

MY STORY

Maria Platt

Manford.

Blessed 13 Aug. 1876
by A. G. Thornton
Endowed 9 Oct. 1903
Bapt. 7 June 1884
by Benjamin Platt
Confirmed 8 June 1884
by Benjamin Platt

On March 14, 1876 at Pinto, Utah, I began my career in life in a little adobe room about 12 X 14, with a large cheery fireplace in the east side of the room.

The family had moved from a dug-out house up to the home on the hill awhile before I was born. George was a baby then. This was their first home at Pinto, and stood just east of the church or school house. My parents were Benjamin and Mary Greaves Shaw Platt. My cradle was my Mother's arms, in an old-fashioned corded bedstead whose bedposts were neatly and artistically carved by our skilled pioneer carpenter. Around these posts was draped a curtain which extended to the floor. They were called bed valances. I was the eleventh child in a family of twelve, the youngest girl in the family, being the fourth daughter. I think I was a welcome guest. I know I was loved by my brothers, and sisters and I responded to that tenderness and loved them in return.

On August 13, of the same year I was born, my mother decked me out in the best she could afford and took me to Church, where I was blessed by Amos G. Thornton, my father assisting. I was given the name Maria after my mother's only sister. I believe brother Thornton was Bishop of the ward at that time.

They tell me many stories of little favors shown me by the family. On one occasion, my father came home from Silver Reef where he had been with a load of farm and dairy products. He brought me a pair of little white shoes and cloth for a little pink pinafore. These were indeed a luxury in those days. My older sisters dressed me up in these fine new things and paraded me all over town to show me off. My older sisters used to say I was the pet of the family. I guess I was the spoiled baby. When I was little, I sort of gloated over the fact and felt quite smart about it. Now I am sorry because I know I didn't deserve any extra consideration. So, because of this I have tried, and am still trying to give back to them some of those kindnesses which I received.

The house on the hill consisted of two rooms, a front room, with a lean-to kitchen on the back. They planned to build on to it later so there was no door between the two rooms. We had to go outside every time we went into the kitchen. So, one day my brothers decided to cut a door between the two rooms. They took out four dobies and passed me through the hole to my brother Ben so that we could say I was the first to go through the door. I was rather small, and light in weight the greater part of my life. Up until I was fifty-one years old, I never weighed over 104 pounds. I became much heavier as I grew older, and now weigh about 140 pounds.

My brother James was a great skater, almost expert. Being small gave me the advantage again. He would take me up in one arm, using the other to help balance himself, and he would skate over the ice so swiftly that I was fairly dizzy with excitement. And oh how my ears and face would tingle with the cold. Then I would cling to his coat-tail and brace myself, feet ahead of me, and away we would go from one end of the pasture to the other. We sometimes struck rough places in the ice, and I would catch, and tear my shoes. Then mother would scold, as shoes were very expensive and hard to get, and to see my shoes all torn and scuffed nearly broke her heart. I could not realize then what it all meant to her, because we were very poor financially, but we were rich in spirit and love of family ties.

My sister Mary was just two years older than I, and sister Thornton had two little girls just our ages, May and Hattie. We almost lived together, and we surely spent many happy hours with each other. If any of us were missing, our mothers always knew where to go to find us.

I can remember how I dreaded washday because it meant an all days hard work, and especially in winter when we came home from school at 4 o'clock, mother would be just ready to start on the colored clothes, the house was dirty, dinner dishes on the table in a pan waiting for us, and we were so hungry we could hardly wait for supper. But we sat in on the dishes, and cleaned up the front room, and after supper with a cheery fire in the fireplace we soon forgot our misery and troubles. It seemed tough to me then, but when I think of it now, my heart aches because I can realize what my dear old mother went through and how unselfishly she labored for a large family. We were not so different from other families in those days. I guess misery had company, so it was easier to bear.

My mother was a very hard-working, frugal woman. Clean in every sense of the word. She used to go out for other women in town, almost every day in the week, washing, ironing, scrubbing doors and windows and floors--making cheese, and butter, any kind of work to help feed and clothe twelve hungry children. She would take for her pay a little tea or sugar or flour, or anything the family could use. Even the bare necessities were luxuries at our house.

Since we lived on a hill where we could not get the water to us from the town ditch, we had to carry it in buckets, or haul it in a barrel on a dray. We hauled all the

water we used for cooking, dishwashing, scrubbing, and cleaning and washing. I so well remember when we hauled the water. A dray was a branch of two big limbs hewn down and the butt of the branch was the front with the two prongs at the back to support the barrel with a chain fastened through a hole in the front or butt end to which we hitched the horse. Three stakes were set in the dray to hold the barrel in place and prevent it from tipping over. We thought it fun to go along and ride on the dray. No matter how cold it was, we usually went. The water would slop out all over our clothes and feet, and our hands would nearly freeze, but still we would ride. It was fun when the snow was on the ground because it was equal to a sleighride. On the way to the creek, we could make the horse run, and how we would cling to the barrel when we would turn a corner and almost spill off. George usually rode the horse, and made him 'loap just to scare us, but it was fun. We usually worked "Old Joe" on the dray, as he was so steady and dependable. He was a white horse, and we always worked "Old fan" with him in the fields. She was a little bay mare.

The men usually hauled a barrel of water before they went to work, if we had a horse, but hay was very scarce and we seldom had enough to see us through the winter, and the horses had to be turned out to pasture on the hills. Then of course, we had to carry the water from the down town ditch, and much of this fell to my mother. I have seen her take two good-sized buckets and carry them full all the way up the hill, and carry enough water to do a large washing. Every bit of the wash was scrubbed on the board through two good suds, then boiled, then rinsed through two rinse waters. So it took a lot of water and hard work. Every streak and mark had to be gotten out, and the clothes certainly looked lovely and white. And so, for twenty-seven years this water carrying went on. As we children grew older, we shared her labor, but like most children, we shirked the task as often as we could and would run off and play to get out of carrying that water. When we were older, mother and one of us girls would take a tub and two buckets and would fill them, and each would take one handle of the tub and the bucket of water in the other hand and trudge up that hill. There wasn't much water left in my bucket when I got to the house because I "slopped" most of it out. Mother was much steadier than I. When I was twenty-five years old, George and Joe and Robert dug a well, and got some excellent water, and oh how it was appreciated!

One of the lovely memories I have of my mother is when we used to go "hopping." In those days, the hops were used for a number of purposes, and everyone had one or two sacks of hops tied up and hung to the ceiling of the cellar. I can just smell them now. They made hop beer in the summer, and always stewed a few hops for the yeast. It kept it from going sour. Often when one was sick with a bad headache, they slept on a "hop pillow" and it was better than the headache remedies we use today. Mother always prepared a nice lunch and away we would go, until we found a nice patch of hops. Father would break down the willows, and we would all sit down and pick hops. Then eat the lunch in the shade of the willows. Was it fun? As I think of it now, perhaps it was the lovely companionship with our parents; I do mean companionship!

Our furniture and woodwork was made of native lumber and had no paint. It was Rob's and my job to keep plenty of fine white sand on hand. Every Saturday, the table, chairs, cupboard, and even the doors and doorsteps were scoured with sand, soap, and a little lye, until there wasn't a grease spot left to be seen. And they were all as white as wood could be made white. I can see them now. Clean enough for Kings and Queens.

Everyone in those days had a cradle, and babies were rocked to sleep. As I think of it now, I think that the babies were made so dizzy that they were glad to lie down and lose themselves in sleep. It was Mary's and my job to rock Rob to sleep. We would rock him so hard that he would roll from one side of the cradle to the other. Sometimes he would try to raise up, and we would keep on rocking and bump his head on the sides of the cradle and then he would cry.

From the time I was six and seven years old, I began working out. I used to tend babies on washday, or house cleaning day. I was too small to carry a baby around, so I had to wheel it back and forth in the door yard in the summer and in the house in winter.

I earned the calico scraps from which my first quilt was pieced when I was about seven years old. My sister Rebecca, cut out the blocks and taught me how to sew them. No machine work, all handwork.

I was between six, and seven when I started to school. Lydia Thornton was my first teacher. She was Hattie's oldest sister. There were not desks enough for all the students, so Hattie and I sat in the window seat on the stage. The windows were deep, so it was our desk and seat combined. Lydia gave prizes for the one who had the most perfect marks during the year. "Perfect" meant if you went all day without whispering, or leaving our seats without permission from the teacher. Hattie got the first prize, which was a little blue-bound Bible with gold leaves and lettering on the front. I got second, which was a small picture about six inches square, a brightly colored scene of birds and nests and eggs, grass and leaves. Just how deserving we were, I wonder. We had only five months of school in those days, and our parents had to buy all our books, pencils, pen, ink paper or copy books, and slates. They also had to help pay the teacher and to help pay the teacher's board. Sometimes the teacher boarded around two weeks at a time. It is a wonder we got any schooling at all. It worked a hardship on fathers of large families such as ours, as a result we were poorly and scantily clothed.

One pair of shoes had to last us a year. We had no overshoes. We had one dress for Sunday and everyday. Saturday night our dress was taken off, washed and ironed ready for Sunday and the next week. Our toes would be out on the ground before spring, and we would wrap pieces of denims on our feet to save our stockings and keep us warm.

Now, for the sleigh rides down the old red hill. It was so near the school that we could run away at recess and have several rides. If the sleigh bounced and jumped, it was more fun than ever. The track was long and quite steep in places.

I was baptized on June 7, 1884 by Benjamin Platt, my father, assisted by M. W. Harrison and confirmed June 8, 1884 by Benjamin Platt, assisted by Robert Knell. I was just a little nervous about being baptized. I saw my father in the front room reading the Doctrine and Covenants as he was refreshing his memory on the ceremony. He called me to him and talked to me as a father should, explaining why we should be baptized, and that we should overcome temptation and shun all evil and do it no more, and that my past sins were forgiven. He also told me not to be afraid that he would hold me tight, and that no one ever died from strangling while being baptized. I was not nervous any more because I had absolute faith in what he said.

Rob and I usually tended the calves, turned them out on the hills to feed, and brought them in at night before the cows came home. Mary helped us sometimes too, but she being older, helped in the house more. We had little home-made wagons which we played with, and used to build roads and dugways everywhere through the brush, along the sides of washes, and under cliffs of rocks, just like real roads only smaller.

I had eight brothers, but we never had quarrels. My father would not stand for it, and I never knew of two of my brothers having a fight.

Our team of horses was "Old Joe," and "Old Fan." We seldom rode "Old Joe" double because he kicked up if we dangled our feet near his flanks. George, Tom, and Rob liked to make him kick up and see who could stick him bareback. One day it wasn't so much fun. Father had come from the field, and unhitched, and told us to take the horse to water. Hattie Thornton was at our house (as usual, because we were always together.) Rob and I got on "Old Fan," and Hattie and Mary got on "Old Joe," Hattie in front as she was used to riding. We got along fine until we got to Eldridge's bars. Mary happened to swing her foot in "Old Joe's" flank. Up he went, and down went Mary on the hard ground. I hurt her badly. We helped her up and got her home. She didn't know anything that went on the rest of the evening. She said such funny things and saw so many little images, and we were frightened nearly to death. Hattie was going to sleep with us that night (a playtime habit we had) but she was too frightened to stay. Mary was all right the next morning.

Mother worked out of the home so much, washing wool, carding and spinning to make cloth and yarn, as much of that was done in the homes in those days. Mother was an expert at making rolls from which the yarn was made. She learned this in England as that was a part of her job in the factory. She spun fine yarn of good quality. This she colored with such dyes as she could get and knit this yarn into stockings for her family. She taught me to knit when I was very young, and I began knitting my own stockings when I was just a small girl and helping with the family knitting. I remember a pair of stockings I knit out of "clouded" red yarn, very much used then; and how proud I was of them.

I still have the first doilie I ever crocheted. No crochet cotton in those days-- spools of thread, 10¢ each. After awhile we could get them three for a quarter.

JULY 28, 1954: It is a long time since I began my story, and perhaps many interesting incidents have slipped my memory. But, some of my very dear friends have asked me to continue on, and finish so I shall take up where I left off.

When I review what I have written, I find myself shedding tears--some because of my love and sympathy for my wonderful parents, for the hardships they went through, and the sacrifices they made so unselfishly for the large family of twelve children. Then I am moved to tears because of the memory of those happy, care-free childhood days. But, most of all, when I think of the love we had for each other, we were a happy family, and our home was a place where love did abound, and a place where all our friends loved to come, and have fun. They were always welcome, and no matter the weather--mud, snow or rain--they always found a cozy place, and a welcome chair waiting by the old fireplace with its big green backlog and pitchknot fire.

Ours was a home of faith and love and prayer, where the Gospel was taught through precept and example. We were taught to love our neighbor as ourselves, to share our blessings, and to be helpful in time of need. We were taught to be industrious and thrifty, to use wisely what we had, and to share with our neighbor. When I see what children have today--the lovely homes they live in, the fine cars they ride in, the bicycles and motorcycles, the many and lovely clothes and dresses they have, and with seemingly no effort whatsoever on their part--I am amazed and I wonder, is it good for them? Are they learning the lessons of life--that after all are they building blocks for their well-being and development? It would be impossible to make any comparison of now and when I was young. Children just couldn't understand it, and one has to experience it in order to appreciate the difference.

I never knew the luxury of a toy on Christmas nor a bag of candy; except molasses candy; or the thrill of a well-filled stocking. When I was little my doll was an oblong

rock wrapped in an old piece of cloth, and our Christmas gifts consisted of molasses candy, an apple, sometimes an orange, and sometimes a little string of beads. Often my stocking was filled, by my brother, with chips and potato peelings, intended for a joke or a laugh, but it was no laugh for me, just tears of disappointment. When I was almost fourteen, and Mary older still, Our older sisters got us each a china doll with a cloth body and some little tin dishes, and our brother Joe made us a little table. Well, we nearly died with excitement and joy at what we found. No gift at Christmas, no matter how costly and beautiful, has ever been as wonderful as that Christmas with its dolls and dishes. It was a thrill I shall never forget. And I say, only a like experience can make you understand. I am indeed grateful for my experience--tough as it may seem to others--and now, I am digging the gold of the present out of the sands of the past. How rich I am!

Whenever a new baby came to town I went to work in the home to cook, wash dishes, scrub floors, iron (with a "stove iron") scrub clothes all day long on the board, carry my water half a city block from the town ditch, tend the woman in bed, change diapers, and all manner of things that a girl knows nothing about in these days. I never got more than \$1.50 a week, and often less. Sister Jane Harrison was the midwife. Doctors were not known on that job in those days. She was a wonderful nurse and midwife--clean and particular to the extreme. One day she said, "Well, Maria, I come and bring the babies, and you come and take care of them. Some day you may be caught, so I am going to tell you what to do." She did so, and I have the honor of bringing five babies into the world with no bad effects. I saved the lives of two people (mother and child) each time it happened.

As I said, our school term was very short, not more than five months at best, and sometimes less, so we had to make the most of our opportunities, and school was no play game for us. We had to study, and work hard for our learning. I had some wonderful teachers, and I loved them all. Perhaps the most outstanding were Lydia Thornton, John W. Platt, Christina Forsyth, and last, and perhaps the most wonderful, Mary Page Gunn, from Parowan. She was my ideal. So understanding, and so willing to give help when needed. She built up within us an ideal, and an ambition to reach it at any cost, and we surely did study. She was a wonderful woman, and teacher--kind, and patient, but very thorough. No lesson ever slipped by her unless she knew we had gotten something out of it. There were Mary Platt, Hattie Thornton, Don Forsyth, Fred Harrison and Myself. A very keen competition prevailed and none would be outdone by another. I graduated from the 8th grade in March just as I had turned 18.

At that time, if anyone could pass the County Teacher's Examination, they could teach school, so in August, we went to St. George to take the exams, and believe me they were stiff. Three days of hard work in every subject from A to Z. It was hot, and I wasn't used to it so I suffered with a severe headache all the time. I got little sleep at night because of the heat. It's a wonder I had any sense at all.

MY TESTIMONY: The last day, we had an extra stiff examination. It was an extremely hot day and I felt that I had not succeeded very well. Our last subject was drawing and nature. All sorts of things we had to draw, and all sorts of questions we had to answer about artists and nature. One of the questions was: (I can write it in detail) "Who was Edwin Landseer? What sort of pictures did he paint? Did they appeal to children? If so, why?" I studied the name, I was sure it wasn't German nor French nor Italian, so I decided it must be English, but I couldn't remember of ever seeing his name in print, neither seeing any of his paintings. I was troubled. I felt that I hadn't done too well with the exam, and to fail meant disgrace to me. If I couldn't pass the examination, why should I be teaching school? I bowed my head on the desk, and asked my Heavenly Father to help me. Just as plain as if it had been written on paper, came these words: Edwin Landseer was a modern English artist. He painted pictures of Animals, and rural scenes. Then I went on to tell why they appealed to children. I hunted his name in the Encyclopedia later, and I couldn't have answered it more accurately if I had copied it. This strengthened my faith in a Heavenly Father to whom I can go in times of trouble, and discouragement and when I am in doubt as the right course to pursue, I am always helped, and come away stronger than before. I passed the examination, and the two winters following I taught school at Pages Ranch. It was then in the Kanarra School District and I got \$10.00 per month and my board. My students were just those of the family--Robert, Amy, Eva, and Dottie Page. John was just a little fellow then, just old enough to be real cute, and was the center of attraction.

July 1, 1955

I have resolved to write my story up to date as I may not be able to see too well much longer, as my eyes are not up to par, but I am so grateful for my good health, and that my eyes are still giving me service comparable to my age. I cannot complain, but every day I thank my Heavenly Father for his loving care and blessing, and for the love and care of a wonderful companion who guards my every step with patience and love and consideration. Bless his heart, I do appreciate all that he does. My soul desire is to be worthy of it all, and to give full measure in return. Now I must go back a long way to connect my story with that which I have already written.

I am so grateful for such sincere, faithful, devoted parents who taught me to pray and taught me to love the Lord as a real, kind, and loving father to whom I can talk

just as surely as I can talk to my earthly parents. I could not live without this faith, and knowledge.

After my two years at Page's Ranch, I began teaching in Pinto. I taught two winters there, then the next summer I taught in Grass Valley. I had students from four families--Royal and Joline Gardner, James Rancher, and brother Burgess. This was a wonderful experience to know such fine people and to have such wonderful students. In the fall I had planned to teach again, but as some of these families were sending their children to Cedar to the Branch Normal School, I decided I would go to school instead, my brother Robert decided to go too. I took for my pay as teacher, farm products such as: grain and potatoes, and took them to Cedar and sold them to the old Co-op store. The value was placed to my credit, and I could draw on it for such things as I needed.

My brother, Tom, paid my tuition, and by brothers hauled our wood. Robert had been working for my brother John at Kanarra, and he had about \$50.00, so we pooled our resources, and went to school on this until April 9, when I had to leave school and go with my sister Mary to cook for the sheep shearers. (We had done

this for two or three summers). I got my full credits in all my studies except in Algebra, and that class didn't start until about February 1st.

We went down to the Big Spring in Nevada not far from Leamans Cave. It took us five days to go by team and wagon. We got \$1.00 per day for our work, and this was divided between us. We had from 12-14 men to cook for besides the two wool haulers who were there over night between trips.

Every man who went to shear sheep took just what they could supply, such as: flour, potatoes, eggs, bacon, etc., and this together with the mutton they could have was all we had to cook with. There were no stores that we could go to to supply our needs, and sometimes the supply was rather skimp. They used about one mutton per day. Sometimes two mutton would last three days. We baked our own bread and pies and cakes. Pies and cakes were a luxury, as we had nothing but an old camp stove, and it was a poor baker. We could manage the bread better. We did this for several summers, and we did have good times. We had our guitar, and Tom took his Banjo, and at evening we sang and played, and told jokes and stories. Just plain old home-made fun. The crew were all so nice to us, and were sympathetic with our blunders in cooking because they understood our inconveniences, and problems. Finally the crew broke up, and that ended the sheep camp life.

Now, back to school life and teaching. The following year, I taught at Pinto, and continued here for five years. The next year I went to Branch Normal again. The school had moved out on the hill where it now stands.

About this time, Clara Knell came to me and said, "Maria, I have a chance to get married, and would like very much to do so, but I can't leave my father alone, and he doesn't want to leave his home to go with me. Would you consider coming to keep house for him?" We talked the matter over, and I agreed to try it. I was supposed to fix his breakfast, make his bed, tend the milk and butter, and do his washing and keep his house in a livable condition. All this for \$5.00 per month, but if I made more butter than we needed I could sell it and keep the money. Between Mary and I, we carried on for about six years. I taught school at the same time in the winter, and the going was rather rough at times as I had to wade through snow a foot deep in the morning, and go into a cold school house, and I nearly froze before I could get fire enough to get warm. It was about the year 1903 and 1904. I got a chance to go to Enterprise to teach for a little better pay, so I asked Brother Knell if he could arrange to let me go. He said, "yes, I can't expect to hold you here when you can make better wages elsewhere, so I will go and live along with Clara." So that closed the chapter of my stay with brother Knell. He shed a few tears, and so did I. I knew how much he hated to break up his home life in Pinto.

I taught in Enterprise then for two years. I had fifty-two students, and all the grades. The school house was not finished, just the bare brick wall with no ceiling except the rafters, and one stove with the pipe running up through the roof. It was almost impossible to keep the room warm, and I had to let the children take turns sitting around the stove to keep warm. Such conditions as compared to today's advantages. One can hardly imagine. There were not benches enough for all the students, so they brought in an old work bench for a desk, and made a seat out of an old plank. Some of the larger

boys used this. My salary was \$25.00 per month, and I paid my board out of it. I boarded with Tessa Canfield, and paid her \$10.00 in cash, and furnished butter, a little pork or beef, and eggs, flour, potatoes, fruit, honey, and molasses, and anything she could use. Enterprise was just in the making, and people were hard pushed for the bare necessities, so they were grateful for what I could furnish.

The last winter I taught, President Edward H. Snow (who was county superintendent) visited school. He saw our condition, and my stupendous job, so he raised my salary to \$35.00 for the last three months. That was the first boost I had.

I hadn't planned to teach the next winter, but along about the last of November, I had a letter from the school in Nyeco, Nevada, asking me to take over a little ranch school--three families--and a group of Indian students, so I had 16 students all told. I was tempted to go because of the salary they offered--\$65.00 per month. This seemed like a fortune to me. This was in 1905-06. But it was a dear-bought salary. My school room was a milk cellar with a little window about two feet square, and just an old table for a desk, and a long bench on each side for seats. It was dark, and dismal, and cold and damp. We did, however raise the ceiling and it made it much better. There was no social life whatsoever, and all they did was play cards, and I had never learned to play cards, and I didn't like it, so I spent much of my time reading, and crocheting. When spring came, and we could get out, we did enjoy horse back riding, and on Sundays we sometimes visited other nearby ranches. From some points of view, it was an experience of real service, and I felt that some good had been accomplished. I am sure that those students loved me, and I surely loved them. They were kind to me, and obedient. I had long, heavy auburn hair, and the three girls in the family loved to comb my hair--taking turns, one each evening. One day I made a mistake, and cheated Lydia out of her turn. She cried and felt so bad that I took my hair all down again to give her the joy of combing it over again. Memories come so thick and fast that I can't write half what I want to. Mr. Bruno was the man of the house, and he was very rough spoken, but he was a big-hearted fellow, and was very kind to me. The family was what we would call "Jack Mormons." They had been members at one time, but having no contact with the Church, they had almost lost their identity, and they didn't care. This was a rather gruelling experience, but I buckled to the task, and made myself as happy as I could, but believe me, I was thankful to say farewell to that place, and I never went back even though for four or five years the families wrote, and wanted me to take the school again.

After I came from Nevada, I dropped back in the school at Pinto again for two or three years. Many of the children had passed off the grades and were going to school in Cedar City. The school was small, but still in tact. Mary, Joe, and George had moved over to the meadows about this time, and Mary was running sort of a small hotel, furnishing beds, and meals to passengers who traveled from Salt Lake via Modena to St. George and from St. George to Salt Lake. Joseph Farnsworth ran a stage coach through and Mary rendered a wonderful service ther to the traveling public. People loved to stay there. I went over to help her some of the time in the summer months.

I went to school again at the Branch Normal. Rob was going to school too, so Mary came over to keep house for us, and John Tullis joined us, then John Foster came to board with us, and John Platt was a part-time boarder. This year there was a Smallpox scare, and we all had to be vaccinated. There was sure a sick bunch for a few days.

I taught school in Cedar City one winter for \$35. per month. George Decker was superintendent. Kate Forsha had the third grade in the next room from me. I had the second grade.

When school was out, my sister and her husband came and took me up to Lund, Nevada, and I stayed with them three weeks. While there, I spent a week sewing for Oren Snow's wife (Ellen Burgess).

Getting home was the next problem. I took the mail coach from Lund to Pioche, not knowing how I was going to get home from there, I couldn't afford to stay in Pioche, I saw brother Ed Fru coming out of a store. I asked him if I could go home with him. He said, "Sure you can, I'm on my way right now." I piled my belongings into his wagon and we were gone. We went as far as Panaca that night, and next day went on to the Meadows. When we camped at Panaca, he said to me, "I always say my prayers wherever I am." I agreed with him and we knelt down at the wagon tongue, and had our prayer. I joined with him wholeheartedly, because I felt that my prayers of that day had been miraculously answered, and I thanked my Heavenly Father for putting me in the hands of such a good man. My, was I glad to get home and feel the security of good, religious parents.

That summer we gave up the idea of building on another room and remodeling the old house, and conceived the idea of taking up some land, and making a home at Newcastle. R. C. Knell told us of a piece of land quite near the townsite that he thought we could get. We asked Don Forsyth to draw up a map designating the piece of ground. We sent it into Salt Lake and made an application for the ground, under the "Desert Entry." Our application was accepted, and we began making plans to move to Newcastle. However, I taught school two more winters (1911-1912) at Kanarraville for \$50.00 per month. Reece J. Williams had the upper grades. I was supposed to have 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grades, which gave me about 30 pupils. Reece J. asked me if I could take the 4th grade for two classes after recess in the afternoon. I did so, but it wasn't long until I had the class altogether. This went on for some time. I said nothing about it to the school board members, but they finally found out what I was doing, and had been doing for some time,

so they paid me an extra \$15.00 for the last three months of my stay there. I stayed with my brother, John and Mina, and paid them \$10.00 per month for my board which was a mere nothing for what I received. I tried to help a little in the home, but I still feel indebted to them for many blessings.

We sold the farm at Pinto to Jode Cox for \$1,000, and with that, and the money I had been able to save, we began to build a house in Newcastle early in 1912.

Rob was busy fencing the new land at Newcastle, and putting up the hay on some ground he had rented from Walter, and Frank Knell, so I went down to cook for him. We had a sheep wagon on the lot where the new house was being built. Mr. Jamison had the contract for the building. We bought the lumber through John Tullis, and I gave John at one time \$100. in cash to pay for the lumber. That paid for a lot of lumber in those days, as it was much cheaper than it is today. Had we been on our toes and had known then what we know today, we would have had a much better home than we had, and would have been much more comfortable. It was cold in the winter, and hot in the summer. We moved from Pinto to Newcastle in the fall of 1912. I was teaching school at Newcastle, so Emma came over from Enterprise, and helped Rob move the things down from Pinto.

I taught school in John Tullis' granary in Newcastle. We held school here for two years. During this time, we were making plans for a new school building. Lydia Knell, Don Forsyth, and myself was the committee appointed to make plans for the building. Brother Mayhew Dalley was a member of the Iron County School board, and he and Joseph Wilkinson came out and visited my school, and seeing the conditions, and the need, they began making arrangements for a building.

Our new house was not very warm and comfortable, and mother was not very happy. She missed her old friends. Father enjoyed it. He could see greater possibilities for the young folks, and to look over that broad desert; miles and miles of fertile soil surely gave him a thrill. We had wonderful summer rains, and there was much snow in the mountains at Pinto, Pine Valley and Grass Valley, which brought wonderful streams of water in the spring, and the farms were well watered and there were beautiful fields of alfalfa for miles around. No shortage of hay and grain in those days. Acres, and acres of corn were raised without a drop of irrigation. It was truly a garden spot in the desert.

Ours was the fifth house built in Newcastle. We had no ward organization, but the families met in various homes, and had Sunday School and meetings. We had most of us belonged to the Pinto Ward. We met one Sunday at John Tullis' home for meeting, and it was suggested that we have a ward organization, and join the Parowan Stake, as it was much nearer there than to go to St. George. H.E. Harrison was bishop of Pinto Ward. I was appointed to contact Brother Harrison, and ask his approval in the matter. I did so, and he gave his hearty support to the proposition. We conferred with the Parowan Stake Presidency, and asked them to come out, and go over the situation. We met in meeting at our home as we had a large front room. Jessie Turner Forsyth was chosen, and sustained as bishop, with John H. Tullis as first, and J. Claude Knell as second counselor, and Robert Platt was sustained as ward clerk. Jess had filled a Mission to the East Central States, and he was quite enthusiastic, and made a good bishop, they served for ten or twelve years. Rob was put in as superintendant of the Sunday School, and I was made Secretary. We held these positions for about fourteen years.

Our mutual was organized with Leila Knell as President, and I was made first counselor. The Primary was organized with Sarah Hulet as President, and I was first counselor. Rob was teacher of the adult class in Sunday School, and he held this position for twenty-five years. I had a class of five girls, and five boys in Sunday School, and we held together for about five years. I had a group of girls in Primary. Then, I had this same group as Beehive girls in Mutual, and I graduated with my Beehive group when I was sixty-five years old, and I was as proud as a peacock to stand up with them, and receive my certificate. Allie Knell was still Stake Mutual President at that time. I have my Beehive Pin now.

All this time I was still teaching school with all the grades in one room with no conveniences. We finally succeeded in getting a new school building, just one room with two teachers, and no partition between. Sometimes students were more interested in the other room's classes than they were in their own. We held school in this building for two years (then I decided to quit teaching as mother, growing older, required more attention.) My brother, Tom and family, from Canada, came to spend the winter. On the way down, they must have contacted someone with diphtheria, and after about five days three of the children developed the disease, and of course it was my turn, and I almost passed out one night. It seemed my throat completely closed up. It didn't last long, not more than two hours, and I was up and doing the next day. Then Mary (Rob's oldest daughter) came down with it, and they took her to Cedar to the Doctor, and she came nearly dying.

One winter, under H. Claude Lewis, I filled in (as a teacher some distance away had failed them). Mr. Lewis visited me and said to me, "Why don't you apply for your Life's Certificate?" I told him I didn't think I could measure up to one. He said, "If you haven't earned it, I don't know who has. You ask, and I will recommend it, and sign your application with you." I did so, and got it without a question. I still have it, but it is of no use unless one keeps in practice. I am too old now, and the school system has changed so much that I wouldn't know how to teach now. I don't even want to learn the new method. I am not converted to it.

At Christmas time in 1917, I was called to Pinto to take over the school. The teacher was not happy there, and wanted to quit. Mother went down to St. George to stay with Mary. Mary would sit and read make-believe stories to her for hours at a time. Father stayed at home as Rob could look after him.

In 1918 I went back again to Pinto, rented a little brick room from Joe Eldridge, and took mother with me. This was the last year they had a school in Pinto, so I taught the first school in Newcastle, and the last school in Pinto.

On March 9, 1918, I was called to the phone to hear that father had died of a stroke. A half hour before his death, he was out in the yard playing with Rob's little girls. Father was not a pious man; with all his serious thinking, and learning, he could always see the funny side of life. He loved a good clean joke. Loved to see young people in their courtship, their sleighing parties, and picnics. Up until he was an old man, he loved to get on the old bobsled with the boys, and go for a real rough and tumble ride-- get thrown off the sleigh, roll over in the snow, get up laughing, shake the snow out of his beard, and ready to go again. My, such lovely, happy, sacred memories.

Father and mother were very devout saints. My father was especially well versed in the scriptures, as he read everything he could get hold of in that line, histories of our church leaders and all; but he never read any cheap literature. He used to read to the family in the evenings, and we sometimes objected when we had lessons to get, but with it all, I learned more of the gospel through what he read to me, and what he told me, than what I actually read, and studied myself.

President Anthony Ivins told me personally that my father was one of the best read men in the church. He said, "I have gone to him with many a knotty problem, and I always came away satisfied with his answer."

I taught again in Newcastle three or four winters with Miss Sarah E. Guernsey. She boarded with us, and was very kind to my mother. She would sit with her on Sunday occasionally while I went to Sunday School and meeting.

In January, 1921, mother had a stroke. She lived for some time after that. I was teaching school, and had the post office, so Rob and Ethel moved down to be there during the may. Mother slept all day, and kept us awake all night. I often got only two or three hours sleep, but I managed.

Mother died Christmas morning about 1:30 in 1922. We didn't tell the children until the next morning because we didn't want to spoil their Christmas, and they did love their Grandmother.

As one grows older, one is inclined to live in the past to quite an extent. Perhaps this is not too good, but there are so many happy memories of my childhood, and my association with my parents that I am sure they help me to live a kinder, happier, more useful life today than I would otherwise. They taught me honesty through self-sacrifice, and in my own dealings with friends and neighbors.

After mother died, I decided to go back to teaching, so I gave up the Post Office. I had had it about six years. This year, Mr. N. J. Barlow came in as superintendent of Iron County Schools. He asked me if I would go to Beryl to teach. ~~I felt that with about thirty years experience I was entitled to something better. He agreed with me, but he said, "We cannot send young girls out there to mix up with that element, one young girl had been keeping company with one of those fellows and was about to be married. Her mother heard about it, and nipped it in the bud. We feel that we can trust you to keep things straight."~~ I taught for three years, and made some very wonderful friends, and they were 100% nice to me. I started in with 12 or 13 students, and ended up with 30.

I lived in part of the section house with Japanese on one side of me, and Mexicans on the other. The section foreman and his wife were Japanese, and they had one little girl. She was a lovely child, very polite, and well mannered, and was the best dressed student I had. Her mother was a dress maker, and made me a dress free of charge. I had white children, Japanese, Italian, and Indians. All the children except the Japanese girl lived out two, three, and five miles, but came in on horseback. There were several varieties of dispositions, and intelligences to handle, but I enjoyed it all.

I had taught at Grass Valley, Pages Ranch, Kanarraville, Cedar City, Pinto, Enterprise, (Sharp, Nye County, Nevada), Newcastle, Beryl, and taught the last school ever had in Pinto, 1918. The first school in Newcastle, and the first school at Beryl.

I could have continued on indefinitely, but my brother, George, had given up the cattle business, and was alone, not knowing what to do, so I suggested that we pool our resources, and get us a little house together. This seemed to please him, so we bought the house that Joe Eldridge had built and bought five city lots. We had good garden spots, and got along fine. I took boarders; school teachers, road men, and anyone who wanted something to eat.

We later bought the little store and gas station across the street, and while it wasn't bringing in big money it made us a living. We ran the store for about twelve years, and finally rented it. I continued to take boarders, and "road men", but made very little profit. George developed asthma. He died 28 Dec., 1938.

It so happened that it took the 4th ward Elders with the Newcastle Elders to make a full quorum. We were then in Cedar Stake. The 4th Ward Elders came out to give a dance, and brought brother Munford along to call for the dance. He was a wonderful caller, and we had a very nice time. Refreshments were served, and a friendly spirit prevailed. As he was calling, I asked Rob who that man was who was doing the calling. He said, "It's Tom Munford--a mighty fine man. He is a Stake Missionary."

I thought nothing more of that. I was called to Pleasant Grove to Della, my niece, who was just home with a new baby. One day, here came a letter from Thomas Mumford, asking if he might call on me. I read the letter, tore it in shreds and pieces, and threw it in the wastebasket. I had no thought of ever answering it. About Christmas time, I mentioned it to Mary and Ruby. Mary said some day I might be sorry. Something she said set me to thinking. I decided to answer the letter.

I told him he could come out and talk things over. I was rather curt, however, he came. He expressed his desire, and I began to think kindly of it, but I asked for time to consider. He said, "Take your time, I want you to be satisfied, and happy." That was his attitude in everything we did. This was along about the first of February. The question of marriage was settled about March 17th. Our courtship was short, not very romantic except that we kept it a secret from everyone except the family. We were married on the 4th of April, 1945 in the St. George Temple.

When we started life together, we had very few conveniences. We combined our efforts, and made some improvements in the home to make it more comfortable, and as he was quite skillful as a carpenter, he did most of the work which lessened the expense. He made a nice cabinet and sink, installed new bathroom facilities, changed one of the bedrooms, put in two closets, and made some changes there. I brought my furniture and rugs from home, and we were soon quite comfortably fixed. Nothing fancy, but that isn't what makes happiness.

I never worried one minute what we would eat or wear. He was a thrifty, hard-working, honest man. One who loved to help his neighbor, and was kind, and helpful to anyone in need. He loved to work. We had been married about a year and a half when President Sargent came and asked if we would consider a two year's mission as Ordinance workers at the St. George Temple. Brother Mumford felt very much distressed, as he realized how long and difficult those parts were. When he told President Sargent we would go, he came home, and sat down and cried. He knew what a big responsibility he was taking on. I went to him and said, "Mumford, the Lord never requires anything of us, but what He will provide the way if we are faithful." He said, "All right, let's get ready, and be off as soon as possible." We had no means. Brother Mumford had about four calves here that he was feeding, and fattening out to make a few extra dollars. I had \$65. that I had for renting my home out at Newcastle. He sold the calves to Warren, and this is what we started out with to buy extra white suits for his parts, and a new dress or two for me to take my parts.

We went into President Snow's office on the 3rd of January, 1947. President Snow gave him much encouragement, and promised him that before he had been there long, he would want to take all the parts. This proved to be very true. He was much slower than some, but Brother Snow cautioned him not to take a part until he was sure he knew it. He followed this advice, and he was very thorough. In one of the longest, and most difficult parts, he said of him that he gave that part "word perfect." One will never know how proud I was of him. We used to go up in the upstairs rooms, and he would study; then I would hear him say his part. If he made a mistake, we would discuss it, and then we would kneel down, and pray about it. These were sacred, and happy hours, and to me they are more sacred than ever because of him and his great faith and humility. No bigotry in him, nor conceit. While we were there, he developed pneumonia so we came home to see our doctor. He was very much improved, but developed other trouble, so the doctor sent us to Salt Lake City. We were there four and a half weeks. When we came home he was barely able to walk. We went back to St. George at Christmas time, but it was March before he was able to take his place at the Temple. I remember how pleased President Snow was the first day he went back. We were there four and a half years as Ordinance Workers, and it was the happiest time of our lives. We often went back to do Endowment work two or three weeks at a time after we had been released.

Ours was a happy home life. Humble, but full of wonderful experiences, such as do not come with ordinary living. Riches do not always bring happiness, as we had no riches--we had hope and faith and industry. He loved to do good to others to help in need. One of the last things he did was to make a little cupboard and cradle for his little grand daughter, Charlinda Ann.

In Dec., 1957, "Munford" became very ill and had to be taken to the hospital in Salt Lake. I was too feeble to go with him. The morning he left me to go to Salt Lake, as I kissed him goodbye, a strange feeling came over me, sort of an evil foreboding, but I put it out of my mind, and prayed for his speedy return home. Little did I know the outcome.

I never saw him again, alive. His love and devotion to me, his kindness and helpfulness and consideration can never be expressed in words. One just has to live it. I am lonely and sad of course, can see no future for me, but perhaps there is something I am left to do so I must shoulder any responsibility. That is what he would want me to do, so I must take on re-newed courage and move on.

This story would not be complete without my expression of appreciation for his lovely family and their kindness to me—sons and daughters, in-laws and all the lovely children. How could they do more. My love and thanks to them all.

Now, the final: On the 13th of March, the family got together, and cleaned my house from A to Z. Washed walls, doors and windows, washed and ironed curtains, and made a real housecleaning job. I did appreciate it, but it made me sad, and I wished brother Munford were here to see it all and enjoy the clean house. They had Open House for me on the 16th to celebrate my 82nd birthday, and so many lovely friends called on me.

On the 18th was our Relief Society day. It being near St. Patrick's Day, they planned a nice program and lunch. My being the oldest member—eighty-two—they again gave me a special honor. Ramona Munford wrote a tribute to me which was beautiful. Now I must close my book and trust to my Heavenly Father to tide me over my sorrow and loneliness until he sees fit to call me home.

I will list some of my Church Activities:

When I was twelve years old, I was appointed Assistant Secretary in the Primary in Pinto—Sister Mary Thornton was President.

I served as Secretary of the Sunday School under N. D. Forsyth for 14 years.

I was Secretary of the Sunday School in Newcastle under Robert Platt 15 years.

I served under R. M. Gillies and Herbert Knell, and all in all, I was Secretary of the Sunday School for 50 years.

I was counselor to Leila Knell Atkin in Mutual. First Counselor in Primary under Sarah Hulet, Jennie Thornton and Eathel Platt.

I graduated with my Bee Hive girls when I was 65 years old.

Taught classes in Sunday School and Primary almost all my life.

Was President of Relief Society in Newcastle seven years.

I had a group of 8 boys and girls that I taught in Sunday School six years.