

was a beauty treatment she performed every night. As her hair got thinner, or more likely long before, she would add to the apparent volume of her hair with a long tassel of hair which was referred to as a "switch."

This addition of head adornment along with her black kid gloves, an occasional fancy headed hat pin, a dressy hair comb, and perhaps a broach, selected with infinite care for propriety, and her plain gold band wedding ring were all the jewelry or adornment I can associate with her. She was certainly not vain.

I think I have said that mother was retiring; certainly she was not a climber nor a pusher. As I look back I think she was too retiring, almost to the point of self depreciation. I have often felt she might have established more self-confidence in her children had she been inclined to offer more praise. I am sure she was proud indeed of their successes, but she was not too apt at passing this feeling on to her children. At the risk of being repetitious I am going to repeat a statement from Rhoda's writing.

*"I remember the satisfaction I received one time when I overheard someone say that I had told a story real well at some Church meeting we had held. Mother replied, 'And she prepared it herself', in such a voice that although I was very young, I knew she was proud of me. But she didn't tell me."*

I have mentioned earlier that this self evaluation--I was almost to say devaluation--could well have been accentuated by well-meaning sympathizers, but from many little remarks she would make at various times, I developed a feeling that she might have developed a slight complex early in life.

I have mentioned also, that mother gave advice to many people but it was of a nature far from interfering with, or running their lives. As to taking advice, mother learned, perhaps the hard way, to listen to and consider the ideas of other people--then follow her own advice. Making her own decisions was certainly a matter of necessity.

Mother was usually cool and collected but rules are established when one can observe the exceptions, and I recall one such exception to her self-control. Some of the family were enjoying an outing on Bear Lake. Maurine and Rhoda and one or two more girls had gone out on the lake in a rowboat and, while they were still quite a way from shore, a sudden wind squall came up to change the usual placid surface of the lake into churning white-caps.