

## Story of the life of Margaret Ellen Sharp Larson and William Harmon Larson

Written by Margaret Ellen Sharp Larson

Re-typed in 2013 by Katie Ferguson Morgan, gg granddaughter of Margaret

I was born the 8<sup>th</sup> of December, 1877, in Lehi, Utah Co., Utah; the daughter of William Robert Sharp, born the 11<sup>th</sup> of September, 1853, in Conwood, Haltwhistle, Northumberland, England; and Vilate Mary Anderson, born the 1<sup>st</sup> of June, 1858, in Lehi, Utah Co., Utah.

I have one purpose in writing this story. I want my children and my descendants to know of my faith in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I leave the witness of my soul in the testimony “that I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, chosen to restore the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world in these, the last days of the fullness of time.”

I also want my children and their children to know some things about their kindred before them. For this reason—I have written stories of my parents and grandparents.

With joy I am filling my Book of Remembrance with portraits of loved ones, the dearest to me; And forefather’s pictures show I bear resemblance To all of the faces on my pedigree. First comes the grandfathers and then the grandmothers; With photos of parents and then of myself. There also are pictures of sisters and brothers In my Book of Remembrance that’s now on the shelf; My Book of Remembrance, my key to resemblance, My picturized semblance that’s now on the shelf.

Our family consisted of nine children: Myself, Margaret Ellen Sharp Larson, born the 8<sup>th</sup> of December, 1877; Vilate Amy Sharp Pratt, born the 22<sup>nd</sup> of December, 1880; Christie Isabel Sharp Smith, born the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, 1883; Annie Williamette Sharp Paxman, born the 3<sup>rd</sup> of March, 1886; Mary Florence Sharp, born the 12<sup>th</sup> of October, 1888; William Robert Sharp, born the 1<sup>st</sup> of June, 1891; Everett Errol Sharp, born the 30<sup>th</sup> of November, 1893; Edna Maud Sharp Boley, born the 11<sup>th</sup> of November, 1895; Frank Eldon Sharp, born the 18<sup>th</sup> of December, 1898.

The earliest memory I have was when I was three years old. My father was lying on his back on the floor and I was sitting on his chest, crying for a photo album lying on a little table that stood at the side of the bed. My mother did not want me to have the album. I cried and cried then father gave it to me. Naughty child, me, but I was real young. Mother said I was three years old. I remember the most devoted love from my mother and father.

Father hauled lumber from American Fork Canyon and the road from our home, leading towards the canyon went through sage brush nearly as high as a person. There were only a very few houses north of our home. When father would come home he would shout “Yo – Ho.” One could hear him from far upon the hills, then mother would let me start out to meet him. When he got to where I was he would put me on the load beside him. Oh! Wasn’t I happy.

Father played the violin in the evenings and my sister, Amy, and I would dance. Mother would put our long gowns on and little moccasins that mother had made, on our feet. That was almost a nightly ritual.

As I grew older, I loved very much to listen to my father play the violin in the evenings. He would close his eyes and mark time with his foot. My childhood home was a very happy one. Each night mother listened to us say our prayers, then she would wither tell us lovely stories or read some to us. Each Saturday evening we would polish our shoes and get our clothes ready for Sunday.

I had a very dear friend, Maggie Larson. We played together most every day. Friends from Salt Lake City would come to spend the summer vacation with my friend. May Arnold and her sister, Lillie were the girls' names. May and I learned to love each other very dearly. Our friendship grew stronger through the years. Now we are old together.

When I started to school my first teacher was Miss Williams, who later married Arthur Southwick, and became the mother of Albert Southwick who teaches music at the University of Utah. I loved Miss Williams very dearly. Then there was Laura Webb, Angie Webb, Kate Friel and Edgar Ross. School was held in the Ross school building. My last teachers were James M. Anderson and G. N. Child. School was then in a large school building in the center of town.

I had nice companions at school; there was Edith Cutler, Jennie Woodhouse, Pearl Davis, Francis Briggs and Mammie Briggs.

My sisters and I had very happy times and mother did so much to help us to be happy.

When I was twelve years old I was made secretary in Primary. The President was Sister Comer. I loved her very dearly. I would go early to Primary and call for Sister Comer and we would go together and get the room ready for Primary. Sister Kate Alred was counselor. I loved her so much. When I was fourteen years old I was asked to teach a class of boys in Sunday School. I was told that they had had several teachers but they soon left the class. All the boys were larger than I. I told them I feared I could not hold the class if others had failed. They would not take no for an answer, so I prayed to my Heavenly Father to help me decide. I felt that I should take the class. My Heavenly Father surely helped me, I loved to teach the class and every boy was interested and helpful. Some parents told me they were very happy that I was their son's teacher. Those boys were young men when I was a young lady. They were always respectful and nice to me.

I had the wonderful experience a number of times, of hearing persons speak in tongues in fast meeting. It is a wonderful experience.

When I was 16 years old I was in the Choir, and our Choir was asked to sing at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. Brother Isaac Fox and Brother John Gibbs were the choristers and Kate Woodhouse was organist. Hannah Pickle played the organ sometimes. We had to practice very often. Laura Webb Salzner sang the solo. We all had to have white dresses. My dress was white Cashmere trimmed with white lace and ribbon. I thought it so pretty. Mother made my dress; she made everything so lovely.

I shall never forget the day we sang in the Temple. It seemed like we were very near heaven. President Woodruff gave the prayer and he spoke so powerfully. You could feel the Spirit of God there. I am sure

there were many heavenly beings in the Temple that day. President Woodruff said, "I am as sure that my parents chose me for their son, and I chose them for my parents, as I am that I live."

I wish it were in my power to express how I felt that day. I felt that all the angels of Heaven must have been singing for joy at the dedication of such a "Beautiful Holy Temple." A child was born in the temple that day; they named him, Temple. His mother was a friend of Mary Gray who is a relative of my father, and at whose home I stayed while in Salt Lake City.

I loved older people and there were several ladies I visited very often and kept that close friendship until they died. Two dear ones are living; now 88 years old.

I loved nature, and I, with girl friends would go to the hills in the springtime and gather wild flowers. Easter was one time we always went.

I was the first-born in our family, and at an early age I worked out in the fields with my father. I would be on the hayrack and take the hay from my father and Brother Lawrence Hill. I would work all day. Some evenings my father and I would go out in the field and shock wheat, long after the moon came up. When I would get too tired I would hide behind a shock of wheat. Daddy would look for me then say, "Come on, dear, let us go the house."

The Segoe Lily Department of Lehi Sunday School was organized January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1898. One week later, January 16<sup>th</sup>, 1898, I was sustained as a teacher in this department. I was also sustained on the following dates: April 1<sup>st</sup> as Mutual teacher and Ward Organist. At an anniversary my class, Second Intermediate, gave a very outstanding class exercise.

In 1904 the Town of Lehi was divided into 4 wards. We were in the 4<sup>th</sup> ward. We had our separate Sunday School but now we had our own Ward. Enoch Russon was Sunday School Superintendent; James Gledhill was Chorister. I had many happy times there in my Church activities. Annie Appleyard and Elizabeth Shaw were very dear friends, we went to Church together.

After a short time of using the Segoe Lily school house for Church, the ward obtained the use of part of a large building in which the Lehi Bank was located. It was much more comfortable there as there were class rooms. We also had dances there. The Kirkham brothers furnished the music. There was Joseph Kirkham, his son, Joseph, Hyrum Kirkham and George Kirkham. It was a pleasure to dance to that music. I had many happy times there; I loved to dance.

I had many "would-be suitors" and many proposals of marriage, but of this I am sure, that I was kept for the one who was to be my companion. A very dear friend of mine told me that a Brother Ola Larson and his son, William Harmon Larson, had been sent from Logan to take charge of an experimental farm that the Agricultural College of Logan had started. She told me she wanted me to meet this young man.

On Fast Sunday of April, 1906, I met this young man, William Harmon Larson, and when I shook his hand, I felt sure I had met my future companion. After meeting, William asked to walk home with me. Before he left he asked if he might come and take me to church, in the evening. From then on we kept company.

The Larson family soon moved from Logan to Lehi. I met them all and they were very nice people. Sister Larson was a dear sweet lady. There were three daughters: Amy, Mabel and Minnie. I learned to love them most dearly. There were two married daughters, Nellie Davenport, in Oregon, and Hulda Miller Brown. One dear Sister had recently died; her name was Alfreda Larson Cotter. The family mourned her very deeply. She was a very beautiful, talented lady, that is what they all said of her. Her photo portrayed her as very beautiful. All the girls were good looking and were very fine ladies.

Will's father had a horse they called, Edward; they also had a one-seated buggy. Will would often take me for a ride. I had a white skirt, with embroidery insertion in it and a lovely white waist and a white bolero jacket; a white hat with flowers on it, white slippers and a white parasol. I was happy with my pretty summer outfit.

One evening, the Larson family, Amy and her sweetheart, Anthon Hanson; Mabel and her sweetheart, and Minnie and Albin Johnson, and Brother and Sister Larson planned to go to Saratoga Springs for a bath in the pool. As I was cashier at the Co-op store and could not go until after work, Will waited for me and we went in their buggy. The rest went in a wagon. When we got to the Springs, the crowd was all ready for the water. We were soon ready and with them. They were all used to the water and were jumping off the spring-board. I was so frightened, but I felt I couldn't act a coward, so I jumped straight down where it was 10 feet deep; I came up, went down, came up struggling, then they began to realize that I was drowning. Albin Johnson grabbed me, they were all so frightened about me. Will pleaded forgiveness for not watching me and helping me. I was always frightened in water but more so after that experience.

We had a happy summer and Will was called to be Chorister in Sunday School and Mutual, and a Counselor in the Sunday School Superintendency. Our courtship was beautiful. We worked in Church together; we were both prayerful and humble. We were married the 19<sup>th</sup> of December, 1906, in the Salt Lake Temple. My parents gave a reception in our home; it was very lovely.

Will rented two rooms in a house in the center of town, and had it all ready to move into after our marriage. After our reception, our friends, Albin Johnson and Tonny Hanson, took us to our little home. When we made a fire in the little hearth in our bedroom, it soon smelled like sugar burning. We soon saw honey running down the stovepipe and wall. Bees had made their home in the chimney and had stored their winter's supply in the chimney. Next day we had to clean the stovepipe and stove and paper the room. The first washing I put out on the line, it looked so beautiful and white. Later in the day I went out to see if the clothes were drying and I found them all spotted up with rotten apples. Birds had picked at the frozen apples in the trees and it had dropped down on my beautiful clothes.

We lived in this house for only two weeks, then we rented a house from Jos. Russon, which was nearer Will's work. We had chickens, a garden and a cow we bought from Will's father. Will's monthly salary was only \$50.00; we had to pay rent, \$17.00 per month, pay on our furnishings for our home and make payments on the cow. We certainly knew economy, but our tithing was paid first. Before I married, I bought a beautiful rug with roses on green background. It was so beautiful. I also bought a set of table silver, a set of Blue and White English Willow China, and a lovely chaise lounge sofa.

Our first child was born in this home on March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1908, he weighed only 3 ¼ pounds at birth. Right after birth, he got Yellow Jaundice and it looked like he would not live. A prayer was on my lips day and night for God to spare our darling if possible. President Steven L Chipman came and administered to our darling, and a wonderful blessing was given him. Our baby lived. Only God knows how precious he was to us. He was such a beautiful child, with golden yellow hair and big blue eyes. Many thought I would not have children as I never looked very strong.

When President Chipman, at one time, set me apart for four positions in the ward someone asked him if he wasn't asking too much of me. President Chipman said, "Sister Larson will fulfill those positions and live to be a mother in Israel." It was truly fulfilled.

We lived in Lehi for about three years and then moved to Salt Lake City in 1909, where Will worked for the Salt Lake Nursery. Our darling little daughter was born while we lived in Salt Lake. I went to my mother's home in Lehi for her birth, August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1909. She was so lovely.

In November, 1909, Will accepted a job in Idaho, to work for Mr. McCartney of Salt Lake City, to oversee an 82 acre plot of land and plant it into an apple orchard. Will went there in October to help build the house for us to live in; I stayed with my parents in Lehi. In November I got a telegram to go to Blackfoot, Idaho, if I wanted to see Will alive. He had typhoid fever and was not expected to live. Will had written letters to me but they were never sent. Margaret was only a little over two months old. I had only an hour to get ready to get the train. Dear father and mother kept my little son, Frank. Father took me to the Denver and Rio Grande Train. When I got to Salt Lake City, William Wing, from Lehi, was taking the same train to Blackfoot. He felt so badly for me. He took little Margaret and made me lie in his berth. I was grief-stricken with fear for Will. When we got to Blackfoot, the bishop at whose home Will was staying, met me. He didn't even help me to get into the buggy with Margaret and my baggage. We drove five miles through the coldest weather I had ever seen. When we got there Will did not even know me. Shortly after I got there Margaret got pneumonia. The doctor said she could not live. I sat with her in my arms day and night for two weeks. They told me Will was dying. The Elders came and administered to him and promised that he should live. It was reported in town that Will and Margaret were dead. Oh! How I pleaded with my Heavenly Father to spare my loved ones. God was merciful; He did bless them. When Will was able to get out of bed the doctor said it would be better to go to Logan, to Will's father's home as there were no comforts or conveniences where we were. The Bishop took us to Blackfoot to get the train. When we got there he put our bundles on the platform of the station. I had to help Will out of the buggy. The bishop drove off and left me to get into the station as best I could. Will had to have help to walk. I got him in the station and left my grips outside. When I got in the station, President C. C. Rich and Heber Austin saw me and took charge of Will, brought our things into the Depot and telegraphed to the station ahead of Blackfoot and asked for a berth to be ready for Will. Brother Rich and Brother Austin went with us to Cache Junction, Cache Valley. Only my Heavenly Father knows how grateful I was for His answer to my almost constant prayer that we could get to Logan safely. I know my Heavenly Father had a constant care of us on our journey from Blackfoot to Logan, and Oh! how I thanked Him.

A bobsleigh was at Cache Junction to meet us. In the sleigh there was a bed heated with hot bricks and plenty of covers. Will was in bed quite a while in Logan, but I was a constant nurse for him and little Margaret. We left Idaho in January and we stayed in Logan until the last of February.

Father and Mother Larson were so kind to us. We went to Lehi the last of February and stayed there until the last of March. Then we went to Blackfoot to the house that was built for us. He had our furniture sent there and had everything in order when I went to Blackfoot. We moved to Blackfoot in 1910. It was very lonely there, the nearest house was one mile away.

Will worked hard, he had many men helping to break the land and get it ready for planting. Everett, my 3<sup>rd</sup> child, was born while we lived in Idaho. I went to Lehi to my darling mother's for his birth. Our third darling child.

The first year after the 80 acres of land was made ready for planting, they planted it into potatoes. I, myself, cut 16 tons of seed potatoes to plant the 80 acres.

Will was chorister in Groveland, where the church was, also a teacher. Their district covered twenty miles.

Will got a bad cold which developed into pneumonia, he was so very sick and I was alone. I ran for a mile to the nearest house and telephoned to Blackfoot for a doctor. I left Will and my little children alone while I went. The doctor did not come for three days. By that time, with the help of my Heavenly Father and my day and night caring for Will, he had passed the crisis. I truly thanked my Heavenly Father for sparing my darling's life. What would I do without being able to go to my Father in Heaven in prayer? Prayer has been such a solace to me all my life and God has been so good and merciful to us.

Will felt Idaho was too cold and hard on him so we decided to go to Logan. His father and mother wanted him to come there. We moved to Logan in 1913. Mother Larson died with pneumonia on October 28<sup>th</sup>, 1914. We felt so badly over her death. She was a lovely, gracious and kind lady. I loved her dearly.

In 1916, Father Larson married my longtime friend, Mary Harris, she had an invalid daughter. I had known Mary for many years, and she was a very dear friend of mine.

On November 2<sup>nd</sup>, a son was born to Will and I. We named him Arthur, after our dear friend, Arthur Hale. When our baby was 8 days old, Will got a job in Garfield and left immediately for Garfield. A few days after starting on the job, Will was almost killed. His glove caught on a screw on a swift-moving wide belt and it lifted him off his feet. Those men who saw it said they screamed and shut their eyes, feeling sure that Will was going to his death. Will said, "I am sure angels were there and God saved my life. I felt like someone jerked me from the belt." The night this happened to Will, I felt that he was in danger. I prayed God to protect him; I was sure he was in great danger. In two days I got a letter from Will telling me what had happened. Then I knew why I had to plead of God to spare him.

In April of 1916 the children and I moved to Garfield. Will was block teacher there, also the Chorister in the ward. I was a Relief Society teacher.

The children got Whooping Cough. We nearly lost Arthur; he had the cough so bad, but our prayers were answered in his behalf. We were in Garfield during the terrible time of the 'flu'. The children got the measles and it developed into the Diphtheria. Will had to live at the hotel, Arthur was so very bad with it; I had to be in a room alone with him. Frank, Margaret and Everett had to take care of themselves. Will would get food at the store and bring it to the gate. We had to get a doctor for Arthur as it seemed that he would choke to death. Dr. Barnard got a doctor from Salt Lake City to come and help operate on Arthur's throat. They took a membrane out of his throat that was choking him. God in heaven blessed our little boy and his life was spared.

Every day there was someone dying with the flu, or taken to the hospital. There was sorrow all around us.

Our doctor and drug bill came to almost \$100.00. Doctor Barnard in Garfield had the hospital in his home. I did their washing to pay the bill. His wife was a nurse and there were so many uniforms to be ironed. I did several other washings and paid the doctor's bill off that way.

In February, 1918, we moved back to Logan. The day we got there, there were 11 persons dead, who had died with the flu.

We lived in a very small house that winter and Will worked on the county farm, where Warren Schow, his brother-in-law, was superintendent. The next summer we started to make payments on a house next to father Larson's home, 302 East 3<sup>rd</sup> South, Logan. In the fall Will was going to work for C. C. Olsen of Ogden, making baskets of all kinds, as Will was expert at that. But Mr. Olsen would not be ready to start with the work until somewhat later than he planned. We were in need of coal, food, and winter clothing for the children. A man came one evening and asked Will to go to the Sugar Factory to work. I begged so hard for Will not to go for I felt he should not go. Will said, "I will go just for the time I am waiting for Mr. Olson's job." Will worked on night shift. On the 10<sup>th</sup> day Will said, "I have got to get a loan for a little money to get food, coal and shoes for the children." William Howell was president of the Bank and a very good friend. Will asked me if I would go and ask him for a loan at the bank and that Will would go to the bank next morning when he came off work. That night I went to Brother Howell's home. There was the worst blizzard on that I have ever seen but I got there. Brother Howell said Will could get what loan he wanted next morning. I had a hard time fighting the blizzard on the way home. I went into the room when Will was in bed, and told him that he could get the loan, he said, "I will be there, 'Johnny on the spot.'" I kissed him goodnight and he said, "I must get all the sleep I can as I do not understand the work too well." At 12 o'clock I kissed him as he went to work.

That was the last time I saw my darling alive. He was killed that night about 2 o'clock. Father Larson and the rest of Will's family waited until morning when Will should be home, to tell me. The blow nearly killed me. I lay like dead. Only God knew the anguish of my heart. Alone – Alone. Only those who have ever been alone know the anguish of the soul, the aching void, the deep despair. My darling, Gone. I had to live for the sake of my little children. Our darling children; our precious little ones.

It was the 28<sup>th</sup> of October, 1919, Will died. Of course, the news went all over town in a hurry. Brother Howell came early that morning to our home. He owned a clothing store and fitted the boys with shoes

and clothes, sent a ton of coal and left money. Many persons came to our home and left money. People were surely good to me and the children. Mother came and stayed with me two weeks. On the mail the morning after Will's death, a check came from father and mother for \$50.00. They said they felt we needed help.

We lived our sorrow and grief together, my little ones and I. They were so good and obedient, humble and prayerful, and so considerate and helpful to me.

I got a job as office girl to Doctors Porter and H. K. Merrill. The children were so good to do work in the home, while I was away. One afternoon, Margaret was doing the dishes and had just left the sink and Everett just walked past the door when a bullet came through the glass on the door and buried itself in the wall just above the sink where Margaret had stood seconds before. Oh! how mindful of us all has been our dear, kind Heavenly Father. It was a stray bullet.

I was a teacher in the ward. At Christmas the children would take little gifts to dear old people, things that we made. They have always been kind, polite and considerate of people.

In April, 1923, I met Brother Joseph Edward Hyde, who came to Father Larson's flower shop to get flowers for Decoration Day. Aunty Mary introduced me to Brother Hyde at his request. He asked to take me to the cemetery on Decoration Day. Aunt Mary and I went and after he brought us home he asked me to go for a ride. I went. After that he saw me very often. I felt I could never get married to anyone, but Brother Hyde was so earnest in his love for the children and I. He had been married twenty years and they had no children. He said he had watched me pass his store each day on my way to work, and said he had made his mind up to meet me. After our meeting he would come to the office where I worked and take me out to lunch.

He had a little farm south of Logan not far from Blacksmith Fork Canyon. We would go often to the little farm or to the canyon. He was very devoted to the children and I; they loved him very much. We brought much happiness to Brother Hyde; he said, "Now I have something to live for." Everyone who knew Brother Hyde loved him and spoke very highly of him. He had been Stake Chorister of the Sunday School and very active in the church.

We were married June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1923, in the Logan Temple. Of course, I was sealed to dear Will, but, even so, we went to the Temple to be married. After this I will call him Ed or Daddy Hyde; he loved to be called Daddy Hyde.

We moved into Ed's home. It was a large house. The first Christmas he bought each of the children musical instruments, Frank a saxophone; Everett a Cello; Margaret and Arthur each a violin. He got a big bass fiddle and I played the piano. Each child took lessons on their instruments. We had a nice family orchestra. We played in many of the Wards in Logan and different places.

At Christmas the children would put on a play, their cousin took part with them. Our orchestra furnished music. They asked neighbors and friends in and gave the play two or three nights.

We had happy times practicing together. The children worked on the little farm and were happy. Frank and Everett graduated from the Utah Agricultural College. Margaret attended one year then went to the Business School in Salt Lake City. Arthur studied mechanics at school and did very well.

Daddy Hyde was in the clothing store business with his brother-in-law. At busy times, Frank, Margaret, Everett and I would help in the store, especially at Christmas time.

Frank landscaped the home grounds and planted them, also paid for much of the trees, shrubs and rose bushes by working for his grandfather Larson in the Nursery. Frank was always an artist with his flowers and landscaping. The children loved their step father very dearly and he truly loved them. He would often grieve because we would not be his family in the eternity, but would say, "I knew just how it would be in the eternity when we were married but I wanted you all anyway." The children would say, "Don't worry, Daddy, in the eternity we will all be one big beautiful family. You will be with us and our own Daddy."

Daddy Hyde was so very honest and trusting of everybody, he gave money to a real estate agent to put out on investments, he got interest on the investment for a while. Without warning this agent, a Mr. Picot left town and Daddy found all his money and investments had been lost. There were thousands of dollars. Then he trusted Leslie Jensen of Hyrum with \$5,000.00 on a misrepresented deal and lost it all. Daddy's brother-in-law, his partner in the store, who seemed to be the manager, let so much out on credit, and it was during the depression. So the big firms who they owed came and took over the store, would not even let Daddy and Mr. Dunbar, his partner, sell the goods over the counter. They could have paid their obligations but they were not permitted to do so.

Things looked very bad for us; I took student boarders for two years. I had twelve students besides my own family. I did their washing and ironing, too. Students took advantage of our lovely home and brought liquor in the home. We could never permit anyone to disgrace our home. Daddy decided to sell our home as it would be too large for us as our children, Frank, Margaret and Everett were getting married, and we would not defile our lovely home with students who would bring liquor into it. So we sold the home with all its memories and beauties. We bought three acres of land at 966 North 2<sup>nd</sup> East and built a home. It was a pretty home, but sorrow was ahead of us. Mr. Clarence Stucky, the contractor, was a dishonest man. In the middle of the building Daddy Hyde paid Clarence Stucky \$1,325.00 but did not get a receipt right there. Mr. Stucky took that money and paid for material to put on the home he was building for himself. The lumber Co. who should have gotten the money from Stucky, came and put a lien on our house. Mr. Nelson, a worker on our house had given Stucky \$1,500.00 to buy material to finish building his own home. Stucky could get a contractor's discount, but Stucky paid the money for material on his own home he was building. Nelson found material in Stucky's home and got an officer and went and attached that material, he got all his money back. Nelson came to Daddy Hyde and told him to see if Stucky had cows or anything else Daddy could attach, but Stucky had signed everything he owned to his mother, so we lost all that money. Margaret and Walter Astle, her husband, came to our rescue. They got money at the Bank to pay the liens and paid so much each month to the Bank. The home was finished and we made it beautiful. Frank landscaped the grounds and we put little evergreens on, that had been grown on the little farm when we owned it. They were

six and eight feet tall when we put them in. The place looked so beautiful. Daddy Hyde had had a heart trouble for a number of years. It seemed to get worse. I know all our losses hurt Daddy very much. After two years I would not let him do anything on the place. I cared for it. We had alfalfa, a strawberry patch, a raspberry patch, a vegetable garden and a beautiful lawn, flowers and rose garden.

Knowing Daddy had a heart murmur from the time we were married and all through the years, there was an ache in my heart, fearing that if I lived, the time would come when another Gethsemane would come to me.

Daddy Hyde was a perfect gentleman, husband and friend. In politeness and courtesy and kindness he was perfect. He was always as polite to me as when we met. He painted some beautiful pictures, "White Pine Lake," "Bryce Canyon," and a "Castle on Lucerne Lake in Switzerland." He composed a song, word and music, for me, "Heaven has sent you to me, Wife of mine," and I had it published.

The winters of 1937 and 1938, Daddy and I went to Escalante to spend the winters with our daughter, Margaret and her husband, Walter. He made many friends in Escalante. All our neighbors in Logan loved Daddy Hyde very dearly. Brother and Sister Nelson, our neighbors across the street, were Seventh Day Adventists, but they were some of the finest persons we ever met. We associated all the time. Every Sunday we had them to our house for dinner. We tried very hard to convert them to our Church. Maybe now they are both gone to their eternal home, Daddy can teach the Gospel to them there.

In the spring of 1939, I could see Daddy was failing fast. I made him comfortable and happy. I loved him dearly and did all possible for him. In June and July he was in bed all the time, he had to sit up. We had the doctor who did all he could for his comfort. I cannot explain the awful ache in my heart, the awful fear and anguish I felt continually. He always had a smile and loving words for me.

Daddy died on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, 1939; I was alone again with my memories. Daddy had been Secretary of the Utah State College and taught Penmanship there. So many, many words of appreciation and sympathy came from there. The funeral services were so beautiful. I had my children with me; their grief was great.

At the services, Bishop L. Tom Perry said, "I have never seen a person as near like Jesus as Brother Hyde." The beautiful floral offering and the wonderful things said of Daddy was a testimony of the love and respect in which he was held. He was 74 years old. On June 8<sup>th</sup>, before Daddy died; my father died; on the 20<sup>th</sup> of June my sister Christie Smith died; on the 11<sup>th</sup> of June, Daddy's brother died; six hours before Daddy died his brother's wife died. And within a short time my Sister Amy Pratt died and my sister, Annie Paxman died. My three lovely sisters and my father went in such a short time.

When Daddy Hyde was living he worried so much about me being left alone. He felt that I should be with my only daughter, Margaret, so he told Margaret and Walter that he wanted me to go live with them the rest of my life and that the proceeds of our home should help them in building a house. We sold the home and from the proceeds the loan at the bank that Walter and Margaret made in order to save our home when we were building, was paid off and Margaret and Walter were paid all that they had in to the bank on the loan. There was \$3,200.00 left.

Margaret and Walter were in California and I did not know when they would be able to settle anywhere as it was during war time. I wanted to live near the Temple, so we bought a little home a block east of the Temple. We put the \$3,200.00 on it that was left from the sale of our home. Then I put \$400.00 that I got from my father's estate with it. Then I nursed Sister Hunt for many months, also rented the house we bought and in that way earned \$400.00 which paid in full the \$4,000.00 we had to pay for the little home near the Temple. There was nothing growing on the lot. I soon had it looking beautiful with shrubs, lawn and flowers and beautiful arborvitaes. I painted the house inside and repapered it. It looked beautiful.

In 1945, July, I got a call to officiate in the Logan Temple. I was so happy for this privilege. The years I spent in the Logan Temple were so happy. I love all the sisters who worked there very dearly. I had many wonderful experiences in my Temple work; it is all such sacred memories. Brother and Sister Christiansen were President and Matron, now they are in the Salt Lake Temple as President and Matron.

At the little home in Logan on 376 East 2<sup>nd</sup> North, I got the prize of \$25.00 for the prettiest and best kept home and for the most improvements in a short time. Hazel D. Moyle, put a beautiful write up in the Garden Section of the Deseret News, about my little home and all the work I had done to make it beautiful. I had such precious friends. Abby Jenson, Ethel Barrington, and Rose Talbert and Alice and Arthur Hale were so very dear to me. Also Minnie and Warren Schow, my sister-in-law and husband, were so very dear. I could name dozens of other friends that I will always remember and treasure. They all love me. I know they do.

Margaret and the children lived with me in my little home for four winters. One winter Walter was in the East alone, two winters he was in Escalante alone, and one winter in Ogden alone. They did not want me to be alone in the winter. Margaret has been with me after each child was born; they have seemed like my own. I love them so dearly.

In 1951, Walter came from the East and we sold the little home in Logan. Walter bought three acres of land in Sandy and in the spring of 1951 he started to build the house. I left my dear little home on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September to come to Sandy. Walter brought a truck and we left the little house empty and silent. Of course I wept – I had worked so hard on the place to make it beautiful. It broke my heart to say goodbye. But changes come and we just have to adjust ourselves to them.

When I got to Sandy the folks were living in one room 15 x 20 feet, it was made of blocks, had a good roof, nice windows and a cement floor. There was electric lights, hot and cold water, a stove. It was surely filled with the things we had to have. The things from my home were stored in a room that was rented for storage. When I got here, Walter was just digging the foundation for the house. We lived in that one room the first summer and until the following January. I stayed at my son, Frank's home for six weeks during December and part of January. There were no inner walls in the house when they moved in. It has been quite an experience, the building of the home. Margaret and Walter built the house and it is a wonderful job. They finished my room first and it is so lovely. I have my own pretty things that I have made, in my room. It is comfortable and I love it. There is a bit of finishing to do yet in the home but it is a lovely home. The whole family are busy with Church duties. Walter, Lawrence and Dale are

block teachers. Walter is a Seventy, Blaine and Malyn do their part. Margaret is chorister for the Relief Society organization and the Singing Mothers. She is kept very busy.

I was a Relief Society Teacher in the 4<sup>th</sup> Ward of Logan, in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward of Logan and in the 5<sup>th</sup> Ward of Logan. At this time, 1955, I am a Relief Society teacher, I also give the Visiting teachers Topic. For two years I was a Genealogical missionary here in Sandy. The members of the ward and Relief Society have been so wonderful to me. I feel they are all my friends. I love them all and I feel at home. I have had great love and respect shown me here in Sandy.

I am devoted to Genealogy and I do work in the Temple here for our kindred dead. My Cousin, J. Leland Anderson, Uncle Joseph's son, is helping financially with the research. I am working faithfully to accomplish all I can while I live. I am making a Temple record book for each of my children with pictures, life stories and genealogical sheets, and for my cousin Leland and his sister and for my brother, Frank, and sister, Edna. It has been a long expensive process but I hope I can have it ready for each at Christmas.

The Relief Society Presidency asked me to make a booklet of excerpts of my lessons given in Relief Society, also Gems of thought and poems that I love. I did so, and the Relief Society had 60 copies made of the Booklet and gave each member of the Relief Society and members of the Stake Board each a copy. I had a few copies made for my family and a few friends.

I go to see my son, Frank, and wife Beryl, often and they are so good to me, I love them very dearly; they have two daughters, Beverly Ferguson (and they have three lovely sons); Donna Meadows (and they have a darling son and daughter). Frank's son, Richard, is in the service. My son, Arthur and wife, Idell, live in Sugar House. They have been married 18 years and had no children. They had an application in for a child to adopt. They wanted little children so much and on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November, 1955, that is last month, they got word that they could have a child. When they got there they found a little girl 3 years old and a little boy 16 months old, brother and sister, and they took them both. We all rejoiced for them and are all so happy about it.

Everett and Eleanor live in Denver and I have been to see them four times, they have a son, Gerald and daughter, Connie Beth. They are lovely children and very talented. Jerry goes to school in Boston. This is his second year, 1955. I love to go visit them, they are so good to me and show me such a lovely time.

I have 9 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, that is counting Arthur's adopted little ones. They are our own now.

I will write a story of each of my children as soon as I can.

In speaking of Genealogy, I wish to say that I sold my diamond ring to help me with my Genealogy. Spiritual things are far more important than temporal possessions. I hope I live to do much good in Genealogy. I am so grateful for my children and their families. Margaret is so sweet and good to me and always has been so considerate of me. The folks here are all good to me. Malyn is my sunshine. She is so nice to me and we have such nice chats together. I sing this little song to her: "You are my

sunshine, my pretty sunshine, You make me happy when Skies are gray; You'll never know, dear, how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away."

I truly love the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my God, my children and their families, my neighbors and my friends.

Margaret Ellen Sharp Larson

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Katie Ferguson Morgan is the daughter of Craig Ferguson, who is the son of Beverly Larson Ferguson, who is the daughter of Frank Larson, who is the oldest child of Margaret Sharp Larson. This journal was re-typed from a copy in Frank's Book of Remembrance, in possession of Katie Morgan in 2013 (259 East 1500 South, Kaysville, Utah 84037 [morgancrew@gmail.com](mailto:morgancrew@gmail.com)).