

## IRENE LOCKE PETERSEN

Note: the following stories were told to Vera Petersen Taylor on October 14& November 25, 1977.

Born on February 8, 1897 in Jasper, Tennessee to Gus Thomas Leon Locke and Elizabeth Caroline Parker Locke. We lived in a three room bouse with a fireplace and a little way (one or two miles) out of Jasper, Tennessee. We raised peaches and apples. There was a pond in back of the house down the hill. When it rained, the water would run down into the pond for the cattle, and we played in the pond. The school that I attended was called Ebenezer School. I had the same teacher for about three years teaching us to count on our fingers and read. This teacher didn't last too long. Our next teacher's name was Dolly Simpson. She took the whole school to dinner. She would teach us the Bible and we would read from it in the morning. Then she would reach us Arithmetic, English and Spelling. (I was a good speller.) When I was eleven or twelve years old we had a teacher for about two years and his name was Mr. Boyd. Mr. Boyd was a very good teacher also.

When I was at home I had to milk the cows. We had two or three of them. One day while I was walking down by the river a snake as big as my arm chased me home. When I was thirteen or fourteen we would shuck corn. Kate would just help with the shucking of the corn. I'd put a sack on the back of the horse and ride to the mill. When I would get to the mill they would grind it up and I'd ride back home. Mother would make corn bread from the ground corn. If it rained before I'd get home sometimes the river would be too full to cross it with the horse, so I'd cross the river on small catwalk down the river.

We had a cyclone one time. You could hear it coming when it was about as far (from here) as Pocatello. When it hit it blew the top of our house off we were left in a bed of water. Dad had Albert (Bud) who was about three by his side near the bed. Our clothes were hanging on the trees and everything was a mess. Dad went and checked on Aunt Emily and Aunt Harriet. They were okay. We just went to work and rebuilt the house again.

I was baptized a member of the LDS church on April 26, 1911 in Jasper, Marion County, Tennessee. It was in the Secuteu [Sequatchie] River. The Elders on their mission would stay at our house.

At this age I had a boy friend who came to see me but when he was there I'd just play with my dolls. I just didn't want to be bothered with him.

Some of our entertainment was having box suppers. The Methodists and other churches would have these parties. We'd make a box lunch, someone would buy it then we'd get to sit and eat them.

In 1913 when I was sixteen, we came to Idaho. Uncle James Parker was here and wanted us to come. We left on the train. It took us four days and nights to make it to Blackfoot. When we came through Nashville, Tenn. there were a lot of trains on both sides of our train. This was a big train depot. We brought with us three or four boxes and two trunks of clothes and dishes. We sat on the train night and day. If we wanted to sleep we did it on the chair. Mother had brought some sandwiches and food. If you wanted to you could [buy] some food on the train. When the train arrived in Blackfoot, the Parkers

were there to meet us. We stayed at the Parkers for about three days. Then we moved to the Barnetts house by the Fairgrounds. Our next move was to the dry farm which is now the Murdocks farms. We had 320 acres and lived in a one room house. While we were on the farm Kate and I worked at the Lorin Bingham's hoeing the beets and doing house work. Dad worked at the Sugar house. If we traveled any place we used the horse and buggy. Mother would drive the horse to town and get some food for us. The horse we had was a funny one. If you hitched it up and wasn't ready to go she would get quite foxy.

The winter of 1915 Dad brought some hay and straw home for horse and cow. He caught cold and got pneumonia. Dr. Simpson came out to see him but there wasn't anything they could do for him. So on December 21, 1915 he died at the age of 43. The burial was in the Thomas Cemetery. Mother didn't have any money for the grave site so they gave us the plot. We had \$25.00 for the rest of the winter. Mother and Albert(Bud) moved to Rockford and worked taking care of people. I was eighteen and went to work for Dr. \vrute doing house work Kate worked at Ryians. (sic).

I then went to town and worked at the BonTon dipping chocolates for about one year. For the next five or six years I worked at the Davis laundry. I mangled (ironed) sheets and pillow cases. I earned about \$12.00 a week. Mother then moved from Rockford and bought a little house about seven blocks from Blackfoot. I would walk these blocks twice a day to work and back to the house.

Kate was married to George Stephen Brower on Sept. 17, 1919. She was twenty years old at the time. My brother Albert (Bud) finished school in Blackfoot. He then worked for the railroad. He started as a worker on the trolley car and then was advanced to maintenance. He was hit by a train in Salt Lake City On June 11, 1926. He was twenty years old at this time. His burial was next to Dad's at Thomas. In 1928 I was working for Larry White doing house work and taking care of a four year old boy when I started to date Walter Fredrick Petersen. At the age of thirty one on April 10, 1928 we drove to American Falls, Idaho and were married by Probate Judge R.O. Jones. It took ten minutes and the time was 3:00 P.M. when we became man and wife.

### **Walter Petersen:**

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That winter I was 27 years old and again I came to Blackfoot and started to work for Bryce York. That spring Bryce was very sick and in the summer he died. I stayed on and helped with the summer and fall work. That next summer I rented the ground of Bryce's. This I did for eight more years.

When I was 32 years I had a blind date. A Mrs. Nelson had a party and I met Irene Locke.

We went together for two or three months. On April 10<sup>th</sup> 1928 we were married in American Falls, Idaho. I bought Irene a ring which cost \$75.00 in those days. We had just enough money to go American Falls and back. Later on we did have a short honeymoon. Two days in Salt Lake City.

We stayed on the York ranch for about seven more years. The York ranch is now where the Blackfoot High school is now.

Walter spent most of the time on the farm irrigating the 160 acres of hay, grain and potatoes. We had about 15 to 20 acres of potatoes each year. I also, sometimes, raised clover seed which was sold for a pretty good price.

In 1932 the kids were about two or three years old, Irene had her teeth pulled out. Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Green placed her on the round table. They gave her a little gas and pulled all of her teeth. I had names

for Dr. Hodges. He wasn't very clean when he worked on your teeth so that I got pyorrhea. In about two weeks I had a new set of teeth made by Dr. Green.

In the spring of 1935 they rented the York ranch to someone else then sold it to Shoemaker's, so we moved to Groveland. At this time we had Chevy '29 and a wagon. We just moved all things on the wagon and pulled it to Groveland. The house was a five room brown one. We farmed 80 acres, growing potatoes, hay and grain and milking cows.

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We got our power in the house in 1938. A power man came along and asked me if I'd like lights in the house. I said, "yes." So Dewey Mangum wired the house for us.

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Grandmother Locke came to stay at our house (about two weeks). She was very sick and died on January 28, 1941 at age 65. She died of cancer.

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In 1950 we got water in the house on December 23<sup>rd</sup>. The fall of 1954 we put our furnace in the house. In the spring of 1974 we sold the farm to John Olsen and retired from farming. We are enjoying taking care of our flowers and garden with just a little bit of relaxing.

[Note: Personal information of living people has been removed for privacy reasons.]