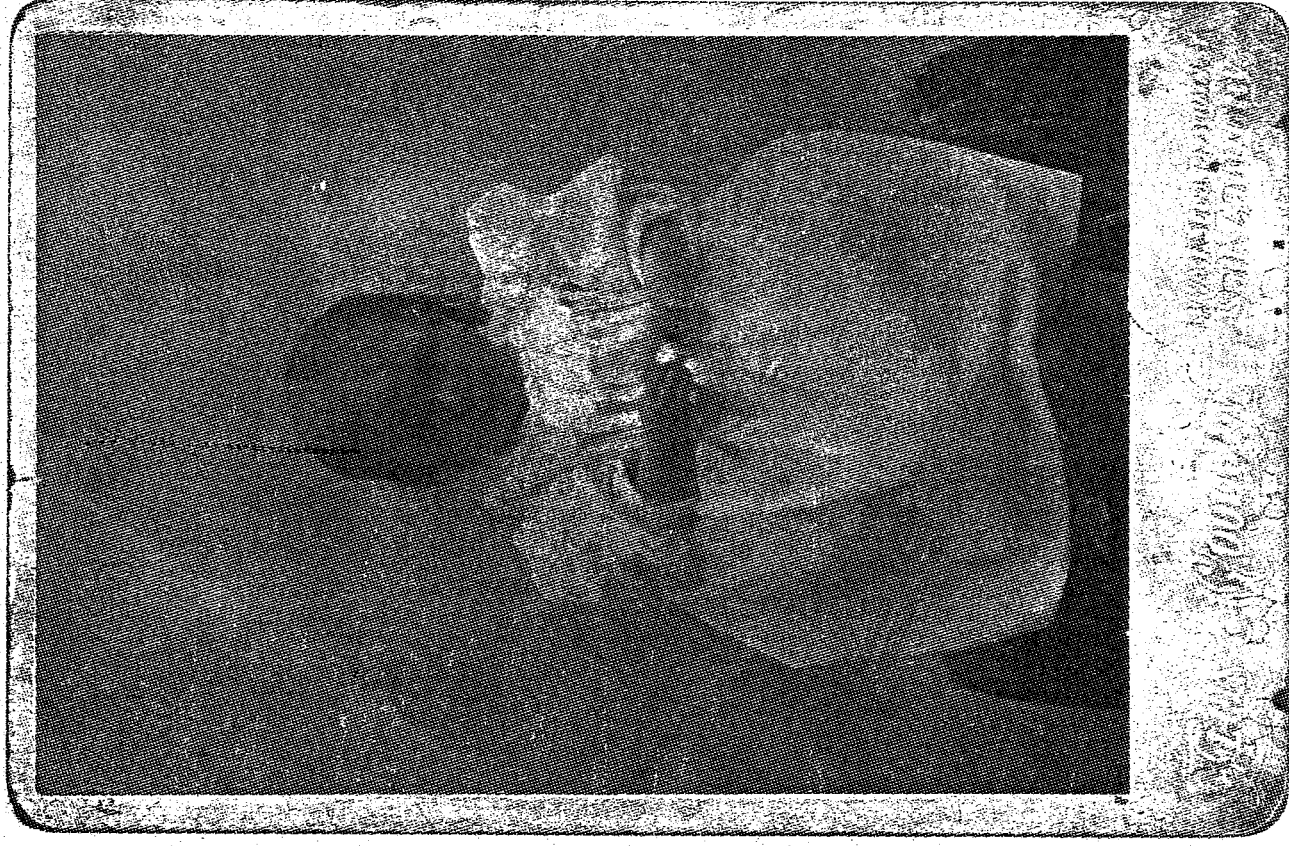


AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

CHARLOTTE PARKINSON ALLRED

I was born in Whitney, Idaho, to William Chandler and Louisa Benson Parkinson on July 16, 1894, and was named after my father's twin sister, Charlotte Parkinson Hawks. I was blessed August 16, 1894 by my father, William C. Parkinson. Also in the circle was our Bishop, A. C. Hull and ward clerk, Sidney Beckstead. My mother had ten children: Louisa, Marie, Charlotte, Clara, George, Adeline (Ann), Wilbur, Carmen, Evelyn, and Wanda. There were two sisters older than I, Louisa and Marie. My mother gave birth to me at home and was attended by a midwife named Mrs. Swan.

My Childhood was very happy. We lived in a small town, Whitney, Idaho. It seemed we always had things to do. We played with our pets and one I remember was a little black puppy. We had kittens and would dress them in our doll's clothes and put them in our doll buggies. We had white rabbits with pink eyes. I learned to ride horses when I was very young. Our horse was named "Bess". She was so much fun to ride and we had a buggy that we would hitch Bess to so we could ride to school. We would put hay in the back of the buggy and at noon when we had our lunch we would take turns hitching up Bess and feeding her. The winters were very cold and I remember how we had to run a knife around doors and windows to open them. They would be completely frozen over with ice pictures.



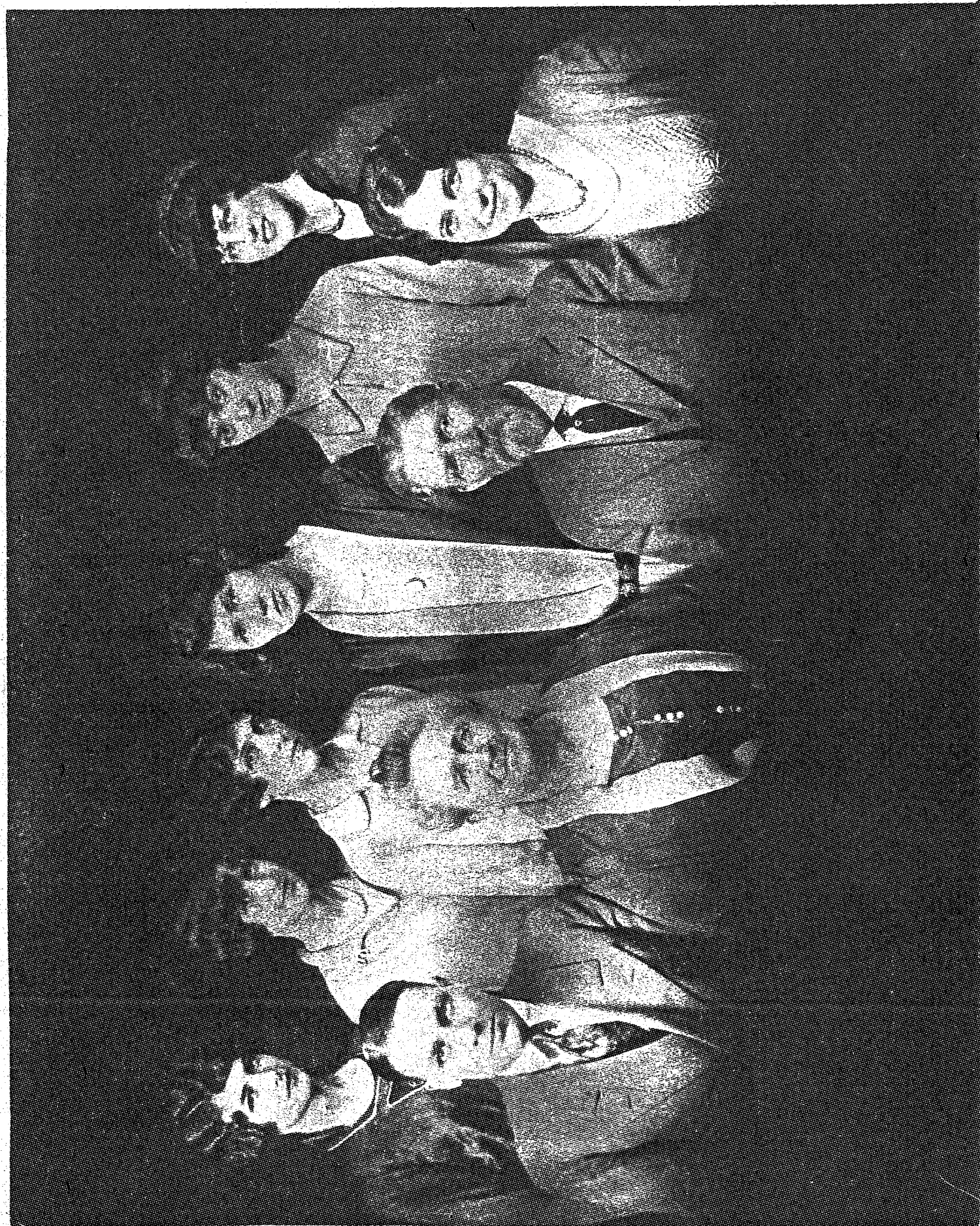
CHARLOTTE PARKINSON
about 18 mos.

Back row L to R

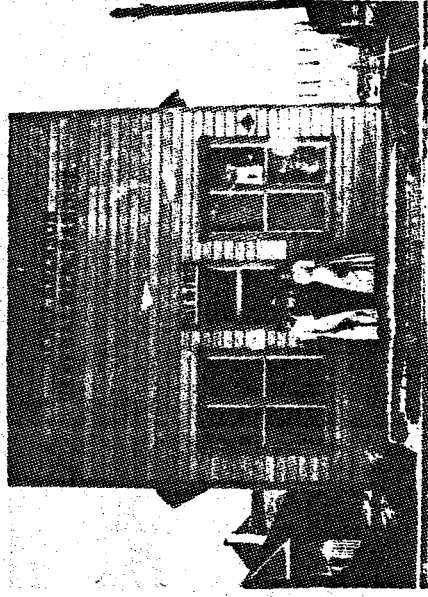
Evelyn, Carmen, Charlotte,
Clara, Ann, Wanda,

Bottom L to R

Milbur, Mother, Father,
and Louisa.



Each morning we had to hitch up Bess and go 2 miles to school. The bit was so cold it would stick to the horses mouth and we would have to hold the bit in our hands until our hands burned from the cold. There was one large classroom in the school, with one teacher to teach all of the children.



My Uncle Serge Benson had the only store in Whitney, it was across the street from school. We liked to go in his store because he would give us candy and cookies. He also was the postmaster and carried on in that capacity in his store. (Uncle Serge's family later moved to Logan.)

My mother drove the buggy pulled by Bess when she did her Relief Society work as a visiting teacher.

When I was about eight years old I was playing 'Anty-I-Over at the home of the Scott family. Mr Scott would often come out and play games with us. He had five daughters. As I ran around

to catch the ball I ran into the elbow of Mr. Scott. It was such a hard blow that it knocked me unconscious. My mother was really worried because I was unconscious for forty-eight hours.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Benson lived across from our home. Grandfather's house was built on a small hill and our house was on a hill also. There was a little hollow between the two homes. We could call to each other. My mother's youngest sister, Kinnie was four months older than I and we were like twins. We even dressed alike. We were always doing things together.

Grandpa Benson has a large farm where he raised cattle and cultivated large wheat fields. In the fall when the wheat was ripe they had men come with large trucks to cut the wheat. They were called headers. They would put the wheat in stacks, then the threshers would come with their big engines and thresh the grain. It would go thru a pipe into the gunny sacks. When the sacks were full one of the men would use a large needle and heavy thread and he would sew the sacks. Then the men would stack them on the trucks.

Kinnie and I would ride in the header trucks and play on the stacks of grain. Grandma Benson cooked for the threshers. There would be ten or twelve men. It was a lot of work for Grandma and my older aunts, but for Kinnie and I it was always something we

looked forward to. The whole community joined together moving from farm to farm to thresh the wheat. The nature of the wheat at the time made it necessary for the farmers to thresh quickly and steadily. The wheat shelled out when ripe. After the threshers had cut all the wheat they could reach, the women and children went along the ditch banks and clipped the heads of the wheat and placed them in the bags that they carried. This was called gleaning the wheat.

The river below Grandfather's house was called Mink Creek. There was a bridge over this river which we had to cross on our way to school and which we also crossed to go to the vegetable garden that was situated on top of a little knoll. We children often played house there on the knoll with our friends, using cabbage and lettuce leaves for dishes.

One night there was a cloudburst and the bridge was washed out. The next day we had to go to school in the horse drawn buggy by way of Preston.

Grandmother had a large parlor which was used only for company and special occasions, such as Christmas. On Christmas morning we would go to Grandmother's and there in the parlor we would see the Christmas tree with all the gifts hung on it. The tree was decorated with cranberries, popcorn balls and chains of colored paper. Aunt Carmen Benson always dressed as Santa Claus.

Every Sunday Grandmother had a freezer of ice cream and we loved to go there to visit and enjoy her delicious ice cream.

Grandfather bought all their groceries and even shopped for Grandmother's clothes. Grandmother did most of the disciplining of the children. She spent many hours in her garden. I remember her beautiful pansie beds and rows of fragrant lilac bushes. She loved to cut a bouquet for her family and friends.

Grandpa Benson would make a trip to Brigham City to buy fruit in the fall. He would take one of his children and one of us. We would take turns going with him. It was a big event in our lives.

Uncle George Benson lived within walking distance from our home in Whitney. He was named after my Grandfather Benson. His son, Ezra Taft, and my brother George grew up together. I will never forget when Ezra T. sang, "I Am a Mormon Boy", in Sunday School. He sang all the verses and I think there were about six verses in all. He was only eight years old at the time. (Uncle George's son, Arvil, still runs the farm in Whitney.)

One day Kinnie was making cookies. Grandmother said to her. "Why are you making so many cookies?" Kinnie answered, "I have to have enough for lone, Lydabee (Lydia), Lulu's kids and Ezra T." (These were the grandchildren living in Whitney at that time.)

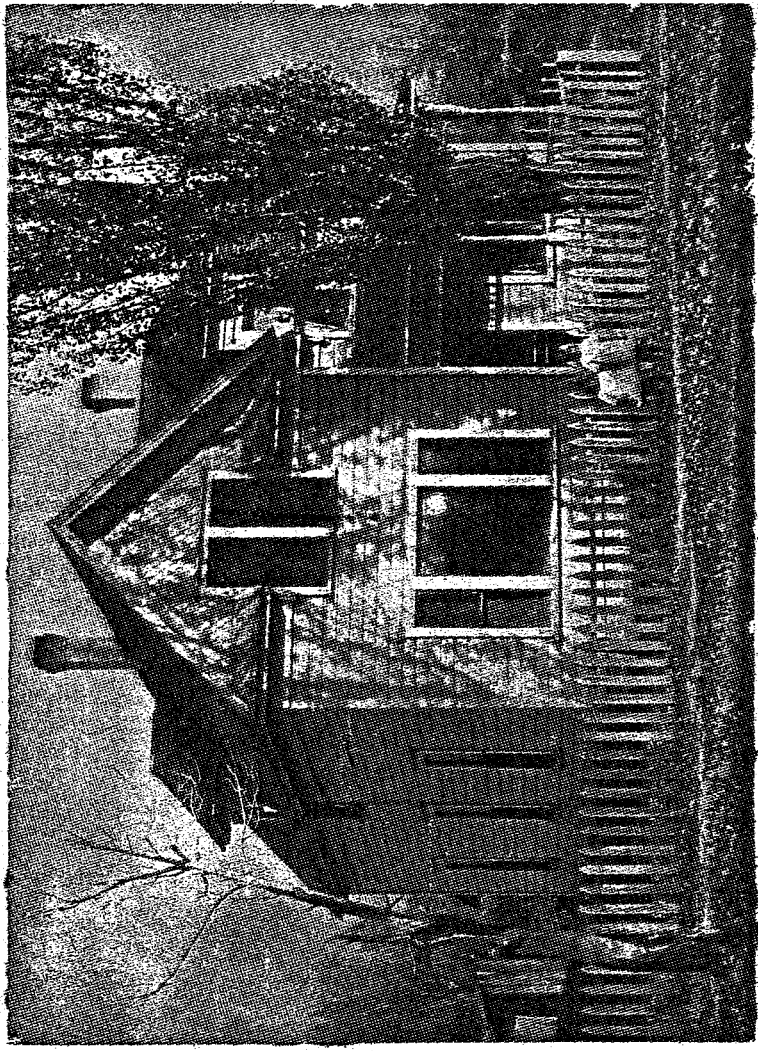
A very special time in my life was when I turned eight years old and was baptized a member of the church in the Logan Temple.

My father had a mercantile store in Preston, Idaho. It was three miles from our home in Whitney. My father was Bishop in Preston Idaho. Just around the time I was baptized he was called by the Church to go to Pocatello to organize a stake. He sold the store in Preston. After he had organized the Pocatello Stake he was sent to Hyrum as President of that Stake. We moved to Logan when I was fourteen. Logan was only four or five miles from Hyrum. Grandfather and Grandmother Benson moved to Logan at about the same time. Grandfather Benson was a counselor in the Bishopric when my father was the Bishop in Preston. Grandfather Benson was made Bishop of the Whitney Ward after he was a counselor and served in that position for sixteen years. Grandmother Benson was president of the Relief Society for many years. She drove a horse and buggy to the outlying areas to visit Relief Society groups. Grandfather heated rocks or bricks to place under the blanket in the winter time to keep Grandma's feet warm.

One of the last times that I remember talking to my Grandfather Benson was when I was visiting in Logan after I was married. I met him on the street and he said, "I have just been over to the Tabernacle to get Grandma's fur. You know she always leaves something."

Father built a new home across from the Benson home. I can remember how Father loved to have us (his daughters) stand behind

his chair and comb his hair for him. It was a special time for us, too.



Home where I lived at the time
Lothair and I were married. (1914)

I played baseball on the MIA team. We played on the 4th of July that year and I made a home run. Our team won the game. I was so out of breath after the home run that I laid right down on the ground.

Ivy Bickmore was one of my best friends. We shared many fun times together. She was my friend through high school. She brought her baby and came to see me when DeMar was born and then we lost touch with each other after that.



Our baseball team. I'm on the second row, 1st left.

care of Jake. The rest of us had to move out. I stayed with Mrs. Edwards who had two daughters. Lothair would send notes to me thru his friends to tell me where to meet him. When Mrs. Edwards found out about it she was angry with me because I could have transmitted smallpox to her daughters.

When I was fifteen my sister, Marie, and I started attending the BYC. We went to the dances there. At one dance Yippy Lund and I came in second in a dance contest. Lothair told me later that when he first saw me at the dance he thought I had Gypsy or Spanish blood in me, because of my olive skin, dark hair, and dark blue eyes.

Lothair worked in Wyoming one summer. When he would come to see me he rented a rubber tired buggy. We went for rides in Logan Canyon.

I met Lothair in Logan when Earl Goaslind, my cousin, brought him to our home. I thought Lothair was handsome, but did not say more than two words to him when we met. Lothair had come from Blackfoot, Idaho to attend the BYC College.

While Lothair and Jake Van Arden were boarding at our home Jake contracted smallpox. Lothair had been innoculated so he took

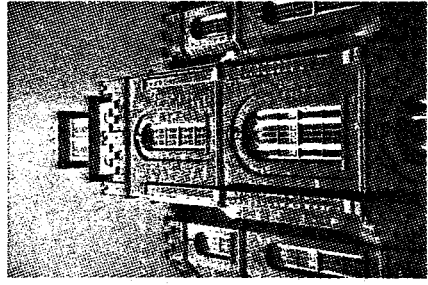
I wrote to him one summer and asked him if he would mind if I went out with George South once in a while. He didn't answer my letter. He told me later that he thought I didn't love him and that made him feel terrible. We went together for about five years.

The "Crimson

Girls," a school club, bought a "pot", decorated with flowers and insisted I had to carry it out into the street. (Every bed was equipped with a pot.)



We decided to be married after we graduated from BYC. Lothair and I were married in the Logan Temple on June 26, 1914. We had been told we wouldn't need our marriage license. When we arrived at the Temple and learned that we should have brought our marriage license with us we called Clara at home and she brought it for us. Lothair had to walk down the hill to meet Clara since she could not come into the Temple.



We were so much in love it was a beautiful time in our lives. I'm so thankful I married Lothair I would never have wanted anyone else.

We traveled by train the next day to Blackfoot, Idaho where Lothair had a house ready for us to live in, all furnished, with the help of his family. I had not met any of Lothairs family until after we were married. We went to Blackfoot the morning after our

marriage. When we arrived there was Grandpa, Uncle Thatcher, Uncle Elwood and Harold there to meet us. Uncle Thatcher said I looked like a Gibson girl. They had prepared a little house (2 rooms) for Lothair and I. Father Allred had given us a new Monarch Stove as a wedding gift. Father Allred was operating an implement store where Lothair had also worked during the time he wasn't in school. He worked there for about a year after we were married, then homesteaded.

Father Allred leased 133 acres of unimproved Indian lands located just across the Blackfoot River. Lothair had homesteaded a ranch near the Blackfoot Dam on the head waters of that river. Father Allred helped Lothair build a two-room house there. The ranch consisted of 160 acres and made an excellent summer ranch. Lothair's brother, Harold, helped him with the summer herd of cattle on the ranch. My brothers, George and Wilbur, helped us at different times, also.

When Wilbur was about fifteen years old he stayed with us and helped on the ranch. "The cows he milked were wild cows which had to be roped and tied before they could be milked," says Wilbur. There were large pack rats. When preparing for bed at night it was necessary to tie our clothes together with our belts and hang them to the ceiling. The pack rats would carry the shoes away if we didn't do that. Wilbur said "Many times I had to crawl under the porch to find one of my shoes."

Lothair had an open car which had to be cranked. Wilbur said he was the one who was always elected to crank the car.

About two weeks before our first baby was due Lothair and I went by train to Logan so that I could have the same doctor and nurse that Mother had with her babies. The doctor's name was Parkinson. He married Aunt Edith Benson. I had been in labor for a long time and Dr. Parkinson called on another doctor to assist him. This other doctor said to me, "Now you get down to work and you bring this baby."

My mother was so angry that she said, "Don't you talk to her that way. She's been suffering all day trying to bring this baby." He didn't say any more but helped Dr. Parkinson to bring the baby with instruments. In mother's home at 170 North 3rd West our first son was born on Wednesday, April 14, 1915 at 4:30 pm. We named him DeMar Parkinson Allred. Lothair had to return to the summer ranch and I stayed with Mother until I was strong enough to travel.

Marie accompanied me on the train to help with the baby. Father Allred met us at the station and took us by wagon to the summer ranch. We could see Lothair waiting for us on the mountainside. This was the first time that I had seen the ranch. Marie stayed with us for a while and then returned to Logan. We spent about four months at the ranch then returned to Blackfoot. DeMar was blessed by B. Harvey Allred in Blackfoot, Idaho 2nd Ward. When

DeMar was about nine months old Father Allred asked us to move into his big house so that I could help with Lothair's sisters.

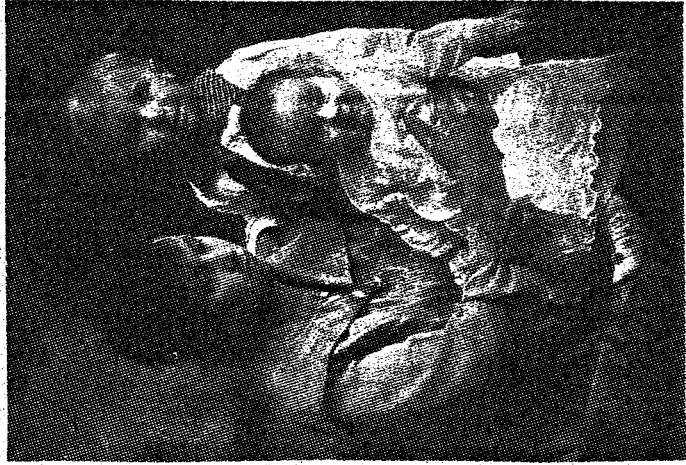


Lothair's sister, Charlotte,
I am holding DeMar, Lothair's
sister Irene and Edna Hess.

We lived in a separate part of the house. When DeMar was about ten months old I found out that I was pregnant, so I wrote a letter to Grandmother Benson and asked her when would be the best time to wean DeMar. She used an almanac to determine the best time for weaning a baby.

I went to Logan to visit my mother while Lothair was at the summer ranch. When Mother learned that I was expecting another baby she persuaded me to stay in Logan until the baby was born. While I was carrying DeMar I had kept a picture of a little black-haired girl in my purse because I was sure that I would have a girl first.

Our black-haired daughter, Louise, was born in Logan at 170 North 3rd West. She was born on November 11, 1916, Saturday at 2:27 am. She weighed 9½ pounds. When Louise was born I had a bad cough, and Louise got it. Mother kept me in bed for ten days. Grandma Benson came in to help. They took turns rocking the cradle, saying, "You go and eat, and I'll sit by her." Mother, Grandma and I took turns sitting by the cradle. I was always glad, though, that our first child was a son, and now we had the black-haired daughter, too. Louise was blessed by W. C. Parkinson in Logan.



Father Allred sold his house in March 1916. He had been elected to the state legislature. After he moved his family to Boise, Lothair and Harold operated the Indian Lands. During this time Lothair was ill and his father suggested that he come to Boise to see Dr. Handey. It was at first thought that he should have an operation, but they decided against this and he had a series of treatments instead. The children and I joined him in Boise and we lived at his father's home while he was being treated. During this time Lothair worked as a guard at the

penitentiary. After a few months we returned to the Reservation ranch. Louise was about 15 months old when I went up to the summer ranch. The summer ranch was about 20 miles from Blackfoot.

Mother came from Logan to be with me when I was expecting our third child and stayed a week after Edwina was born. She then had to return home because my brother, George, was soon to go into the military service and there were preparations to be made for this event. George had been staying with us to help on the ranch. I can remember watching him one day in the garden. He was reading the Book of Mormon as he leaned on the shovel. He was nineteen years old. He had stayed with us for three months.

We were on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in Idaho when it came time for Edwina, our third child, to be born. I was frightened and I was shaking. Perhaps it was because I was to have a different doctor, Dr. Beck. However, this proved to be the easiest birth that I had experienced. Our second daughter was born September 12, 1918, on Thursday at 10:30 pm. She weighed 7½ pounds.

George had been waiting for the baby to come before he left for home. He came into the bedroom to kiss me good-bye and express his gratitude that the baby and I were all right. He thought she was a beautiful baby and held her very carefully. He left then to report at the A. C. in Logan for induction into the service.

Edwina was blessed November 3, 1918, at Logan by her Grandfather

Parkinson, Great-Grandfather Benson, Uncle Ross Anderson, Great Uncle Frank Benson, and her father, Lothair W. Allred. Grandfather Benson pronounced the blessing at home. Uncle Elwood Allred blessed her at church.

There was a serious flu epidemic and George became ill. Mother did not know he was ill until a friend, Brother Cardon, went to the A. C. which was used as a hospital. Brother Cardon had gone there to administer to another young soldier and he recognized George lying in one of the beds nearby. When he returned to his home he contacted Mother to ask if she knew that George had the flu. Mother saw George only two times before he died in October of 1918. Edwina was about six weeks old when we went to Logan to attend George's funeral.

I remember once when George was just a little boy, he rode three miles to Preston on a horse. He was so small that his legs didn't go down over the sides of the horse. When he came back from the store he was holding an ice cream cone that he had bought for Mother. It had melted all down his hand, but he was still holding it when he got home. He was an affectionate son and often bought Mother gifts to show his love for her.

My sister, Marie, became ill while she was teaching school. She died in the early part of the year 1919. She was twenty-seven years old. The flu epidemic had claimed two very special people to me, George and Marie. Marie was a beautiful woman, kind and thoughtful.

She sewed clothes for her three younger sisters. She was the one who Mother would keep home from school when she needed help. She was 2½ years older than I was.

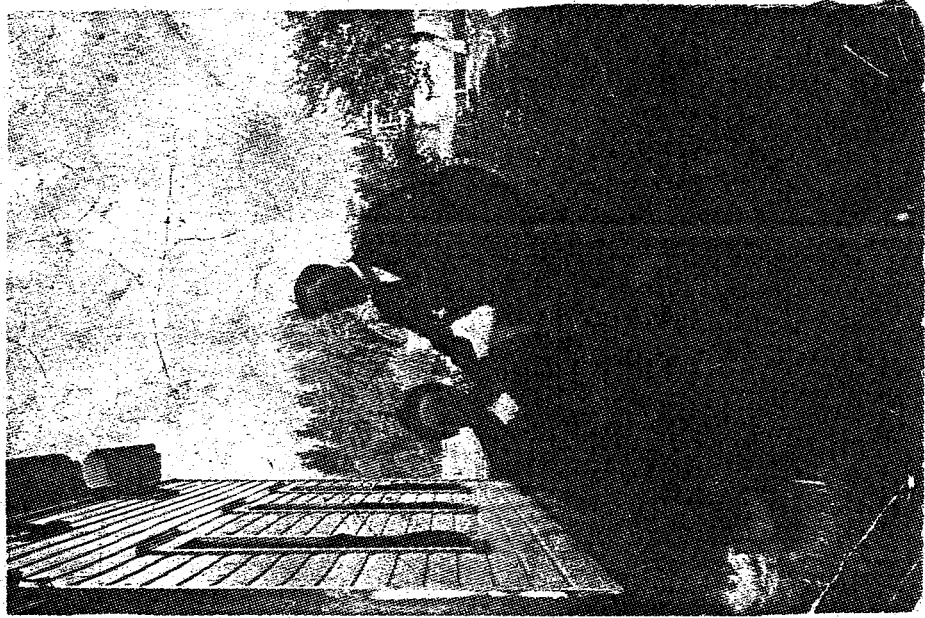
Before our fourth child was born Clara and Ross were visiting me in our home on South Broadway in Blackfoot. Our house in the new Boyle Addition was the nicest house we had lived in while in Blackfoot. It was a light brown house. The Rowley's lived across the street from us. Wilbur and Lothair were at the summer ranch. Ross took us for a drive in his car and I started having pains so Clara stayed with me and Ross returned to Logan. Kenneth Thatcher was born September 13, 1920 on a Monday at 11:20 pm. He weighed 9 pounds. We sent one of our neighbors to tell Lothair at the ranch. The baby was born during the night. Lothair arrived the following morning. He and Wilbur had ridden their horses all night. They were completely covered with dust.

Kenneth was blessed by his Grandfather Allred, Uncle Harold, and his father, L. W. Allred. Grandfather Allred pronounced the blessing.

Edwina had diphtheria when she was about three or four years old. The doctor came to the house and inoculated the children. I was so worried about her recovering that I carried her rather than to let her walk, until I was sure she was well again.

For many years we traveled to Logan to spend Christmas at my Mothers. Only after the children were in bed was the tree trimmed

and the house decorated. A special present was then hung on the tree for each child. Lothair always helped trim the tree and put the Kewpie doll on top. There was always a lot of excitement and fun having all of us together and the nieces and nephews getting to know each other.



In 1923 we moved to Salt Lake City. We lived in an upstairs apartment on First No. Lothair was working at Safeway. He was suffering from rheumatism so bad he could hardly walk. We later moved to an apartment on "J" Street until an overheated stove caused a fire and at that time we moved to Second Ave. The children attended the Longfellow Elementary School. My sister, Ann, stayed with us part of the time when she was working for Dr. Shepherd. I met Ann after work and Mother and Father Parkinson

We used to go to shows at the Opera House. I met Ann after work and

we would take a lunch with us. We sat on the first row of the balcony. We had to get there early to get the good seats. I'll never forget the time Ann was vacationing in California with her friend Olive Dalby. She bought a beautiful big hat. No one in Salt Lake was wearing such big hats. Pearl and Thatcher, Lothairs brother and his wife, were visiting us and when Pearl saw the hat she wanted to buy it. When Pearl and Thatcher visited us after that Ann's hat was always mentioned.

I was a primary teacher for the Trail Builder class. The young boys came to our home to work on some of their assignments. We walked from our house to the Primary Childrens Hospital, which was west of the downtown area, where we would sing for the children. I was later made president of the Primary in the 21st Ward. Louise always remembered how beautiful she was and proud to be the daughter of the President of the Primary.

We moved to "K" Street where our fifth child was born. Lothair had left early that morning to go to Logan. When I got up that morning I knew I was to deliver soon. I called Aunt Carman to marcel my hair. She used a curling iron and the next morning my hair was straight. I called Clara in Logan and she located Lothair. He returned home in time to take me to the LDS Hospital. Dr. Allison delivered the baby at 4:20 am on Monday, July 9, 1928. She weighed 8 pounds 14 ounces and had lots of black hair. Marilyn was the first

baby I had in a hospital. Lou went to the hospital with us. Marilyn was blessed September 2, 1928 in the 21st Ward in Salt Lake by her Grandfather Parkinson.

My Father visited us on "K" Street. It was quite a climb from the streetcar. I said to him one time as he came in, "Father, why don't you lie down for a few minutes you look tired." He replied, "My girl I have one more visit to make. I have to go and see Lou before I go home."

It was at night about three days later when I received word that he had had

a stroke. We all went to his side. He died the following

night, November 17, 1929. Ann came from California before Father died. Then Ann stayed with Carmen until the twins were born. They were born in December, 1929 in Salt Lake City.

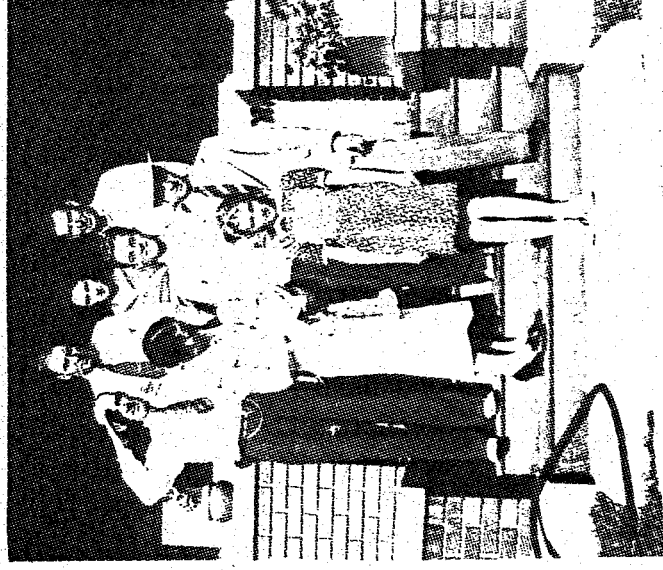
Mother, Evelyn and Wanda moved to Salt Lake in 1931. They lived in the Drayton Apartments, 1121 First Avenue. Wilbur had moved to

Salt Lake before that time and was living with Lou.

In 1931 I started working at the N. D. A. Stamp Store. Earl Knudsen helped me get the job there. He worked there, too. I left Marilyn with Mother when I was working, she was about 5 years old. Marilyn remembers Grandma Parkinsons gray hair, and the combs she wore in her hair. Grandma Parkinson always had a bowl of grapes on her table. When Marilyn and I went to see Mother after her cataract operation she went to Marilyn and said "It's the first time I've been able to see your face."

DeMar was the first of our children to marry. He met Bettie Jenkinson and they were married in September 1935. Bettie and Louise were good friends. In June 1936 Louise married Ralph Oswald.

One year later our first grandchild was born to Ralph and Louise.



They said they would get along just fine when they took Nancy home. Then in the middle of the night I got a call and they wanted me to come right over. They had a roll-away bed so Ralph slept there and I slept with Louise.

In 1939 we moved into an apartment on 1st South.

Edwina, Ken and Marilyn were still home with us at that time. I will never forget one of the Christmas's we spent there. Lothair gave me a diamond ring. He wrapped it in a shoe box and hid it in the Christmas tree.

For two years while we were in the 11th Ward I worked on the welfare committee. Harold B. Lee was head of the department. Edwina was working at the State Capitol. She and Ken bought a car for both of them to drive. Edwina met Stewart Pendleton and they were married April 4, 1940. They moved into an apartment around the corner from ours. Then later moved into the apartment building next to ours.

In April 1941, the following year, Louise's husband Ralph went into the service. Louise, Nancy and Kaye moved in with us. They stayed with us until the baby, Kaye, was ready to travel and then they joined Ralph in San Luis Obispo, California.

Ken and Marilyn were the only two at home. Ken attended the U. of U. and became concerned about the things he was learning, especially concerning religion. He wrote to his Dad and wanted to join him on the Snake River where Lothair was mining for gold. Marilyn, Ken and I would go and stay with Lothair during the summer when Marilyn was out of school. We lived in cabins by the river and I used to cook for the men. I remember making sour dough bread for them and constantly worried about keeping a yeast starter for the bread. Marilyn, Ken, Dad and I would walk or ride Topsy, Ken's horse, to the mine each

morning. We had fun mining for gold. We kept the gold under our tongue and when we got back to the cabin Lothair would weigh it.

Ken was married to Roine Brown April 3, 1942. Ken worked at the small arms plant. When Ken went into the service Roine moved in with us.

Our family was really growing and so that we could all be together we enjoyed many times at Liberty and Fairmont Parks. We took our lunch and played baseball. Those were special times when our family was together.



Summer of 1959



Summer of 1963

In 1944 while Ralph was in the service, Louise bought a home on Hollywood Avenue. We moved in with Louise so she wouldn't be alone while Ralph was away.

Lothair and I lived there with Marilyn while Louise traveled with Ralph. We took care of their home then they were able to come home each summer.

Marilyn was married June 29, 1948 to Larry Brown. Lothair and I continued living in Louise's home until 1960 when we moved into a fourplex on Preston Street. We were very happy living there, it was just right for us. We became very active in the ward. Lothair taught the Gospel Doctrine class. Many people in the ward made us proud by telling us we were the best looking couple in the ward. These were some of the happiest times in our married life. It was the first time we actually lived alone. Our children came to see us often and that made us happy.

Each pheasant season we looked forward to hunting and being with Thatcher and Pearl. As often as possible we drove to Burley and

visited with Elwood and Glendora. Once a week we spent the evening with Wilbur and Dot. We had many good times together. Often we took trips to Fruitland, Idaho to see Charlotte and Bill, and Harold and Lillie. They were Lothair's brother and sister.



We lived there together until Lothair passed away on October 17, 1971. Over the years Lothair and I were very blessed with our three beautiful daughters and their husbands. Two handsome sons and their wives. Twenty-three grandchildren each special in their own way. And sixty-four great-grandchildren brought much happiness into our lives.

I am very thankful and humble when I think of all my blessings. For a loving Heavenly Father, and blessing me with a wonderful husband and for the life we shared together. I am so proud of all my children and the things they have accomplished, for their love and concern in my behalf. Lothair was very knowledgeable in the scriptures and this brought added strength to my life and my love for the gospel.

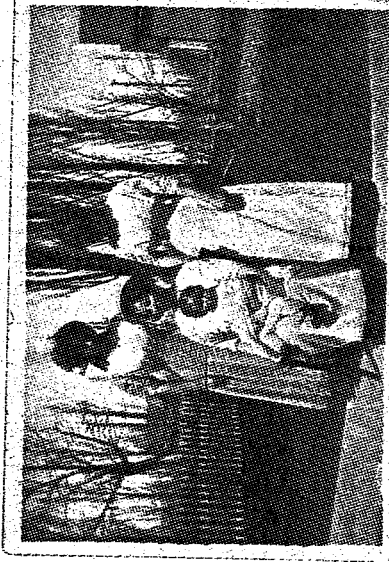
Lovingly compiled by her
children and grandchildren.

CHARLOTTE PARKINSON ALLRED AND LOTHAIR W. ALLRED
Our Golden Wedding Anniversary

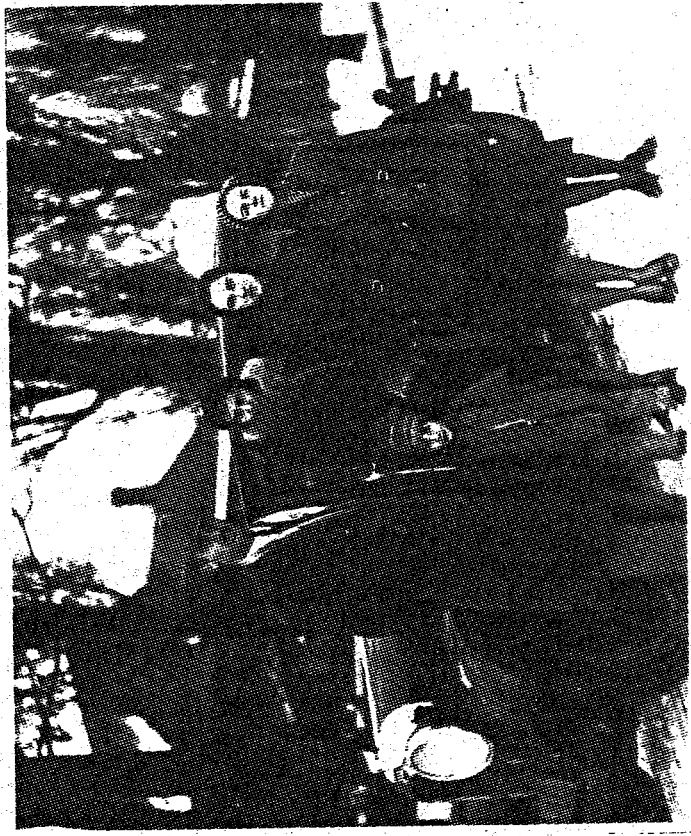




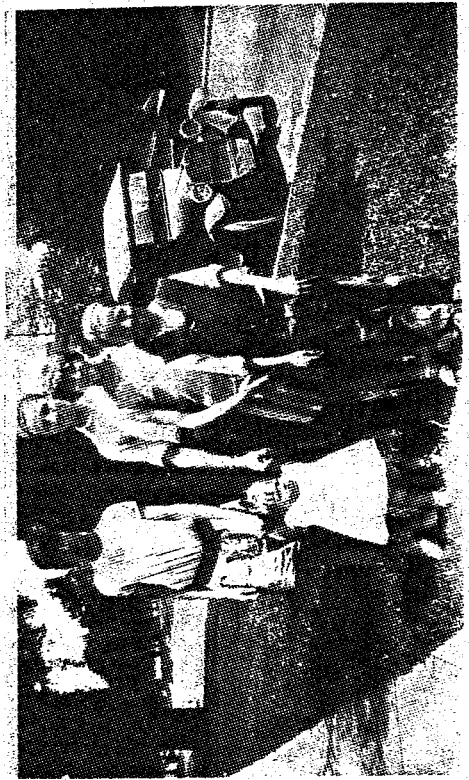
Carmen, Charlotte and
JoAnne, one of the twins
October 3, 1947



Charlotte and Maria Parkinson (standing)
Louisa Parkinson (Lou) holding Nabbie



Lothair, Marilyn, Charlotte, Louise and Edwina
about 1932



Louise, Marilyn,
DeMar, Edwina and
Ken 1929



My sisters
Wanda, Lou, Charlotte, Carmen, Clara, Evelyn

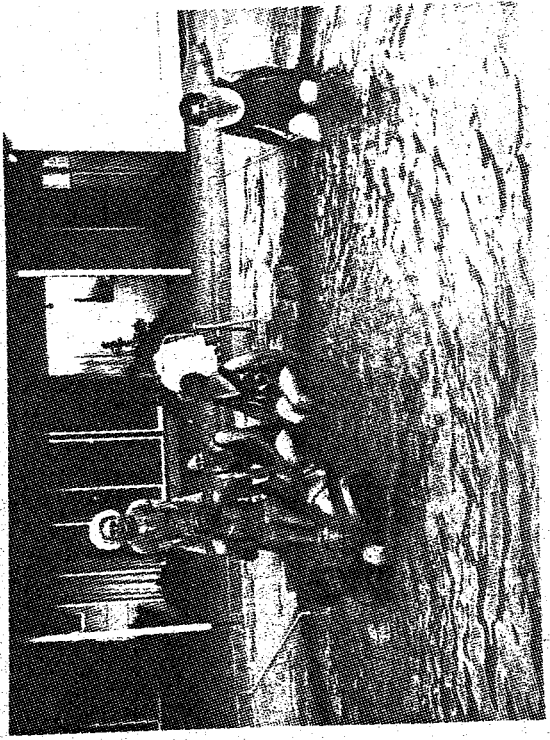


Seated L to R: Evelyn, Ann, Lou, Milbur
Charlotte. Standing L to R: Clara, Wanda,
Carmen

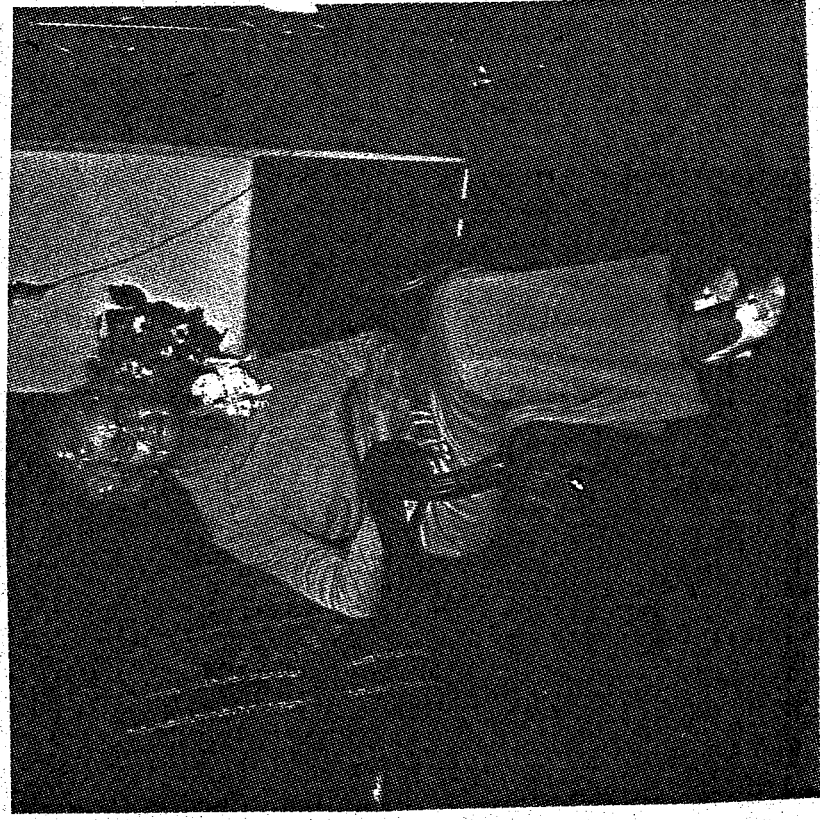


Charlotte P. Allred 1955

Charlotte P. Allred
about 1978

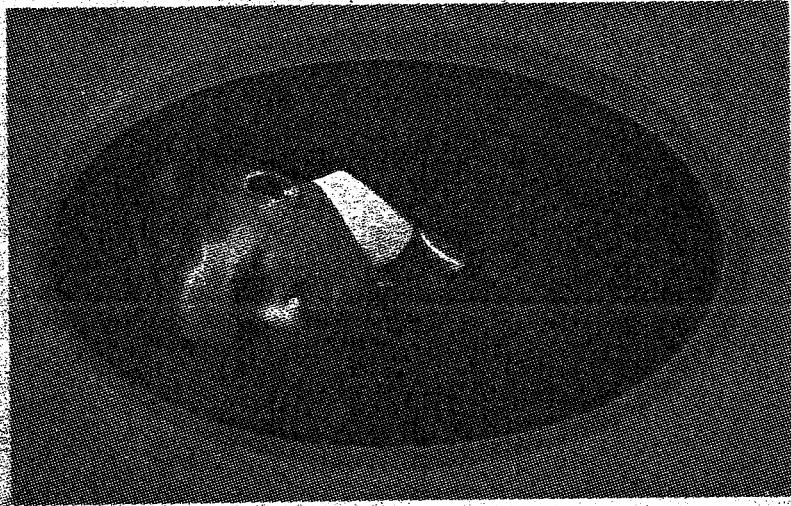


Sisters and Aunt Dot in Evelyn's
swimming pool.

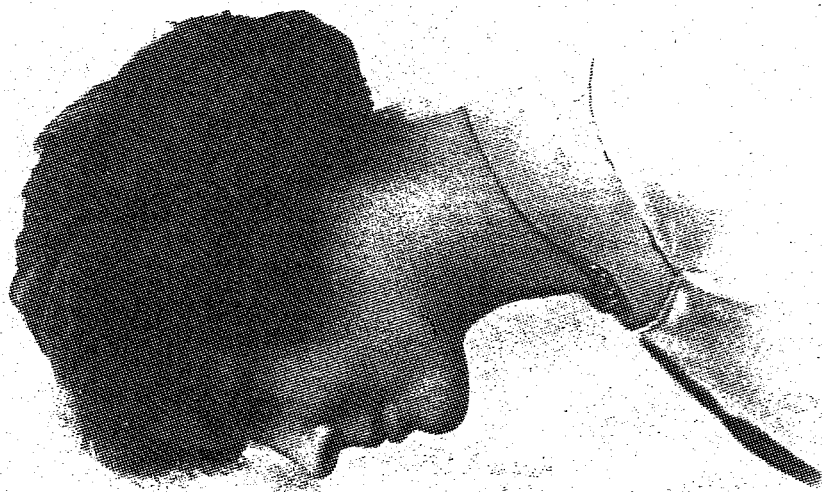


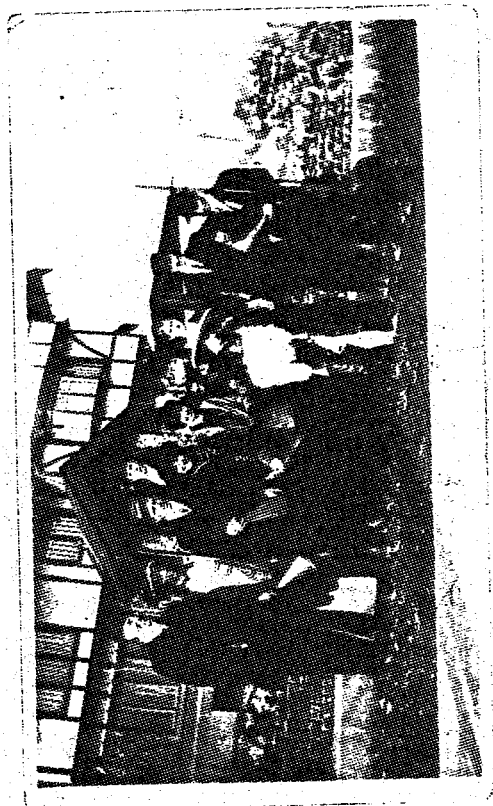
Marie Parkinson, my dear
sister, died during the
early part of the year
1919 also during the
flu epidemic.

These were two very special
people in my life.

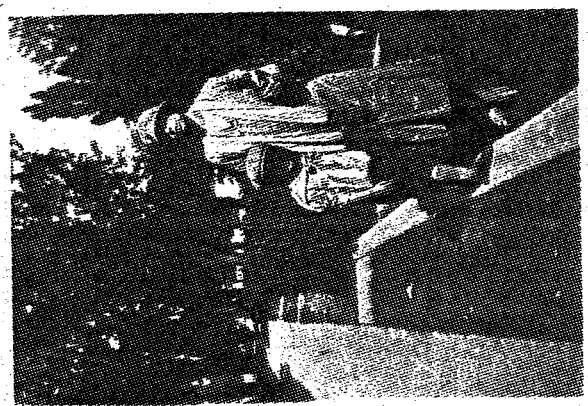


My brother George Parkinson died
October 1918 during a flu epidemic.



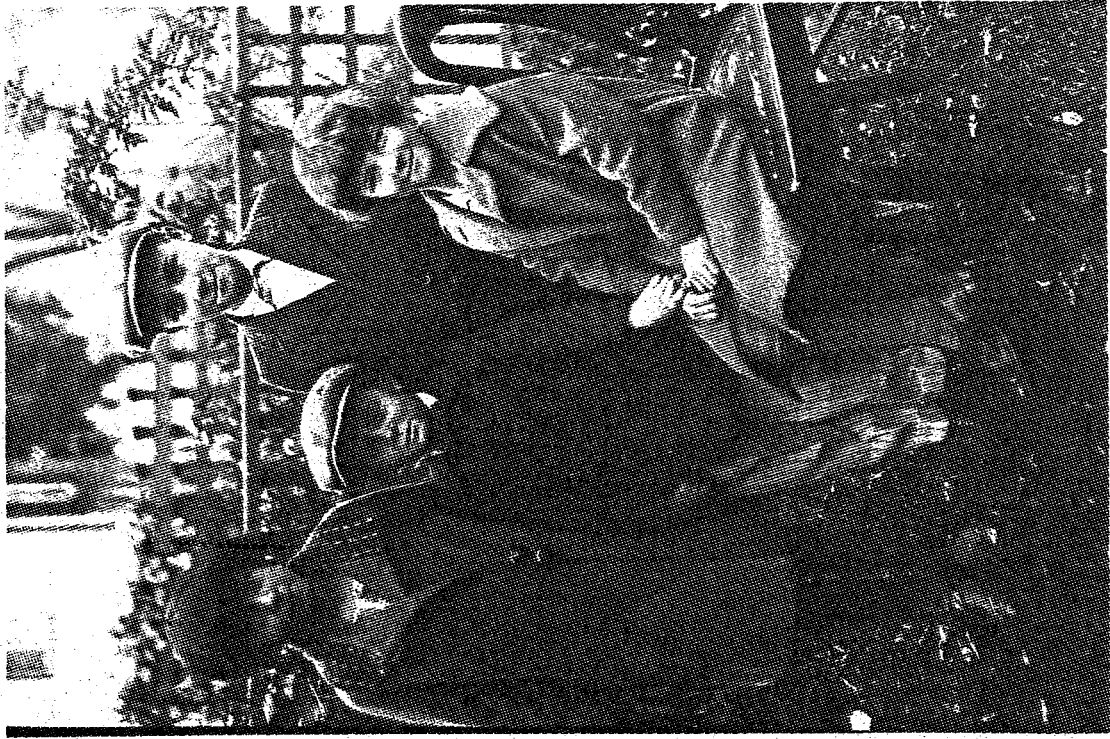


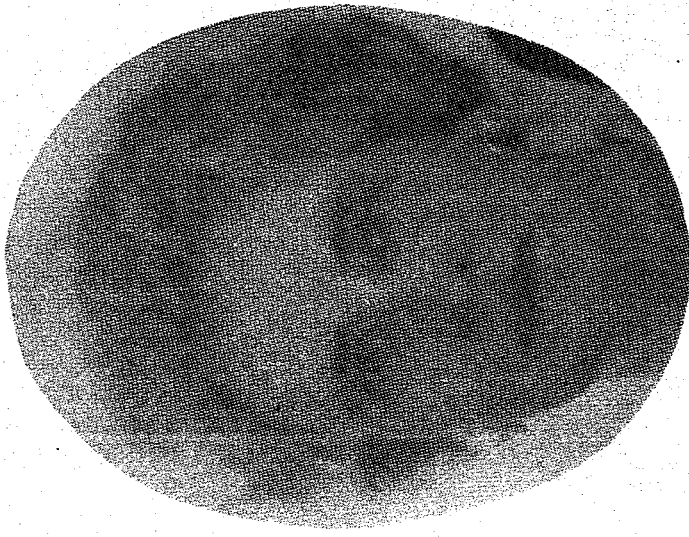
BYC School Days



Charlotte P. Allred
with youngest son
Kenneth

Standing left to right:
Louise, Kenneth and DeMar.
Seated: Edwina. The clothes
they are wearing were made by
their mother, Charlotte.





In Remembrance

Our precious mother, grandmother and great-grandmother passed away October 13, 1980 of a heart attack. What a beautiful example she was to all of us. She left this life with very little material wealth but a great deal of wealth she left to her posterity in love, understanding, kindness and the cherished moments we spent with her. She will always be remembered for giving of herself for the comfort of others. She was loved.

MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR

CHARLOTTE PARKINSON ALLRED

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord" - D&C 68:28

BORN

July 16, 1894 - Whitney, Idaho

Daughter of William C. and Louisa Benson Parkinson
Wife of Lothair William Allred (deceased)

DIED

October 13, 1980 - Salt Lake City, Utah

FUNERAL SERVICES

Thursday, October 16, 1980 - 1:00 p.m.
Crystal Heights Ward Chapel - 1970 East Stratford Ave.

PALLBEARERS (Grandsons)

R. Gordon Oswald Geoffrey D. Allred
Lothair Wm. Pendleton Lawrence M. Brown, Jr.
Steven A. Pendleton Scott D. Brown
Brett W. Brown

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Wilbur C. Parkinson (brother)
Ralph J. Oswald (son-in-law)
Stewart R. Pendleton, Sr. (son-in-law)
Lawrence M. Brown, Sr. (son-in-law)

INTERMENT

Redwood Memorial Estates
6500 South Redwood Road - South Jordan, Utah

Funeral Directors

LARKIN MORTUARY - Salt Lake City, Utah

SERVICES

Bishop Lee Zundel, officiating

FAMILY PRAYER DelMar P. Allred

PRELUDE MUSIC Beverly Glauser

INVOCATION Gordon T. Allred

SPEAKER Bishop Joseph F. Cowley, Jr.

VOCAL DUET Walter Boyden and Diane McCoun
"In My Father's House Are Many Mansions"
accompanied by Beverly Glauser

SPEAKER Kenneth T. Allred, Jr.

VOCAL DUET Walter Boyden and Diane McCoun
"O My Father"
accompanied by Beverly Glauser

SPEAKER Stewart R. Pendleton, Jr.

VOCAL DUET Walter Boyden and Diane McCoun
"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked"
accompanied by Beverly Glauser

BENEDICTION Stewart R. Pendleton, Sr.

POSTLUDE MUSIC Beverly Glauser

DEDICATION OF THE GRAVE

Kenneth T. Allred, Sr.