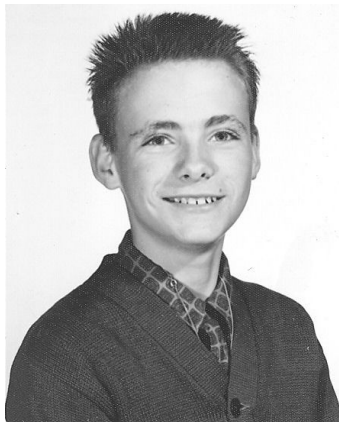


## Chapter 14 Another Divorce



*Melody - age 16 (1962)*



*Tim - age 14 (1962)*

Melody and Tim were not happy and did poorly in school. We had become a dysfunctional family because of lack of communication. I couldn't see them so unhappy and being treated with such hatred. Gordon just wouldn't accept them. Before school started in the fall of 1962, I made arrangements for Melody to go out and live with Mother and Daddy and Tim went to Malta to stay with Marian and Doug and their family. The saddest, hardest decision for me to have to make in my life was to send my two oldest children out of the home and my care. Home was never the same without them. I could never thank Harper's enough for taking Tim in. He went to school and graduated from the 9<sup>th</sup> grade at Malta. Gordy found out very young that he could get Melody and Tim in trouble by wanting whatever they had and making a big fuss. The situation eased up somewhat at home with Melody and Tim gone. But Gordon was very hard to get along with as all the kids know! If it hadn't been for my three little ones, I would have left then.



*Gordy - age 7 (1962)*



*Cindee - age 5 (1962)*



*Connie - age 1 (1962)*

The next summer Jack and Mamie Dudley were going to California to visit Ray and Jan. They loaded up Melody and Tim and moved them in with Ray and his family. Melody had her "Sweet 16<sup>th</sup>" birthday there. They lived in Seaside, California and went to Monterrey High. During Melody's Sophomore year her grades were not very good. Her Dad told her to bring up her grades or quit school. She worked very hard and did bring up her grades for the next grade period.



*One of my dens. Front row: Dorian Bench, Gordy, Danny Blauer, and Michael Hayden. Back row: Steve Simmons, Tim Hunt, ?????, and Howard Egan.*

I had been put in as a Cub Scout Den Leader and saw a lot of little boys including my own two, through the program. I also had taught almost every class in Primary. I had the same Cubby boys in all three years of the Trail Blazer class. Gordy turned eight and was baptized on July 3, 1963 by Richard Goodfellow. He became a cub scout and I was his den leader most of the time.

One funny thing that I have to write about, the kids and I tried to have Family Home Evenings but Gordon wouldn't participate. So we would do our own thing while he was out in the field. One such day the kids wanted a B.B.Q. So I got their wagon, filled it with sand, put the briquets in and used the oven rack to cook on. We were having a good time and just finishing up when Gordon came in from the field. He started in on us. I had a bucket of water in my hand ready to douse the fire. I had had it, and that whole bucket of water went in his face. He stood there like a drowned rat. Sputtering his favorite words, calling me his favorite names and said he was going to drown me for that. The kids were so afraid that he would, they wouldn't let me go to the water with him alone for a long time.

Another history event we actually watched take place on television was on November 22, 1963. President John F. Kennedy was sitting next to his wife, Jackie in an open car, smiling and waving to the cheering crowds as the presidential motorcade passed through the streets of Dallas, Texas. Then shots rang out, the president

slumped forward, a half an hour later was pronounced dead from shots to the neck and head. Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested and charged with the murder. Before he could be brought to trial, Oswald was himself assassinated. The assassination of John F. Kennedy is burned into the consciousness of millions of people of more than one generation. We watched on television as Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn in as our next president on Air Force One. I will never forget seeing the sadness of Jackie, daughter Caroline, and son John Jr. and how brave they were.



*Me with Cindee, Connie, and Gordy - 1963*

During the summer, I would load up the kids and head out for Salt Lake to visit my sisters, Thelma and Eunice. Melody had cousins Gayle and Judy and Gordon and Jaylynn were bosom buddies from the Jackson family. The Read cousins were a little younger but still fun times were had. Ramona and Gordon have always been good friends. We also spent time in Malta. The kids got to ride the horses and other fun things there. The Turners and Goodfellows were close by and the kids had cousins their ages and they had years of fun together.

When my brother, sisters, and I were raising our families, we started holding our own Ira Frost Family Reunions. The first one was in 1966 out to Lorna and Kenneth's home. It was a Hawaiian Theme. Each family took their turn in organizing and planning the whole reunion. We started with the oldest and went through the whole family and then started over. They have been held in so many different places with so many different themes. They have all been well planned and attended. Most years it was held at the shelter at Unity and once in a while at Pella. It was held the first or second Saturday in August. In the evenings everyone would congregate out to Turners. They built a new home on the hill overlooking the river next to Mother and Daddy. Later Gerald built a house between them. There was always food left over to be eaten up, there would be wiener roasts and a lot of water skiing and boat rides down on the river. It didn't change much through the years.



Cindee, Gordy, and Santa at a Frost Christmas party

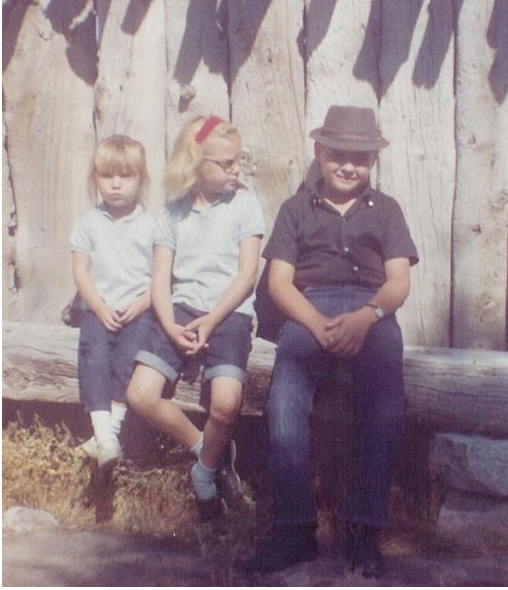
In addition to the family reunion, each year we had a family Christmas party where everyone got together. Typically the Jacksons and Reids weren't able to come because of the weather. We would get together at Mother and Daddy's home and had a big dinner followed by a program and a gift exchange. Santa Clause always made an appearance too.

One year when Connie was about two or three years old we had a little Christmas program with our family and the Goodfellows at our home. The kids acted out the nativity and were singing Christmas songs when Santa Clause burst through the door. He dashed in and gave each of them a candy cane as he called them by name and in flash he was gone. They all just stood there with their mouths open, except for Connie who was jumping up and down shouting , "Clause! Clause!" As soon as he left they all came to there senses and cried in unison, "Rudolph!" and ran to the window to see Santa and his reindeer leave, but they were too late.

As a family, we took two or three trips to Nevada to see Gordon's brother, Milton and Mildred Buttars. One trip was when they were living in Battle Mountain. Milton worked on road construction so they moved a lot. The kids got bored with the landscape of Nevada. Stopping at Elko was a treat as it had the flavor of the old west. Another trip was when they were living at Verdi, right on the border of Nevada and California. It was beautiful there. The Truckee River was just below where their trailer house set. The sounds of it was soothing, but the roaring



*Gordon, Gordy, Connie, Cindee, and me at the home of Milton and Mildred Buttars in Nevada in 1965.*



*Connie, Cindee, and Gordy - about 1965*

locomotives coming down that canyon night and day was not! I begged Gordon to take us over the border so we could claim that we had been in California, but he wouldn't.

Gordon had never been back to Clarkston, Utah to decorate his mothers grave. One year for Memorial Day I talked him into doing so. From then on it was a tradition which was really good. Some years Gover and Mary went with us. The kids got to know their great aunts and uncles that live there, and to see the magnificent old Buttars home. Those were usually day trips.



*The Frost Family - 1965 Standing: Eunice, Kathryn, Marion, Lorna, Irma, and me. Seated: Gerald, Mother,addy, and Thelma.*

We used to put the kids in their pajamas and bundle them up in the back seat of the car and head for the Alfresco Drive-in to see an occasional movie. By the time the movie was over the kids were usually asleep. We just took them home and put them to bed and they didn't even know the difference.

We also took them swimming at Indian Springs or Nat-Soo-Pah, south of Twin Falls. Don Lindsay's cousin owned the place. He had a pet skunk that roamed the grounds and scared everyone until we found out he could not spray us.

Fair time in the fall was always very special for us. After my 4H years, I never missed the fair. We usually went in the afternoon, ate that good fair food and looked at all the exhibits, and visited with everyone we met. (Every one in the county went to the fair). Then in the evening we headed for the rodeo bleachers. We had a special rodeo blanket. It was a double long red and black wool blanket big enough that we could all wrap up in it. I later gave it to Tim. I still love going to the Cassia County Fair and Rodeo. I think it is the best in the whole country. These were the fun times that our family had and I hope the kids remember them!

After Neil and Shirley Hart moved back to Rexburg, we went to visit them once or twice a year. Sometimes while we were there, we went on up to Yellowstone Park. We left Rexburg early in the morning and drove up through Island Park. The trees and the scenery was magnificent. Gordy thought they seemed to reach heaven. We spent a little time in West Yellowstone then went over to Old Faithful and out the south Entrance into the Tetons, and spent a little time in Jackson Hole. The kids really got a thrill out of the old west shootout on the town square performed in the late afternoon. Then over the Teton Pass and back to Rexburg.

Another time we went from Rexburg up into Montana. We went through



*Cindee, me, and Connie at our motel in Salmon, Idaho*

Hebden Lake, the site of the 1959 earthquake. There was a large sign telling the details of the event. Looking on the area it looked like it could have just happened yesterday. Knowing it is the grave of all those people that didn't even know what hit them. It gave me a very sad, haunting feeling; even goose pumps. We went through the ghost towns of Virginia City and Nevada City and on up to Butte, Montana. We visited the Anaconda copper mines there. We also went to Helena and Missoula. Another time we went up to Salmon, Idaho and Stanley, and over the Galena Summit.

It seemed like all these short trips were taken the first part of August when things on the farm were caught up, just before harvest. Fortunately, Gordon wasn't into camping either and we didn't have to rough it. However, we missed out on some of the family reunions because of them.



*Our own place (510 S 50 W)*

it to be. The soil in that area was very rich being the old Goose Creek. We were able to grow very good crops and the best gardens, I panted a lot of tomatoes, and they flourished. Gordon said that he should let me put the whole farm into tomatoes. I did a lot of canning for the winter. I baked a lot of bread, the kids always had cookies. And I did a lot of cooking for the hired men

At last I could have roses. Mrs. Judd had planted numerous rose bushes. There was a circular driveway around the old well. We fixed it up with flowers and an old plow. it was quite a showplace and people would drive in to look at it.

In 1966, when Gordon got word of the 25th anniversary reunion of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, he was excited and hoped to be able to go. He got me a job weighing sugar beets at the

Pella beet dump to help fund the trip. We both got busy doing what ever it took to get ready. Lorna helped me make a beautiful red dress to wear at the big dinner event.

The time came and we pawned off the kids. We drove to Reno Nevada and stayed with Milton and Mildred in Verdi for two nights. We rode a Southern Pacific train to Oakland California and took a bus to San Francisco. The train was loaded mostly with Pearl Harbor Survivors



*Catching the train*

and their wives, and I remember they were a happy bunch as the liquor flowed. We stayed in the Maurice Hotel located in the Central Business District, so we were able to walk to China Town, famous Market Street, and Union Square.



*The brand new Boeing 707 that we flew to Hawaii on. (Gordon is standing at the far right)*

On December 4<sup>th</sup> we had breakfast at the hotel, checked out, got a cab for the bus depot, rode the bus to the San Francisco Air Terminal where we boarded a Pam American 707 Airliner at 9:00 a.m. for the five hour flight. Some of us enjoyed the flight, others were scared to death. Some enjoyed the champagne and were pretty happy by the time we touched down in Hawaii. I for one enjoyed the flight, Gordon was one of the frightened. His suit was completely wet from perspiration and had to be sent to the cleaners. As we stepped off the plane we were given lovely leis.





*That's me in the ocean*

Our Hawaiian home was "The Waikiki Grand". Our door opened onto a terrace over looking Kalakaua Ave. Looking out the wall to wall slat windows we could see Diamondhead. The Pearl Harbor Survivors Association had all of the events planned so we didn't have very much free time. The most emotional events for me was going to Pearl Harbor and on the USS Arizona Memorial. I could not help but think of all the brave young men, one being a Burley boy, Berry Jolly, buried there with their proud ship. The water was clear and we could see fish and colorful oil bubbles raising to the surface after 25 years.

Another very emotional event was at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific located in the Punch Bowl Crater. The name of the crater is Puowaina which means "The Hill of Sacrifice". On our way, the old people ran out of their houses to wave at us as they wanted to show their appreciation for what was done for them 25 years ago. The program presented there was one of the most gratifying moments of the whole trip.



*The USS Arizona Memorial*



*At the luau*

Then there was the fun times like the luau at Heeia Lookout Point overlooking a bay and islands. The food was the usual luau pig, poi (which tasted like glue), seasoned raw tuna and salmon called "susi", and fruit of all kinds. They put on wonderful shows of hula girls, young and old, the men had their own acts such as the fire dance, etc.

We went to the Iolani Palace and toured the throne room where we met a lovely lady, Mrs Kahikaulam Naone, the care taker of the Palace. When she was a young lady during the war she had entertained on the USS Enterprise. She took us up the elevator and had us walk down the stairs pretending to be king and queen. We visited with her twice. She was a wonderful lady. Gordon also ran into Joe E. Brown at the famous International Market Place. He was a famous movie star and had entertained on board Gordon's ship some 25 years earlier.



*Mrs. Kahikaulam Naone*



*Me, standing next to a little grass shack*

On one bus tours, the driver was a young Hawaiian, one of the very few pure Hawaiians left. He was such a happy fellow. He explained everything to us, stopping at fruit stands to give us a taste of the different island products. He told us the legends of the islands, sang the songs, and told us of his boyhood days. We went up to Laie where our L.D.S. Temple is located along with the Polynesian Culture Center. The Center was closed that day, the biggest disappointment of my trip. Our bus was out two hours longer than the rest of the buses because of the interest he showed us.

The 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion Banquet was held on Friday December the 9<sup>th</sup> in the Monarch Room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. We were served an out of this world meal. There were speeches and a royal Hawaiian Polynesian show and dancing. I missed most of the show as I along with a hundred other ladies who were waiting in line for the restrooms. I missed the whole show, including my favorite, Don Ho!!



*Me in my red dress*



*Cindee, Gordy, and Connie in the outfits we brought home for them*

On December 10<sup>th</sup> we left at 12:00 noon and after a four hour flight we arrived in San Francisco at 6:00 p.m. Back in San Francisco we went back to the same Maurice Hotel, even got the same room. On the morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> we went up to the roof of the hotel where we were able to look out over the whole city and the bay. We went back to the train depot where we boarded a bus to Oakland and a train that took us over the Donner Pass back to Milton's and on home to gather up our kids. We bought the girls little grass skirts and Gordon a Hawaiian shirt. It was a whirlwind dream trip.

One I have never forgotten. Thanks Gordon!

The Dudley family moved back to Paul. Even though Melody and Tim did not live with us, I was at least able to see them again. Melody and Tim finished School at Minidoka County High School. Melody graduated in 1965 and Tim in 1966. Tim went into the Navy in February of 1967. After boot camp he went to Vietnam and was assigned to a landing ship that unloaded men and equipment in the combat zone. His ship came under fire more than once. He then served aboard an aircraft carrier that made two anti-submarine deployments to the South China Sea off Vietnam. His final assignment took him to a remote outpost in Australia.



*Tim in the Navy*

On February 13, 1967 Melody rented a little house in Rupert living on her own for the first time with her beloved kitty, Misty and Freckles her pooch. She was working the swing shift at Ore Ida Foods. For some reason Ray forced her to move back with them. She later moved back with us for a short time, then moved into Burley in a cute



*Melody and Emil*

Before Melody and Tim left, it was sometimes unbearable. I thought of it as mental abuse. We were called foul names constantly. His record shows that he just did not know how to treat women. My self esteem was low enough I didn't need that, I put up with it because of my three little children.

Then I had made a serious mistake and got myself involved in something I never meant to happen. When I told Gordon, he was unwilling to forgive me. I filed for a divorce, which was granted July 28, 1968. I was awarded the sole care, custody, and control of Cindee and Connie. Gordon was awarded the sole custody of Gordy. It was Gordon's choice that he stay with his Dad. Another broken home. More broken hearts. Three more very special spirits blessed my life.

basement apartment. While living there she met Emil Wilkinson on January 22, 1968. They got married March 15, 1968 at the Pella Ward Church Building. While applying for the marriage license the clerk at the Cassia County Court House tracked me down while with Gordon over to Heyburn unloading a load of grain. The clerk did not believe that she was old enough to get married. She was always so tiny and still is, and looked much younger. Emil worked for Gordon on the farm that year.

Gordon never treated me with the respect a wife deserves. He never once told me I looked nice or was



*Christmas 1967*