past). That dwindled when we all had more kids. For a long time we would get together as couples once a year and have a big shrimp fry. We'd eat shrimp, play games, sing, tell jokes, dance, etc. and then eat more shrimp. Sometimes we had a progressive dinner. Each of the couples had built a new home. We also had a study group where we got together to study the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. Rachel and her friends and sisters belonged to a sewing group, which met once a month at the various homes. At Christmas they would have a party and invite spouses. She continued in that group throughout her life. (Note: As of 2002, that group is still going with some of the original members.) Rachel read some. She also worked very hard on her Relief Society lessons, which she taught for several years.



Dana Muir (friend) playing with Streak



Rachel with "the boys"

We continued fishing and hunting as a family. We fished in a variety of locations. Sometimes we would even go up to Yellowstone or Island Park on Friday evening and camp over. We would either come back late Saturday night or stay over and attend Church there. Of course, Rachel eventually didn't participate as much, as she had several kids to take care of. She always encouraged the activity even if she didn't participate and usually fixed us a lunch to take. We started boating, river running and water skiing along with the fishing. In winter we went ice skating, sledding, and later on snowmobiling, and skiing. Rachel didn't care much for snowmobiling or skiing. Later on we had some nice fishing trips to the coast. I've written about some of these experiences in more detail. When we got into boating, I was a Charter member of the SeaGull Boat Club. I rented out my skis to people, and we arranged for portable concession stands. There were not boating safety laws or devices back then, so it was pretty dangerous. In recent years when they started charging dues out there, I wouldn't participate any more.



Woody and Rachel

I had some "dry stock" beef cattle in our pasture, and in Clayton Hale's pasture. The Spring after I began working at Garretts, I put cattle on Gerald Neal's dry farm range at Arbon Valley and then some more on Muir's range the next year. In the summer a huge hail storm killed all the grass and vegetation on the range, as well as the hay crop. It was too late in the year to replant. I hauled Barley mash for feed, but finally ended up selling off the stock.

When we were living in the basement house I planted the orchard on the east side. (In 2002 I cut down the last of those original fruit trees.) I bought a real nice 4-H prize-winning Heifer. We were starting to build the upstairs of the house. Bud Loveland was the draftsman for the project, and another man was the architect. The heifer calved and both those men wanted fresh milk. That was the beginning of our dairy business. I hadn't really ever planned to do that, it just happened. For many years we piped water from Seibert's well across the street. I ran a water line out to the corral for a drinking trough for the cows.



Beginning of Longhurst Dairy (Warren and DeVon with the cows)

It had a float in it (like in a toilet tank) to control the water flow when the cows drank. I made a cooling rack for the milk cans on a tray so that when new water flowed it would keep the milk cool. The cows didn't drink enough for it to work really well, so I eventually bought an electric Pop cooler with a lid, which we used for a long time. We sold milk for 60 cents a gallon, and separated cream for 60 cents a quart. The dairy business progressed gradually by word of mouth. Eventually we had more customers than milk, so I bought another cow. It continued to grow that way. By the time DeVon left on his mission, it had grown to be unmanageable (without him). Also, the zoning laws had changed, and we were told that we would either have to sell our cows or move, as it was not longer permissible to have a dairy within the city limits. So I sold out to Pleasant Valley Dairy. This helped pay for DeVon's mission. We had 22 head when I sold out. They paid me by furnishing pasteurized, bottled milk to sell. This is when we started the delivery business. We also got some raw milk from Andersons. (Neal Anderson told me many years later that I had become his role model in taking the kids skiing, fishing, etc.) After selling the cows, I gravitated to more garden produce. Later on we had the drive-in built. We leased it out to several different businesses over time. It was a lot of hassle and some legal problems. I wouldn't ever want to be tangled up in that much again.

The family store started out with just the milk. Then we got into storage items, then added more items for convenience of customers, and eventually health foods and herbs. Rachel had somewhat of a personal interest in that, but the clientele for that disappeared when she got cancer. The store did real well until we starting leasing it out to various people. The only business failure we had was dishonesty from leasing. We ending up closing it altogether.

When I first went to Garretts I was working as a gasoline engine mechanic. I recognized that Garretts would eventually want to include refrigerated units in their fleet, as well as automatic transmissions. On my own I decided to take 3 night courses at Idaho State University. (At my own expense, too.) They were: Refrigeration, Automatic Transmissions, and Automotive Electronics. So, when the opportunity came along at Garretts, I was qualified and got the job as the main Refrigeration mechanic. Not much competition, because others lacked the training. The fleet con-

tinued to build all the time, and by the time I retired, I was maintaining 212 units in the system. The refers (refrigerated units) would come in during the night, and I would work on as many as I could each day. I eventually proposed a change of my work schedule to my bosses. I explained that if I could come to work earlier in the morning, I would be there when many of the trucks pulled in, and get an early start on the day. This would expedite the process and enable the trucks to be back on the road sooner. They could see the benefit of my proposal, so I began going to work at 4:00 a.m. I had personal motives for this change, as well. I would be off by early afternoon, which gave me daylight to get in some fishing, boating, gardening, etc. My boss, Vince told me a few years ago, "If all my workers were as conscientious as you, I wouldn't have had any problems." That made me feel real good.

I guess working for Garretts was the best thing I did. It gave me steady work, provided us with health and dental insurance, which paid for the births of the kids, my appendectomy, having my teeth taken out and replaced, etc. At one point the Union demanded that the people in our shop get paid the same wages as the employees in California were making. My wages immediately doubled (to \$15 per hour). It was the best pay there was in this part of the country. By the time Garretts went out, I was ready to retire. During the years I worked at Garretts, I chose to take all of my pay rather than put part of it in a retirement fund. I figured I would have it accessible to pay for raising the family, and providing lots of good wholesome recreation and entertainment. I figured I would be able to work long past retirement age. That's what I've been doing! I've always had good health. I've figured I'd live to be 100. If I don't, I'll be disappointed and dead wrong! If my legs didn't bother me, I'd still feel that way.



Garrett Freightlines

Garretts periodically sold off damaged or unclaimed freight. They had special sales for employees. I liked to go to those, since I was always on the lookout for useful items. They had a big sale to get ready to move to their new location. Rachel and I went to that sale. Karyn was a baby then and we had her with us. Mr. Garrett saw her and seemed to be entranced by her. For many years after that he would always ask about her. I had planted tree stock on our property and had budded in a Broad Leaf Ash. I asked Mr. Garrett if he would like some of those trees to plant around their new buildings. I named the variety "Garrett Green Ash". He was pleased with that, and really liked the trees. Years later when they added on to one of the buildings, he went to a lot of trouble and expense to save the mature trees and had them moved and re-planted by the new addition. They were good shade trees. I built the solar system and many other things with parts acquired at the freight sales.

At one point we figured that music was something the family should have. We thought we needed a little culture to offset the cows! We started having the kids learn the violin. They could learn another instrument, as well, if they wanted to, but we felt that the violin would be more classical and cultural. When my father, Warren Longhurst died, (he was living in a small house in Dublan) I got \$400 in the settlement or inheritance. We used that money to purchase our first piano. It had originally been a player piano. Mr. Quine was teaching violin lessons to the older kids first, and eventually the others. It became more convenient for him to come to the house to teach.

I had started ice skating while working for McCombers. We would skate on the pond by Sweigerts slaughter house. I liked to skate. Eventually we started making our own rink as a family. We built up a base of 4 to 6 inches of ice. Sometimes we would spray into the air to cool the water before it hit the ground so it would freeze faster. Clear ice let the sun in and would melt it sooner. I learned that if we sprayed directly over the snow, the ice remained white and would reflect the sun. It would last longer this way—sometimes till early March.

In all my activities I have also served in many callings in the Church, although not until after the service was I called to any position. I was ordained a Seventy by S. Dilworth Young and was called to serve a mission with the Mexican people here in Pocatello. While serving in that capacity we were able to organize a Mexican Branch. It went very well for a good many years. Some time later I was ordained a High Priest by Elder Boyd K. Packer and served as a counselor in a Bishopric. During the construction of our ward building I served as finance clerk and finance chairman for four different bishops. Then I served as Stake Welfare Clerk. Later I was set apart as a High Councilor (again by Elder Packer), and served there with President Boyd Henderson for some nine or ten years. During that time I served as the manager of the Church Farms. As a Bishop, I served seven plus years. While serving as Bishop I advocated that others dedicate their homes. I also gave out bank books to kids at tithing settlement. I have always felt that people should be accountable to themselves and establish a habit to follow a principle. I was a home teacher to many families. I was Gregerson's home teacher for 52 years!

Rachel was diagnosed with cancer in 1975. She went many places for treatment and as much as possible lived a happy and full life for another 5 years. She passed away January 7, 1980.

Inspiration guided me to another wonderful companion and family. When I first met April Barton, it was revealed to me that I was looking at my future wife. It was a shocking experience for me, but as I had learned to recognize the Lord's guiding hand in my life, I never doubted that it was right. Our dating was mostly on the ski hills. We became engaged while skiing at Targhee. We were married May 10, 1980 in the Idaho Falls Temple.



April and Woody

April has more variety in interests than any person I have ever known. She has many talents and often uses them to help other people. She really jumped in whole-heartedly at being a mother and grandmother to this large family. She works hard at keeping up on everyone and has a genuine love for every member of the family. She also keeps up with the large Barton family. When she came to Pocatello, she seemed to fit right in with family, ward, and stake members, etc. She was quickly loved by others. She has become very well respected by everyone she has worked or served with. Her counsel is often sought by others. So many people look up to her and are inspired by her example. Wherever she goes she seems to fit right in. She is comfortable around people, and makes others feel comfortable around her.

She works hard with me in the gardening and store business. She often says, "Woody, you started all these projects to keep the kids busy. The only problem is, the kids have all gone but the busy

stayed!" I love my wife and our joint and extended families. I haven't written much about Rachel or April, but I can say that I have been privileged to have been married to the two best women in the world. I can truly say my cup runneth over! I love life. I find joy in being a part of the Lord's plan here on earth. I love the Lord, have a strong testimony of the Gospel and have been happy in serving. I like to be active and usefully productive and it is equally pleasing for me to see others achieve. I have enjoyed good health all my life. If I do not live to be one hundred, I will be disappointed—or dead wrong!

