



*June - Pug - Us*

## **JUNE MIRIAM LEITZELL PUGMIRE**

Born March 21, 1923 Murray, Utah

*This was a remarkable woman. She was a dedicated record keeper. Some pages are typed. Some are in her beautiful handwriting. Some are in "journals." Others are on calendars in which she neatly wrote 50 or more words in the little squares designated for each day.*

*Her writings are quite consistent over her life. Her concerns and loves are the same regardless of the year. The following are excerpts drawn from her childhood...from her Kansas years...and from her later years.*

### **THE EARLY YEARS**

#### **March 8, 1936**

From a 2 1/2-minute talk in the Grant Ward: It is more blessed to give than to receive.

We should give our contributions with a cheerful heart and with a desire to administer to the necessities of others.

**B 86-238**      July 4 1937  
Barant WARD  
Castonwood STAKE

**T** HIS IS TO  
CERTIFY THAT June Lutzell  
HAS VOLUNTARILY DONATED TO THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS AS TITHING  
Thirty seven cents DOLLARS, \$ 37¢

IN Cash BY M. Kallpach BISHOP

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Through service to others there comes into our souls that humility...that joy,  
that is superior to all other joys

**September 29, 1935**

From a talk in Womens class in Sunday School, Grant Ward

I can improve my talents and do my utmost to succeed with them. I can have a successful home life, and study and train to become a leader and teacher of the gospel.

**November 22, 1936**

Read in Women's Class in Grant Ward

Let me be a little kinder,  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those about me...

Let me think more of a neighbor And a little less of me.

April 25, 1937

From remarks given in Murray First Ward on Junior Seminary Graduation night

I have many friends. Each one fulfills just what God wills.

**MURRAY HIGH SCHOOL**  
**TERM REPORT** 1936  
 Of June Miriam Leitzell  
 First Semester Second Semester

SUBJECTS	1st Term		2nd Term		3rd Term		Semester Grade		1st Term		2nd Term		3rd Term		FINAL		CREDITS
	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	
	Gen. Scien.	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	
Math.	0	A	0	B	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	A	-
Sewing, Foods	0	B	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	A	-
History	0	B	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	A	-
Phys Ed.	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	A	-
English	0	A	0	B+	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	1	A	-

A—Exceptional B—Above Average C—Average D—Below Average E—Failure (Over)

And, He through them, His best in me fulfills.

1936

It was in the latter part of 1936 when I became restless in school. I had been in the habit of always getting good marks in my school work. I talked quite a bit and I didn't seem to grasp the words as I should have. Mama continually told me to quit talking and pay attention but I just kept on talking. My marks

*My 6th grade report card*

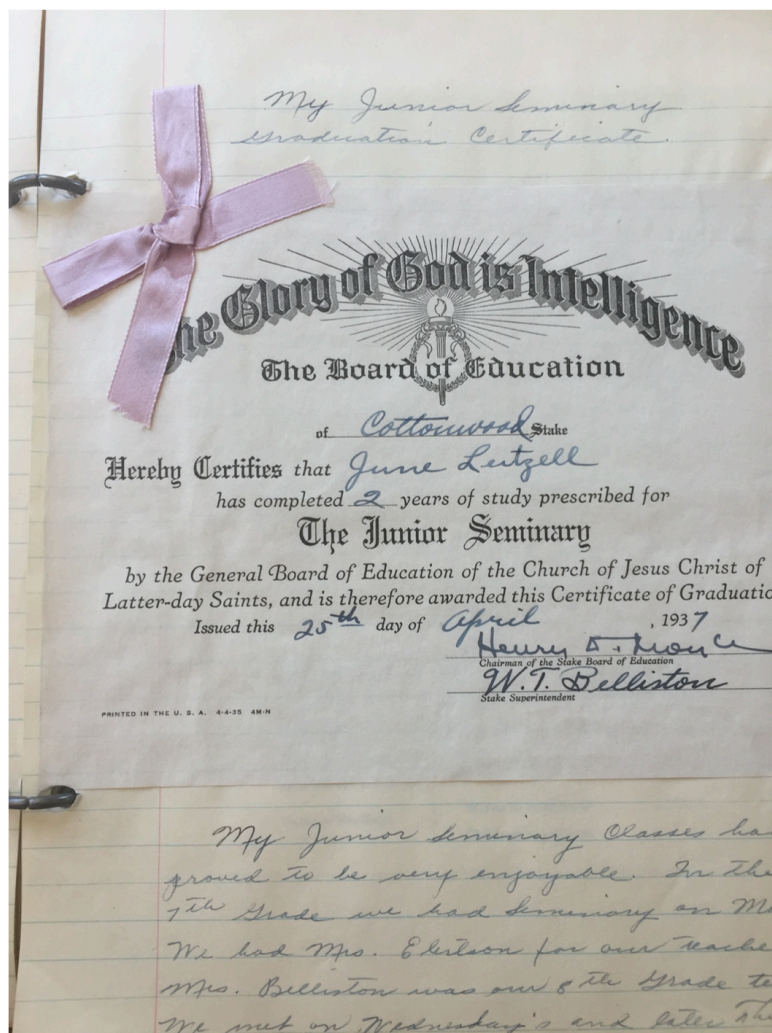
**MURRAY HIGH SCHOOL**  
**TERM REPORT**

1935-6

Of JUNE LEITZEL

SUBJECTS	First Semester								Second Semester								CREDITS
	1st Term		2nd Term		3rd Term		Semester Grade		1st Term		2nd Term		3rd Term		FINAL		
	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	Absent	Grade	
English	1	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-
Cooking - art - music	0	A	0	A	0	B	art	-	a	A	0	B	1	B	B	-	
Phys. Ed.	0	A	0	A	1	A	1	A	1	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-
Spelling & Pen.	0	A	0	A	0	B	type	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-
Reading - Civics	1	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-
Geography	1	B	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-
Math	1	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	0	A	0	A	0	A	1	A	-

A—Exceptional B—Above Average C—Average D—Below Average E—Failure  
(Over)



began to drop. I thought it was over once in a while but I always talked anyway. One night I had a dream...

When I woke up, I told my dream to Mama. We talked it over and I thought this dream surely came for my best good. As soon as I went back to school I studied and I kept it up.

B 86-335

Sept 5 19 37

Grant WARD

Cottonwood STAKE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT June Lutzell

HAS VOLUNTARILY DONATED TO THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS AS TITHING

Thirty Five Cents DOLLARS, \$ 35¢

Cash BY M. L. Kellpack BISHOP

IN Cash BY L

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

June 1937





We went down to Manti in the latter part of June, 1937. We went on Tuesday and came back on Sunday with Daddy. We had a very good time.

**September 5, 1937**

I paid tithing of 35-cent to Bishop M. L. Killpack. I earned this money by picking beans in the summer of '37.

**February 5, 1936**

I had to count a lot of small and large soap bubbles at the Dodge Brothers Distributors. I was happy when I received a check for \$25.

**1935-6**

Murray High School First Semester Report Card was all "A's". She had classes in English, cooking, P.E., Spelling and Penmanship, Reading and Civics, Geography, and Math

Virginia and June High School

**Dorothy Bateman**

Dorothy lived at 147 East 64th South. She has been a very close associate since 1931. We have had many, many pleasant times together. She is very cheerful and has a very forgiving personality. Her mother has always been very pleasant to me. Both Dorothy and her mother are very generous and are always giving away whatever they have...



**THE KANSAS YEARS**

**April 1, 1978**

As I have always enjoyed pulling my April Fool's jokes, I couldn't let this day pass by without trying to get one on Don. He did such a good job last year on me! So, as soon as Pug and I were dressed in the morning (*she was traveling with him in their mini-home*), we went over to the KOA



campground office and called Don. Holly answered the phone, very tired... they are one hour later than we are. I told her to wake up her Dad and don't give him any idea that it was me on the phone. "Hello" he said, as foggy as could be. "This is Tulsa, Oklahoma, wishing you a happy April Fool's Day!"



Don didn't even know it was April Fool's Day and I know he will get me again next year.

I remember Mark writing home when he was on his mission in Sweden, saying that he was surely glad he wasn't home on April Fool's Day. He just hates that day, and I have to admit I'm the cause.

**April 7, 1978**

My time has a way of filling up for me as I learn to do things while I am here alone, such as reading more, planning my Relief Society lessons, talking to Bebe...oh, no, I meant Abbey!...and Mouse, and just doing some of those extremely important things. It does take time to keep house, however, even though I may not do the very best job in the world.

I enjoy walking out in this beautiful green yard every once in a while and seeing the bright yellow daffodils in full bloom. I like to look up to the house from the far end of the back yard and see the large rolling green grass. It's beautiful. I feel fortunate, indeed, to have such an area to live in.

Now I have another responsibility to look forward to. Tomorrow at 1:30 P.M. a little fourteen unwed mother-to-be from Little Rock, Arkansas, will be coming to stay with us until her baby is born, and for a week or so following the birth. I am a bit frightened of what this might mean. I feel heart broken to this of this little young girl having such a traumatic experience in her young life. She is leaving her home, state, school, friends, etc. to come to our

home so that she can be cared for, and eventually give her baby up for adoption. I hope and pray for strength, and wisdom...to help this girl through this time is her life.

We called Julee and Pat last night and talked for a very long time. Julee seemed happy and healthy. Her baby is due in a couple of weeks...

Robyn called yesterday morning and wanted to know if I wanted to go shopping at the Valley Fair Mall with her. I said, "Sure! I'll be right there!" It was fun to talk to Tami, Tom, Lori, and Lon. Little Lon said, "I love you, Grandma. You come see me?" Oh, my tears would not hold back any longer.

### **April 10, 1978**

We took the girls for a long ride around the area later in the afternoon to see where our property in Olathe is located, as we are paying for it tomorrow. It is truly a beautiful acre and a half of lakeshore property. We went down to the lake and watched some little boys catch fish.

Sometime Pug and I talk to each other about the fact that we are overly blessed. How can we have so many earthly possessions, and be so richly blessed with the many extras that make life so pleasant for us. We always tell

each other how important it is that we try with all our hearts, to live worthy of them, and try to share these blessings with others.

We had a phone call Saturday night from Mark and Laurel, Julee and Pat, as they were celebrating little Cheryl's birthday party...two years old. They all seemed happy and I'm so glad that they can be together. They said that Brent was out on a date and I surely hope that he will continue to date and perhaps find the one and only. He wants to do that, I know. And we will continue to pray to our Father in Heaven to bless that dear boy that he will be able to find work that will be compatible to his interests, and also that he will be able to find a girl to be his wife.

### **April 25, 1978**

Margaret (*the little visitor from Arkansas*) had her water break and the pains were five minutes apart. I knew I had better call the hospital and report an emergency. Just as I was getting my car filled with pillows, etc., Georgeanna came, and way we tore off, and that was one wide ride! Margaret was wonderful the way she stood those two minute apart pains all the way to the hospital. And Georgeanna was wonderful...frightened...an almost reckless driver, speeding down the highway, in and out of traffic, trying to attract police attention, but to no avail. Once we found a highway patrol, stopped



him plead for help, but he refused because he was “out of his district”, and off we tore again. We barely made it to the hospital before a 7 lb. 1 oz. baby boy was born...fifteen minutes after we got there.

Margaret fed the baby, cuddled him, pretended the whole time she could keep him, I’m sure.

She is an excellent little girl.

### **April 27, 1978**

Pug and I spent the nicest day all day long Saturday riding around, doing little things that we chose to do. I have a husband that is worth solid gold himself. He is so good to me, kind and thoughtful to everyone. He is religious and honest. How could I have ever been blessed with a man so wonderful.

### **April 28, 1978**

We took Margaret to the airport today. When we returned home, I found this note that she left:

“Thank you so much for having me in your home. I really appreciate all the love, kindness, and support you have given me. This has been a truly inspiring experience. Pug and June, I really respect the open affection you

show for each other because I have never been exposed to that before. You made we feel right at home...even the teasing! I have begun to love each of you..."

### **May 1, 1978**

Marcee...has always been such a good, reliable girl, one that we could always trust to do what is right, and deeply religious. I just feel such a responsibility to her to help protect her from the dangers that lie out there, in this day and age. And especially dating. Parent's can't choose their kids' dates, and they can't have anything to say how the date will act. We have to silently suffer through them, and hope...

Irasema has never heard from her parents since last January, Her mother has never written since she came here last September. I really don't understand this.

### **May 19, 1978**

On May 2nd, Julee's new little baby girl arrived! A beautiful 8 lb. 5 oz. 21 inches long, baby that resembles her father a little more than she does Julee... so everyone says. Her name will be Shanda Maree. I think that is beautiful.

There had been twenty-six hours of labor and the baby's heartbeat dropped drastically toward the last. I had been worried due to a dream that I had recently...

I thought I was going down a long corridor where people were passing back and forth. I was very upset and kept calling, "Help me, help me!"

Pug appeared, and I knew he was there to help. At the same time, our old friend and bishop, Leslie J. Fredrickson appeared. His face was all aglow, very shiny. He didn't say anything to me, but only smiled broadly and I knew that all would be well. That was my dream...

*She left Kansas to be in Arizona with Julee...* When I got there, Pat, Brent, Mark and Laurel and their little children were all there to meet me! It was wonderful. I said, "I can't imagine...I'm going to see my twelfth grandchild!" And Mark said, "Well, we've got started on your thirteenth, and you are the first to know." Laurel will have her hands full, but if anyone can handle the new responsibility and illness, etc., Laurel can. She is one choice person, full of patience and love for little children, with an earnest desire to fulfill her

measure of a wife and mother, and whatever the Lord has in mind for her to do in this life.

### **June 10, 1978**

Yesterday a startling news broadcast broke into the radio program as we were traveling along and said that President Kimball had received a revelation giving the Priesthood to all Negroes. My, what a revelation. I could hardly quit thinking about the impact on the people within the church, and the missionary work of the church for the future. Mark called, he was so thrilled with the revelation on the Negroes that he could hardly stand it. He told us that President Harold Wright's (*Billings Montana Mission while we lived there*) little granddaughter gave a 2-1/2-minute talk in Sunday School. She said when the news broke about the revelation, President Wright could hardly believe it. He tried to call his personal friend, President Kimball, to find out the truth. He was unable to get hold of him. He called the next day and did get to talk directly to President Kimball. He then told President Wright how the Savior, himself, appeared to President Kimball after much praying and inquiring on the subject and told President Kimball that the time was now for the Negroes to receive the Priesthood.

Mark wanted us to know of this personal story.

**June 27, 1978**

Mike had his seventh birthday. He's a cute little boy, and he prays so very well, always asking that he will be able to go on a mission.

**October 2, 1978**

Don turned the big old age of 36. Is it possible that our little son has now turned that age? What a cutie he was. He always kept life interesting for us. He was mischevious, but so good. And he has turned out to be such a wonderful son, so sensitive, so fun-loving, so religious. I can say that Don and I need only to look at each other, and there is an understanding of what the other may be thinking. This goes back to when that boy was small and we were together all the time...when Pug

was in the service, and he was my true buddy. That understanding was built throughout the years as he grew up, and I played with him, teased him, corrected him, and loved him with all my heart. He is such an example...

**October 17, 1978**

Julee came to Kansas with Shanda. Today she went to Relief Society with me. Shanda is an attraction wherever she goes, especially with that little ribbon in her bald head. She fell asleep in her holder, and then someone came and said that "your baby is awake. She has crawled out of her holder and is over looking at some papers!" Oh, that kid!

**November 22, 1978**

That dear Brent of ours called us tonight! He had gone over to the pay phone across the street and just wanted to tell us that he loved us...

**December 1, 1978**

Robyn called again today. She gets so excited about things and she wants to talk right then, rather than wait for the time when the phone is more economical. Robyn had bought a darling pony for the kids for Christmas and she was so excited to tell us about it. She loves horses, that is for sure!

Mark also called and wanted to chat for a moment. It is so good to talk to the kids and to realize that they love us very much. Our children — our wealth.

### **December 12, 1978**

Tami called today about 4:30 PM and said that she had a new baby sister...5 lbs. 19 inches, and she would be named Keri Rebecca, a beautiful name that goes back into the Leitzell genealogy.

### **December 18, 1978**

Robyn had quite a different delivery. Her babies have progressively gotten smaller. I'm told that RH negative babies have a general tendency to do that.

Robyn had a beautiful experience in the temple when she did the work for Carrie Rebecca Sheeler. She was impressed that Carrie Rebecca was by her side, and also that she was pregnant at the time...something Robyn had been trying to do for a long time...and that the baby would be a girl.

### **February 14, 1979**

It was wonderful to look into my purse, peek into a package, anywhere I looked, I saw little love notes from Marcee. How could I be treated any

better than I am? I absolutely do not deserve the beautiful treatment that I receive from my dear family.

### **February 28, 1979**

Mama's birthday today, and I have thought about many things that Mama and I used to do together. She was a wonderful mother. I think her girls and grandchildren were her main concern in life, along with the church. I don't think she had many other thoughts in her head, only about those things. She really loved me. Wow, she was so very concerned all the time about what I felt like, what I was doing, and the kids. I hope I can be as good an example of a mother as she was to me.

### **April 1, 1979**

Marcee and I had our share of jokes...she is as bad as I am. I don't think anyone quite enjoys our jokes, but I'm ready to giggle all day long, just knowing that is the day to fool people. Marcee is ready to play pranks clear until the clock strikes midnight again! And she got some good ones off, too.

Today is Cheryl's third birthday. Imagine being born on April Fool's Day.



### **March 21, 1979**

What an exciting birthday my 56th. We all went to the airport to meet the kids on the 9:30 AM plane. We took the motor home so that we could all fit in the same vehicle.

Robyn was so happy to be able to show Keri Rebecca to us. She is a very sweet baby, cries very, very little. She has a family resemblance, but still is her own little self. I think the main thing about the baby to me, is the sweetness of her spirit. Lon is her little friend. She loves him, and he loves her. Lon has grown...will soon be four years old, hard to believe time flies.

### **April 17, 1979**

...a special day. Yes, this is a special day for me and Pug. Sometimes I can't imagine what life would be worth without Pug...I mean, never could I realize what it would be worth without him. He make my life happy and worthwhile. He does everything for me that he possibly thinks would make me happy. Thirty-seven years have been spent by each other's sides. Surely has been great.

**April 24, 1979**

Today is our dear little Shelley's birthday.

**June 8, 1979**

We're still active in church...takes care of most all of our entertainment!

**June 30, 1979**

We left Kansas City for Salt Lake City on Frontier arriving at 9 PM. Don and Jo are the perfect hosts. They make a person feel very welcome. Jolene is the best cook and she always gets up early and has a good breakfast prepared. She has things in order and is very generous with anything she has to make a person feel at home. She is such a dear daughter-in-law.

**July 4, 1979**

Yep, on the 4th of July Pug and Ron and I and Julee and Shanda left the mountain (*we had stayed over night*). We went to the little airport at Mt. Pleasant to wait for the plane that was to bring our kids and grandkids from Arizona. Oh, my heart was pounding as I saw that plane coming in the sky, circling around and knowing that our son was flying it. I couldn't hold the tears back as Mark landed the plane and taxied up to us, and we saw our little grandchildren, Pat, Mark and Laurel and Brent! We sure were blessed...

**July 15, 1979**

We enjoyed going to Don's church and hearing how much the people idolize him as a bishop. Oh, they do love him!

**October 1, 1979**

Fall is here in all its beauty! I love the feeling in the air in the fall...the quiet, peaceful fall is my favorite season of the year.

**November 1979**

The fall weather has been beautiful, the sky has been dark blue, and the colors have faded into Thanksgiving Day colors. Bright hues have changed to moderate browns and grays, and everything is lovely. We look out over the panoramic view that we have to the south as we stand on our veranda, and we can't see a house anywhere — just nature. It is lovely. We hear the birds in the trees, and watch hundreds of them flying at times. We truly have it beautiful around us. We should be very grateful for what we have, and we are.

## **December 1979**

When Marjon was just ten days old, Pat and Julee moved into their new home in the orange orchard...what a lovely home...

## **January 1980**

The first day of the year was spent celebrating two birthdays — Jill who turned a big six years old, and little Brent, who turned a great big one year old! Jill had a birthday party and invited about a dozen friends. Laurel and Mark had really let her have a bang-up birthday party of her choice, including a Mexican, oh what do you call them — they are made of paper mache' and filled with candy and you hang them up and hit them with a stick until they break and all the candy is claimed by the children!?! Anyway that's what happened.

## **January 27, 1980**

The church means so very much to me. Sometimes I think what would I ever do with the church in my life. Everything I do or think involves the church in some way.

### **February 24, 1980**

We have had a great thing happen to our family. Don was sustained as 1st counselor in the Stake Presidency on the 24! It seems impossible that our little son is in the stake presidency. Elder Bruce R. McConkie was in charge.

### **March 16, 1980**

Mark was sustained as first counselor in the bishopric of the Mesa 11th Ward.

April 1, 1980

I called the LDS Hospital first thing in the morning and asked for Don's office. I told the secretary that I was Don's mother, calling from Kansas City, and that it was Don's birthday but he didn't want anyone to know it. I asked her if she would see to it that there was some kind of birthday greeting given to him anyway! "Oh, you bet! I surely will."

Ultimately, the people didn't know whether to believe him or his mother.

### **May 15, 1980**

Pat is such a dear person to us. He said, "I think I belonged to this family in Heaven." I think so, too. I know it was given to me by the Holy Ghost to

know that Pat was to be Julee's husband when I first said hello to him. There was no doubt about it.

Little Marjon is a beautiful baby, with a mind of her own. She smiles and is a happy soul until she decides to eat again, and then she lets everyone know what is on her mind. She wears a turquoise and silver bracelet all the time...

Julee is still so much fun to have around. She is so pretty...

### **June 1980**

The Pugmire brothers and sisters are showing their age! Who isn't? That is one thing that no one in this world can avoid...getting old. Now we are the older generation and it is hard to believe.

### **August 1980**

Tami, Holly, and Shelly had a good time with us. We enjoyed those three little granddaughters so very much. They behaved well, and they enjoyed being with Marcee. They all got swimmer's ear.

### **November 1980**

I was in the hospital because of my eye. Robyn came on Thursday to help. She brought Keri and Lon on the 5:30 PM plane. She was a big help and stayed one week to be with me and help where she was needed. It was good to hear the little children's voices as Keri and Lon played upstairs and downstairs. Robyn looked very good...she looks like a young girl. I told her I have never seen her look better, her hair is so thick and dark and she just looks like her skin is lovely and her eyes are pretty. She is an excellent person — mother, daughter, and I'm sure Ron would add "wife" to the list

## **THE LATER YEARS**

### **2002**

I have kept a daily personal journal for many years...I always felt good feelings as I completed the day's happenings, small and unimportant as they may have been.

### **March 21, 2002**

My Seventy Ninth Birthday...

I really don't know why I have been so very excited about turning "seventy nine years old"! I guess during my lifetime I never thought I would live that long...

Anyway, the day arrived and with it came much happiness!

### **May 10, 2002**

A very special day in Dave and Cheryl's lives! Dave graduated Cum Laude from the College of Law at ASU. Cheryl brought all three children so they could see their father graduate!

Marjon Brady graduated with Highest Distinction and Phi Theta Kappa. She also spoke to the assembled crowd. We were very proud grandparents.

### **May 12, 2002**

Mother's Day! Another beautiful day to remember! For some reason or other I seem to have the idea that I receive more blessings, more beautiful experiences, than I truly deserve. I'm very sincere about this, even though I do try to do what I should do — I lack much!

### **June 29, 2002**

Marcee is always thinking about things to do for others who may be in need.

### **July 12, 2002**

Jolene and I complain to each other about our "unusual" pains...



### June and Pug: The Beginning

My first encounter with Grandma June was in Mr. Thorpe's English class in 1940 at Jordan High School. My friend Orvis Pollock asked me if I had met the Leitzell girls and that he was going to ask Virginia for a date. I looked across the room at June and Virginia and made a quick observation and responded to my friend, "If I were going to make a date, I would ask June because she was the prettiest."

Several months later, I did ask her for a date and to my great surprise she said, "Yes." From that time on, I was hooked and to this day when she comes into the room where I am the world seems to be a lot brighter.

She is beautiful, spontaneous, bright, sensitive, caring, understanding, with an abundance of love for everyone that needs it. My life has been fuller because of her attention to my needs and ambitions. Our children are what they are today because of the nurturing of this great woman who created in our home a spirit of unity and the importance of each individual to be themselves and that their contribution was important to the welfare of the family.

She has the ability to see in people their inherent goodness and makes the individual feel good about themselves. Wherever we have lived she endeared herself to others and the bonds of friendship are eternal and the testimony of this legacy are many.

In Portland was our friend Virginia Posselt. Billings Montana, her young friends she taught for two years in seminary. Tempe Az. Berry Stevens. Salt Lake City - Martha Ashby. Kansas City - Judy Ricks, Colleen Beardall, 21 Kathy Pope. Bermuda - Sandy Boucher and her mother Clare.

She has great leadership abilities. She has served in all the auxiliaries of the Church. Primary teacher, SS teacher, President of the Primary. President of the YWMA. Relief Society teacher, counselor and ward president. Stake Relief Society President on two occasions. Seminary teacher. Temple worker for six years and director for part of that time.

People loved to work with her because she was fun, competent, and loaded with integrity.

With love and admiration, Grandpa Pug



## Autobiography of Glenn Donald Pugmire

### Table of Contents

Ancestors.....	2
Chapter 1 - "In the Beginning".....	3
Chapter 2 - "In My Neighborhood".....	5
Chapter 3 - "School Days".....	6
Chapter 4 - "Off to Work".....	7
Chapter 5 - "Romance & Marriage".....	9
Chapter 6 - "Leisure and Travel".....	10
Chapter 7 - "Places of Worship".....	11
Chapter 8 - "War & Peace".....	12
Chapter 9 - "Triumph & Tragedy".....	39
Chapter 10 - "Words of Wisdom".....	40
Chapter 11 - "Funnybones.....	40
Chapter 12 - "Thank You".....	41

## *Ancestors.....*

### Father

Justin "Jess" Gerald Pugmire

Born: 20 Dec 1891

Place: Fish Haven, Bear Lake, Idaho

### Mother

Clara Lzina Barker Pugmire

Born: 26 Aug 1892

St. Charles, Bear Lake, Idaho

### Grandfather (paternal)

Justin "Dutt" Pugmire

Born: 4 Oct 1866

Place: Filmore, Millard, Utah

### Grandmother (paternal)

Hannah Elizabeth Winterbottom Pugmire

Born: 7 Dec 1870

Place: Salford (near Manchester), Lancashire, England

### Grandfather (maternal)

John Thompson Barker

Born: 8 Jun 1840

Place: Marston Moretaine, Bedford, England

### Grandmother (maternal)

Jane Picket Barker

Born: 17 Nov 1848

Place: Courage, Chieveley, Berkshire, England

## *Chapter 1 - "In the Beginning"*

My dad was a fireman for the Oregon Shortline Railroad stationed in Montpelier, Idaho. They moved to Midvale, Utah and he went to work for American Smelting and Refining Company as a fireman because it paid more money than the railroad. After the collapse of the 1930's, he worked at various jobs. He drove truck for the Utah State Highway Department for the wintertime. It was his job to keep the roads open for the ski resorts in Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons.

Mom was a mother and housewife and was very good at it. Mom and dad loved each other very much.

I had four brothers and two sisters and I was number six. I had a good childhood with great respect for mom and dad and my brothers and sisters.

There was lots of music in our home and it was shared in the neighborhood. I remember mom and dad's friends, the Cowdells would come over with banjo and mandolins and join with the guitars from our family. I think this was the foundation for Lavon to be so good with the guitar and singing.

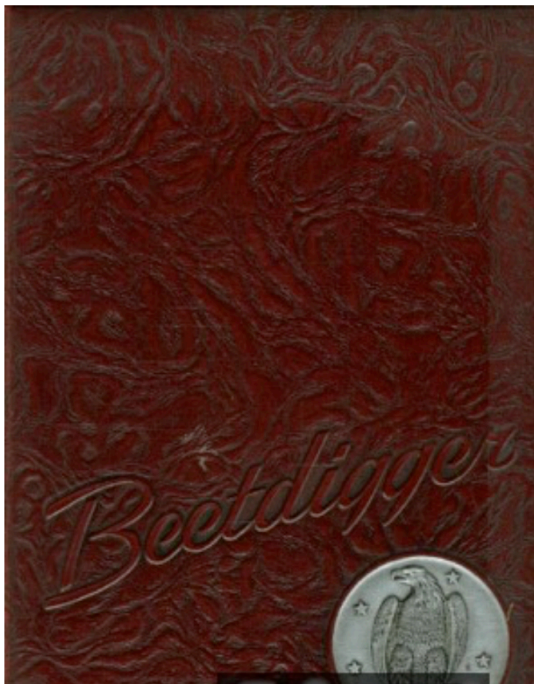
Sister June (June Pugmire Gale, 1926-present) is still entertaining people today with her harmonica and piano playing.

I remember Uncle Lloyd (Lloyd Winterbottom Pugmire, 1916-1937) had his own radio program on KNX in Los Angeles and Uncle Ross (Ross

Pugmire, 1910-2000) with his rendition of “The Little Old Ford” would ramble right along.

We were a happy family. Although it was hard times, I personally didn’t feel we were much different than our neighbors.

School was easy for me and I think this made me feel like I had as good an opportunity as anyone to do well and succeed. At Sandy Elementary two teachers stand out for their concern for me, Molly Lyndal and Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Hayes one year bought me a shirt, pair of overalls and a pair of gym shoes to start my 3<sup>rd</sup> grade there. At Midvale Elementary, Alta Miller was my math teacher and showed a lot of kindness that really motivated me.



At Jordan High School my favorite teacher was A.F. Smith who taught me geometry and Algebra and also about doing your best. I was one of the top students and had always gotten an “A” in Mr. Smith’s class. In my senior year, my best friends Orvis Pollach, Floyd Handley and Bob Sjoblein always depended on me helping them with their math. When we got our report cards, all three of them got a “C” and I got a “D”. I was shocked because I knew I had helped them and they got a better grade than I did. About 3 days after this incident, Mr. Smith called me up after class and asked me if I was satisfied with

the grade he had given me. I responded “no” because I thought I had done better. He then told me “Yes, you did,” but you are not doing what

I know you are capable of. He changed the “D” and I learned a valuable lesson that I never forgot. “Always do your best.”

## *Chapter 2 - “In My Neighborhood”*

My childhood was spent in a good environment. We had good neighbors living at 279 South Main in Midvale. The Watsons, Dutsons, Silcox, Thompsons, Bishop Beckstead, Uncle Ray and Aunt Bess Steadman, Rasmussen O’Wylees.

I was good friends with Wardle and Ken Steadman, my cousins, Doyle O’Wylar, Ralph Thompson. Warren Thompson, Ralph’s older brother, was student body president at Jordan High School in my sophomore year. Bishop Beckstead tried real hard to get dad to church, but dad was always going to start “tomorrow.”

Neighborhood news travelled by word of mouth over back fences and home and visiting teachers.

When we lived in Sandy on 13<sup>th</sup> East, we had equally good neighbors. The Biglers and the Claytons. Going to church we generally rode in the back of the Biglers pick-up truck.

Art and Max Bigler were good friends.

## *Chapter 3 - "School Days"*

I attended Sandy Elementary from 1929 to 1932, Midvale Elementary 1932 to 1935, Union Junior High School 1936 to 1939 and Jordan High School 1939 to 1941.

Founded in 1907, Jordan High School is one of Utah's premier high schools. Jordan High School is located in the heart of Canyons School District. The original building, which dates from 1914, has been replaced with a modern new facility located a couple of blocks to the south.

Jordan High Students are known as the "Beetdiggers." The mascot dates from the school's early days when students were dismissed from school each fall to help farmers harvest the sugar beets. Although the sugar beet industry is now gone, the school proudly continues the "Beetdigger" spirit and traditions. Each year at the opening assembly student government officers top sugar beets and take a bite.

At Union Junior High I was motivated by my English teacher, Mrs. Forbush. I could tell she had her favorite students and the rest of the students were measured by how well they did against her favorites.



I remember a remark she made to me after watching me diagram a sentence. “Didn’t they teach you anything about diagramming at your previous school?” It was some concern about hanging participles. I don’t remember if I ever understood how I was supposed to convert it. I am not sure if I became one of her favorites, but I do know she was one of mine.

I was involved in basketball and football. My favorite was baseball and softball which came in handy for me after graduation.

#### *Chapter 4 - “Off to Work”*

I had a strong desire to be an Air Force pilot. In my senior year of high school, I went up to Fort Douglas and took the test to be an Air Force Cadet and to my great surprise, I passed it. I was only 17 when I graduated from high school so I couldn’t go without my parents’ consent. I talked it over with my parents and mom said, “If you really insist on going, you can go, but I would prefer you not to go until you are drafted. We have two sons already in the service and I hope you will wait until your number comes up.” I did as my mother wanted and when my number came up 20 months later, they honored my commitment to the Air Force and sent me to Amarillo, Texas for basic training as an Air Force Cadet. During my 3 months basic training, they determined the mortality rate for pilots was only 10% of what they had projected so they cut back on the number of pilots in training and I was eliminated for the convenience of the government. I chose to be a cryptographic technician and was trained at Chanute Field at Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois (it’s about 100 miles south of Chicago).

My first real job was at Glovers Nursery at the age of twelve. I worked 6 days a week for \$1.50 per day. I was allowed \$3 and \$6 went into the family fund each week.

My second job was tending chickens for our good neighbors, Mrs. Dittman and Mrs. Lewis. They each paid me \$1.00 per day. I was making \$60 a month and I thought I had the world by the tail. I was able to help with the family expenses and still buy my own car when I turned 17.

My senior year I worked for Willard Oliver bailing hay. We worked 12 hours a day, 6 days a week, and earned .50 cents an hour. Willard Oliver was a favorite of mine. He was fair-honest-creative. He built his bailer from a 1926 Dodge truck chassis. I always thought if it had anything to do with mechanics, Willard could do it.

I saved enough money during the summer to buy a green 1937 Plymouth Convertible that pleased Grandma and June immensely.



I worked for Kennecott Copper on the rigger crew until I got drafted in 1944.

I was a general contractor until I got hired by Amoco Oil Co. in 1950, doing what I wanted to do.

I was a project engineer for 35 years and we felt like we had the best job in the world. We had the opportunity to travel to several states in this great country and each place we lived it was home to us. The privilege of serving in the Church was always very rewarding and bonds of friendships linger on.

After 35 years of service and 18 months service on a mission to Bermuda, we returned to Utah where I was asked if I would like to work part-time as a project engineer for Rainbow Oil Company on a contract basis convenient to my stay from April to November. I responded “yes,” and for 9 years I was favored with this great opportunity to work and build up our retirement nest egg.

Fortunately, in my lifetime I have never been out of work.

## *Chapter 5 - “Romance & Marriage”*

My first date with June was glorious and pleased me beyond expression. The fact that she said “yes” gave me hope. She was very popular and I wasn’t sure she even knew who I was.

She let me kiss her on our first date and it was the best feeling I had ever had, kissing a girl and it continued all through our life together.

I knew I was in love because the thrill of being in her presence never diminished but grew each day.

I don't recall who popped the question. Our general conversations were about getting married before I had to go into the service. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1942. A few family members attended. There wasn't any honeymoon because it was war time.

Don was the start of our family and then it went on hold until the war ended and I returned home from Japan.

My leisure time activities revolve around gardening and landscape. Each year I like to create something new to make our place more interesting and usable for our family.

My greatest accomplishments would be whatever I am working on at the moment.

## *Chapter 6 - "Leisure and Travel"*

We looked forward to spending time in Idaho Falls with Virginia and Val. Val was a great fisherman and we enjoyed the benefit of him having a great harvest of trout and there eating it with a well-prepared dinner prepared by Virginia and Val. Virginia was a good cook and Val a good provider. Val was a meat salesman so we always ate good at the Garners.

Our trips were to Island Park, Jackson Hole, Yellowstone Park. Sometimes we would borrow their camper and go on our own.

One trip we were on our way to Yellowstone and decided to go by the way of Madison, Montana, where Val and Virginia's friends. The Judy's had a ranch with a three-bedroom guest house which they let us stay in. We liked our stay so much that we stayed three days and never made it to Yellowstone.

Robyn fell in love with Doug's horse, Jan, which was his favorite. Doug thought Robyn was such a good rider and knowledgeable about horses that when she asked him if he would sell her a horse and he asked her which one she wanted and she said, "Jan."

We were shocked when he agreed.

## *Chapter 7 - "Places of Worship"*

I am happy and proud to be Mormon and hope to see all of our family share the same fate.

I am a 5<sup>th</sup> generation Latter-day Saint and proud of my heritage.

I continually bare my testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel as restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith and presently presided over by Thomas S. Monson, Prophet, Seer and Revelator.

## *Chapter 8 - "War & Peace"*

I volunteered as an Air Force Cadet when I was a senior in High School, age 17. As I mentioned previously, I deferred to my mother's wishes to wait until after I was drafted to join the Air Force.

I was also a good softball pitcher and it served me well in the service along with two of my buddies who had taken their wives with them when we went to basic training in Amarillo, Texas. We were told not to bring our wives to Texas, because they would not be allowed to leave the base while in basic training. Davis and Kingsbury ignored the advice and gambled that somehow they would get to see their wives on weekends.

The permanent party trainers challenged the new recruits to a softball game and I pitched for the new recruits and we beat the permanent party team 3-1.



The 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant came up to me and asked me if I could pitch for his team and I reminded him that my days were full and that we had to chow at 5 pm and that there was no other time to eat. He offered to buy me a meal after the games. The team we played was 905 Command. We were 906 Command. The captain of the 905 was Phil Rizzuto who played shortstop for the New York Yankees. We won 3-2. Our 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant said that was the first time they ever beat the 905<sup>th</sup> Command.

During the week I asked our First Sergeant if he could arrange a weekend pass for my friends, Davis and Kingsbury to visit their wives and he came through.

To complete this story about how well pitching softball helped my military career, when I was in Finch Haven in New Guinea, my

detachment was part of the 39<sup>th</sup> AACS and Charles Haggerty was First Sergeant of the 39<sup>th</sup> Squadron and we played them a game and beat them 3-0. I pitched a no-hit, no-run game. That is when Charley asked me to pitch for Squadron Headquarters. This went on for 11 months and I was shipped out to Clark Field in Manila, Philippines for preparations for the invasion of Japan. We were on our way to Okinawa when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki that ended the war.

Instead of going to Okinawa, we ended up at Atsugi Naval Air Facility outside Tokyo and received a unit citation for landing the rear Eschelon of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne. A few days later when I reported for duty at detachment headquarters to my pleasant surprise I met Charles Haggerty, my old friend from Squadron Headquarters in Finch Haven, New Guinea. His First Sergeant of Detachment 1138 was waiting to go home in a month after 4 years in the Air Force.

I asked him if he had a job in the orderly room. I wanted to widen my experiences and change from being a CryptoTechnician. His answer was “No, you are to be where you are at.” Next morning about 6:30 am I was pulled from my bunk by my feet and with a loud thump, I was on the floor. As I sat looking at him, he said, “If you are going to be my new First Sergeant, you had better be ready and in my office at 8 am.”

After a month’s training and a persuasive sales job by Charley, he convinced Squadron Headquarters that I should take his place as acting First Sergeant of the 1138<sup>th</sup> Detachment. I continued to be First Sergeant for 5 months until I was sent home for discharge at Ft. Douglas, Utah.

My military travel included New Guinea, Texas, and Japan.



The Age  
summer home  
at Tachikau





an outfit had  
moved out so we  
scraped up  
enough material  
to clean our tent  
in.

Jones and I having  
things apart.



Jordan  
and Shinko. She converted to  
Catholicism and he wanted to marry  
her.

OKSÖN = wife of Jap  
FRIENDO

Xin

this is New Guinea. A cargo flying  
boat is sitting in the harbor

A fellow gave me this when  
I told him I had been in  
GUINEA

It is a beautiful spot.

Oct. 28, 1945



New Guinea Harbor Oct. 28, 1945



*Pug & Kingsbury*



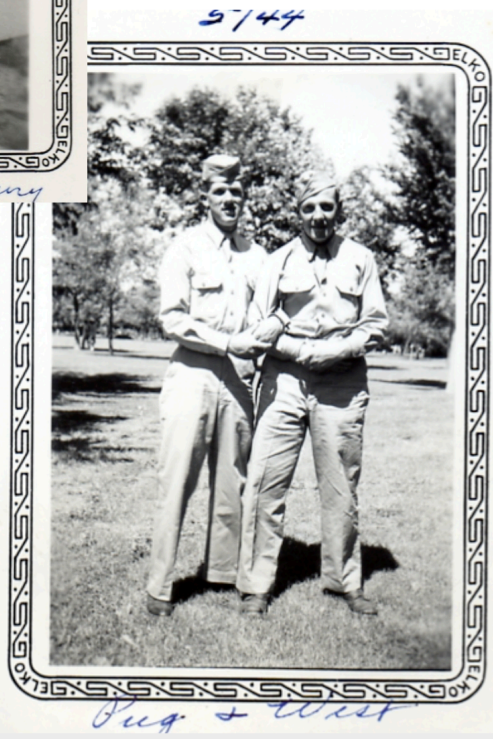
*West & Kingsbury*



*West & Kingsbury*



*West & Pug*

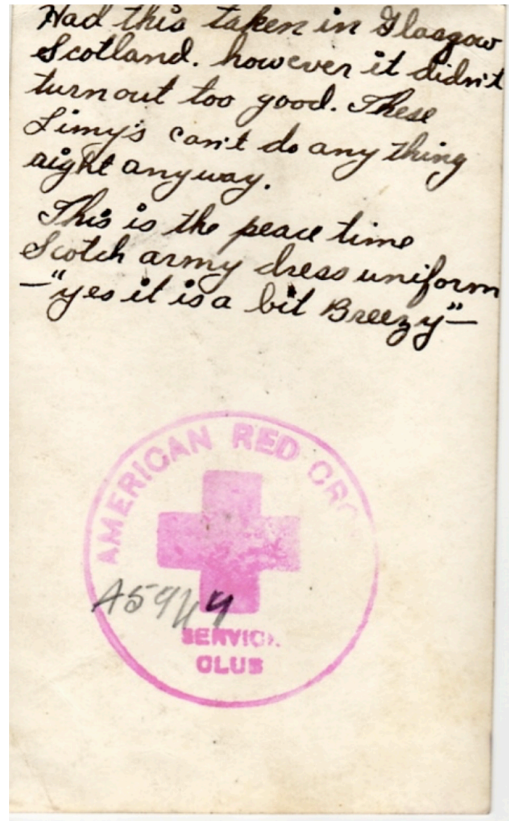


*Pug & West*



My  
good  
friend,

Orvis Pollack, high school friend and  
Buddy. Good times



Frank and I watering up the personnel  
carrier

*Frank + Bus.*



*Don, Frank*

Me Don and Frank

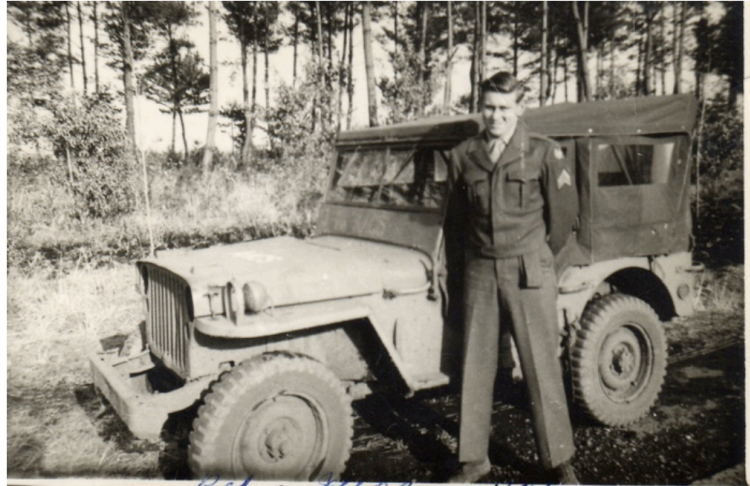


*Peay - N. H.*

My brother Farrell was in the Coast Guard. He met me in New Guinea. Wonderful Reunion!



*Farrell, N. H. GUINEA*



Red served with me in Japan



Red & I with a truck, Japanese, we confiscated because our outfit was the 1st unit to land at Atsugi air base. We gathered up tons of plywood stored in underground bunkers around the base. I used the plywood to bargain for a boiler & furnace so we have hot water for our "showers"



We

were

on our way to attend church in Tokyo. The jeep was assigned to me because I was the 1st sargent of our 138th detachment.



Red in name plate



Red in name plate

DON AND I  
TEARING DOWN  
ORDER  
IN ORDER TO  
BUILD OURS  
UPS.



LOOKING HOMEWARD  
ACROSS THE PACIFIC

10 25 52







*Japanese children*



To Mr. Pugnire  
(mematsu)  
近頃を  
Kondo

此の藝者の写真と  
パグマイルセンに贈る



Red - "Jeeps"



Red, Ar's wife, Peg



Peg - "Jeeps"



Betty Law, Don + baby girl.



Don Vanice and I went to Tech School together and then shipped overseas.

The broad Pacific  
and a snappy  
looking soldier

1941



*Jordan, Shinko*



*Pug Shinko, Agis*





*Red and Pal - New Guinea*



*Red and Pal with [unclear]*

We played ball together.





Tost outside of  
our tent.

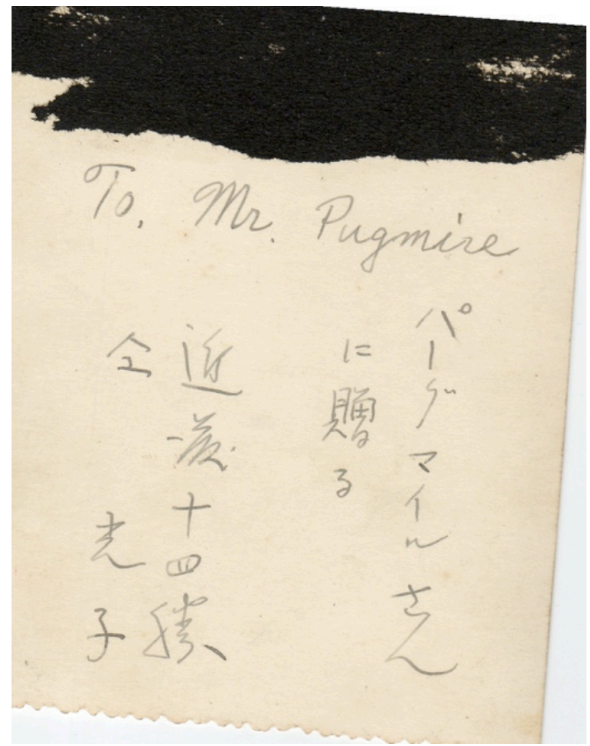






This is a  
cot I made from innertubes.  
Much better than the G.I. canvas  
cot.





Pug and Red. Our Christmas tree. Red is Jewish so I am not sure how he felt about decorating a Christmas tree.



Present to Mr. Pugniere

Tomio Abe.

Masayoshi

Shinko

Edwin Taro Ohishi

267 Yuki no shita

Japan, Kamakura

日本神奈川県藤沢市  
 鶴沼二三二  
 女子部 俊文

2328 Kugenuma Fujisawa

Kanagawa Ken

Japan.



Home on leave just before I got shipped over seas.

Mr. Abe was a powerful man in Japanese financial circles. CEO import-export conglomerate





"Mt. Fuji, Japan"



Namachi  
Hachioji City.

A. 78. Namachi  
Hachioji City  
Hanamatsu Dental office  
Dr Akira Hanamatsu

任子市品町一四八  
花塚生齒科醫院



Dr Bill, wife, and Red



*Mr. Bick, wife & kids*



Pug



LDS Finchaven branch.

Maurice Anderson was Servicemen's Coordinator for the Church. He was a Colonel in the Transportation Corps assigned to General MacArthur's Headquarters. They organized a branch at Atsugi Naval Air Facility. Boyd Packer was President and I was 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor. We had 36 in attendance when we started and it dwindled to 4 in 4 months. I had a job assigned to me as First Sergeant so we had transportation to drive to The Daichi ACOG where the Church met in the auditorium, about 250 strong.



I used to remind all the servicemen to maintain their standards, honor the Priesthood, and the Lord will be on their side.

## *Chapter 9 - "Triumph & Tragedy"*

The most joyous time of my life was when I met June and her family. Her mother was easy to love and a happy person to be around and it showed in their countenance and the support they had for each other.



I remember an incident in our lives when we had invested a substantial amount of money in an investment that turned sour. After cancelling our loss, we said to each other, "I hope we don't make that mistake again." June never brought it up and never mentioned with negative remarks what we could have done if we still had the money. She really knew the value of money and what impact it plays in our lives.

Tough times and joyous times seem to blend together when you are in love. When you know someone loves you, your concern for their happiness is so strong you are totally concerned to make them happy.

If I could do anything differently in my life it would be to love June more. It was a tonic for our kids to see how important June was to me. Her happiness was paramount in their lives.

### *Chapter 10 - "Words of Wisdom"*

Don't take yourself too seriously.  
Know who Jesus Christ is.  
Love honestly.  
Lose yourself in the service of others.

### *Chapter 11 - "Funnybones"*

June was full of fun and one of her favorite pranks was April Fools jokes. She would manage to get everyone before the day was done. No matter how hard you tried to be on guard, she would get you. The girls were better at it than the boys were and Marcee was as good at it as her mother. Laughter was always welcome in our home and June created a lot of it. All of our children were humorous and at this time I will assign the sharpest joke to Brent.

One of the funniest stories was created by Marcee. She pulled an April Fools trick on our friend, M.E. DePalma and M.E. responded with a

listing to sell Marcee's home in the local paper of Jackson, Ohio. The ad went something like this: "Sudden transfer requires we sell our present home for a reasonable offer. Willing to make a sacrifice to the 1<sup>st</sup> acceptable offer." The people started coming at six o'clock in the morning and Marcee had six people respond before she was able to stop the flow. M.E won that round. M.E lives in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

## *Chapter 12 - "Thank You"*

I am most grateful for family, friends, membership in the church, citizenship in this great country, good health and the right to vote. Freedom is a cherished product. We have taught our children with counsel and example.

The headstone on June's grave is a lasting memorial for our love for each other. A spot is reserved for me when I die to be by June's side for eternity.

I helped with the home for Don & Jo, Robyn & Ron, Julee & Pat, a cabin for Mark & Laurel, home for Marcee, and a townhome for Brent & Teri.

I have had the privilege for our grandchildren to do a bit of handicraft for their new homes. Some of the things I have done are a mantel for Cheryl and Dave, a cubical for the changing room at Jill and Scotts, new doors and a fireplace mantel for Mary and Jared, and if I live long

enough and have opportunity to serve more of our grandchildren with an item here and there.

What a wonderful life we have to share our time together

### **John Thompson Barker**

He was born 8 June 1840 in Marston, Bedfordshire, England. At the age of 18 he sailed on the ship Underwriter with 620 other saints going to Zion. He worked on the Salt Lake Temple for some time. He married Jane Pickett in the Endowment House. They were ask to help colonize Bear Lake County. They made their home in St. Charles.

### **Jane Pickett**

She was born 17 November 1848 in Courage, Berkshire, England. She was the daughter of George Pickett and Maria Jarvis Pickett. Her parents joined the Church a few years before her birth. Her mother died while Jane was an infant. Her step-mother, speaking in her eighties, called the Pickett Family “the shipwrecked family.” Jane married John T. Barker. She wrote: “ I am very grateful for my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and I am also grateful for the opportunity I have had of coming to this goodly land and meeting my husband, who after we were married did everything possible to help make our home a happy one.”

### **Jonathan Pugmire, Jr.**

He was born 7 December 1823 in Carlisle, Cumberland, England, the son of Johnathan Pugmire and Elizabeth Barnes. He was baptized November 14, 1841 in the River Mersey, Liverpool. He sailed to America on the ship “Isaac Allerton”. They arrived in Nauvoo on April 5, 1844. He married Elizabeth Mackay from Scotland who was traveling in the same group. They received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple in March of 1846. He worked as a blacksmith in Nauvoo, Montrose, and Winter Quarters. He served in the Mormon Battalion, He arrived with his family in the Salt Lake Valley in September 1848. He continued to work as a blacksmith. He served as a colonel in the militia that resisted Johnston’s Army. He was called to be the bishop of the Seventh Ward, constructing the chapel located at 116 W. Fifth South. In the spring of 1864, he was released and he moved his family to the Bear Lake Valley.

The following telegram was sent by Elder Charles C. Rich of the Quorum of the Twelve to President John Taylor: “Bishop Jonathan Pugmire died suddenly today about 4 o’clock P.M. He ate his dinner and seemed well. He died soon after. The sudden blow will cause sorrow to the hearts of many, for the deceased was widely known and respected.”

### **Elizabeth Betsy Sant Winterbottom**

She was born 29 January 1842 in Middlewich, Cheshire, England. She married Thomas Winterbottom. John Sant, Betsy's father was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at age 31, six month after her birth. John was a boatman or waterman and a farmer. Betsy lost her husband in a boating accident just before the birth of her sixth child. In the Fall of 1872 she came with her children to Zion.

### **Elizabeth Thompson Barker**

She was born February 5, 1807 in Marston, England, the daughter of John Thompson and Ann Odell. She married Thomas James Barker, a farmer and basket-maker. Elizabeth made beautiful lace that was highly prized. Elizabeth's daughter Emma gave her mother tracts from the missionaries. Eventually, all of the family were baptized. They came of Zion in the 1860's and settled in St. Charles in the Bear Lake Valley.

### **Jonathan Pugmire, Sr.**

He was christened at Raughton Head, Cumberland, England 28 March 1799. He was the son of Jonathan Pugmire and Hannah Hetherington. He was a blacksmith. He married Elizabeth Barnes. He and his wife were baptized in the River Mercy on November 14, 1841. Elizabeth died and was buried in Winter Quarters, November 3, 1846. Jonathan senior was ordained a patriarch by Brigham Young.

### **John Sant, Sr.**

He was born 11 January 1811 in Middlewich, Cheshire, England. He married Mary Shaw. His parents were Abel Sant and Margaret Bayley. He farmed and pulled salt horse-drawn barges on nearby canals. The family had wonderful singing voices. Their live in a little cottage on the River Mercy was a happy one. When missionaries contacted John and told him of the message of the Restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ, he said, "This is what I have been looking for all my life." Upon being baptized and confirmed he immediately received the gift of tongues. This gift remained with him. He was away from home at the time he met the missionaries and was baptized. Upon returning home, his wife Mary was rather distraught. One night Mary overheard John's prayer and was overcome. She and all the Sant family were soon baptized.

Plans were made to come to Zion. They all put their savings in an “American Box”. They served porridge for evening meals, sheeps head for dinners and each penny was put into the box. Ministers came to their home and told them evil things about the Mormons. Friend turned against them. Then one night John had a vision or dream. He saw a ship crossing the waters. He and his family were on board. He saw a beautiful valley and multitudes of people on the road to the valley. Some were traveling in some kind of carriages with horses. It was made known to him that these people were his descendants.

Eventually, they boarded the sailing vessel “Brooklyn” on the 15<sup>th</sup> of April 1860. They arrived in New Orleans in June. In the Spring of 1863 they moved to the Bear Lake Valley.

### **Mary Shaw**

She was born 2 January 1814 in Cheshire. She was a faithful and loving mother. She had been hesitant about joining the “Dippers” as the Latter-day Saints were called in England. As they settled in Bloomington, Bear Lake Valley, it was a wild, unsettled country. They lived in a dugout eating oiled wheat and wild game. The first five years have very severe winters. The crops and livestock froze, the snow was deep. It was a terrible hardship after their comfortable home in England. Once asked if she was ever sorry she had left England, she answered, “No, for I have a testimony of Jesus Christ and know the Church is true.”

We traveled to Clifton, Franklin County, Idaho to find the Sant family. It was a little farming community still hosting Sant family, Sant cemetery and honorary homes of those who came first. The cemetery was on a dirt road up and around the hill to the entrance of the cemetery. No one around. The baby owls watched us. Miles of farmland surrounding the area. Ryan and Megan, eighth generation,

came with us and we searched for John Sant and Mary Shaw. WE FOUND THEM!! What a privilege to be there and feel gratitude in our lives for what they did with that pioneer spirit and love for the Lord.







## **The Pugmire Name**

In the mid 1300's, King Edward III of England decided to establish a wool weaving industry. The English has always grown the finest wool, but it was often woven on the continent and returned to England at an exorbitant profit. The King offered grants to certain Friesland and Flemish weavers to come to England and establish an industry. Among those who accepted the King's offer was a man by the name of Willelmus. He settled in a marshy area near Wakefield, Yorkshire. It was then becoming customary to use surnames. Commonly, those names came from the trade or location of the people. Willelmus chose a place name, but to make it more exclusive he selected the Friesland word for it. Thus he became Willelmus de Poggemore. Translated from ancient German, it means Willelmus of the Frog Marsh. The Pogmoores' or Pugmires' have, through the centuries, followed the trades of weavers, tailors, drapers and thread manufacturers.

## **Robyn June Pugmire Stone**

<u>Relationship</u>	<u>Husband</u>	<u>Wife</u>
Father	Glenn Donald Pugmire	June Miriam Lietzell
G. father	Justin Gerald Pugmire	Clara Lzina Barker
GG father	Justin Pugmire	Hannah Elizabeth
Winterbottom		
2 <sup>nd</sup> GGF	Joseph Hyrum Pugmire	Elenor Creighton
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Jonathan Pugmire	Elizabeth Barnes
4 <sup>th</sup>	Jonathan Pugmire	Hannah Hetherington
5 <sup>th</sup>	Jonathan Pugmire	Sarah Barnfather
6 <sup>th</sup>	Joseph Barnfather	Eleanor Irwin
7 <sup>th</sup>	Robert Barnfather	Margaret Barker
8 <sup>th</sup>	Robert Barnfather	Grace Salkeid
9 <sup>th</sup>	William Salkeid	
10 <sup>th</sup>	Oswald Salkeid	
11 <sup>th</sup>	Oswald Salkeid	

12 <sup>th</sup>	Roger Salkeid	
13 <sup>th</sup>	Thomas Salkeid	
14 <sup>th</sup>	John Salkeid	
15 <sup>th</sup>	Robert Salkeid	
16 <sup>th</sup>	Hugh Salkeid	Christiana Rosgill
17 <sup>th</sup>	John Rosgill	
18 <sup>th</sup>	Robert Rosgill	
19 <sup>th</sup>	Sir John Rosgill	Aline/Aline
20 <sup>th</sup>	Sir John Rosgill	
21 <sup>st</sup>	Sir Matthew Rosgill	
22 <sup>nd</sup>	Peter de Rosgill	
23 <sup>rd</sup>	Robert Ormson	Christiana Meynwarin
24 <sup>th</sup>	Orm	Gunilda
25 <sup>th</sup>	Gospatrick, Earl of Northum	
26 <sup>th</sup>	Maldred	Ealdgyth
27 <sup>th</sup>	Ahtred	Elfgifu
28 <sup>th</sup>	Aethelred II, King of England	Elgiva
29 <sup>th</sup>	Edgar	Aethelfreed
30 <sup>th</sup>	Edmund I, King of England	Aeilfgifu
31 <sup>st</sup>	Edmund the Elder of England	Eadgifu
32 <sup>nd</sup>	Alfred the Great	Eshswith
33 <sup>rd</sup>	Ethelwulf	Osburga
34 <sup>th</sup>	Egbert, King of Wessex (Died 838)	
35 <sup>th</sup>	Eathlumd	
36 <sup>th</sup>	Eaba	
37 <sup>th</sup>	Eoppa	
38 <sup>th</sup>	Ingild	
39 <sup>th</sup>	Ceonred	
40 <sup>th</sup>	Ceowald	
41 <sup>st</sup>	Cuthwine	
42 <sup>nd</sup>	Ceawlin	
43 <sup>rd</sup>	Cynric	
44 <sup>th</sup>	Cerdic	
45 <sup>th</sup>	Flesa	
46 <sup>th</sup>	Esla	
47 <sup>th</sup>	Gewis	
48 <sup>th</sup>	Wig	
49 <sup>th</sup>	Frea	
50 <sup>th</sup>	Frithogar	
51 <sup>st</sup>	Brand	

52<sup>nd</sup>  
53<sup>rd</sup>

Beldeg  
Woden

Frea

### **Amalia Charlotta Soderberg Peterson**

She was born in Arsta Brankyrka, Stockhom Lan Sweden, on 5 June 1862. She began working at the Remersholm Woolen Factory. At age twenty-one, fellow factory workers stimulated her interest in the message of the Restored gospel of Jesus Christ. Full of faith she was baptized following a sacrament meeting on the 24<sup>th</sup> of February 1884 in Arsta Lake. The ice was several feet thick and her clothes froze solid on her immediately. The following Sunday, she told her widowed mother of her conversion. Her mother was horrified. She said she would have rather given birth to an illegitimate child than to have her join the Mormons. However, four months later, her mother Carolina Charlotta Soderberg, joined the Church and remained faithful until her death.

On 22 September 1888, Amalia sailed on the steamer, Wyoming, for America. Her little mother waved her handkerchief in farewell from the wharf. That was the last time they saw each other. Amalia arrived in New York on 17 October 1888. Friends from Sweden who loaned her the money for the trip met her in Utah. Her first job in Salt Lake was to wash dishes at the Cullen Hotel. In 1889 a friend secured a position for her at the Deseret Woolen Mills as a weaver.

She was living at 224 West 4<sup>th</sup> North in SLC when she met her husband. She had seen him in a dream two weeks before meeting him. His name was John Oscar Peterson. It is of interest that a short time before she had agreed to become the plural wife of another man. During their wagon journey to the Manti Temple, the manifesto was given. So Amalia took out her endowments, but returned home single.

