

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF BEATRICE STRINGHAM

I was born the 8th day of September, 1898, at Vernal, Utah, in the then new brick house of Philip and Caroline Ann Crouch Stringham. As I was the last child I was the only member of the Family born in the new house that Mother and Father had waited so long to build for their family of eleven living children. My oldest sister, Claire, had married before this time and eight months later gave birth to a baby girl, Lucile, who all my life seemed more like a sister than a niece, since our birthdays were so close.

As Mother died when I was seven; she lived seven years and a little over three months in the new home. It didn't seem long until Winnie and May left to be married. As they were saying their good-bys I was asking for paper so I could write them a letter. As no one had time to get the paper for me, I sat on the floor and in the process of their good-bys someone stepped on my fingers. I was in tears, perhaps more at their leaving than at the pain of the fingers.

Grace served well as our Mother for a year after Mother's death, then Father married Mother's Dear Friend, Aunt Mary Bingham Hall. Father and I had to sit no longer alone, while the young girls and boys went to Parties. Aunt Mary served well as Mother and wife until she died at the age of 83, in 1936. Father lived on until 1940, when he died at the age of 84.

I went to school in the small brick school house that stood west of the old Rudge Blacksmith Shop. Grace was my first teacher. Later, while the new brick school house was being built, I went to school in the old meeting house class rooms. After a short while we moved into the new building, which is still in use, where I graduated from the eighth grade. My four years of High School was finished at the then Uintah Academy, which is now part of the Junior High School at Vernal. While in High school I was Social Editor of the School Paper one year, then Editor of the Paper and Assistant Editor of the first Year Book ever put out by the school. The next year I was chosen as President of the Student Body, but my term was very short as the schools were all closed because of the Flu of 1918.

Father and Aunt Mary had gone to California for the winter, and as there was nothing for me to do, I wrote and got consent to go down to them, where I had a fine time seeing the places of interest with them and Aunt Jute and girls. I came home in time to graduate with my class by making up one class during the summer. That fall the Superintendent of schools asked me to teach school, but I plead with Father to let me go to the B.Y.U. to take at least one year training. At the end of the year I was chosen to give the welcoming speech at the graduating exercises.

The next year I taught fourth grade at the Maeser School, where I had Junius Hacking as full time pupil and Grant Hacking part time, as well as Thora Ashby Hall, and her brother Harold; some forty in all. The next winter, I went to Washington, D. C. as Grace wanted me to tend her children so she could go to the various affairs with Don. I started two classes at the George Washington University, but as Grace had a very bad sick spell I had to drop one of them. The next winter Grace had me live with her in Salt Lake, while I attended the U. of U. I was promised a Junior High School Position in Millard District the next year, but when I went to fill it, the Superintendent said He had given the position to another and wanted me to teach all the grades in a school on the border of Utah next to Nevada. As I was very disappointed and still wanted Junior High School, I went to Salt Lake to a Teacher Agency where they secured a position at Circleville for me. Here I taught English and Music (Chorus), then because of the cold weather, I tried Southern Utah. (Hurricane, where I taught English). Here I was near St. George where I visited at Zina's many week ends. The summer before I had attended the Agriculture College at Logan for the entire summer and had contracted the flu near the end of the term. I could not get rid of the complications and finally had to give up. Although I went back and finished out the year I did not get well. The next year I spent with Father and Aunt Mary in California.

The fall of 1928 I was called on a mission to the Central States where I labored in Kansas City, New Orleans, and San Antonio, for two years.

I came home during the depression and could not get a school for two years. The first year I stayed with Claire and Joseph, as Father and Aunt Mary had gone to California or Arizona. The next year I stayed with Grace and worked part of the time at a place where I was paid in vegetables, then later I cared for a child and cooked for the Father, Mother, Child and myself for one dollar a week with paper "vellers" that I could exchange for vegetables. By spring I had saved enough to buy curtains for the front rooms at home.

I secured a school at Ballard where I taught school for two years, then Central, two years; and finally Maeser for two years. (Ballard First and Second Grades, Central and Maeser First Grade). At this time I was asked to be Elementary Supervisor of schools of the Uintah School District where I served until 1945 when I was called on a mission to the Texas Louisiana Mission. I labored at Tyler, Texas as well as San Antonio this time. Before going I was on the Primary Stake Board and later on the M.I.A. as well as the Sunday School Stake Boards. I was Maeser Ward Chorister for some twenty years, was Sunday School Chorister, Primary Chorister, as well as M.I.A. Chorister for a number of years. I've taught classes in Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual at various times; was councilor to Sister Nora Vernon in the Mutual, and many years later was President of the Maeser Mutual.

While I was School Supervisor, I helped on the reading committee of the Utah State Guide and helped with a number of supplements. I served on the financial committee of the State Supervisors Organization and was Chairman of one of their Banquets given at the Temple Square Hotel. I have been a delegate to various state and National Meetings held in various parts of the United States. I have been a candidate for Vice President of the Jordan School District Teacher's Organization as well as a board member. I worked one year on their salary committee and was asked to stay on for another year but circumstances prevented my acceptance. This year, 1960, I was asked to be President of the A.C.E. Organization of the Jordan District Branch but refused because of the heavy duties it intailed. For eight years I was a member of the State Kindergarten Committee and helped organize a State Kindergarten Guide.

In 1953 Grace and I toured parts of England, France, Italy, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Israel on our visit to Whit and Alice Smith, at Tel a Viv, Israel. In 1955 I secured a position in the Jordan School District and taught at Bingham Canyon, Utah for four years and at the Edgemont School at Sandy, Utah, one summer and the past winter. (Kindergarten at Bingham and Edgemont last Summer; first grade this winter). After struggling for twenty-four years at teaching and attending college and summer sessions along with extension courses and correspondence courses, I graduated from the B.Y.U. with a B.S. Degree.

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I dreamed my Father called me home, Across the great divide,
I was very much bewildered, I thought surely I had died.
St. Peter met me at the gate, He said, "Come follow me,
There's something I must show to you, Something you must see".

Then I saw a lot of people Standing in a line,
When I looked them over, They were relatives of mine.
Many among that great crowd, I remembered well
Some had lived long years before I came on earth to dwell.

There were my great grandparents Whom I was pleased to see
But when I looked towards them, they turned away from me.
Then I saw my cousins, My uncles and my aunts
They said to me accusingly, "We did not have a chance,--

To do our work that must be done, to start us on our way
To gain for us eternal life, so here we have to stay".
My Father and my Mother too, were standing far apart,
They looked so disappointed, it made the tear drops start.

I turned and saw my Savior, on His face there was a frown.
"I died upon the cross for them, and you have let me down",
Behold your noble ancestors waiting for the day,
When you would open up the gate to help them on their way."

My heart was very heavy as I looked these people o'er.
The blinding tears ran down my face, I turned to Him once more.
"Please, Blessed Savior, Send me back, I'll make another try,
I'll do the work for all my kin, I'm not prepared to die.
I'll not miss a single one, I'm so ashamed dear Lord.
I'll try to do each ordinance, According to my word."
Then I awoke, the dream was gone, I had not passed away,
But I made a resolution, to start that very day.