

Personal History of Myrtle Kump Nichols Fraughton

*History written 25 Nov 2002 as a result of stories dictated by Myrtle.
Author: Vickie R. Nichols (step daughter)*

Myrtle was born on February 27, 1925 in Lund, Nevada to Catherine O'Donnell and Jacob Kump. My mother was very angry with my father and his brother for taking them on a long trip; Uncle Lyle took Catherine and the family out to Lund, Nevada. Sometime later Myrtle was born. Myrtle had four older brothers, Albert, Jay, Arlo, and Glen. Her father was very happy with the birth of Myrt, because she was his first daughter. Catherine gave birth to two more sons, Jesse and Edwin.

Edwin died when he was 6 weeks old. My earliest recollection was when I was 4 years old. My father passed away with a ruptured appendix. His viewing was in our home in Genola, UT. This was my first remembrance of tugging on mom's apron strings with Jesse.

I always slept in a crib like bed in mom's room.

I was outside in Genola, and there was a long, long snake under the clothesline. I ran over and touched it and ran like heck.

I always slept with my mother after my father passed away.

I was in the fields with Albert on a large wagon and he hit a rut, I fell off and the wagon ran over both of my legs with the front and back wheels. Lucky me! It was soft ground and so I didn't have any injuries.

I was with my brother Albert on the wagon, and we were going for water. We were just about to the reservoir when Albert jumped off the wagon and took off the harness and bridle really quickly. The horse dropped dead on the spot. I don't remember what we did after that. We did have 2 horses that day. We were pulled home with the other horse.

My stepfather was told by a friend to come to Genola and obtain some tomatoes from a single/widow lady who raised the best tomatoes in town. He followed through and went to obtain the tomatoes and the first time he saw mom, she was in bib overalls and water boots with a shovel over her shoulder. He purchased tomatoes and left/a month later he came back for more tomatoes. They visited for a while. Later he came to see her and struck up a conversation. In the meantime, Myrtle and Jess went out and climbed into his little black coupe and released the brake. We went down slow at first and then Lee came out running to save us just in the nick of time, before we went over an embankment. He told us to never do that again. He told us he would take us for a ride whenever we wanted to go. He then took us around the block.

When I was about 5 yrs. Old there was a ram roundup and the boys found these rams and put them in the barn. One day when I wandered into the barn, one of the rams booted me in the butt and just about threw me into the canal. Sometime later, my girlfriend and I was out in the barn with the boys, we were given a slice of watermelon. We headed for the house when I screamed at the friend and said, "run,

run they are after us." When my Friend could either see or hear the rams; she threw her slice of watermelon away and ran. I never had watermelon very often, so I held on for dear life and ran with her. We just barely got on the porch, the rams were right there and we made it to the house. Mom saw us, and she came running as fast as she could to help save us. The very next day the rams were gone.

One day at a family gathering of my brothers and cousins, Mom and Uncle Lew's wife must have been gone to a church function. Mom had purchased an electric stove and while they were gone the boys connected a metal plate and a cord of some type and plugged it into the stove. All the boys were hanging onto the wire and plate. They said, "Come on Myrt and she said, no. They plugged it in and they all went to the ceiling, one by one they fell to the floor from the ceiling beginning with the one on the end. They never tried that again.

I liked to be with my mom. She had a meeting with the church and she allowed me to come in and sit by her on the floor.

Albert asked me to go around the corner and plug in the washer when they called and told me to. I waited and waited. I got tired of waiting and so I plugged it in and low and behold all those who were around the washer got a good shock. They chased me all around and gave me a scotch blessing.

One time when Lee came to visit with mom, he said, "Look at all these barefoot kids running around with their shoes off and all of these bare wires sticking out." He took the time to fix and repair the entire home. He was an electrician.

I attended first grade in Genola, UT.

One Friday evening the bus was slow in coming to pick us up. My friend in Genola and I went into the room to set up half circles to get ready for the Sunday meetings. All of sudden I remembered the bus and we ran outside to the street and the bus had already passed the school and they were about 1 ½ blocks away and we ran as fast as we could down the middle of the road. Someone in the back seat saw us, and the bus driver stopped and waited for us to get in the bus. I was always a fast runner. We got in the bus and the driver never said a word to us. We just took our seats.

Mom had 1 cow and there was a disease going around with the cattle in the area. The state came in and took the cow away and after that mom became a republican. She was devastated because at that time the cow was a good source of food for her family. We ate bread and milk one night. The next night we would have beans with water. The next day we would have vegetable soup. We started over and rotated this cycle over and over many times. We never complained, because it always tasted good to us. She always saw that we were fed. We didn't know how many meals she missed along the way. Then mom lost the farm. We moved to Santaquin, Utah after that.

Mom sent us off to school and she told us not to come home because there was nothing to eat. We were told to stay at the school. That day everyone disappeared from the school and I wandered around for a while. Later I took off for home and I got lost. I started to cry and low and behold a man came down the street. He said come and take my hand I know where you live. I disobeyed my mother and went into the house and there was 3 little biscuits and I ate them. I knew my way back

to school but when I arrived home she asked, "Who ate the 3 little biscuits?" I told mother that it was me. She gave me a spanking and told me never to do that again. She was going to save the 3 little biscuits for Albert because he was helping mom to move and needed more energy.

I had not met any new friends. My stepfather came and taught us different kinds of games. It didn't matter how many people were there he always had a game that we could all play. We loved that.

I wandered around the schoolyard. When low and behold I saw a boy picking on Glen. He was shoving him around a bit. I ran quickly around the school and found Arlo playing marbles. When I told him about Glen, he didn't even pick up his marbles. He ran around to the boys and he told him to leave Glen alone and they started to fight. They fought the rest of that recess and then during the lunch hour. It even went into the evening after school. The bully had 2 boys on his side and Arlo had the whole rest of the school on his side. They said that because of that day the town bully never bothered anyone again.

One afternoon I was coming home from school. I saw my brother Albert raking leaves for a guy. I asked him what he was doing and he said that I should not tell Ma, or I'll give you a tanning. I never did. He was trying to make some extra money for Christmas for mom. I was given a small, tiny doll and a small tiny set of crystal drinking glasses that were no bigger than a nickel around and an inch high.

Lee came to visit again and he was around the old apple tree and picking apples off the ground. I remember peeling them. I climbed to the top of the tree. My stepfather said that he liked the apples at the bottom best because they were sweeter than those at the top. Low and behold I fell face down and jumped up. I didn't cry at that time until I saw my wrist and it was broken in two places. He rushed me to the Payson hospital and I screamed loudly because I was a good screamer, all the way to the hospital. Why didn't he run after that?

I remember that we always washed our dishes without soap. We never rinsed our dishes either. It was greasy and dirty water. We always threw out the water in the yard when we were finished, one-day mom opened the back door and she threw out the greasy water and low and behold a salesman came around the house and he got it full force from head to toe. To top it off, she didn't even buy the product.

One day a man came to the house and came to the door. He stepped into the house and started chasing mom around the kitchen table. I was there watching. She was canning tomatoes that day and she grabbed a bottle of hot tomatoes and told him that if he didn't leave now she would throw the hot bottle of tomatoes at him and then said she would pick up another one after that. He soon left.

When I was 7, I found my first friend. Her name was Florine Greenhaugh. She became my very best friend while I lived in Santaquin. Her mother was very protective of Florine. She fell off the couch and received head injuries when she was 4. I would go to visit and her mother looked at me and told me to come in. She learned to trust me with her precious daughter. She always let me come into her home to play. One day I asked her if Florine could come to my house to play. She allowed Florine to come to my house. I always walked her home and her mother always trusted me. She knew that I wouldn't harm Florine. Her sister is now my sister-in-law, Doral Kump. She is married to my brother Albert.

I was always cold in Santaquin. Albert's best friend, Duane Butler, came to our home and brought a horse and 3 logs hooked to boards and pulled it around town to clean the streets. He did it on State Street. He always came down our street. Duane Butler's father was the man who took me home in the earlier recollection and he was the Bishop.

(Myrt ended here and she told us bits and pieces and so we are writing them down as we remember them now.)

She moved to the Bingham area when she was in the fourth or fifth grade and she loved to roller skate with Jesse. They were roller skating in front of the school and they saw the teachers in the teachers lounge and Myrt peeked in the teachers lounge window and her teacher saw her and the next day in the school class she called Myrt up in front of the class and yelled at her in front of everyone how stupid she was and what a dummy she was and made her feel really bad. Myrt never forgot it. She went home from school and her whole life she always felt like she was a dummy and a nothing and a no body and she didn't matter to anyone. At the end of the school year, that teacher failed Myrt and made her do the fifth grade over again. That summer she stayed in her room all summer long. She wouldn't face anyone. This put her and Jesse in the same grade. It really made Myrt have insecure feelings her whole life. She never shared this with her family except Ed. Later when she was in the sixth grade and they had moved to Riverton on the urging of her stepfather, the teacher said to her, "Myrt, Please come up to the front." She was terrified. Thinking that she was going to be reprimanded again. But instead, he told her how intelligent she was and how and why he didn't know why she had been held back, because she was at the top of the class.

Her stepfather was a very hard worker and she really appreciated that in him.

Deola Dutson Turner lived up the street from my mother and she and I were good friends. She introduced me to her brother. His name was Ballard John Dutson. We were married on my birthday, February 27, 1943. We moved to San Diego, California. We had Dennis on March 25, 1945. He was born in the morning and later that day Marilee and her twin sister, daughter to Deola, was born the same day in the evening. The twin later died. Dennis was bald till he was 2 years old. He reminded me of a gopher when he was born. His head was all shriveled up and he had big dents in his skull. He had been in the birth canal for two weeks. After the first week after he was born, he looked normal, like a sweet little baby boy.

Ballard later told me he had another job and so he would go to the top of the hill to the service station to work. I decided to walk up and take Dennis with me to see him at the job. I walked all the way up the hill to see him and he wasn't there. I asked to see Ballard. They did not know whom I was talking about. I asked Ballard when he got home where he had been and he him-hawed around and came up with a story of some kind, but it was shortly after that, I left and came home to Utah. Later I filed for divorce.

I tried to find a job and could not find a very good job at all. A good friend of mine, Laura Beth Crump came and told me about a job at the telephone company and so I started working there. My mother took care of Dennis and that helped me a lot. I was working many hours and so I didn't get out much socially. One evening, she

said, "Myrt there is a dance tonight at mutual, I want you to go." I tried to tell her that I was tired and that I wanted to stay at home and to take care of Dennis. She said that I needed to get out socially and so I went. At the social there were 2 chairs available in the room. I took one. That left one next to me. Ed Nichols came in and he sat next to me. He asked me to go for ice cream after mutual and the rest is history. We were married on March 8, 1947.

Ed was a big guy with a fun sense of humor and a big laugh. He had dark hair and a grin from ear to ear. He was a helicopter mechanic. He served in World War 2 as a Medic. He must have seen a lot of bad things, because he did not like to talk about the war very much. He was a very hard worker. He was a good dancer and we served as dance directors in the ward together. We rode to work together for years.

Darlene was born on November 3, 1947. She was the only child born to Ed and myself.

Ed was in the Army during the Korean War and we were stationed in Lawton, Oklahoma. Dennis was in Kindergarten there. Dennis was the only boy in a classroom of all girls. He had tape on his mouth because he talked too much. While there I had surgery on my thyroid and they also removed my goiter. I lived the rest of my life on thyroid medication and calcium.

While living in Oklahoma, I had a friend named Beverly Allen. She was as neat as a pin. Every morning I would closely observe her as she would dress her children, clean her house and have everything in order. I wanted to be like her. I tried to be like her and so she was my idol.

We came back to Utah, and upon arrival we drove into Bluffdale and the first person we saw when we drove into town was Olive Neilson. She was the Primary president. She hailed us over and said, "Welcome back to town, how would you like to teach the Blazer boys in Primary?" That was my first calling. I did that for 2 years. I then taught the Trekker Boys for 1 year. I then started to teach the three year olds Sunbeam children. I taught them for 23 years. They were a real joy and a real challenge. Howard Crump was the Sunday School President and it was in the days when there was Sunday School in the morning and Sacrament meeting in the evening. Howard would lock her and 35 children in the room (double row of children.). One day after she had the roll call 5 or 6 of the children started to play with the door handle and they got the door open. The children screamed with delight and went running out of the door. They ran down the hall and into the chapel where they were passing the sacrament. All the parents were aghast. Myrt went back to the room and there were 6 children all sitting on their little small chairs with arms folded waiting for the teacher to return. She had about 6 assistants during her tenure as the sunbeam leader. Some of the assistants were Pearl Kylen and Gwen McFarlane.

She really loved the special times she had with Dennis and Darlene and all of the dance and piano recitals they had. She especially wanted Dennis to gallantly take Darlene waltzing across the stage like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

She lived in the basement house at 14399 South 1700 West, Bluffdale, Utah. She and Ed bought the basement house in December 1949. In the spring of 1961, they built the upstairs and they were so proud of the new home they added on. The location of the house was originally the first church house in Bluffdale. The second

Church in Bluffdale was also being constructed on their property. When the basement was completed the School District gave the town the new School for a Chapel. The basement was partially filled in and what was left Ray Austin had built into a basement home 1945.

They went on many fun trips together and a lot of the trips were in New Mexico to Myrt's Brother Arlo and his wife Vee. The entire family enjoyed their visits there with their relatives. They also spent a lot of time at Fish Lake. Myrt loved to fish, especially trolling. She did not like to bait the hook or touch the fish, but after the fish was frozen, then she would fillet it and cook it. They would stay in rustic cabins. The kids always loved to go to Fish Lake.

They had a dog named Smokey, which they loved. Later they had a dog named Duke.

When Ed died, Duke would not let anyone in the back of the truck for one solid week. The truck belonged to his master and no one could touch the truck. He was hit by a car and died one week after his death, unusual for this dog because he was not a wandering animal.

Myrt worked for the Salt Lake Hardware for many, many years. During that time she met many people there. She worked in the Catalog Department. After she left the Salt Lake

Hardware, she went straight to the Utah State Workers Compensation. She worked there until she retired. She was a very hard worker. She loved to work.

In 1968, September 14, early in the morning, Ed had a heart attack and died. Myrt was devastated. She had physical things happen to her when this catastrophe happened to her. She had Dennis and his family move into the basement with her to help get through the hard times. The kids would climb into bed with her at night sometimes and she said that sometimes this would be the only refuge she had that pulled her through a hard time. She found Beatrice Casper who lived across the street. They became very good friends. They both lost their husbands about 6 months apart. They went everywhere together. They went dancing, they went on trips, and they went to company parties together. They became answers to each other's prayers in a hard time. They even grew a garden together and weeded it together. One night we couldn't find Myrt in the house and we found her way in the back of the property up in a tree, with saw in hand sawing down limbs in the tree. She was about 42 at the time. She became very independent.

She said she went on lots of fun trips with her friends. She went to Hawaii. (That was her favorite) She went to Mexico, Alaska, New York, Nauvoo, Washington D.C. and all over the church history tour on the eastern seaboard. She went up to Yellowstone with some of her friends on a tour bus. She said though it was more fun when she went with Dennis and the kids. We rented a snowmobile and Ryan was elected to take care of Grandma. He put Grandma on the back and he took off and you could hear her squealing all over Yellowstone.

She lived in Sandy with Dennis and Vickie for 5 years. She would ride the bus to work everyday. She had some good times with the kids. One time Vickie had cleaned the house all day and then invited some friends over for dessert that evening. When we opened the door that night, Myrt had towels and Levi's hung all

over the chairs and railings, like a Chinese laundry. She said it was to save electricity. She would wash the tin foil and all the bread wrappers and plastic bags. She wouldn't let the kids use the dishwasher because they could conserve on energy. She said they never grumbled.

One hot summer night she was sleeping downstairs in Chad's room because it was cooler. Chad was not at home. One of Chad's friends, Chris, age 15, opened the screen and started to come through the window and he scared grandma and grandma scared Chris. They both screamed at the same time.

One of the highlights while she lived with us was game playing. We loved to play games every Sunday afternoon. We continue to play games to this day. It was one of Grandma's favorite pass times. She even taught Dana a game or two.

She served as a ward Librarian while living in the ward with Dennis and his family.

She met Dana while living at Dennis and Vickie's house. She married Dana Fraughton on May 1, 1987. They moved to American Fork, UT. When she married Dana she became a second mother to Jerry and a grandmother to Dana's grandchildren also. She loved them as much as if they were her own. She always loved the little ones.

While she was married to Dana, they traveled to Arizona for several years and they really enjoyed those years together. They were planning to go back down this spring if luck would not have dished out another bout of cancer for Myrt. They enjoyed gardening together. She was very proud of his beautiful yard. Dana has such a green thumb.

Some of her favorite hobbies were she loved to crochet, knit and to do any kind of handwork. She made all kinds of Afghans for any one who wanted one. She made baby booties for the ladies in the ward when they had new babies. She made Afghans for the grandchildren. She made them for them in their favorite colors. In fact she was in the process of making one for Bryan, her great grandson, because he had worn his out. She did not quite get it finished and so she has commissioned someone else to finish it for her.

She made birdhouses for the neighbors this year for Christmas and she had the girls come down and help her put flowers on them and the birds on them and then she gave them to neighbors and friends. She started in February.

When she canned fruit, she would can fruit for everyone. For Janice, her granddaughter (wife of Randy) she canned some apricot jam. She canned the jam and took it up to her house with the recipe in hand. Then she said that she would show her how next year.

She loved her grandson's wives as well as if they were her own granddaughters. She always said they were her own as if they were her own.

During Myrt's illness, Dana has stayed by her side day and night. He has not left her side. He has cleaned the house, cooked the meals, washed the clothes and maintained better than most women do. He has certainly gained our respect and love. He truly loves her and loved her through sickness and in health. She always

said she found herself a real jewel of man when she found Dana. They were married 15 ½ years.

Her legacy is her grandchildren. They all love her very much, down to the tiniest great-grandchild. She loved to go to the school programs, even last year to watch them. She was so proud of them when they would win banners and ribbons and they will continue to carry on with her legacy. She would love to see them succeed. She especially would love to see them excel in scholastic adventures. But the highlights of all highlights is when they would gain testimonies of their own of the Savior of the Lord. She would love to hear them bear their testimonies. During her last month of life, Dennis said she bore hers to him very often. She was not afraid to die and she said she loved the Lord Jesus Christ very much.